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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

VOL. I. No. 1.]

JANUARY, 1890.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

SOME AUTOGRAPH INTRODUCTIONS.

WHEN, on the 7th of December, it was first decided to publish the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, the design was submitted for consideration to some of the foremost statesmen, men of letters, lawyers, soldiers, scientists, and divines of our time with a request for an expression of their opinion. The response was immediate and gratifying. The men whose names are as familiar as household words throughout the English-speaking world for the work which they have done, the books they have written, or the discoveries they have made, bade me God-speed. Their letters were so full of encouragement and of suggestion, that I feel I cannot do better than reproduce some of them in slightly-reduced *fac simile* as the best possible introduction of my new enterprise to the reading world.

MR. GLADSTONE.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

HATFIELD HOUSE.
HATFIELD.
HERTS

Dear Mr Gladstone The idea you
have proposed to me highly
useful as well as ingenious, in
relation to all who are able to
summarise any kind of Synopsis
over the whole range of our peri-
odical literature. Personally I am
outside this circle and I have
no little weight can attach
to my judgment. — I hope you
enjoyed your London Tour

Yours faithfully
W. Gladstone
D. 10. 89

Dec. 22. 89.

Dear Sir
I beg to acknowledge
your letter, informing
me of your intention
to edit a Review
of Reviews. I have little
doubt that the undertaking

will be successful

& in a literary point
of view very useful

The number of Reviews
increases every year,

& they are absorbing

a large part of the

literary activity of
our time. But few people

take the industry or

the leisure to search

for themselves every

month, through the

multitude of periodicals,

for ^{all} the articles that

are worth reading

Yours faithfully

W. Stead by
Salisbury

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

British Embassy

Rome

13th Dec. 1889

My dear Mr Stead.

I am very glad that you
are about to embark on
such an enterprise: for
there can be no doubt that
to persons like myself,
who are unable to take
advantage of the constant
flood of essays and reviews
which constitute our
periodical literature, the
recapitulation of the most
remarkable of them on a
single cheap volume would
be a very great convenience,
and I shall be too happy
to become one of your
subscribers. Of late years
the Magazines have become
the channel for the commun-
ication of the freshest
conclusions of the leaders
of opinion in England, with
the development of whose
genius it is indeed very
difficult for any one at
a distance to keep pace.

Yours sincerely
Dufferin and Ava

MR. BALFOUR.

4. Carlton Gardens.
S.W.

CARDINAL MANNING.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER,
S.W.

On

22 Dec 1889

I think your scheme ought to prove useful. The summaries may in some cases be as valuable as the original articles, and in all cases they ought to give a sufficient indication as to whether the original article is or is not worth reading.

Yours faithfully

A. B. J. Balfour

MR. LABOUCHERE.

5. Old Palace Yard.

S.W.

Dec 21



Dear Mr. Stead,

I am glad to hear that you are starting the 'Monthly' that you describe. It may be more desirable than that Englishmen should be made acquainted with foreign opinion, for there are too many who are inclined to fancy that their own side is the only one.

With very much of your own

Believe me

Yours truly
Labouchere

Your plan of collecting & publishing articles or extracts from articles from the *Marguerites* month by month ^{will be} very useful.

We need to have at hand certain articles, & certain parts of articles for ready reference. Your collection will be, if I understand it, an Index of the chief matters of interest in each month & as such ^{of} very great help to readers in London and still more to readers out of London.

Yours, E. Card. Manning.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

I have always been so great an admirer of good indices in the case of any book worth reading, that I ardently welcome the idea of an index or repertorium for the magazine & reviews, which form so large a part of our contemporary literature. There is undoubtedly a large amount of valuable matter, which appears every month in these publications; but which, being buried under a mass of unimportant writing, is overlooked & cannot be recovered at all. Believe me

19 Dec 1889

Yr. very sincerely
Carnarvon

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

1, SUSSEX SQUARE,
HYDE PARK, W.

12th December. 1889

Sir/

I thank you for your courtesy in sending me as to your proposed Land Book a guide to the Magazine. I have no manner of doubt that it will be both interesting & useful. I abstain from saying more than this rather unsentimental in the subject it is because I am now an old man & without literary education as I had was very little concerned with newspapers & Magazines. It would be invidious to particularize but I think the latter is very often right in one the plate, whereas it might be sure to be in a part.

I am in
your obedient servant
Colonel

SIR HENRY JAMES.

Decr 11. 1889.

Dear Sir

I am happy to comply with the request contained in your letter of yesterday - that I should express my opinion

on your projected plan of publishing collected extracts from the Monthly Periodicals.

Having very many claims upon my time my experience tells me that there must be many who by their occupations are prevented from taking advantage of the information and instruction to be found in current Publications. To this class of men it will be of great assistance if a summary of the more important articles appearing in our

Home and Foreign Periodicals can in a concise form be placed in their hands.

I am

Yours very faithfully
Henry James

SOME AUTOGRAPH INTRODUCTIONS.

7

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

LORD WOLSELEY.

Ranger's House,
Greenwich Park.S.E.

Sunday

I am much
obliged to you for
your letter explaining
your proposal for the
publication of a
monthly guide to,
and summary of
the magazines and
Reviews. I have no
doubt that the guide
will be extremely
useful and convenient,
especially to public
men who have
frequently little
time to look
over the numerous
monthly magazines
which frequently
arrive in post and
at desks.

I remain

Yours truly
Rt Honble
Marquis of Hartington

Dear Mr Stead.

In answer to your note,
I have nothing to say of
very interest. A very busy
season I shall of course
enjoy & avail myself of
your "short-cut" to a
knowledge of what our
magazines contain.

LORD TENNYSON.

Dec 4th 11th 1889
Hartington.
Southampton.
Isle of Wight.

Lord Tennyson presents his
compliments to Mr Stead
and begs to say that he lives
so apart from the world
that he can pronounce no
opinion as to the proposed
Resumé.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

Derby House,
St James's Square,
S.W.

I think the ^{idea} of publishing
a monthly volume of the
more important articles
that appear in the English,
French, and American
magazines a very good one
and likely to be of real
use to the readers both of
the public
Many things worth reading
appear in comparatively
obscure periodicals and

if not reprinted, escape
observation altogether

Derby

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Dear Mr. Head

Very many thanks for your
letter & enclosure The new
publication which you project

will certainly be of great
interest. My "support &
approval" is worth very little
but should it be worth, is
entirely at your service

Yours truly

Randolph Churchill

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Dear Mr. Head

There can be no

question as to the
necessity of the plan
for whose life is
quite too short to
read all the magazines;

Yours very truly

W Farrar

SOME AUTOGRAPH INTRODUCTIONS.

9

MR. FROUDE.

5, ONSLOW GARDENS,
S.W.

December 18

My dear friend

I wish you all success

with this new adventure - diamonds

I have no doubt be scattered in
the great beds of Primordial literature

If you can pick them out and
save them for us you will be

doing the world a service - I
am sure will for you from the good
fortune which has hitherto attended

you. With mine indeed I ought not

to call it. The place which you

have made for yourself has been
honorably won

Ever faithfully

J. H. Froude

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Dear Mr. Stead

I cannot but think

that such a guide to

Imagination as you

propose to establish

would be extremely

useful -

Yours very truly

J. A. Russell

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

10, NEW COURT,
LINCOLN'S INN.

11th Decr. 1884

Dear Mr. Stead,

I have been obliged to
give up the attempt to keep
myself an constant with the
Reviews; and personally
should be glad to see kept
a summary of magazine
articles as you propose in
your periodical. I would
be a literary "Liaison"
between the literary world
whether you could secure
a sufficiently large
contribution for support.
W. T. Stead, life: Russell

THE REV. CANON LIDDON.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

3 Arden Court St
Dec 18 1889

My dear Mr. Stead

I can, I think, make no sort of claim to be an authority on the subject, for many reasons and especially because I am only an occasional reader of the magazines. But it is a matter of frequent regret that good writing which in past generations would have gone to make books of lasting value should now lie on the table of a reading room for a month and then be lost to literature. It is scarcely doubtful that an attempt, if sufficiently discriminating, to give a more permanent form to the best periodical writing of our day could be a very good piece of work.

Yours very truly
H. Liddon

Dear Mr. Stead,

Your scheme of the Magazine, which is to be an indicator of the specially good things published monthly or fortnightly, promises usefulness.

Yours truly

Madame Olga Novikoff

MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF.

Nothing could be more welcome to those who wish to follow from abroad the literary and political movements, mirrored in your multitudinous periodicals, than such a REVIEW OF REVIEWS as you propose to publish.

When in London it is possible, if you do nothing else the whole month, to peruse all the magazines and reviews but abroad it is out of the question.

Olga Novikoff
40. R.B.



THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE SALVATION ARMY.
God speed the new REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

H. Bramwell Booth.

Some of the letters were too long for reproduction in *fac simile*. They are reprinted here in *extenso*, together with several others :—

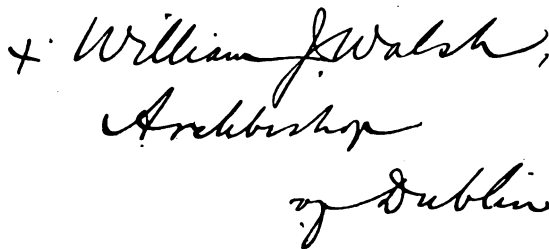
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Your proposed review and summary of reviews and magazines of England and other countries will be very useful. The stream of periodicals now pouring forth from hundreds of channels is beyond the powers of any reader to follow. One often hears from some friend of an excellent article on a given subject, but the friend has forgotten the magazine in which he saw it and the month too. Much that is excellent is thus lost for all practical use at the end of the month of its publication. Such a review of reviews as you contemplate will exactly meet this difficulty, and I heartily wish it success.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

I cannot hope to improve upon your way of putting it, "There are already too many magazines, that is the reason why another is coming out." There could be no better reason for bringing out another, that is, for bringing out another such as you project. Your REVIEW OF REVIEWS will be of priceless help to all who read, or who vainly strive to make out time to read, for any useful purpose, what is worth reading in the almost countless monthlies and quarterlies that are now sent out from the press. I may fairly claim to speak from personal experience as one of this latter class.



THE LATE BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

The following extracts from a letter written by the late Bishop Lightfoot's chaplain from Bournemouth, possesses a melancholy interest as being one of the last communications received from him before his death.

In reply to your letter addressed to the Bishop of Durham, his lordship desires me to say that in his opinion some such monthly guide to the magazines as you sug-

gest and contemplate would be valuable to all classes of readers.

He has no doubt that it would obtain a wide circulation on its own merits without any special recommendation. He will be glad privately and to individuals to speak in favour of it.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, LATE HIGH COMMISSIONER,
SOUTH AFRICA.

I think your project of a sixpenny monthly, which will give the gist of the magazines and reviews of the month, an excellent one. It will meet a want much felt in the colonies, where the people are generally too busy to read the home periodicals, and often too poor to buy them. I wish your venture all success, and trust it will help, by keeping the colonies in touch with the most highly educated feeling in this country, to strengthen the ties which unite the different portions of our vast and scattered Empire.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

I cannot but think that such a guide to magazinedom as you propose to establish would be extremely useful if the editor could secure the services of a body of intelligent and painstaking précis writers. We have too much criticism already. I am not quite sure that extracts are fair to authors—I mean in the sense that passages without context often give a very wrong impression of the writer's meaning.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

I cordially wish success to your venture. If it be carried out on the lines proposed, it will be invaluable to busy people like myself.

THE REV. PROFESSOR FAIRBAIRN.

Your proposal seems to me excellent. When we consider the value of many of the articles contributed to magazines, reviews, and other journals, and then the enormous number of these, nothing could be more helpful, both to special students and general readers, than a careful summary of the contents of such journals, and a brief critical estimate of the value of special articles. While I say this frankly and emphatically, let me also add that the work would need to be well done, and be most comprehensive in its range. To the periodicals of the countries you name, there ought to be added those of Germany, Holland, Italy, and Russia.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

I thank you for your courtesy in writing to me as to your proposed handbook or guide to the magazines. I have no manner of doubt that it will be both interesting and useful. If I abstain from saying more than this rather curt sentence on the subject, it is because I am now an old man, and such literary education as I had was very little concerned with newspapers or magazines. At one time of my life I wrote far too many articles to have much opinion of the ability required to produce them, or their value to any one when produced. It may be replied to me that I have a right to speak only of my own productions, which of course is true, but on looking back I cannot honestly say I think mine were much worse than the general run of articles which passed muster fairly well according to the standard of such things. It would be invidious to particularise, but I think the butter is often very thin over the plate, whereas it ought to be and used to be in a pat.



SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

I think your idea of publishing a monthly guide to the magazines an excellent one. Such an "abstract and brief chronicles" of current literature will meet a widely felt want, and it seems wonderful that no one should have thought of it before. I am glad to observe that you propose giving extracts as well as summaries. There is so much second-hand reading at the present day that your new publication will fully justify its existence if it serves to whet the literary appetite of the general reader and enable him to choose for himself from among the vast and varied supplies of intellectual food those subjects which seem best fitted to his taste. As an attempt to bring the knowledge of the best that is thought and said in the world within the reach of those who are not blessed with a superabundance of either time or money your project deserves, and will, I hope, receive, the widest support.



MRS. FAWCETT.

I heartily wish you success in your projected REVIEW OF REVIEWS. A good summary of the contents of the monthlies, done without fear or favour, cannot fail to be useful.

MADAME ADAM (JULIETTE LAMBERT).

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE,—Ah, those English! They like doing things on a grand scale. You are going to do your thing on a grand scale, Mr. Stead.

But will you not at the same time be obliging your contemporaries to become too learned? What will become of them when their heads are forced to contain the whole world.

I, for my part, wish you luck, for *La Nouvelle Revue*, in common with all the others, will derive great profit from your luminous idea.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

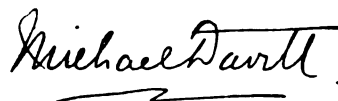
I like the idea of a "Monthly Guide" to the monthlies very much, and I feel sure it will be appreciated by the ever-increasing appetite of the reading public.

If the monthly magazines of England, America, and France could be brought within easy reach of the working classes, they would prove a great educational benefit to those who are to be the power-wielders of the State in the near future. The reviews which tempt the "run-and-read" people of the day with their mental bill of fare every month would make a small library, on mostly all current topics, for those whose means will not allow for the purchase of many books. I am in the habit of buying reviews when they are a month or two old, when they can be got for a few pence, and in this way I have got a several years' collection of invaluable reading matter.

But to keep abreast with the active thought of the hour there must be current study of the magazines, as there is a more or less daily perusal of the press, if we are to know what representative opinion and thinkers of authority are saying on vital problems in Europe and in America. To read or study *all* the monthlies is entirely out of the question, so far as working men are concerned, and, in fact, most men and women who have the duties of daily life to perform.

Your "Guide" will therefore be a welcome assistance of a most practical kind to all who are anxious to get at the gist of what the monthlies say upon the pressing questions of the hour, and on science, literature, and art.

Wishing your new "Guide" every success,



THE REV. H. HANNA, LL.D., D.D., BELFAST.

Although far from approving of your politics and some methods of your public work, as you well know, I receive with satisfaction the intimation you send me of a

proposed eclectic review. The idea is admirable, and embodied in fact will be a great boon to busy men who would like to keep in view the various phases of the multifarious thought of the age. I will gladly become a subscriber of such a compendium of the high-class periodicals as you contemplate. And although I differ from you in many things, I do not hesitate to say that I do not know any man more likely than yourself successfully to accomplish such a project. I await with interest a specimen of your design. Such an effort deserves to succeed.

MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P.

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS idea is a capital one, and I have no doubt that in your vigorous hand it will be carried to success. Working men who take an interest in our high-class periodicals are increasing, and it will be a great boon to make such literature more accessible to them. As an old friend I will follow your career with keen interest for many years, and your new venture has my heartiest benediction.



M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

Your idea of publishing a monthly guide to the principal magazines and reviews is excellent, and will enable those who are interested in art, science, or literature to find the articles they want to refer to without any difficulty. The men who work with brain and pen will bless you. What is wanted would consist of an accurate resumé of the contents of an article with occasional extracts from the text, instead of simply a critical essay or review. It will entail hard work on you, but it will lighten the burdens of many.



MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, POET AND NOVELIST.

Your scheme of the magazine, which is to be an indicator of the specially good things published monthly or generally, promises usefulness. I am glad to think that it will give the humbler publications here and there a chance of winning attention, and so be helpful to young writers of talent, or possibly genius, who do not at first find the more noted periodicals hospitable to them. Of course you know in the task you propose to yourself extreme discretion is exacted. But editors, I believe,

may trust to you. A survey and abstract of foreign publications, including critical French articles on the stage and current literature, I should consider particularly serviceable. It would be so to me.



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

Anything is better than the present bewilderment. No man can be loyal to more than half-a-dozen magazines per month, and the hurried prospecting through the remaining hundred is the most sterile and demoralising thing in the world. If any one will edit the editors for us he will vastly relieve the literary conscience, and prevent unnumbered sins of omission and commission. America has already made a modest move in this direction, and I know nothing more needed here than such an organ for the magazines as is proposed, an organ which will guide men to what they contain, provide samples of the best work, and state the thesis of each important article in such form and at such length as may be consistent with the intellectual rights of the author and the interest of the publishers. The *Pall Mall Gazette* annoys its readers continually by breaking off its descriptive articles just when one wants to know more, and if you extend what I believe to be your *secret* to your new venture, it will secure rather than discourage an appeal to the original, and so avert the lawful indignation of the *Condensed*.

Boiled magazine, as usually served, is an insult both to author and reader, but with really high-class cooking the magazine of magazines ought to give us both "good nutrition and an appetite."



THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

It seems to me that your project, if successfully carried out, will meet a great want, and be of much public service, both to those who are too busy to search themselves for the most important articles; and for those who, if they have leisure, may frequently need guidance in the selection of what they will read out of the mass of literature that is now continually poured forth from the press.

PROGRAMME.

OF the making of magazines there is no end. There are already more periodicals than any one can find time to read. That is why I have to-day added another to the list. For the new comer is not a rival, but rather an index and a guide to all those already in existence. In the mighty maze of modern periodical literature, the busy man wanders confused, not knowing exactly where to find the precise article that he requires, and often, after losing all his scanty time in the search, he departs unsatisfied. It is the object of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS to supply a clue to that maze in the shape of a readable compendium of all the best articles in the magazines and reviews.

Culture, according to Matthew Arnold, consists in knowing the best thoughts of the best men upon the subjects that come before us. The aim of this magazine will be to make the best thoughts of the best writers in our periodicals universally accessible. When Thor and his companions travelled to Jotunheim, they were told that no one was permitted to remain there who did not, in some feat or other, excel all other men. Therein Jotunheim resembled the memory of man. All but the supremely excellent fades into oblivion and is forgotten. The first step towards remembering what is worth while storing in the mind is to forget that which is worthless lumber. The work of winnowing away the chaff and of revealing the grain is the humble but useful task of the editorial thresher. The work of selection will be governed solely by the merits or demerits of the articles, not in the least by the opinions which they may express. Without pretending to be a colourless mirror, in which may be seen, in miniature, a perfect reflection of the periodical literature of the month, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will honestly endeavour, without fear or favour, without political prejudice or religious intolerance, to represent the best that is said on all sides of all questions in the magazines and reviews of the current month.

At the same time that the furnishing of a guide to the monthlies forms the chief object of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, it will supplement this resumé of periodical literature by four distinctive features :—

(1) The first place in each number will be devoted to a carefully written Survey of events at home and abroad, some acquaintance with which is indispensable to the right understanding of the articles in the reviews, which are indeed, in many cases, the direct outcome of incidents in contemporary history.

(2) Without aspiring to be a Review of anything but periodical literature, such a magazine would be incomplete without some mention, if it were only in the shape of a catalogue, of the New Books and Blue-Books of the month. Every book of importance will be briefly described, and when possible, its price will be given as a guide to intending purchasers.

(3) Three-fourths of periodical literature consists of fiction. It is impossible to summarise serials. But without this element the REVIEW OF REVIEWS would be a very imperfect mirror of its contemporaries. To meet this difficulty, each number will contain a condensed novel, with its salient features and best scenes intact. It will often be the best foreign novel of the month. But no hard and fast rule will be laid down, and if a strange true story of real life or a really good original tale should offer it will not be refused.

(4) To know the character of the leading actor in the contemporary drama is essential to the right understanding of its history and its literature. Every number, therefore, will contain a character-sketch of some man or woman who has figured conspicuously before the world in the previous month. It will be written with sympathy and with a sincere desire to present the individual as he seems to himself in his best moments, rather than as he seems to his enemies in his worst.

From time to time other features will be added, but always with the same object. To enable the busiest and poorest in the community to know the best thoughts of the wisest ; to follow with intelligent interest the movement of contemporary history ; and to understand something of the real character of the men and women who rank among the living forces of our time,—that is the aim which will constantly be kept in view in the editing of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

TO ALL ENGLISH-SPEAKING FOLK.

THERE exists at this moment no institution which even aspires to be to the English-speaking world what the Catholic Church in its prime was to the intelligence of Christendom. To call attention to the need for such an institution, adjusted, of course, to the altered circumstances of the New Era, to enlist the co-operation of all those who will work towards the creation of some such common centre for the inter-communication of ideas, and the universal diffusion of the ascertained results of human experience in a form accessible to all men, are the ultimate objects for which this REVIEW has been established.

A daily newspaper is practically unreadable beyond twenty-four hours distance by rail of its printing office. Even a weekly, although capable of wider distribution, is of little use as a circulating medium of thought in all the continents. If anything published in London is to be read throughout the English-speaking world, it must be a monthly. It must also be published at a price within the means of all, and it must condense into a manageable compass the best and ripest thoughts of the foremost thinkers of our time. Hence the present venture. It will be a combination of two elements,—the eclectic and the personal. In one part there will be the expression of individual conviction upon men and things; the other part, that which gives the distinctive character and designation to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, will endeavour, as faithfully as if we had no creed or political opinion, to mirror the best thought of our time. This is done distinctly on a religious principle. The revelation of the Divine Will did not cease when St. John wrote the last page of the Apocalypse, or when Malachi finished his prophecy. "God is not dumb, that He should speak no more," and we have to seek for the gradual unfolding of His message to His creatures in the highest and ripest thought of our time. Reason may be a faulty instrument, but it is the medium through which the Divine thought enters the mind of man. Hence the man who can interpret the best thought of his day in such a manner

as to render it accessible to the general intelligence of his age is the true prophet of his time.

While this Review will not be a colourless reflection of the public opinion for the time being, it will certainly not be a party organ. Neither party has at this moment any distinctive body of doctrine, any well-conceived system of faith which would justify me in labelling this new monthly with a party badge. Creeds are at this moment in a state of flux. Party allegiance is governed more by personal enthusiasm or personal repulsion than by any serious difference of political principle. Neither party has any creed beyond the fundamental dogma, which both hold implicitly, that it is wrong to do anything which would risk the loss of the next general election. Beyond that no party lifts its eyes. Party, although useful as an instrument, must be a servant, not a master. We shall be independent of party, because, having a very clear and intelligible faith, we survey the struggles of contending parties from the standpoint of a consistent body of doctrine, and steadily seek to use all parties for the realisation of our ideals.

These ideals are unmistakably indicated by the upward trend of human progress, and our position in the existing economy of the world. Among all the agencies for the shaping of the future of the human race, none seem so potent now and still more hereafter as the English-speaking man. Already he begins to dominate the world. The Empire and the Republic comprise within their limits almost all the territory that remains empty for the overflow of the world. Their citizens, with all their faults, are leading the van of civilisation, and if any great improvements are to be made in the condition of mankind, they will necessarily be leading instruments in the work. Hence our first starting-point will be a deep and almost awe-struck regard for the destinies of the English-speaking man. To use Milton's famous phrase, faith in "God's Englishmen" will be our inspiring principle. To make the Englishman worthy of his immense vocation, and at the same time to help to hold together and strengthen the

political ties which at present link all English-speaking communities save one in a union which banishes all dread of internecine war, to promote by every means a fraternal union with the American Republic, to work for the Empire, to seek to strengthen it, to develop it, and when necessary to extend it, these will be our plainest duties.

But how? Not, it may be said at once, by any attempts to interfere with the liberties already conceded to our colonies, or by indulging any wild aspiration after an impossible centralisation. We have to move in the opposite direction. To save the English Empire we must largely Americanize its constitution, and the first step in the direction of this necessary development is to compel the Irish to undertake the responsibility of managing their own affairs under the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament. Home Rule will open the door by which all the colonies may yet enter into the pale of our Imperial Constitution. At present they are outside. If the fatal clause excluding the Irish members from Westminster had been carried, Ireland would have been thrust outside as well. The defeat of that pernicious proposal will probably mark the watershed in the history of our Empire. The next Home Rule Bill will not exclude the Irish. It ought to open the door for the admission of colonial representatives to the House of Commons, pending the inevitable evolution of a true Imperial Senate.

The existence of such an avowed ideal will contribute powerfully to the realisation of that ideal. At present the columns of the press supply that Imperial forum in which, pending constitutional transformations, the representatives of Greater Britain can discuss and assist in deciding the policy of the Empire. The habit of interrogating the colonies for their opinion on questions which are now decided over their heads should be developed, and it will give a great stimulus to the movement in favour of the enfranchisement of the nascent commonwealths under the British flag. At present they are disfranchised of the Empire, and yet they are bound by its policy. If not enfranchised and brought within the pale by being allowed a voice in deciding the policy of the Government of the Empire, they will inevitably seek enfranchisement in another direc-

tion, by severing themselves from the political system over which they have no control.

It follows from this fundamental conception of the magnitude and importance of the work of the English-speaking race in the world, that a resolute endeavour should be made to equip the individual citizen more adequately for his share in that work. For the ordinary common Englishman, country yokel, or child of the slums, is the seed of Empire. That red-haired hobbled-hoy, smoking his short pipe at the corner of Seven Dials, may two years hence be the red-coated representative of the might and majesty of Britain in the midst of a myriad of Africans or Asiatics. That village girl, larking with the lads on her way to the well, will in a few years be the mother of citizens of new commonwealths; the founders of cities in the Far West whose future destiny may be as famous as that of ancient Rome. No one is too insignificant to be overlooked. We send abroad our best and our worst: all alike are seed-corn of the race. Hence the importance of resolute endeavour to improve the condition, moral and material, in which the ordinary English-speaking man is bred and reared. To do this is a work as worthy of national expenditure as the defence of our shores from hostile fleets. The amelioration of the conditions of life, the levelling up of social inequalities, the securing for each individual the possibility of a human life, and the development to the uttermost by religious, moral, and intellectual agencies of the better side of our countrymen,—these objects follow as necessary corollaries from the recognition of the providential sphere occupied by English-speaking men in the history of the world.

Another corollary is that we can no longer afford to exclude one section of the English-speaking race from all share in the education and moralising influences which result from the direct exercise of responsible functions in the State. The enfranchisement of women will not revolutionise the world, but it will at least give those who rock our cradles a deeper sense of the reality of the sceptre which their babies' hands may grasp than would otherwise be possible. Our children in future will be born of two parents, each politically intelligent, instead of being the product of a union between a political being and a creature

whose mind is politically blank. If at present we have to deplore so widespread a lack of civic virtue among our men, the cause may be found in the fact that the mothers from whom men acquired whatever virtue they possess have hitherto been studiously excluded from the only school where civic virtue can be learnt—that of the actual exercise of civic functions, the practical discharge of civic responsibilities.

However much we may place the English-speaking world before us as the chief object of our attention, no self-denying ordinance on the part of our statesmen can prevent us having an influence on European affairs. The shrinkage of the world and the development of the colonial policy of Germany, France, and Italy, render a policy of non-intervention impossible, even if it were desirable. But it is not desirable. The pressure, pacific but constant, of a great federation of English-speaking commonwealths would be very strong in favour of the development of a similar federal system in Europe. The Concert of Europe, steadily developed, will result in the United States of Europe; and to that goal the policy of England should be constantly directed. All the old nonsense about the maintaining the balance of power in Europe, of sending armies to defend Constantinople, is now pretty nearly exploded, even in Printing-house Square. We have too much to do within our own Empire to bolster up the Empire of the Turks; and it will be time enough to talk of sending an army on to the Continent when our fleet is strong enough to protect our commerce on the sea.

With regard to the dark-skinned races and the yet unoccupied regions of the world, our duty depends upon our opportunities and our responsibilities. We have no business to breed rowdies and filibusters, and let them loose with firearms and firewater upon the half-civilised or wholly savage races on our borders. We must follow the rowdy by the policeman, and endeavour to secure that the dispassionate voice of impartial justice should be heard and obeyed on the frontiers of the Empire. Nor must we ignore the still weightier duty of the just government of our great Indian dependency, with its three hundred millions of human beings of every shade of colour, creed, rank, and culture.

Imperialism within limits defined by common-sense and the Ten Commandments is a very different thing from the blatant Jingoism which some years ago made the very name of Empire stink in the nostrils of all decent people. The sobering sense of the immense responsibilities of an Imperial position is the best prophylactic for the frenzies of Jingoism. And in like manner the sense of the lamentable deficiencies and imperfections of "God's Englishmen," which results from a strenuous attempt to make them worthy of their destinies, is the best preservative against that odious combination of cant and arrogance which made Heine declare that the Englishman was the most odious handiwork of the Creator. To interpret to the English-speaking race the best thought of the other peoples is one among the many services which we would seek to render to the Empire.

We believe in God, in England, and in Humanity! The English-speaking race is one of the chief of God's chosen agents for executing coming improvements in the lot of mankind. If all those who see that could be brought into hearty union to help all that tends to make that race more fit to fulfil its providential mission, and to combat all that hinders or impairs that work, such an association or secular order would constitute a nucleus or rallying point for all that is most vital in the English-speaking world, the ultimate influence of which it would be difficult to overrate.

This is the highest of all the functions to which we aspire. Our supreme duty is the winnowing out by a process of natural selection, and enlisting for hearty service for the commonweal all those who possess within their hearts the sacred fire of patriotic devotion to their country. Carlyle did not believe much in what he called "penny editors." Of the inspiration of the morning papers, he declared long ago we have had enough, and by these means he thought we had arrived at the gates of death. But it will probably be through the agency of the newspaper that Carlyle's great idea will yet get itself realised in England. Whatever we may make of democratic institutions, government of majorities, and the like, the fact remains that the leadership of democracies and the guidance of democracies belong always to the few. The governing minds are never numerous.

Carlyle put this truth in the most offensive aspect, but truth it is, and it will be well or ill for us in proportion as we act upon it or the reverse. The wise are few. The whole problem is to discover the wise few, and to place the sceptre in their hands, and loyally to follow their leading. But how to find them out? That is the greatest of questions. Mr. Carlyle, in almost his last political will and testament to the English people, wrote: "There is still, we hope, the unclassed aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, in human talent, nobleness, and courage, who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God. If, indeed, these fail us, and are trodden out under the unanimous torrent of hobnails, of brutish hoofs and hobnails, then, indeed, it is all ended. National death lies ahead of our once heroic England. . . . Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible Aristoi fighting for the Good Cause in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions on which all turns. In the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle response, 'Life for you: death for you.' But considering what of piety, the devoutest and bravest yet known, there once was in England, one is inclined to hope for the best."

Our supreme task is to help to discover these wise ones, to afford them opportunity of articulate utterance, to do what we can to make their authority potent among their contemporaries. Who is there among the people who has truth in him, who is no self-seeker, who is no coward, and who is capable of honest, painstaking effort to help his country? For such men we would search as for hid treasures. They are the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and it is the duty and the privilege of the wise man to see that they are like cities set on the hill, which cannot be hid.

The great word which has now to be spoken in the ears of the world is that the time has come when men and women must work for the salvation of the State with as much zeal and self-sacrifice as they now work for the salvation of the individual. For the saving of the soul of Hodge Joskins, what energy, what devotion, is not possible to all of us!

There is not a street in London, nor a village in the country, which is not capable of producing, often at short notice and under slight pressure, a man or woman who will spend a couple of hours a week every week in the year, in more or less irksome voluntary exertions, in order to snatch the soul of Hodge Joskins from everlasting burning. But to save the country from the grasp of demons innumerable, to prevent this Empire or this Republic becoming an incarnate demon of lawless ambition and cruel love of gold, how many men or women are willing to spend even one hour a month or a year? For Hodge Joskins innumerable are the multitude of workers; for the English-speaking race, for the embodiment of many millions of Hodges, how few are those who will exert themselves at all? At elections there is a little canvassing and excitement; but excepting at those times the idea that the State needs saving, that the democracy need educating, and that the problems of Government and of reform need careful and laborious study, is foreign to the ideas of our people. The religious side of politics has not yet entered the minds of men.

What is wanted is a revival of civic faith, a quickening of spiritual life in the political sphere, the inspiring of men and women with the conception of what may be done towards the salvation of the world, if they will but bring to bear upon public affairs the same spirit of self-sacrificing labour that so many thousands manifest in the ordinary drudgery of parochial and evangelistic work. It may no doubt seem an impossible dream.

Can those dry bones live? Those who ask that question little know the infinite possibilities latent in the heart of man. The faith of Loyola, what an unsuspected mine of enthusiasm did it not spring upon mankind? "The Old World," as Macaulay remarks, "was not wide enough for that strange activity. In the depths of the Peruvian mines, in the hearts of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China, the Jesuits were to be found. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter; and preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word."

How was this miracle effected? By the preaching of a man who energised the activity of the Church by the ideals of chivalry and the strength of military discipline. What we have now to do is to energise and elevate the politics of our time by the enthusiasm and the system of the religious bodies. Those who say that it is impossible to raise up men and women ready to sacrifice all they possess, and, if need be, to lay down their lives in any great cause that appeals to their higher nature, should spare a little time to watch the recruiting of the Salvation Army for the Indian mission-field. The delicate dressmaker and the sturdy puddler, the young people raised in the densest layer of English commonplace, under the stimulus of an appeal to the instincts of self-sacrifice, and of their duty to their brethren, abandon home, friends, kindred, and go forth to walk barefoot through India at a beggar's pittance until they can pick up sufficient words of the unfamiliar tongue to deliver to these dusky strangers the message of their Gospel. Certain disease awaits them, cruel privations, and probably an early death. But they shrink not. A race whose members are capable of such devotion cannot but be regarded as hopeless, from the point of those who seek to rouse among the most enlightened a consuming passion for their country's good.

But how can it be done? As everything else of a like nature has been done since the world began—by the foolishness of preaching. And here again let Mr. Carlyle speak :—

“There is no church, sayest thou? The voice of Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dispute : but in any case hast thou not still preaching enough? A preaching friar settles himself in every village and builds a pulpit which he calls newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine is in him for man's salvation ; and dost not thou listen and believe? Look well ; thou seest everywhere a new clergy of the mendicant order, some barefooted, some almost barebacked, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach zealously enough for copper alms and the love of God.”

It is to these friars that we must look for the revival of civic faith which will save the English-speaking race. For other hope of salvation from untutored democracy, weighted with the burdens of

Empire and distracted by its own clamant wants and needs, it is difficult to see.

That which we really wish to found among our readers, is in very truth a civic church, every member of which should zealously, as much as it lay within him, preach the true faith, and endeavour to make it operative in the hearts and heads of its neighbours. Were such a church founded it would be as a great voice sounding out over sea and land the summons to all men to think seriously and soberly of the public life in which they are called to fill a part. Visible in many ways is the decadence of the press. The Mentor of the young Democracy has abandoned philosophy, and stuffs the ears of its Telemachus with descriptions of Calypso's petticoats and the latest scandals from the Court. All the more need, then, that there should be a voice which, like that of the muezzin from the Eastern minaret, would summon the faithful to the duties imposed by their belief.

A recent writer, who vainly struggled towards this ideal, has said :—

“We are told that the temporal welfare of man, and the salvation of the State, are ideals too meagre to arouse the enthusiasm which exults in self-sacrifice. It needs Eternity, say some, to stimulate men to action in time. But as there is no Eternity for the State, how then is patriotism possible? Have not hundreds and thousands of men and women gladly marched to death for ideas to be realised solely on this side of the grave? The decay of an active faith in the reality of the other world has no doubt paralysed the spring of much human endeavour, and often left a great expanse of humanity practically waste so far as relates to the practical cultivation of the self-sacrificing virtues. We go into this waste land to possess it. It is capable of being made to flourish, as of old, under the stimulating radiance of a great ideal and the diligent and intelligent culture of those who have the capacity for direction. If we could enlist in the active service of man as many men and women, in proportion to the number of those who are outside the churches, as any church or chapel will enlist in self-sacrificing labour for the young, the poor, and the afflicted, then, indeed, results would be achieved of which, at present, we hardly venture even to dream. But it is

in this that lies our hope of doing effective work for the regeneration and salvation of mankind."

This, it may be said, involves a religious idea, and when religion is introduced harmonious co-operation is impossible. That was so once; it will not always be the case, for, as was said recently in the *Universal Review* :—

A new Catholicity has dawned upon the world. All religions are now recognised as essentially Divine. They represent the different angles at which Man looks at God. All have something to teach us—how to make the common man more like God. The true religion is that which makes most men most like Christ. And what is the ideal which Christ translated into a realised life? For practical purposes this: To take trouble to do good to others. A simple formula, but the rudimentary and essential truth of the whole Christian religion. To take trouble is to sacrifice time. All time is a portion of life. To lay down one's life for the brethren—which is sometimes literally the duty of the citizen who is called to die

for his fellows—is the constant and daily duty demanded by all the thousand-and-one practical sacrifices which duty and affection call upon us to make for men.

To establish a periodical circulating throughout the English-speaking world, with its affiliates or associates in every town, and its correspondents in every village, read as men used to read their Bibles, not to waste an idle hour, but to discover the will of God and their duty to man,—whose staff and readers alike are bound together by a common faith, and a readiness to do common service for a common end, that, indeed, is an object for which it is worth while to make some sacrifice. Such a publication so supported would be at once an education and an inspiration; and who can say, looking at the present condition of England and of America, that it is not needed?

CHARACTER SKETCH: JANUARY.

I.—MR. H. M. STANLEY.

IN all the annals of chivalric romance there is no more adventurous career than that of the Welsh workhouse boy who has just plucked the heart out of the mystery of the Dark Continent. On the shelves of Don Quixote's library there were no tomes more full of romantic fascination and enthralling interest than the volumes which tell of how Mr. Stanley found Livingstone, converted King Mtesa, opened up the Congo, and rescued Emin.

Yet although every one in a more or less vague kind of fashion knows Mr. Stanley, and most people have seen him, hardly any one has any clear consecutive idea of the extraordinary career which even now may not yet have reached its culminating point. Some day, perhaps, some man of genius may arise who may add the indispensable element of imagination to the story of Mr. Stanley's adventures, and then we shall have a tale that will rank for all time with that of the Arthurian Cycle or with the Hero stories of old Greece. Even to those who have but cursorily followed the more conspicuous incidents of his adventurous life, it is evident that it contains as much material for poetic or romantic treatment as the wanderings of Ulysses, the labours of Hercules, or the quest of the Holy Grail. Here, in the heart of this plain, prosaic nineteenth century, from which materialism and steam are supposed to

have exorcised the Ideal that shone like the star of the evening through "the twilight that surrounds the borderland of old romance," we have an adventurer who, so far at least as the mere quality of his adventures go, is not unworthy to be ranked with any of the paladins of Charlemagne or the knights of Arthur's Table Round.

RINALDO REDIVIVUS.

It is impossible to read Mr. Stanley's latest letters and not to be reminded of the ordeal through which none of Godfrey's knights could pass save one. Tasso has gone out of fashion nowadays,—the more's the pity,—but all who have read his "Jerusalem Delivered" well remember the adventure of the enchanted forest. Christendom, under Godfrey of Bouillon, was besieging Islam defiant behind the walls of Jerusalem, when the siege operations were brought to a standstill by the destruction of the machines by which the Crusaders assailed the ramparts of the Holy City. Timber was required, but timber was only to be procured from a dismal wood, whose branches scarce admit the gloomy light, and which had been rendered doubly inviolate by the incantations of Ismeno the magician. When the Christians ventured into its horrid darkness, earthquakes shook the ground, the trees murmured and groaned as if a hurricane stormed through their branches, the thunders pealed on high, huge lofty walls and battlements of flame sprang up

before the intruders, and one after another all the bravest knights of Christendom confessed themselves discomfited, and retired unnerved and trembling from the enchanted wood. Even Tancred the Fearless was baffled by the enchanter's art, and the Christian camp was in despair until Rinaldo, who had been dallying in Armida's bower, plunged into the dismal depths of the haunted wood, and by imperturbable bravery and resolution terminated the enchantment, vanquished the foul fiend, and restored the means of victory to Christendom.

THE HIDEOUS FOREST OF CONGO-LAND.

"Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd," we may say to-day to the Rinaldo of our time as he reappears in our midst. But Rinaldo's ordeal was but for one day. Mr. Stanley's desperate wrestlings with the hideous forest of Congo-land lasted 160 days. All others who had preceded him had failed. Even Gordon, our nobler Tancred, was powerless to reach and rescue Emin. But Mr. Stanley succeeded. And at what a cost! Here is a passage from one of his letters:—

Try and imagine some of these inconveniences. Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours, murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us in the Congo Forest.

Yet the crossing of the Congo Forest, through which, as he said, "he marched, tore, ploughed, and cut his way for 160 days," was but one episode in the great Odyssey of his wanderings.

GENERAL GORDON AND MR. STANLEY.

There is a strange coincidence in dates which links Mr. Stanley with General Gordon. It is now just five years since the news arrived in this country that Emin Pacha was in difficulty in the Equatorial Province of the derelict Soudan. On the very day on which the news arrived, General Gordon started for Brussels, *en route*, as he believed, for the Congo, full of the idea of using that river to penetrate to the rear of the slave-trader's hunting ground, so as to cut up the slave-trade by the roots. His idea was to join hands with Emin very much as Mr. Stanley has done, but he meant, not to rescue and retire,

but to advance and conquer. When I saw General Gordon at Southampton, he spoke much of this. Looking over my diary for 1884, I come upon this curious entry at the close of the notes of the interview which led to his being despatched to Khartoum.

"Have you any more questions?" he asked me.

"Well," I said, "if I might talk freely, I would like to ask a good many questions. For instance, about the Congo, and about China."

"I will tell you a secret," he said; and unfolding a map of Africa, he showed me the head waters of the Congo. "Stanley," he said, "is here; I go to join him. He is nominally above me, but we shall really be equals in the command."

"Then you will quarrel," I said.

"No," said he; "I am not afraid."

"But you will," I said. "Stanley is of very different mettle to you."

"No," said he; "if it is God's will, it will be done. We will go there. I will strike northwards and eastwards from the Congo to the Equatorial Lakes, arming the natives and driving out the slave-trade at its source. Ten degrees north of the Equator, the Arabs, descending the Nile, spread to the West Coast of Africa, forming a belt of Mohammedan States across North-Central Africa. They could not come below ten degrees, because their camels would not live. Another great exodus took place along the Mediterranean, which ultimately engulfed Spain. I propose to strike northwards towards the line of Mohammedan States so as to narrow the area of the No-man's-land where the slave-traders ply their calling."

He showed me a map with the slave routes marked in red, published, I believe, by the Anti-Slavery Society.

"Here," said he, "I believe the great work will be accomplished."

His eyes glistened, and he looked like some prophet, seeing the long hoped-for consummation.

KING LEOPOLD AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

When General Gordon was recalled from Brussels, and asked to do what he could to save the garrison in the Soudan, he never abandoned his dream of utilising the Congo as a base from which to take the slave-traders in the rear. He was profoundly uneasy after being ordered to Khartoum at the thought of leaving the Congo, and it was not until his sister suggested that he could go to the Congo after he had "cut off the dog's tail" at Khartoum that he was reconciled to the change of his destination. The idea, however, dwelt with him to the last. One of his last telegrams home was a petition to the King of the Belgians to be allowed to take the Bahr el Ghazel and the Equatorial Provinces in the name of the International African Association. I had a hot discussion about the matter with the King, I remember, but both the English Government and his Majesty shirked the responsibility of authorising General Gordon to annex provinces which were nominally Turkish or Egyptian. The King told me he was not unwilling to allow Gordon to carry out his scheme, if Mr. Gladstone would give him the assurance that the provinces had ceased to belong to the Ottoman Empire.

How far away in the distance seems that fierce discussion in the palace at Brussels that Sunday after-

noon; how irrevocable the doom which was even then descending upon the hero whose life was made the plaything of political exigencies! "It is always so in politics," said King Leopold, bitterly. The provinces are lost now. All dreams of establishing a crusading anti-slavery empire on the Equatorial Lakes have been dissolved into thin air by the touch of the Mahdi's spear, and now we are rejoicing as over an unexpected good fortune, that Mr. Stanley has been able to snatch Emin Pacha as a brand from the burning of the Soudan.

WHY NOT RESCUE LUPTON BEY?

When General Gordon was beleaguered in Khartoum, and Lord Wolseley was toilsomely preparing to paddle up the Nile with all his boats, in the vain hope of saving the honour of England, Mr. Stanley sent a message that he wished to see me. I went at once and found him in his comfortable chambers in Sackville-street. Mr. Stanley wanted to see me about Gordon. He said that it was known that the position at Khartoum was very critical, and that it was more than doubtful that Lord Wolseley would not reach the city in time. The Mahdi was in force in front of Khartoum, and it was therefore necessary to do what could be done in order to create a diversion. Why not by the Congo? There was a water-way to within 200 miles of the Bahr el Ghazel. There was Lupton Bey holding out,—alas, it was not then known that Lupton had succumbed,—whom we were bound in honour to relieve. Why not send a competent man down the Congo with a small expedition? It would only cost £20,000; it would save Lupton; it would create a diversion in the rear of the Mahdi's forces. Rumour, magnifying everything, would lead the Mahdi to imagine that a great army was falling upon him from the south. He might even raise the siege. Who knows? In any case it could not fail to relieve the pressure on Khartoum. This was in September, 1884, that Mr. Stanley pressed the idea of an expedition for the Congo upon me, and, through me, upon the Government. Unfortunately, the idea was scouted at headquarters. It was not till nearly three years later that Mr. Stanley received the commission to save Emin. In the south as well as in the north, our watchword has been—Too Late.

THE FATALISM OF AFRICA.

That, however, was not Mr. Stanley's fault. He has done what he undertook to do, late though it was in the day, and on a very different commission to that to which he at first aspired. In this, as in everything else, Mr. Stanley would probably see the element of Fate. M. Taine declares that vice and virtue are as much the produce of climate and environment as vinegar and sugar. It would almost seem as if there were something in the

blazing sun of Africa and the contiguous desert of Arabia to imbue men with fatalism. Mohammed made submission to the inexorable decree the foundation of his religion; General Gordon's belief in Providence was a Christianised fatalism; and Mr. Stanley, judging from his latest letters, has emerged from the African wilderness a greater fatalist than ever. He confesses:—

A veritable Divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will; but nevertheless guided and protected us.

And this Divinity which guided and protected Stanley made mincemeat of the officers of the rear column who disobeyed his orders; three quarters of this force die of slow poison, the commander is murdered. On the other hand, not one officer who was with Mr. Stanley has fallen by the way. All are safe, sound, and well, although they have lived for months in deadly atmosphere on abominable diet, wading as many as seventeen mud-streams a day, and often being prostrated with fierce fever. This, he says, is not due to me.

The vulgar will call it luck, unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains a feeling that of a verity there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy. . . . I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. I endeavoured to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm. My faith that the purity of my motives deserved success was firm; but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands.

Mr. Stanley is not in the least a religious enthusiast like General Gordon. But he concluded his letter to the *New York Herald* with a "thanks be to God for ever and ever"; the whole strain of his utterances since he came back to civilisation has been, "Is not this the finger of God?"

THE INFLUENCE OF LIVINGSTONE.

Mr. Stanley undoubtedly has in him that element in which such speculations find a congenial home. He is no recluse of the cloister. He is a man who has followed for years one of the most soul-deadening occupations in the whole range of journalism. War is terrible to wage, but even the slaughter of men can be glorified by a conviction of the supremacy of duty. But merely to attend as a camp-follower of armies, to watch war from the heart of it without being concerned in the heroics of it, to regard the slaying of men from the point of view of the picturesque reporter,—from all these things every journalist may well pray to be delivered. Mr. Stanley was through them all. He has seen the worst of life, both savage and civilised, and he started with but a slender equipment of religious faith. Until he met Dr. Livingstone he sneered at missionaries, and apparently judged their work with the shallow superficiality of the

smart journalist. But Dr. Livingstone changed all that. As Mr. Stanley told the Baptist Missionary Society at Cannon-street Hotel, when he found how Livingstone went about his work, he saw how egregious a mistake he had committed.

When I saw him I recognised what a type of noble physical and spiritual manhood a fine good missionary and good man could be, and from the kindly manner in which Dr. Livingstone spoke, and from his zeal and earnestness, I have ever since had a very different idea of missionaries.

Mr. Stanley, in short, "found salvation" when he found Dr. Livingstone. Nothing could be more beautiful than his devotion to his spiritual father. It blazed up in fierce fashion once at a meeting of the British Association at Brighton, when Mr. Clement Markham had seemed to speak slightly of Livingstone's claim to have discovered the Nile sources. "I tell you," said one who was present, "Stanley was the most scathing man I ever listened to when he was mad over Livingstone."

So angry was he at what he thought an aspersion on Livingstone's honour, that he jumped up from a banquet to which he had been invited that evening, flatly refused to speak, and, flinging a guinea on the table to pay for his dinner, walked off without saying a word. The hot Welsh blood soon boiled over when a word was uttered in dispraise of his idolised Livingstone.

MR. STANLEY AS MISSIONARY.

Mr. Stanley has, indeed, been a missionary himself on a very large scale. The story of the conversion of King Mtesa of Uganda to Christianity reads much more like a chapter out of the early ages of the Christian Church than a matter-of-fact record of the exploits of a special correspondent.

Mtesa said: "Stamlee, I have always told my chiefs that the white men knew everything, and are skilful in all things. If you want knowledge you must talk to them to get it. Now, Stamlee, tell me and my chiefs what you know of the angels."

A large order for the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald*. But Mr. Stanley was not unequal to the occasion. He drew a vivid picture of angels as he remembered seeing them in Michael Angelo's frescoes and Gustave Doré's illustrations,—what a bizarre combination!—and then sent for his Bible in order that he might read to the king the passages in which the prophet Ezekiel and the apostle John described the angelic host. It was this ready resourcefulness of Mr. Stanley which led to the introduction of Christianity into Uganda. The king, fascinated by the image of the white-winged visitants from the Spirit-land, insisted upon being taught all about Christianity, and during the intervals of the war which he was then waging he was under instruction by Mr. Stanley in the mysteries of the Christian creed. Mr. Stanley even translated a sum-

mary of the Bible into Kiswahili, "embracing all the principal events from the Creation to the Crucifixion of Christ; St. Luke's Gospel was translated entire, as giving a more complete history of the Saviour's life." This *Telegraphese* version of the Gospel it was which, backed by the example of his white visitors, weaned Mtesa from the faith of Islam.

"I say that the white men are greatly superior to the Arabs, so I think that their book must be a better book than Mohammed's; for all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe."

Thus it was that Mtesa became a Christian,—of a sort, and it was to confirm the faith of his interesting neophyte that Mr. Stanley penned an appeal to Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda, in which occurs the following passage, describing his ideal of a Christian missionary:—

It is the practical Christian tutor who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, turn his hand to anything like a sailor,—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the entire white race.

The ultimate outcome of his missionary enterprise was not very satisfactory, but therein it did not differ from many apostolic precedents.

A COMPOSITE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Stanley's patriotism is something like Mr. Stanley's Christianity. It is real enough, but it is somewhat peculiar. Mr. Stanley, whose real name is not Stanley, but John Rowlands, is a Welshman by birth. But he settled in Louisiana, and fought at first in the Confederate army. After being taken prisoner he escaped to England, and the next we hear of him he was fighting in the Federal navy against his former comrades. Then he figured as the typical American journalist who, under the Stars and Stripes, carried relief to Livingstone, and for a long time his British nationality was ignored. He marched across the Dark Continent as the joint representative of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, and then accepted the position of salaried officer of the International Association of the Congo which had the King of the Belgians as its chief. And yet, although a pseudo American in Belgian service on African soil, he no sooner saw British interests endangered than he lifted up his voice in a fashion to make glad the heart of every Imperialist in England.

HIS PROTEST AGAINST PORTUGAL.

It is curious how history repeats itself. In 1883 it was the Congo that was threatened by Portuguese ambition.

To-day it is the Zambesi and the Shire. But the principle is the same in both cases, and the words which Mr. Stanley addressed to Mr. H. H. Johnston six years ago may be remembered with advantage to-day when it is Mr. H. H. Johnston himself, now our Consul at Mozambique, whose portrait will be found on the frontispiece, who is holding the gap for England against the Portuguese. Speaking of the proposal to give the Portuguese control of the Congo, Mr. Stanley cried :—

Such an ample basin, with such mileage and navigation, with its unmeasured resources, would you bestow as a dower on such people as the Portuguese, who would but seal it to the silence of the coming centuries? For what? Is the robust Empire called the British in its wane that you will put a limit to its growth? Such an idea is simply self-murder and a present confession of impotence. Follow the dictates of Nature. As in man so with nations, Nature is the best guide. Statistics tell us the Englishmen are increasing fast, that ships are building more and more every year, that trade is extending, that the revenue is augmenting, that colonies are forming, that wealth incessantly flows from all lands to England, that education creates thousands daily fit to cope with life's best work—namely, to thrive and to multiply, and we are well aware that the present Government is not less able than its predecessors to direct and maintain the force of the nation. Then why lock the gates of a promising field against yourselves? Keep the gates open; let him who seeks to enter do so without let or hindrance, and leave it to time. Time will teach the British Government where its interests lie. Meantime, observe your treaties with the native chiefs of the Lower Congo. Protect, as you promised to the chiefs so far back as 1845, through your naval officers. If you deliver these people into the hands of the Portuguese, the past as well as the present teaches what to expect. You deliver them soul and body to hell and slavery. So avoid the imputation of being false and faithless, proclaim a protectorate over the Congo, and preserve these your people from their impending fate.

The treaties which are in danger now are those which Mr. Johnston has concluded with native chiefs on the Shire. It is well to remember Mr. Stanley's emphatic words when we come to consider the fate of the Makololo. "If you deliver these people into the hands of the Portuguese, you deliver them soul and body to hell and slavery."

HIS FAITH IN ENGLISH-SPEAKING MEN.

This, however, was not the only expression of his views concerning the importance of defending British interests in Africa. He spoke at many public meetings in England on the subject, nor did he spare us for our disgraceful policy even so far afield as the Transvaal :—

From the Cape of Good Hope to Mogador, in close proximity to the Arabian Gibraltar, or near the Nigerian sources; in the Nilotic basin, or in the region of the Lusitanian possessions, in Persia or in Chinese Asia, I see a shifting of responsibilities and a sacrifice of commercial interests, a prodigal and thoughtless surrender of resources of trade, a Timonian recklessness and indifference to vital interests, as though England was in a hurry to disgorge herself, being sickened of a surfeit. Meantime, with our rich argosies floating upon every sea and our palatial steamers bearing each in its hold the revenue of a respectable state, we offered a premium to a herd of petty states to join in a coalition in the hope of some of the booty becoming their share. There was only one bright spot in the picture of possible danger and disaster, and that was the peaceful inter-

course and relations and the continual growing commerce between this country and the United States, apart from that which England maintained with her loyal colonies. All else was dismal in the extreme. Individually, Englishmen were still great, still tireless in the pursuit of trade. Could this greatness of soul, these expansive ideas, this daring enterprise of individuals, be but shared by their rulers, the outlook were void of these dangers, and a happy ending of these troublesome issues might be confidently anticipated.

That sentence is the one bright spot in the dismal picture. The unity of the English-speaking race is the key-note of the policy of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, which, by a fortunate coincidence, is able to lead off with such an Anglo-American as the first subject in its monthly gallery.

A CHARMED LIFE.

Mr. Stanley seems to bear a charmed life. No one has been more in perils oft, and yet here he is to-day, after half a century of rough and tumble, as tough and sound and vigorous as ever. What a picture of vicissitude is there not presented by his life, from the time when, as a baby, he was carried to the Welsh workhouse, down to his triumphal reception at Zanzibar! His life is one long romance. When a mere boy he ran off to sea from the butcher's shop where he was sent to earn his bread, and found his way to New Orleans. There is something very characteristic in his first utterance that is recorded. Seeing an announcement in the shop of one Henry Mortlake Stanley that a boy was wanted, he entered and asked for the situation. "And what can you do, my lad?" said a kindly-looking tradesman. "Anything," was the reply, "that a boy of my age and strength could be expected to do." He got the situation, and on the death of his employer, who had adopted him as his son, assumed his name. That is how John Rowlands became H. M. Stanley.

He seems always to have been smart. His grandfather named him "My man of the future." "We missed him at home 'oncommon,'" said the relative who carried him, on his father's death, to the workhouse of St. Asaph; "he was a very sharp child." Thanks to the reports of the schoolmasters as to "the extraordinary talents of Betsy's little son," he was placed on a farm as a shepherd, and it was from the farm that he went to Liverpool, from whence he worked his passage, at the age of sixteen, to New Orleans. When his adopted father died, he enlisted under the Confederate flag. After taking part in many engagements without injury, he was made prisoner near Pittsburg. He escaped, swam across a river under a hail of bullets, and ultimately made his way to Wales, where he turned up at his mother's house, tattered and torn and all forlorn. His mother had married a butcher of the name of Mr. Jones, and was very glad to see her son, who, in a strange freak, had written to his sister announcing his own death at the time when he

assumed the name of Stanley. He did not rest long in Wales, but returning to America, plunged once more into the war, this time on the Northern side, and on sea, not on land. Here he soon distinguished himself by swimming, under fire, with a rope to a Confederate ship whose crew had deserted her under the fire of the enemy, but which could not be approached so as to make her a prize. Mr. Stanley made her fast, and she was towed away in triumph. This gave him an ensigncy, and as ensign he began his career as newspaper correspondent by occasionally contributing to the *New York Herald*.

When his ship was at Constantinople he made an excursion to Jerusalem, and he travelled through Asia Minor, suffered many things, first of pachas and then of brigands. He was arrested at Smyrna, and after being released, was first plundered by brigands, and then handed by one of them over to the authorities as a robber. In these early encounters with the primeval forces of Oriental savagery, Stanley displayed the *sang froid*, the ready wit and resource, which have distinguished him through life. He succeeded by the aid of the *Levant Herald* and United States Minister in extorting compensation from the Turkish Government, and he left Constantinople with flying colours.

MR. STANLEY AS JOURNALIST.

When he returned to America he quitted the navy and devoted himself to journalism. His first professional commission was to accompany General Sherman in a campaign against the Sioux Indians. His letters gave satisfaction, and when Lord Napier was ordered to march against King Theodore of Abyssinia, Mr. Stanley was told off to accompany the English army on behalf of the *Herald*. This may be said to mark the commencement of his international career, and it may be well to pause to ask to what qualities are we to attribute the success which has made him *facile princeps* of the profession.

He has nothing approaching to the literary gift of Mr. Forbes. As a writer he cannot be ranked as amongst the first. He writes easily and writes rapidly, but nothing he writes stands out in the memory. He is a man of untiring assiduity. "There's a beautiful saying in the Old Testament," Mr. Stanley once told an interviewer, "which I have always kept before me. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' From the time when I was a reporter on the New York Press to the present day I have done what I had set myself to do with a will."

On arriving at Zanzibar, he said: "Looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we shirked no task, and that goodwill, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as the circumstances permitted." That element of shirking nothing, of doing everything with his

might, was the commonplace foundation of all his subsequent success. Many men might be industrious and persevering, and yet few would arrive at the summit which Mr. Stanley occupies.

HIS SELF-POSSESSION.

The man has unquestionably great natural gifts—first among which is a great faculty of self-possession. For a Welshman—and Mr. Stanley to this day understands his mother tongue, although he speaks it with difficulty—he is wonderfully phlegmatic and self-possessed. He blazes up now and then, no doubt, but he speaks slowly as a rule. His words give you the impression of deliberation even when his actions are as instantaneous as the lightning. A cool, self-composed man, he always had his wits about him.

He said on one occasion:—"I have always found tobacco a solace and an aid to concentration. I remember on one journey down the Congo, we were just about to enter a most dangerous country. I knew that a fight was inevitable, and I told my men to make ready. I took an observation, lighted my pipe, and smoked for five minutes to settle myself for the action. We were fighting for our lives a few minutes afterwards, and the battle went on for hours. Livingstone never smoked."

The capacity of deliberately smoking for five minutes to settle himself for the action may be less enviable than the capacity of not needing tobacco or any external help to internal calm; but it is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Stanley. If he has not the best, he will tranquilly put up with the second best, and make the best of that.

THE STORY OF THE BURNT SHAKESPEARE.

A man also he is of infinite resource. It is told of him that he added to his telegram from Abyssinia a chapter of the Bible so as to block the wire and secure long priority for his despatch. Another example of the same quality was his ready sacrifice of his much-loved Chandos Shakespeare in order to save his note-book. Five hundred natives, armed with hostile intent, gathered round him once, threatening his life. They had seen him sketching in his note-book, and they declared that he had bewitched them. Unless the book was burnt, they would reluctantly, but resolutely, take his life. To sacrifice his note-book, with all the jottings and sketches, would have been heartbreaking. Yet the natives were inexorable. As he opened his desk, he saw Shakespeare lying among his papers, and saw with delight that it was not dissimilar in outward appearance to his note-book. He took it up and asked them if this was the book that had done the mischief. "Yes, yes," they cried. "Then you will be contented if I burn it?" They assented, and when Shakespeare was flung into the flames they departed full of gratitude. A less ready man would have hesitated

at substituting one book for the other, another might even have grudged Shakespeare. Mr. Stanley has a supreme quality, sharpened by facing death in every shape, of instant decision. When your life hangs upon promptitude, you usually learn to be prompt, and Mr. Stanley is very prompt. He is capable also of striking a balance rapidly and calculating a loss. Nor does he shrink from any sacrifice, no matter how disagreeable, if it be necessary. He severely condemned the conduct of the officer who, by refusing to surrender a fugitive slave-girl, brought on the destruction of the station at Stanley Falls.

HIS SUPREME PRACTICALITY.

This quality is allied to another that makes his character seem somewhat unscrupulous. He is nothing of a precisian for all his preaching. His one code of ethics is to take the line of least resistance to his goal. There is something elemental in him, like water seeking its level, or electricity selecting its conductors; he thinks only of his ends. This element in him makes men shrug their shoulders when they read his unworthy reference to Gordon's "wilfulness," and his overdone horror at the suggestion that he might have varied his route and gone to the Bahr el Ghazel. If it will help the success of the expedition to employ cannibals, he will employ cannibals; nor does any one really think that his gorge would rise even at the spectacle of human hands sticking out of the cooking pots. Other things being equal, he would, of course, rather do without cannibals, but as cannibals are useful, he will impose no test of anti-cannibalism on his followers. In like manner he needs Tippoo Tib. Tippoo may be Zebehr Secundus, a slave-trader and a fiend, but if Tippoo is essential to Mr. Stanley, all his little shortcomings are ignored. The whole man is dominated by his overmastering will. He decides that he must attain a given point. He goes there swimming, if need be, under a storm of hostile bullets, or hewing his way through 160 miles of swampy, gloomy forest, or fighting his way through flotillas of hostile canoes, or, as in the case of the road past the falls on the Congo, blasting his way with dynamite through the solid rock—a feat which led the natives to christen him Bula Matade, or Rock-breaker.

Whatever may be the obstacles, he goes under, over, or through them all, and hitherto he has always come out scatheless and triumphant.

AS A LEADER OF MEN.

His mother remarked of him while a boy, that he was always small, light, and somewhat weak, though very tenacious and lively. Lieutenant Braconnier, who served with him as lieutenant on the Congo, gave the following interesting analysis of his character, from the point of view of a subordinate:—

He is a man of sudden resolutions and irresolutions. Ten minutes before he starts he hardly knows himself whether or where he is going. No one can admire Stanley's qualities more than I. He is a man of iron—easily discouraged, indeed, but quick to regain courage; full of dogged will, which is his strength, and a splendid leader. In his dealings with the natives, whatever lies people may say of him, he is invariably kind, merciful, and politic. He can palaver with them. He respects their religions, their customs, their traditions. There is not an atom of truth in the iniquitous accusations of cruelty brought against him and the officers in general. But he has one fault, he is not so unselfish as he might be. He is far too inconsiderate of his European fellow-workers, and more esteemed than liked. He treats his white companions as though he were a little king,—lives apart, never "chums" with them, and at certain moments would think it justifiable to sacrifice any one of them to his own safety. I never asked him for "reasons." Sometimes he would say to me, "Braconnier, strike your tents, we start in ten minutes." Had I been foolish enough to say, "where are we going?" he would have answered, "Mind your own business, not mine." I have watched him smoking under his tent, knowing all the time his officers had no tobacco, and it would never occur to him to offer them a pipe. You must live with him a long time to understand him. However long you might know him I doubt that you would ever become his friend.

There is an apartness about Mr. Stanley that others have noticed besides Lieutenant Braconnier.

In society he is pleasant enough, but there is always a certain element of reserve. In this he was very different from General Gordon.

A HOMERIC HERO.

Whatever may be his literary shortcomings, Mr. Stanley has the gift of an eloquence which has been tried in many languages and has proved successful in all. Mr. Kinglake once declared, after hearing Mr. Stanley hold forth once in Madame Novikoff's salon, that if he were to enter the House of Commons, he would speedily be recognised as one of the first debaters of his time. The art of oratory he has practised under fire, and his speeches to his followers, like his letter to Emin adjuring him to be done with his indecision and obey orders from without, remind one of the speeches of Homeric heroes. Alike in fighting and in speaking he is cast in the antique type.

He is not given to the gluttony popular among some ancient heroes. He has been sober and temperate both in food and drink, excepting in tea, for which he has the passion common to men of his temperament. He said once—

I never allow the luxuries of civilisation to demoralize me, and I never was a gourmand. I shall be happy when I set foot once more on African soil, and I fall very readily into my old nomadic ways of life. Tea, coffee, milk, tobacco, but stimulants seldom. In England I smoke three cigars a day. In Africa I have my pipe and mild tobacco. I did not begin to smoke until I was twenty-five, and could not grapple with a pipe till I was thirty.

Smoking in Africa, as, indeed, elsewhere, is often an indispensable lubricant of conversation. Here, for instance, is a pleasant picture drawn by Mr. H. H.

Johnston of Mr. Stanley when he was reigning as a little king on the Congo:—

Here he was seated on his camp chair, his pipe in his mouth and a semicircle of grinning kinglets squatting in front of him, some of them smoking long-stemmed, little-bowled pipes in complacent silence, and others putting many questions to "Bula Matade" as to his recent journey to Europe,—to "Mputo," the land beyond the sea, as they call it. Perhaps he never posed better for a picture than at that moment as he sat benignly chatting and smoking with the native chiefs, his face lighting up with amusement at their naïve remarks, while the bearing of his head still retained that somewhat proud carriage that inspired these African chieftains with a real respect for his wishes and a desire to retain his friendship.

MR. STANLEY'S MOTHER.

Respect and a desire to retain his friendship—Yes. Passionate devotion—No. Therein the contrast between Mr. Stanley and General Gordon is the strongest. Mr. Stanley, somehow or other, is not much loved. And yet in many relations of life he seems lovable enough. The story of how he brought his old mother up to London, put her up at a grand hotel, and told her that he wished to make her a very valuable present, is full of humour and pathos. It was just after he had come back from the Abyssinian campaign. Her curiosity was much excited, and she eagerly watched him unfasten a carefully tied-up parcel, wondering what precious contents would soon be revealed to her view. "It is very valuable," said he proudly, "and it will become still more so as time goes on." So saying, he unfolded before her eyes a strip of torn and bloodstained coat, worn by King Theodore when he was killed. But, alas for Mr. Stanley's pride! His mother, so far from appreciating it, was frightened at the blood-stains, and begged him to take it back,—which he did, feeling his gift was somewhat misplaced. Other relics, however, she was glad to receive and to cherish. There used to be a small Stanley museum in her cottage, in which she kept the hats her son wore in his search for Livingstone, an African war-club, named by its maker the tree of life, a papyrus cradle,—like that of Moses,—and the small American flag which he carried with him on his hunt after Livingstone. All these used to be on view before the good old lady died and was buried in a coffin on which was recorded the fact that she was "the mother of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer." She loved him, and so did her sister. So also did the boy Dualla, who waited upon him for many years, and who was one of the most conspicuous African features of Mr. Stanley's chambers in London.

THE SISYPHUS OF AFRICA.

Mr. Stanley is a man of unusual administrative ability. He had laid out, he once remarked casually, no less than a million sterling in Africa,—not a bad record for the little workhouse lad of fifty years ago. When he was in charge on the Congo he commanded a small industrial

army of 75 Europeans and 2,000 natives. He controlled seventeen stations, and patrolled the river with a flotilla of twelve steamers.

His health is good. He sleeps well. He has no nerves, and seems to be as absolutely without fear as man can be. The initial velocity of the creature is inexhaustible. The imagination shudders as it contemplates the labour of this Sisyphus of Africa. He has the native fire of the Welshman, the phlegm of the Englishman, and the inexhaustible resource and ingenuity of the Yankee. He is emphatically a man of his time. The child of the press, he has never forgotten "that Archimedean lever which moves the world." It is, as he says, the enterprise of the press which has popularised African discovery. It was as a Special he discovered Livingstone, and as a Special he discovered the possibility of opening up the Congo. When he left the press he used the press, and it was the attention which he drew to Central Africa through the press which set on foot that scramble for Africa which is the most conspicuous feature of our day.

I am not writing a life of Mr. Stanley, and it is not necessary to do more than pass in rapid review the great achievements of his prime. The story of how he found Livingstone is one of the most familiar, if not the most familiar romances of modern travel. After his return he acted as Special in the Ashantee campaign, and then undertook the journey across Africa, which resulted in the conversion of King Mtesa and the opening up of the Congo. By how many sacrifices these ends were achieved who can realise even among those who passed through them and survived! He wrote on one occasion:—

We were very much dispirited. The small-pox was raging. Dysentery had many victims, one-fourth were infected with the itch, some twenty suffered from ulcers, many complained of chest diseases, pneumonic fever, and pleurisy; there was a case or two of typhoid fever; in short, there was work enough in the stricken expedition for a dozen physicians. Every day we tossed two or three bodies into the deep waters of the Livingstone.

He survived however, came home beloved, wrote his book, and went back to found the Congo State. For six years he laboured, with these results. He established a confederacy of 400 chiefs, bound by treaty to promote trade and keep the Congo open. He established thirty stations, opened up the river for 7,000 miles into the heart of Africa, and ultimately succeeded in securing European recognition for the Congo State. Then he returned to England once more. He brought out another book, delivered more lectures, and was back in Africa again in 1887 on his way to relieve Emin Pacha.

Of the story of that two years' journey, now happily crowned with complete success, the newspapers have been so full for so long that it is unnecessary to speak.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CARLYLE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

THE most important paper in the *Fortnightly* is an article of twenty-eight pages in which Professor Tyndall jots down some personal recollections of Thomas Carlyle. The article is quite as interesting for the glimpses it gives of Professor Tyndall as for the light it throws upon Mr. Carlyle. The net impression is distinctly pleasurable. The imposing figure of the great teacher stands forth with its rough angularity softened, and a certain mild radiance about the features which is familiar enough to all of us who knew the real Carlyle as he lived, but which is almost unbelievable to those who have estimated him solely from the "Latter-day Pamphlets" or the bitter self-reproaches with which his "Reminiscences" were filled. Professor Tyndall knew Mr. Carlyle for many years, and in these pages he describes, with the loving fidelity of a disciple, the impression produced by the presence and teaching of the master. He says, very truly, that Carlyle wrote his "Reminiscences" when he was but the hulk of the true Carlyle. The lurid atmosphere of personal suffering, physical and mental, in which they were written, defaced, blurred, and sometimes inverted, like mirage, his coastline of memory. Hence the figure of himself quivering on that dissolving shore has suffered more from the false refraction than anything else. With no intention of contributing more than a few memorial notes to the voluminous literature which has grown up round the memory of Carlyle, Professor Tyndall publishes these "Recollections," which, as he says, are but as "a pebble dropped on the summit of a tor."

THE INFLUENCE OF "PAST AND PRESENT."

He begins his narrative by describing the effect which the perusal of "Past and Present" had upon him in the year 1843. He was then living in the midst of poverty-stricken Lancashire. He says:—

It was far from easy reading; but I found in it strokes of descriptive power unequalled in my experience, and thrills of electric splendour which carried me enthusiastically on. I found in it, moreover, in political matters, a morality so righteous, a radicalism so high, reasonable, and humane, as to make it clear to me that, without truckling to the ape and tiger of the mob, a man might hold the views of a Radical.

He read the book through three times, and then wrote out on some old sheets of foolscap an analytical summary of each chapter. This finished, he tied up the loose sheets and stowed them away among his papers, from whence they were exhumed more than a quarter of a century afterwards. Professor Tyndall was then superintendent of the Royal Institution, and one day, after explaining to Mr. Carlyle the experiments which demonstrated the fact that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation, he read to him the old analysis of "Past and Present." When it was finished, Mr. Carlyle said, "What greater reward could I have than to find an ardent young soul, unknown to me, and to whom I was personally unknown, thus influenced by my words?"

ALAS, NO BOSWELL IS HERE!

Professor Tyndall says that it would require gifts greater than those of Boswell to reproduce Carlyle. He does not make the attempt. The "Recollections" abound with vivid pictures of Mr. Carlyle in his daily life. We see him walking down Albemarle-street, "his tough old arm encircling mine," or drinking a tumbler of claret in front of a bright fire, or smoking a churchwarden, or seat-

ing himself in the Brompton 'bus, "where, when he was inside, every conductor knew that he carried a great man;" or galloping wildly over the country at such a rate that his companion described the motion as "tantamount to being shot like a projectile through space." But there are very few of Mr. Carlyle's recorded sayings. Professor Tyndall tells us that he denounced homœopathy; that he loved to hear Professor Tyndall hold forth on the undulatory theory of light, and displayed in all his intercourse that piercing, long-sighted intellect which justifies his friend's remark when, after describing his death and burial, he exclaims: "So passed away one of the glories of the world!" Of the actual sayings of Mr. Carlyle in this article, here a few. When he stood before the portrait of Bloody Mary, he remarked: "She is a very well-abused woman,—not a bad woman; I rather think a good woman acting according to her lights." On another occasion he said, "Frederick was the greatest administrator the world had seen, but I could never really love the man." Of Goethe, Professor Tyndall says the majesty of his intellect seemed, in Carlyle's estimate, to dissolve all his errors, both of intellect and conduct. It will surprise no one that Mr. Carlyle enjoyed and admired Browning, but it will be news to many that, notwithstanding all his denunciations of Darwinism, he once met the author of the "Origin of Species," and declared that "a more charming man I had never met in my life."

WE HAVE ABOLISHED HELL-FIRE!

Here is a very vivid picture of Mr. Carlyle and Professor Tyndall one stormy day finding refuge in a clearing in the heart of the New Forest:—

It was a solemn spot, perfectly calm, while round the wood sounded the storm. Dry, dead fern abounded. Of this I formed a cushion, and placing it on one of the tree stumps, set him down upon it. I filled his pipe and lighted it, and while he puffed conversation went on. Early in the day, as we roamed over the pastures, he had been complaining of the collapse of religious feeling in England, and I had said to him, "As regards the most earnest and the most capable of the men of a generation younger than your own, if one writer more than another has been influential in loosening them from their theological moorings, thou art the man!" Our talk was resumed and continued as he sat upon the stump and smoked his placid pipe within hearing of the storm. I said to him, "Despite all the losses you deplore, there is one great gain. We have extinguished that horrible spectre which darkened with its death-wings so many brave and pious lives. It is something to have abolished Hell-fire!" "Yes," he replied, "that is a distinct and an enormous gain. My own father was a brave man, and, though poor, unaccustomed to cower before the face of man; but the Almighty God was a different matter. You and I do not believe that Melchet Court exists, and that we shall return thither, more firmly than he believed that, after his death, he would have to face a judge who would lift him into everlasting bliss or doom him to eternal woe. I could notice that, for three years before he died, this rugged, honest soul trembled to its depths at even the possible prospect of Hell-fire. It surely is a great gain to have abolished this Terror."

Most people would have thought that that was the last consolation Mr. Carlyle would have taken to his soul. Half of his writings were devoted to a passionate attempt to impress upon his generation a lively sense of the reality and the truth of the great doctrine of retributive justice which found theological expression in the doctrine of "hell-fire."

THE DEATH OF MRS. CARLYLE.

Professor Tyndall describes, with keen sympathy and much delicate humour, the difference there was

between Mr. Carlyle after a good sleep, and Mr. Carlyle when his rest had been broken and troubled. After nine hours' uninterrupted slumber, Carlyle's countenance glowed with seraphic happiness, and there was "a boundless blessedness in his eyes and voice." The visit to Edinburgh University, the triumph of his inaugural address, the subsequent banqueting, and then the terrible blow which shattered his life, are all described sympathetically and well. After Mrs. Carlyle's death Professor Tyndall hastened to Chelsea.

The door was opened by Carlyle's old servant, Mrs. Warren, who informed me that her master was in the garden. I joined him there, and we immediately went upstairs together. It would be idle, perhaps sacrilegious, on my part to attempt any repetition of his language. In words, the flow of which might be compared to a molten torrent, he referred to the early days of his wife and himself,—to their struggles against poverty and obstruction, to her valiant encouragement in hours of depression, to their life on the moors, in Edinburgh, and in London,—how lovingly and loyally she had made of herself a soft cushion to protect him from the rude collisions of the world. Three or four times during the narrative he utterly broke down. I could see the approach of the crisis and prepare for it. After thus giving way, a few sympathetic words would cause him to rapidly pull himself together and resume the flow of his discourse. I subsequently tried to write down what he said, but I will not try to reproduce it here. While he thus spoke to me, all that remained of his wife lay silent in an adjoining room.

MR. CARLYLE AS A HUSBAND.

Of the much disputed and debated question of the rights and the wrongs of their matrimonial differences, Professor Tyndall speaks wisely.

They had had their differences,—due probably more to her vivid and fanciful imaginings than to anything else. He, however, took the whole blame upon himself. It was loving and chivalrous, but I doubt whether it was entirely just. I think it probable that in the lamentations which have reached the public through the "Reminiscences" he did himself wrong. His was a temper very likely to exaggerate his shortcomings; very likely to blame himself to excess for his over-absorption in his work, and his too great forgetfulness of his wife.

There was, he tells us in a foot-note, "a fund of tenderness in Mrs. Carlyle, but her sarcasm could on occasion bite like nitric-acid." After her death Professor Tyndall carried Mr. Carlyle off to Mentone, away to the sunlit South. In packing for the journey a curious wrangle arose. Mr. Carlyle insisted on packing his pipes *more suo*, turning a deaf ear to Professor Tyndall's warnings. As a result, only three out of fifty arrived unbroken, while not one of the fifty packed by Professor Tyndall were broken in transit.

HIS USE AND DREAD OF SCIENCE.

This is but a brief indication of a narrative full of intense human interest, characterised as much by tenderly reverent personal feeling as by rare literary skill. We will close with one more extract. After pointing out the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Carlyle's metaphors derived from science, and the extent to which he used the whole body of the sciences, "grinding them into paint wherewith to paint his marvellous pictures," Professor Tyndall says:—

Worship he defined as "transcendent wonder," and the lifting of the heart by worship as a safeguard against moral putrefaction. Science, he feared, tended to destroy this sentiment. I may remark here that, as a corrective of superstition, science, even when it acts thus, is altogether salutary. But preoccupation alone could close the eyes of the student of natural science to the fact that the long line of his researches is, in reality, a line strung with wonders. There are freethinkers who imagine themselves able to sound with their penny twineballs the ocean of immensity. With such Carlyle had little sympathy. He was a freethinker of wiser and nobler mould.

CONVERSION AND CONFESSION.

FROM MR. GLADSTONE'S REVIEW OF "ELLEN MIDDLETON."

MORE than forty years ago Mr. Gladstone wrote a long review of a novel called "Ellen Middleton," which was written by the late Lady Georgiana Fullarton in 1844, two years before she was received into the Catholic Church. The novel, which was republished in 1884, has been so generally forgotten that most of our readers will be glad to have a brief *resumé* of its plot with some illustrative extracts, which they will find on a subsequent page. Mr. Meynell, the editor of *Merry England*,—a Catholic magazine which appears this month with a New-Year's greeting from Cardinal Manning in *fac simile* on its frontispiece,—had the review—which is a very long one—copied out at the British Museum from a forgotten periodical. Then the editor of *Merry England* wrote to Mr. Gladstone, asking permission to republish the review with Mr. Gladstone's name attached. As a reply to this application Mr. Gladstone sent a postcard. This postcard bore the Chester postmark, and was written and signed by the ex-Premier himself. The words ran as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I should be indeed sorry to repay your courtesies by declining your request.

"Pray proceed as you think fit.

"Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

"D. 12, 1888."

Mr. Meynell proceeded as he thought fit by reprinting the first part of this voluminous review in *Merry England* of January. From the fifteen pages, mainly critical, we take the following extracts which bear upon the questions of Conversion and Confession. "Ellen Middleton" expresses the feelings and aspirations of a generation which longed to see practical efforts made to establish the confessional and the semblance of Catholicism in the Anglican Communion. Hence the significance of Mr. Gladstone's allusions, guarded though they be, to the discipline of the Church, the practice of confession, and his disparaging references to the Methodist doctrine of conversion. The leader of any political party, of course, has a right to believe what he pleases, and no one would dream of setting up an inquisition into his religious convictions. But as the author of this review of "Ellen Middleton" voluntarily descends into the market-place to proclaim his opinions in the ears of passers by, it is only respectful to so eminent a controversialist to give the utmost possible publicity to the views which he thinks it so important to enunciate. The following passages are textually extracted from Mr. Gladstone's article. For the cross-headings, of course, he is not responsible.

CONFESSION AND EFFORTS OF PAIN.

Let us not conceal it from ourselves that men cannot live for generations, and almost for centuries, deprived of any other spiritual discipline than such as each person, unaided by the external forces of the Church and the testimony of general practice, may have the desire and the grace to exercise over himself, without being the worse for it. Indeed, the notions have gone abroad among us, and that not only where avowed ungodliness prevails, but likewise in connection with very strict professions of religion, that the inward direction and government of the spirit are not a great, arduous, and perpetual work, but a mere corollary, following as matter of course, or little more, upon the sincere adoption of certain doctrines, and, therefore, that they need not be made the subject of a distinct solicitude and care; that the inward consequences of sin, though never corrected by Confession, by efforts of pain, conscious and sustained, by restitution,—those various parts of the process of repentance which test and ascertain its solidity,—may be neutralised by the mere lapse of time, and, so to speak, taken up and absorbed like the ill humours of the body; that it shows a want of faith and savours of Judaism, or some other *ism*, to employ detailed and systematic means for the purpose of working out Christian renovation. Against this false philosophy and false religion the writer of the work before us does battle, not by any logical analysis and exposure of its deceptiveness, but exhibiting to us the machinery of a human heart in full play amidst the trials which critical combinations of circumstances present, and instituting before our eyes the appeal to its living experience. She has assailed that which constitutes, as we are persuaded, the master delusion of our own time and country, and in the way of parable, and by awful example, has shown us how they that would avoid the deterioration of the moral life within them, must strangle their infant sins by the painful acts and accessories of repentance, and how, if we fall short of this by dallying with them, we nurse them into giants for our own misery and destruction.

THE DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION.

It is a sublime result of the Christian revelation to exhibit the strict and close concatenation which, in characters of great depth, force, and scope, links indissolubly together the occurrences of their inward history, and to evolve through a continuous detail into a great consummation the final fruit of some act, secondary in magnitude when it occurred, and seemingly long gone by, and yet to refer all the parts of this great scheme to their proper efficient cause respectively, in the free will and responsible agency of man. We look back with great admiration to those dramas of the Greeks, in which this unity of idea and fortune is most forcibly exhibited, a unity always directed towards crime and suffering, and testifying to divine truth, in so far as it teaches the doctrine of retribution, but sadly obscuring it, in so much as both are alike derived from an uncontrollable and iron necessity as their main origin. . . . The more faithful the transmission of the consequences, the more appalling indeed the picture of human misery, but the more ambiguous, or rather the more hopeless, is the path of escape, and the more perplexing the question, "If there be a God in the world, why are these things so?"

FREEWILL THE KEY TO THE PROBLEM.

But to the practical dilemma which thus beset the fortunes of our race, and which fastened by a magic interest the creative minds of paganism, Christianity brought a great solution. It showed us that there was,

indeed, a reality in this doctrine of moral causation, that every act we do is full of the power of reproduction, that we are tracked and hunted by our own deeds, and that after we have lost them from view and from memory, they reappear and claim as of right the mastery over our fate. All the unity and continuity which, according to the Greek ideas of destiny, belonged to the processes of the life of man, are even more clearly shown by a Christian philosophy to pertain to it; but it is because a will residing within us, and made free to choose the better part, forges its iron chains link by link, in again and again choosing the worse; it is because every action done has a tendency to determine the form and character of that which is next to be done; and they who act without taking this tendency into account, are delivering themselves and their own future into the hands of a blind power, small at first, but rapid in its growth, in its maturity portentous and irresistible.

WESLEY'S DOCTRINE OF INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION.

Unhappily these great truths, of which the philosophical exposition is to be found in Bishop Butler's doctrine of habits, have miserably fallen into neglect during the periods of cold and superficial theology with which the Church of England has been afflicted. Some there have been in whose teaching Christian virtue has been a mere code of maxims and restraints, scarcely more calculated to be operative upon character in its latent springs than the regulations of a turnpike road upon those who travel along it, instead of being "the power of an endless life," the manifestation of the heavenly gift, translucent from within through the veil of flesh. The law of inward formation could not but languish and decay, for it has seemed at times as if the very idea of such a process had been lost. Then came that impatient reaction of minds which felt themselves defrauded of the great living powers enshrined in the Gospel Covenant, and they determined to recover those powers, and they sought as it were to ensure the possession and enjoyment of them by compressing their whole agency into a short and single crisis: a life of loathsome sin, the sharp pangs of a moment, hour, or day, and then a fixed, almost a dogged assurance of sanctity and of felicity, imagined to be founded on the principle of faith. This was the history of the Christian soul in a peculiar phase of the world's religious life.

NEWMAN'S REVIVAL OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH.

But this device, so short, so cheap, so simple, has long ago become full of cracks and fissures; a strong man, as we readily grant, and an earnest one, made it, and it has served its day and done its work; a stronger man is destroying it, and larger, broader, deeper truths rapidly resume their sway, and promise the revived consciousness and use, on behalf of the people of Christ, of all the means of discipline which He graciously bequeathed to them.

After describing how Ellen, after conceiving the idea of confessing to a venerable clergyman, recoiled from executing her design, as she felt the minister of God and the messenger of heaven disappear in the amiable, conversable, gentleman-like man before her, Mr. Gladstone says: "We must pause for a moment to moralise upon the case of Mr. Leslie."

CLERICALISM A PROMINENT SYMBOL OF RELIGION.

Religion has of late years been driven back in great part from that acknowledged position of prominence and authorised power which it once used to occupy in ordinary life; although not absolutely "relegated into obscure municipalities and rustic villages," yet it cowers and

skulks in society, and manifests not itself until, by some careful application of the touchstone, it has ascertained in what quarter sympathy exists. . . . In this state of things it is hard, even for the priest, to be so absorbed in the sense of that vocation that attends him whithersoever he goes, as not ordinarily to remit somewhat of the character and bearing that belong to it. . . . It is not by violence of effort that this state of things can be amended; it must be by the diffusion of the atmosphere of devotion in which men can meet and breathe freely; it must be by the recognition of those symbols of religion which have become so faint and few among us, and among which will be prominent the broad and clear development of the clerical character, both as it respects the obligation of the clergy to live nearer to God than others, and likewise as regards the making full proof of their ministry, and fitting their whole demeanour to the special, and, so to speak, specific form which belongs to it.

THE MIRACLES OF ELECTRICITY.

A SOMEWHAT provoking paper by Mr. Pack Benjamin, in the *Forum*, discusses the possibilities of electricity with more scientific imagination than literary skill. He remarks that the discovery that both electricity and light are due to waves at right angles to the line of transmission caused in the so-called luminiferous ether which pervades all space, and that both have the same absolute velocity, may open the road to electric lighting under entirely new conditions. If a practical mode can be found of exciting and maintaining an electrical vibration of any required degree of rapidity, we may be able to produce light without heat, and then the secret of the glowworm will be unfolded.

PHOTOGRAPHING ACROSS A CONTINENT.

It is now believed that a ray of light, falling on a bar of selenium, sets up therein an electromotive force which produces a current. On this discovery are based the photophone, which reproduces words at a distance by the aid of luminous rays; the artificial eye, sensitive to light and to differences in colour; and the telephotograph, which is competent to telegraph silhouettes and shadows. A slender current is said to have been detected in the optic nerves of a frog when the eye was exposed to light. May there, then, be a conceivable possibility of varying the electrical wave in such manner that at some far-distant point it shall be converted into the corresponding light wave, so that the sensitive plate in San Francisco, for example, may instantly and photographically record the event taking place in New York?

ELECTRIC TRAINS AT THREE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

As soon as it becomes cheaper to generate electrical power than to generate steam power, the reign of steam will be practically ended.

Whether the economy of the electric locomotive will compare favourably with that of the steam locomotive, is not settled. The speed attainable on an electric railway would probably far exceed that now reached on any steam road. One hundred miles per hour is not without the range of reasonable possibility. Whether still greater velocity is practicable will probably depend upon means of reducing the air resistance to the moving vehicles. It certainly would be a curious outcome of the electrical railway, if in time we should come to speak of the lines of a railway car in much the same way as we now do of the lines of a fast yacht.

Two new systems for quick despatch have lately been proposed in this country. One includes a long, narrow car of small cross-sectional area, running on an elevated track, and claimed to be capable of making a speed of

two miles per minute. The other employs a series of electro-magnetic coils, inclosing the elevated track at intervals, through which coils the small car is successively drawn by the action of the current entering the several coils in turn. It is not impossible that we may be able to project mail and express matter throughout the country at the rate of two or three hundred miles an hour, either on elevated structures or through subterranean pipes; or that some day the mails may be sent across the Atlantic by the aid of electric motors traversing tubes laid on the ocean bed.

The most successful electrically-driven air ship thus far is that tested in 1884 by Messrs. Renard and Krebs, which made five miles per hour against a nine-mile breeze (so that her actual speed was fourteen miles per hour), and was able to return to her starting point.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

It may be possible in the future to send perhaps a hundred messages in opposite directions from each end of the same wire at the same time. It may become possible to telegraph between far distant points without the use of wires at all, by the induction of one electrified body upon another—a result already accomplished between comparatively short distances, as is exemplified in the present mode of sending telegraphic despatches from moving trains to the wires on the poles beside the track.

Telegraphic communication has been established through water between boats, and between the opposite sides of rivers and channels. The telegraphic transmission of fac-simile writing, a pen at one point following the motions of a pen at the other, so that a letter written in New York, for example, is automatically reproduced in the chirography of the sender in Philadelphia, has already been achieved.

It is possible to telephone speech over short distances by induction without connecting wires, and equally possible that in time we shall be able to do so over long distances.

TELEGRAPHING TASTES AND SMELLS.

The use of the exceedingly sensitive thermopile in an alarm circuit which shall warn the physician in his office of the feverish condition of his distant patients, has already been proposed. It is known that the current will set the brain in action, and it is known that the current will affect the gustatory nerves and produce a sharp acrid taste, whence the query whether flavours will some time be transmitted electrically, and artificial taste thus be created. So, also, the organs of smell are in some slight degree affected by passing current, and hence the idea of the possibility of the electrical transmission of odours. In time the race may develop a special electrical sense, whereby we may recognise the presence of a charged body, and avoid the terminals of the conductor carrying a dangerous current as we might a mass of hot iron; and that the heat of the brain, due to the working of the "maddening mechanism of thought," may be convertible into electricity by a thermopile attached to the skull, and so be measurable—the "divine afflatus" estimated in volts and amperes.

THE ELECTRICAL MAID OF ALL WORK.

The simple operation of passing powerful currents through the abutting ends of pieces of metal, bids fair to revolutionise the processes of the metal workers; for it enables metals thus to be welded which could not otherwise be joined, and objects of the most intractable forms to be firmly united. It requires but little imagination to conceive that the hulls of iron ships at some future time will be made in one piece, with all their

plates welded together. The cooking of food, the warming of railway cars and buildings, and the tempering of steel by heat produced by the electric current, have all recently been done on a limited scale, and will undoubtedly be accomplished on a larger one. We may yet have our pianos automatically played from a central office, and music on tap in every dwelling.

The last practical suggestion of Mr. Benjamin is the suggestion that a wall-paper may be devised capable of being rendered luminous by electricity, and even sufficiently warm to heat a room!

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. A. E. KENNELLY, Mr. Edison's first electrician, contributes to *Scribner's* an interesting paper on "Electricity in the Household," from which we make the following extracts:—

One of its applications is the burglar alarm apparatus. Every door and window through which entrance could be forced is fitted with a simple clip, adjusted to make, on the least opening, a metallic contact which sets an alarm bell in operation, and at the same time indicates the room where the invasion is being made. By means of a small key, or "switch," the battery is cut off during the day.

THE REGULATION OF TEMPERATURE.

Another most useful system, on the same plan, controls the automatic regulation of temperature in winter time, whether a house be warmed by water, hot air, or steam, it is only necessary to place in each room an automatic thermometer which makes a contact as soon as the temperature reaches the desired point, and to arrange that the contact so made shall electro-magnetically cut off the supply of heat from that chamber. The subsequent cooling of the room below the limiting temperature causes the thermometer to break the circuit and readmit the heat, and it is only necessary to keep an abundant supply in reserve in order to obtain a practically equable temperature. Such a thermometer, generally called a thermostat, is made by riveting side by side two strips of different materials,—generally brass and rubber,—which expand differently at the same degree of heat.

In the same way, during the summer months, this thermostat can, by an additional contact, control the supply of fresh or, if possible, ice-cooled air, so as to maintain a pleasant temperature within doors.

The fire-alarm system depends upon a similar thermostat set for higher temperatures, usually from 120 deg. to 160 deg. The contact in this case rings an alarm bell and indicates the room where there is danger.

An electric door-opener has also been lately designed by which visitors can be admitted without delay. The closing of the door compresses a powerful spiral spring, which is then held in check by a lever until the latter is released by an electro-magnetic impulse. The spring forces open the door, the latch at the same moment being withdrawn.

MAKING CLOCKS KEEP TIME.

Of inferior importance to these systems, which guard the safety of the household, but yet of great interest and utility, is the clock system. Exactly at the hour the standard clock makes a contact completing a circuit through all the controlled timepieces, and electrically exciting a magnet in each. In obedience to this impulse, a pair of arms spring from the dial at the figure XII. and meet swiftly in the centre with the minute hand tight in their embrace, and vanish the next instant behind the dial, where they await the next hourly summons. Each clock is thus mechanically corrected every hour, as the

arms sweep over three minutes' space on each side of the true vertical, and the clock that fails to keep time by three minutes in the hour may well be submitted to internal examination.

Another convenience which is sometimes added to a system of time regulation is an arrangement for electrically winding up the clocks at regular intervals.

The electric time-detector registers the time at which visits are paid to any particular part of the premises. A dial, rotating by clock-work once in twelve hours, carries round a paper disk over a perforated metal plate. The watchman going round the building pushes the various buttons on his way, thus registering his progress on the paper disk by punched holes; the rings marking the buttons and the angular position indicating the time.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR

is a wonderfully compact piece of mechanism, for, in domestic sizes, it weighs under one hundred pounds per horse-power. In any house supplied with the electric light it is only necessary to connect the motor with the electric mains, like a lamp, and turning the switch sets the machine at work, thereby saving the hundredth part of a horse-power, which is the usual amount of energy needed to drive it by treadle, not to mention the comfort gained and nerve-force conserved.

As another example of use and ornament united, circular fans driven by motors are not uncommon, luxuries in hot weather, when even the exertion of waving a fan counteracts the comfort so produced.

The electric motor is destined to enter largely into the operation of elevators in town-houses.

Another suitable task for the electric motor in country-houses is pumping. A float in the reservoir above breaks a contact as soon as the level of the water there has reached the desired limit, and so automatically stops the motor until further supply is demanded.

In the same way motors have been applied to lawn-mowers, to carpet-sweepers, to shoe-polishers; and, in fact, there is no household operation capable of being mechanically performed, of which, through the motor, electricity cannot become the drudge and willing slave. It has even been applied to serving at table. A miniature railroad track runs round the table within easy reach of each guest, and thence, by ornamented trestle-work, to the wall, disappearing through a shutter. The dishes, electrically signalled for by the hostess, are laid on little trucks fitted with tiny motors, and are started out from the pantry to the dinner-table. They stop automatically before each guest, who, after assisting himself, presses a button at his side and so gives the car the impetus and right of way to his next neighbour. The whole journey having been performed, the cars return silently to their point of departure.

HEATING BY ELECTRICITY.

The question ultimately reached is, whether labour can be saved to a community if all the coal necessary for their heat-supply through the medium of electricity be burned in one central station, and the electrical power so obtained distributed generally, instead of continuing the usual custom of burning the coal in each house locally.

An electric coffee-heater is an ornamental case enclosing a coffee-pot, or, in another form, it may be a kettle in an asbestos lining, round which circulate coils of wire, the passage of the electric current through these coils generating the heat. In one convenient form the current that would feed fifteen ordinary incandescent lamps will produce hot coffee in ten minutes.

THE NATURAL INEQUALITY OF MAN.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

As last month Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer were drawn into a correspondence in the *Times* concerning absolute political ethics, no one who knew either of these two doughty disputants can affect any surprise when he finds them reappearing in the *Nineteenth Century* to fight out their feud in a wider arena. Of the two articles, Professor Huxley's will command by far the most attention, not only on account of superiority of literary style, but because of its much closer and sharper contact with the political ideals of our times. It is a contact, however, which resembles the blow which the prize-fighter lands upon the eye of his antagonist; for Professor Huxley sets himself deliberately to combat that revived Rousseauism which he says is gradually coming to the front again. He thinks it is working such sad mischief among those who are led astray by a superficial and plausible doctrine as to impose upon him the duty of counteracting it to the best of his ability. His article in the *Nineteenth Century* is devoted to an attempt to show what Rousseau's doctrines were, and to demonstrate their worthlessness from a scientific point of view. He summarises Rousseau's doctrines under three heads:—

First, that all men are born free, equal, and good, and in the state of nature remain so.

Secondly, that men being equal by natural right, no one can have any right to encroach on another's equal right to the land or its produce without the unanimous consent of all other men.

Thirdly, political rights are, therefore, based upon contract. The right of conquest is no right, and the property acquired by force may rightly be taken away by force.

Examining each of these propositions in turn, Professor Huxley has little difficulty in demonstrating that the so-called "state of nature," in which noble and peaceful, but nude and propertyless savages sit in solitary meditation under trees, without cares or responsibilities, is the veriest figment of the unscientific imagination. The science of anthropology has practically been created since Rousseau's time, and the result of all our investigations into the past of mankind is conclusive against the theory from which Rousseau starts. Whilst it is very difficult to say in what way society and property came to acquire their present form, one thing is absolutely certain, they did not arrive from any such starting-point as Rousseau presupposes. Examining the various points of the Gospel according to Jean Jacques, Professor Huxley ridicules the idea that a child which cannot live twenty-four hours unless it is imprisoned in its mother's arms and coerced into putting its foolish wandering mouth to the breast it could never find for itself, can be said to be born free. To say that it was a born slave would more nearly agree with fact. Children are no more born equal

than they are born all with blue eyes or black hair. The different potentialities of their natural qualities develop as they grow up into political faculties. Even in nomadic society, in which property did not exist, the clever man would have ideas, the commodity which in the long run buys all others, while the witless man will have none. The one will miss opportunities and the other will make them. "Thus proclaim human equality as loud as you like, Witless will serve his brother." The doctrine, therefore, of the natural freedom and equality of all men, is an utterly baseless fiction. Professor Huxley is inclined further to deal out the same measure to the modified form to the proposition that all men ought to be free and equal; at least so long as the "ought" poses as an immutable command, but he is willing to admit that in reference to positive law with limitations it may be justifiable. That admission, however, does not affect his contention that the demonstration that man is naturally born neither free nor equal, knocks the bottom out of Rousseau's argument. He deals equally unceremoniously with the doctrine as to the invalidity of titles, especially to titles to land: based on the assertion that they are based on conquest. Conquest itself, he says, may be regarded as a form of contract. At the price of peace certain lands are paid over to the conqueror. Again, every declaration of war is an appeal to the arbitration of force, and contracting parties are bound to abide by the decision of the arbitrator. This argument, however, is open to the objection that arbitration implies a voluntary reference by both contracting parties, while war is usually forced by the stronger on the weaker in opposition to his vehement protests. On the ground of practical expediency the argument for a statute of limitations is overwhelming, and Professor Huxley evidently inclines to the opinion "that force used so as to render further opposition hopeless is an ownership [which should be recognised as soon as possible." Individual property in land in many cases is proved to have grown up by the operation of purely industrial causes. The communal system went to pieces under the pressure of the superior commercial advantages of individual ownership.

The passages in the article which will be read with the greatest interest are those in which, abandoning for a moment his polemic against Rousseau, Professor Huxley roundly assails the dominant fallacies of modern democracy. Freedom used foolishly and equality denied by the facts of nature, are things of which he thinks we have rather too much already. One thing we need to learn is the necessity of limiting freedom for the general good, another that the despotism of the majority is theoretically as little justifiable and as dangerous as that of the auto-

crat, and thirdly that to give a vote to fools is more likely to prove a curse than a blessing to the fools.

I should be very sorry to find myself on board a ship in which the voice of the cock and the loblolly boys counted for as much as those of the officers, and yet there is no sea more dangerous than the ocean of practical politics.

Still more important is the passage in which he refers to the population question, "that real riddle of the Sphinx to which no political *Œdipus* has yet found the answer. In view of the ravages of the terrible monster over multiplication, all other riddles sink into insignificance." No system which the wit of man has devised can evade the difficulty unless mankind can be prevented from multiplying indefinitely. Even absolute political ethics he thinks will be puzzled to answer the question which will arise when population has reached the limits of the means of subsistence, namely, "are we who can just exist to admit the new comers, who will simply starve themselves and us?" To that question there is obviously only one reply, although Professor Huxley leaves the reader to supply it himself.

OUGHT DIVORCED PEOPLE TO RE-MARRY?

BY MR. E. G. PHELPS.

THE late Minister for the United States at the Court of St. James, contributes to the *Forum* of December a very weighty and interesting article on the divorce question. Viewing the matter solely from the practical plane of public policy, he argues forcibly in favour of the root and branch abolition of the law allowing divorced persons to re-marry. Nothing but this, he contends, will do any good. The system must continue substantially as it is,—scandalous, demoralizing, dangerous,—or it must be plucked up by the roots. The rapidity with which divorces are increasing in the United States is very alarming. Three thousand courts have the right to grant divorce, and during 1889, 35,000 will have been granted. What is more alarming is that divorces are most frequent where churches are most numerous and educational machinery most elaborate. In the last twenty years, 328,000 marriages were annulled, and the rate of increase of divorce has been double that of the population. The root of the mischief is the permission to re-marry. If that right were taken away, nine-tenths, perhaps ninety-nine hundreds of the divorce cases, would at once disappear. Mr. Phelps rejects the suggestion that the constitution should be amended so as to permit of a uniform national law of divorce. First, because he thinks that to include divorce at all in the constitution would be wrong in theory and fatal in practice, while in reality it would afford no security that the national law would be much better than the State laws which it would supersede. Equally impossible for practical reasons would it be to forbid the guilty party to marry again, while permitting re-marriage to the innocent partner. In nine cases out of ten the guilty person is a man. But the divorced man re-marries much more frequently than the divorced woman; hence, he argues, that in order to allow the really innocent party a right to marry again the same right is unavoidably extended to ten times as many cases in which the conduct of the party contracting has been guilty, fraudulent or collusive. He admits the hardship to individuals, but maintains that,

on the whole, it would work much less suffering if the cases of individual hardship were not allowed to dictate a law prejudicial to the permanent interests of the whole community. So far from believing that divorced persons, compulsorily celibate, would necessarily be immoral, he says that among women this is notoriously not the case, and that the history of all countries shows that immorality increases when facilities for divorce are enlarged. They are a stimulant to it, not a preventive. Facile divorce is a perpetual provocation to matrimonial disputes. Hence Mr. Phelps, without relying in the least on the sentimental side of marriage, arrives at practically the same conclusion as Mr. Gladstone on the authority of Scripture and of the Church.

BY MR. GLADSTONE.

In the December number of the *North American Review* there is an article by Mr. Gladstone on "The Question of Divorce." The following four questions had been submitted as a basis for discussion in the previous numbers:—

1. Do you believe in the principle of divorce under any circumstances?
2. Ought divorced people to be allowed to marry under any circumstances?
3. What is the effect of divorce on the integrity of the family?
4. Does the absolute prohibition of divorce, where it exists, contribute to the moral purity of society?

In answering these questions, Mr. Gladstone writes:—I undertake, though not without misgiving, to offer answers to your four questions. For I incline to think that the future of America is of greater importance to Christendom at large than that of any other country; that that future, in its highest features, vitally depends upon the incidents of marriage; and that no country has ever been so directly challenged as America now is to choose its course definitely with reference to one, if not more than one, of the very greatest of those incidents.

I. On the first of the four questions I have to observe that the word divorce appears to be used in three different senses. First, it is popularly applied to cases of nullity, as in the world-famous suit of Henry VIII. This sense has only to be named in order to be set aside, since the finding of nullity simply means that, in the particular case, no contract of marriage has ever been made.

The second sense is that which is legally known, in canonical language, as divorce *a mens et thoro*—from board and bed; and which is termed in the English Statute of 1857 judicial separation. I am not prepared to question in any manner the concession which the law of the Church, apparently with the direct authority of St. Paul (1 Cor. vii. 10), makes in this respect to the necessities and the infirmities of human nature.

II. The second question deals with what may be called divorce proper. It resolves itself into the lawfulness or unlawfulness of re-marriage, and the answer appears to me to be that re-marriage is not admissible under any circumstances or conditions whatsoever.

Not that the difficulties arising from incongruous marriages are to be either denied or extenuated. They are insoluble. But the remedy is worse than the disease.

Mr. Gladstone asserts because he believes that marriage is essentially a contract for life, and only expires when life itself expires.

That Christian marriage involves a vow before God.

That no authority has been given to the Christian Church to cancel such a vow.

That it lies beyond the province of the civil legislature, which, from the necessity of things, has a veto within the

limits of reason upon the making of it, but has no competency to annul it when once made.

That according to the laws of just interpretation re-marriage is forbidden by the text of Holy Scripture.

That, although private opinions have not been uniform even in the West, the law of the Latin Church, and also of the Anglican Church, from time immemorial, allows of no re-marriage.

That divorce proper, without limitation, essentially and from the time of contraction onwards, alters the character of marriage, and substitutes a relation different in ground and nature.

That divorce with limitation rests upon no clear ground either of principle or of authority.

[In England it was urged, on behalf of the bill of 1857, that adultery broke the marriage-bond *ipso facto*. Yet, when the adultery is of both the parties, divorce cannot be given! Again, it is said that the innocent party may re-marry. But (1) this is a distinction unknown to Scripture and to history, and (2) this innocent party, who is commonly the husband, is in many cases the more guilty of the two.]

That divorce does not appear to have accompanied primitive marriage. In Scripture we hear nothing of it before Moses. Among the Homeric Achæans it clearly did not exist. It marks degeneracy and the increasing sway of passion.

III. While divorce of any kind impairs the integrity of the family, divorce with re-marriage destroys it root and branch.

IV. I do not venture to give an answer to this question except within the sphere of my own observations and experience, and in relation to matters properly so cognisable. I have spent nearly sixty years at the centre of British life. In the year 1857 the English Divorce Act was passed, for England only. Unquestionably, since that time the standard of conjugal morality has perceptibly declined among the higher classes of this country, and scandals in respect to it have become more frequent. The decline I believe to be due in part to this great innovation in our marriage laws; but in part only, for other disintegrating causes have been at work. The mystery of marriage is, I admit, too profound for our comprehension; and it seems now to be too exacting for our faith.

The number of divorces *a vinculo* granted by the civil court is, however, still small in comparison with that presented by the returns from some other countries.

ROBERT BROWNING.—IN MEMORIAM.

MR. SWINBURNE.

MR. SWINBURNE sends seven sonnets on the subject of Mr. Browning's death to the *Fortnightly*. They are not among his happiest efforts. Here are the best lines:—

"Among the wondrous ways of men and time,
He went as one that ever found and sought,
And bore in hand the lamp-like spirit of thought,
To illumine with instance of its fire sublime
The dusk of many a cloud-like age and clime."

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* Sir Theodore Martin contributes a sonnet to the memory of the poet, in which, after alluding to Mr. Browning's reunion with his wife, he continues thus:—

"Gone to behold, with eyes serene and clear,
The world that to thy life was ever near

In gleams, now perfect dawn, of heavenly lore!

Gone from our eyes that noble, gracious head,

The quick, keen glance, the welcoming frank smile.

Hushed, too, the voice with its strong manly ring,

But not the strains in which our souls are fed

With thoughts that life of half its pain beguile,

And hopes of what the great Beyond shall bring!"

THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE.

The best article on Mr. Browning in this month's magazines and reviews is that of the Rev. Stopford Brooke in the *Contemporary*. "When Browning passed away," says Mr. Brooke, "men felt as of old when a great king had died." "Robert Browning was one of the spiritual kings and prophets of mankind." "Fifty-seven years ago the appearance of his first poem, 'Pauline,' foretold that a new world of poetry was about to open its doors to men. It was the poetry of introspection, born of the political excitement of the Reform movement which, working in the poet's soul, roused in it the conception of a new spiritual ideal. No longer looking backwards like their predecessors, they looked forward, and allying themselves with the religious and theological movements associated with the names of Newman and Maurice, they expressed in verse the impulse of the soul of their time. In 'Paracelsus' Mr. Browning clearly laid down his view of the meaning and the end of this life, and what he said then he went on saying in a hundred different ways as long as he lived." Mr. Stopford Brooke predicts, "that among the whole of the English-speaking peoples, in proportion as they grow in thought and in spirituality and love of men and women will they grow in the recognition and praise of Browning's poetry, until it will attain to a power and reach of which we cannot conceive." Browning's life was "at one with the past, passionate with the present, and possessed by faith an endless and glorious future—a life lived at the top of the wave." Browning has left behind him a religious lore of life based on faith and a life to come. In this material age Browning held up the blessed torch of life in God, and maintained the great truths of God's fatherhood and man's perfection beyond death. It is a mighty legacy to leave behind.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

In the *New Review* Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes a pencil sketch to the Browning portrait gallery. From the paper, which is all too short, we extract the following passage describing Mr. Browning as a talker:—

"There have been many attempts to describe Mr. Browning as a talker in society. To a single listener, with whom he was on familiar terms, the Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. In such conversation his natural strength came out. His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade. His voice rose to a shout, sank to a whisper, ran up and down the gamut of conversational melody. Those whom he was expecting will never forget his welcome, the loud trumpet-note from the other end of the passage, the talk already in full flood at a distance of twenty feet. Then, in his own study or drawing-room, what he loved was to capture the visitor in a low arm-chair's 'sofa-lap of leather,' and from a most unfair vantage of height to tyrannise, to walk around the victim, in front, behind, on this side, on that, weaving magic circles, now with gesticulating arms thrown high, now grovelling on the floor to find some reference in a folio, talking all the while, a redundant turmoil of thoughts, fancies, and reminiscences flowing from those

generous lips. To think of it is to conjure up an image of intellectual vigour, armed at every point, but overflowing, none the less, with the geniality of strength.

"The last time that the present writer enjoyed one of these never-to-be-forgotten talks was on the earliest Sunday in June, last summer. For the first time since many years Mr. Browning was in Cambridge and he was much fêted. He proposed a temporary retreat from too full society, and we retired alone to the most central and sequestered part of the beautiful Fellow's Garden of Trinity.

"He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled, as he looked back, at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet, and nothing but a poet. He remarked that all his life long he had never known what it was to have to do a certain thing to-day and not to-morrow; he thought this had led to superabundance of production, since, on looking back, he could see that he had often, in his unfettered leisure, been afraid to do nothing. Then, with complete frankness, he described the long-drawn desolateness of his early and middle life as a literary man; how, after certain spirits had seemed to rejoice in his first sprightly runnings, and especially in *Paracelsus*, a blight had fallen upon his very admirers. He touched, with a slight irony, on 'the entirely unintelligible *Sordello*,' and the forlorn hope of *Bells and Pomegranates*. Then he fell, more in the habitual manner of old men, to stories of early loves and hatreds, Italian memories of the forties, stories with names in them that meant nothing to his ignorant listener.

"It is almost a necessity with imaginative genius of a very high order to require support from without: sympathy, admiration, amusement, must be constantly poured in to balance the creative evaporation. But Mr. Browning demanded no such tribute. He rather hastened forward with both hands full of entertainment for the new-comer, anxious to please rather than hoping to be pleased. The most part of men of genius look upon an unknown comer as certainly a bore and probably an enemy, but to Robert Browning the whole world was full of vague possibilities of friendship.

"It was part of Mr. Browning's large optimism, of his splendid and self-sufficing physical temperament, that he took his acquaintances easily—it might almost be said superficially. His poetic creations crowded out the real world to a serious extent. It must be ten years ago, but the impression of the incident is as fresh upon me as though it happened yesterday, that Mr. Browning passed from languid and rather ineffectual discussion of some persons well known to us both into vivid and passionate apology for an act of his own Colombe of Ravenstein. It was the flash from conventionality to truth, from talk about people whom he hardly seemed to see, to a record of a soul that he had formed and could follow through all the mazes of caprice. It was seldom, even in intimacy, I think, that he would talk thus liberally about his sons and daughters of the pen, but that was mainly from a sensible reticence and hatred of common vanity. But when he could be induced to discuss his creations it was easy to see how vividly the whole throng of them was moving in the hollow of his mind. It is doubtful whether he ever totally forgot any one of the vast assemblage of his characters."

MR. H. D. TRAILL.

There is a short but solid paper on Robert Browning in the *National Review*, which is written by Mr. H. D. Traill. After recognising the imperishable services which Mr. Browning has rendered to the intellectual life of his country, Mr. Traill says that he thinks that the poet's best

work was done before his popularity set in. That popularity was full, no doubt, of mental and emotional stimulants, but more conducive to copiousness of production than to the perfection of form. He sums up the matter as follows:

"Command over the beauty of external form was a faculty which he was slowly acquiring at the moment when popularity overtook him; and from that moment or so I think it must appear to an impartial judgment, he ceased to strive after it. That he was a real poet in the sense of having written real poetry will be admitted by every competent critic. But it will have, I fear, to be added that no poet so eminent as Mr. Browning has ever left behind him so large a body of brilliant, profound, inspiring literature, wherein the essential characteristics of poetry will be sought in vain."

MR. BROWNING'S AUTOGRAPH.

In *Merry England* Mr. Meynell publishes an autograph letter of three pages addressed to him from Asolo by Mr. Browning, as recently as the 7th October, 1889. It is a letter of kindly counsel and sympathetic interest in a young man of talent who was doomed to uncongenial labour from which he wished to extricate himself. "He can have no better adviser and friend," wrote Mr. Browning, "than yourself, except *himself*, if he listens to the inner voice."

WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH MY MILLIONS?

By MR. MILLIONAIRE CARNEGIE.

In the *North American Review*, Mr. Andrew Carnegie writes a second paper on his "Gospel of Wealth," the chief thesis of which is that men who die rich are inevitably damned and ought to be. "There will be nothing to surprise the student of socialistic development," he tells us, "if society should approve the text which says that a camel can go through the eye of a needle more easily than a rich man can enter the kingdom of heaven," provided that it is interpreted to mean that no one should die rich. The millionaire should give away his millions while he lives. But to whom shall he give them, and how can he best discharge the stewardship of wealth? To give them in charity is worse than to throw them into the sea in 950 cases out of a thousand. The rich man may therefore find himself at some loss what to do. He is damned if he keeps his money, and he damns other people if he gives it away in the ordinary method of charity. Hence arises the need for Mr. Carnegie's paper on the "Best Fields for Philanthropy." We make the following extracts from the article, which is characterised by a great deal of shrewd common sense, and to the main leading suggestions of which Mr. Gladstone has just given his emphatic adhesion in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

I.—FOUND OR ENLARGE A UNIVERSITY.

Standing apart by itself, there is the founding of a university by men enormously rich, such men as must necessarily be few in any country. Perhaps the greatest sum ever given by any individual for any purpose is the gift of Senator Stanford, who undertakes to establish upon the Pacific coast, where he amassed his enormous fortune, a complete university, which is said to involve the expenditure of ten millions of dollars, and upon which he may be expected to bestow twenty millions of his surplus. If any millionaire be interested in the ennobling study of astronomy, the Lick Observatory is an example which could well be followed, for the progress made in astronomical instruments and appliances is so great and

continuous, that every few years a new telescope might be judiciously given to one of the observatories upon this continent. By adding to and extending those universities in existence a wide field remains for the millionaire as distinguished from the Croesus among millionaires.

2.—FOUND FREE LIBRARIES.

The result of my own study of the question, What is the best gift that can be given to a community? is that a free library occupies the first place, provided the community will accept and maintain it as a public institution, as much a part of the city property as its public schools, and, indeed, an adjunct to these.

When I was a boy in Pittsburg, Colonel Anderson, of Allegheny,—a name I can never speak without feelings of devotional gratitude,—opened his little library of four hundred books to boys. Every Saturday afternoon he was in attendance himself at his house to exchange books. No one but he who has felt it can know the intense longing with which the arrival of Saturday was awaited, that a new book might be had. My brother and Mr. Phipps, who have been my principal business partners through life, shared with me Colonel Anderson's precious generosity, and it was when revelling in these treasures that I resolved, if ever wealth came to me, that it should be used to establish free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those for which we were indebted to that noble man.

Many free libraries have been established in our country, but none that I know of with such wisdom as the Pratt Library, of Baltimore. Mr. Pratt presented to the city of Baltimore one million dollars, requiring it to pay 5 per cent. per annum, amounting to fifty thousand dollars per year, which is to be devoted to the maintenance and development of the library and its branches.

Closely allied to the library, and, where possible, attached to it, there should be rooms for an art gallery and museum, and a hall for such lectures and instruction as are provided in the Cooper Union.

All that our cities require to begin with is a proper fire-proof building. Their citizens who travel will send to it rare and costly things from every quarter of the globe they visit, while those who remain at home will give or bequeath to it of their treasures.

3.—ESTABLISH HOSPITALS, LABORATORIES, ETC.

We have another most important department in which great sums can be worthily used,—the founding or extension of hospitals, medical colleges, laboratories, and other institutions connected with the alleviation of human suffering, and especially with the prevention rather than the cure of human ills.

The late Mr. Vanderbilt's gift of half a million of dollars to the medical department of Columbia College for a chemical laboratory was one of the wisest possible uses of wealth. It strikes at the prevention of disease by penetrating into its causes.

The forms that benefactions to these may wisely take are numerous, but probably none is more useful than that adopted by Mr. Osborne when he built a school for training female nurses at Bellevue College. Their employment as nurses has enlarged the sphere and influence of women. It is not to be wondered at that a senator of the United States and a physician distinguished in this country for having received the highest distinctions abroad should find their wives from this class.

4.—PRESENT PUBLIC PARKS.

In the very front rank of benefactions public parks should be placed, always provided that the community undertakes to maintain, beautify, and preserve inviolate the parks given to it. If a park be already provided,

there is still room for many judicious gifts in connection with it. Mr. Phipps, of Allegheny, has given conservatories to the park there, which are visited by many every day of the week, and crowded by thousands of working people every Sunday.

The parks and pleasure-grounds of small towns throughout Europe are not less surprising than their libraries, museums, and art galleries. We saw nothing more pleasing during our recent travels than the hillside of Bergen, in Norway. It has been converted into one of the most picturesque of pleasure-grounds; fountains, cascades, water-falls, delightful arbors, fine terraces, and statues adorn what was before a barren mountain side. Here is a field worthy of study by the millionaire who would confer a lasting benefit upon his fellows. Another beautiful instance of the right use of wealth in the direction of making cities more and more attractive we found in Dresden. The owner of the leading paper there bequeathed its revenues for ever to the city, to be used in beautifying it. An art committee decides from time to time what new artistic feature is to be introduced, or what hideous feature is to be changed, and as the revenues accrue, they are expended in this direction. Thus, through the gift of this patriotic newspaper proprietor, his native city of Dresden is fast becoming one of the most artistic places of residence in the whole world. A work having been completed, it devolves upon the city to maintain it for ever.

5.—OPEN PUBLIC HALLS, WITH ORGANS.

We have another good use for surplus wealth, in providing for our cities halls suitable for meetings of all kinds, especially for concerts of elevating music. Our cities are rarely provided with halls for these purposes. The gift of a hall to any city lacking one is an excellent use for surplus wealth for the good of a community. If every city in our land owned a hall which could be given or rented for a small sum, for such gatherings as a committee or the mayor of the city judged advantageous, the people could be furnished with proper lectures, amusements, and concerts, at an exceedingly small cost. If any millionaire born in a small village, which has now become a great city, is prompted in the day of his success to do something for his birthplace with part of his surplus, his grateful remembrance cannot take a form more useful than that of a public hall with an organ, provided the city agrees to maintain and use it.

6.—START SWIMMING BATHS.

In another respect we are still much behind Europe. A form of beneficence, which is not uncommon there, is providing swimming baths for the people. The donors of these have been wise enough to require the city benefited to maintain them at his own expense, and as proof of the contention that everything should never be done for any one or for any community, but that the recipient should invariably be called upon to do part, it is significant that it is found essential for the popular success of these healthful establishments to exact a nominal charge for their use.

7.—BUILD CHURCHES.

Churches, as fields for the use of surplus wealth, have purposely been reserved until the last, because, these being sectarian, every man will be governed by his own attachments; therefore gifts to churches, it may be said, are not, in one sense, gifts to the community at large, but to special classes.

The millionaire should not figure how cheaply this structure can be built, but how perfect it can be made. If he had the money, it should be made a gem, for the educating influence of a pure and noble specimen of

architecture, built, as the pyramids were built, to stand for ages, is not to be measured by dollars. Every farmer's home, heart, and mind in the district will be influenced by the beauty and grandeur of the church. But having given the building, the donor should stop there; the support of the church should be upon its own people. There is not much genuine religion in the congregation or much good to flow from the church which is not supported at home.

AN OCTOGENARIAN ON OLD AGE.

"OVER THE TEA CUPS," BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, who is now in his eighty-first year, begins a series of papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* in January, under the title of "Over the Tea Cups." Those who enjoyed the morning draught of his genius will not reject what he describes as evening slip-slop, nor need he fear the verdict of the critics, whom he likens to cannibalistic caterpillars in a passage which recalls the Autocrat at his best:—

We are literary cannibals, and our writers live on each other and each other's productions to a fearful extent. What the mulberry-leaf is to the silkworm, the author's book, treatise, essay, poem, is to the critical larvæ that feed upon it. It furnishes them with food and clothing. The process may not be agreeable to the mulberry-leaf or to the printed page, but without it the leaf would not have become the silk that covers the empress's shoulders, and but for the critic the author's book might never have reached the scholar's table. Scribblers will feed on each other, and if we insist on being scribblers we must consent to be fed on.

The bulk of the January instalment is taken up with a discourse upon old age, a subject on which a man of three-score years, and twenty can naturally speak with authority.

Moses at 120, says Dr. Holmes, was, according to Scripture, in remarkably good condition for a man of his age, and Joshua, the stout old captain of eighty-five, was hearty and vigorous for his years when he crossed the river Jordan into the Promised Land. But nowadays very few climb the white summit of the Mont Blanc of four-score. Of fifty-nine men who graduated with him at Harvard in 1829, only ten survive. At sixty men come within range of the rifle-pits. About sixty-three, at the beginning of the grand climacteric, nature begins to administer her kindly anodyne.

More and more freely she gives it, as the years go on, to her grey-haired children, until, if they last long enough, every faculty is benumbed, and they drop off quietly into sleep under its benign influence.

Do you say that old age is unfeeling? It has not vital energy enough to supply the waste of the more exhausting emotions. Envy not the old man the tranquillity of his existence, nor yet blame him if it sometimes looks like apathy. Time, the inexorable, does not threaten him with the scythe so often as with the sand-bag. He does not cut, but he stuns and stupefies. One's fellow-mortals can afford to be as considerate and tender with him as time and nature.

Old age nowadays can no more look back to the past and boast of there being giants in the land in those

days. It can only boast of what its youth had not. It can at least make a great display of minus quantities, of which the fact that it had not learnt how to make the thunderbolt a common carrier is the chief. But as a compensation old age is much more comfortable and much less dull. Barzillai had no daily newspaper, and no tobacco.

Old age is infinitely more cheerful, for intelligent people at least, than it was two or three thousand years ago. If they that look out at the windows be darkened, the optician is happy to supply them with eye-glasses for use before the public, and spectacles for their hours of privacy. If the grinders cease because they are few, they can be made many again by a third dentition, which brings no toothache in its train. By temperance and good habits of life, proper clothing, well-warmed, well-drained, and well-ventilated dwellings, and sufficient, not too much exercise, the old man of our time may keep his muscular strength in very good condition. I doubt if Mr. Gladstone, who is fast nearing his eightieth birthday, would boast, in the style of Caleb, that he was as good a man with his axe as he was when he was forty, but I would back him,—if the match were possible,—for a hundred shekels, against that over-confident old Israelite, to cut down and chop up a cedar of Lebanon.

Habits, he remarks, are the crutches of old age. The older we grow the more automatic we become. If we lived long enough we should become like Maelzel's chess-player. When Emerson was sixty-three he felt his productive stage was over. The loss of the sense of active power is sometimes accompanied by a freshening and verifying of the pictures painted by the imagination—these faded frescoes on the walls of memory. Theology softens in old age. Every age remakes its God.

We unmake Presidents and make new ones. This is an apprenticeship for a higher task. Our doctrinal teachers are unmaking the Deity of the Westminster Catechism and trying to model a new one, with more of modern humanity and less of ancient barbarism in His composition.

Dr. Holmes winds up with a poem, but the discourse really finishes with a curious account of a discussion he had with Longfellow some twenty or thirty years ago on the longevity of poets.

I said to Longfellow that certain statistical tables I had seen went to show that poets were not a long-lived race. He doubted whether there was anything to prove they were particularly short-lived. Soon after this, he handed me a list he had drawn up. I cannot lay my hand upon it at this moment, but I remember that Metastasio was the oldest of them all. He died at the age of eighty-four. I have had some tables made out, which I have every reason to believe are correct so far as they go. From these, it appears that twenty English poets lived to the average age of fifty-six years and a little over. The eight American poets on the list averaged seventy-three and a half, nearly, and they are not all dead yet. The list including Greek, Latin, Italian, and German poets, with American and English, gave an average of a little over sixty-two years. Our young poets need not be alarmed. They can remember that Bryant lived to be eighty-three years old, that Longfellow reached seventy-five and Halleck seventy-seven, while Whittier is living at the age of nearly eighty-two. Tennyson is still writing at eighty, and Browning seems in flourishing health and vigour at seventy-seven.

Alas, before these lines were printed, Browning was no more.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA.

MR. CONSUL JOHNSTON.

THE portrait of Mr. H. H. Johnston, which forms the frontispiece of this number of the *REVIEW*, is a faithful reproduction of a photograph taken by the Stereoscopic Company immediately after his appointment to Mozambique. Since Mr. Johnston began treaty-making with the natives on the Shiré river the Portuguese have acted in such a way as to cause the despatch of a British squadrone to Delagoa Bay, and the Anglo-Portuguese question has almost attained the dignity of a small international crisis.

As might be expected, the question is handled in several magazines, but in most cases from the English standpoint. One of the most interesting of the articles is Captain Lugard's "Glimpse of Lake Nyassa" in *Black-wood*.

CAPTAIN LUGARD ON NYASSA LAND.

Captain Lugard is one of the officers who helped to hold the fort for the African Lakes Company against the Arab slave-traders at Karonga. He naturally holds strong opinions as to our duty.

The question is a simple one. We wish to know whether this country, discovered by Livingstone and opened up by our missionaries and traders, and held against Arab aggression by British pluck, and at the loss of several brave lives, is to be ceded to Germany or Portugal, and the access cut off by preposterous concessions to the latter Power. If this is to be so, let the brave men still holding out against sickness and under very trying circumstances at Karonga, know the verdict of their countrymen, and let Germany or Portugal fight their own battles, or leave them. Our good faith to our allies will be broken, an impetus will be given to the slavers which many years will not win back again; but it will *not* be the fault of the Karonga garrison. It is a question of honour and duty; it is a question of life or death, freedom or slavery, to the many who have trusted our good faith.

To get to Lake Nyassa, you land at Quilimane and row four or five days up the Kwakwa river, full of crocodiles, and through air misty with mosquitoes, to the Zambesi, which you reach after a postage of four miles. Up the Zambesi through the fever zone to the Shiré, you pass the marshes into the land of the Makololo, where you come to the tribes to whom Consul Johnston has been distributing British flags. Thirty miles climb over steep gradients bring you to Blantyre, 3,000 feet above the sea.

Savage Africa lies all around, but passing up the long avenue of blue eucalypti, we find ourselves in an oasis of civilisation, the more striking and complete from the contrast. Well-built and neatly-thatched houses of solid brick, enclosing a square beautifully kept in shrubs and flowers, all watered by a highly skilful system of irrigation channels (which bring the water from a distant brook), give a British homely charm to the picture, and disarm surprise, when we find well-stocked kitchen-gardens, carpenters' shops, brickmaking, and laundry establishments all around us. The mission children are dressed in spotlessly clean clothes, and look bright and happy. Over this model colony preside the Rev. D. C. Scott and his wife.

Descending to the shore above the Cataracts you ascend to the lake in the steamer *Itala*. The entrance is commanded by the chief Mpouda, a semi-Arab slaver, who has been squared by the Portuguese. If mere treaty is allowed, Captain Lugard thinks it is all up with our trade on the Nyassa. The lake is 400 miles long, and varies

from fifteen to sixty miles in breadth. The level of the lake is constantly falling, and the water is as clear and pure as crystal. The East Coast is under Arab influence. On the West Coast there is a mission-station under Dr. Laws, of Bandawé, but Karonga, on the north, is the little station which six men have held against overwhelming odds.

A PLEA FOR SWAZILAND.

BY MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE author of "She," deserting romance for a moment, has relapsed into politics in the *New Review*. Mr. Rider Haggard is a vehement opponent of the policy which is supposed to be favoured by Her Majesty's Ministers. He sees an empire slipping from our grasp in South Africa, and he appeals to the public to speak and act in such a fashion as to compel the Government to proclaim a Protectorate over Swaziland, clear out the Boers, and enclose the anti-British area within the narrowest possible limits, and then leave the political forces thus confined to work out their natural ends.

The tale, he says, of contemplated surrender of Swaziland seems incredible, but nothing is incredible to those who have studied the record of Colonial Office policy in Southern Africa for the last ten years. There is no one thing of which an English Government is not capable when an opening affords itself to escape responsibility abroad. Neither national honour, nor expediency, nor policy, nor profit will suffice to stay the destroying hand of the Colonial Office. How has South Africa been governed of late years? Has it been governed in the interest of the Empire, in the interest of the British Colonists, or in the interest of the natives? In none of these. It has been governed with scarce a particle of honesty, but almost purely to the supposed advantage of the Government of the day, and with the view of catching votes or avoiding censure. When justice has been done, it has been done because the force of public opinion has made it dangerous to be unjust. Were it not for the native grit and determination of Englishmen abroad, little indeed would remain to us of our South African Empire to-day.

It may be said: Why not allow the Boers to take Swaziland, since they themselves are destined to be peaceably submerged with all that is theirs? For two reasons. First, because of the natives, to whom we are under great obligations and whom it is our duty to protect. Secondly, because, when the transformation occurs, in all probability it will not bring about a reunion of the Transvaal to the British Empire, and the Empire should look after its own interests and save what it can from the wreck. Let not Englishmen be deceived. If the Transvaal becomes British again, it will probably be as an independent Republic, not as a possession of the Empire. And yet, although a great colonial authority has declared the contrary, there is still room for Imperialism in South Africa. The stars in their courses have fought for us; our rule has not been utterly destroyed by our own wantonness and folly. That day has indeed gone by when, for the asking, Africa might have been ours from the Somali country to Cape Agulhas; but we still have many footholds in the land, and could a Government be found that would consent to march forward to a definite end much might yet be regained. It is useless to blink the fact that a great struggle is in progress, of which the issue is shall Dutch or English rule in South Africa? As

has been said, South Africa hitherto has been governed for party purposes, and almost entirely with a view to party gain. Can no rulers be found who will adopt another attitude, who, like Gunnar, the hero of Norse song, will not yield a single inch, but who will go forward, heedless of Boers, Germans, or Portuguese, and the obstructive efforts of disloyal subjects of the Crown; working no wrong or violence indeed, but remembering that here they have a vast and splendid national inheritance which it is their duty to guard, to augment, and to pass on for the benefit of future generations of Englishmen? Surely there are many, both here and in South Africa, who now cry, "A plague on both your houses," but who would support such a policy with heart and soul. But if this rumour is true, if Swaziland is to go the way of the Free State, the Transvaal, and parts of Zululand, and to be handed over to the Boers, what is there more to say? One thing only, that this way madness lies.

COMMANDER CAMERON ON PORTUGUESE SLAVE TRADE.

Commander Lovett Cameron replies, in the *National Review*, to the Portuguese claims put forward by Signor Batalha Reis, and impales Portugal upon the horns of the following dilemma:—"If she owns the territories claimed, she has by her merchants and officials been guilty of the worst forms of the slave trade; while if these men were not her officials, were not under her control, were not her subjects, she has no shadow of a foundation for the argument that their travels and residence in African countries give her a right to sovereignty over these countries."

IN PRAISE OF WAR.

BY LORD WOLSELEY.

LORD WOLSELEY concludes in his seventh paper in the *North American Review* his criticisms on the American Civil War, in the course of which he has let fall many characteristic remarks. Lord Wolseley has no patience with that "hoary-headed old rascal" yclept public opinion, whom he treats as the prisoner at the bar, and whom he charges with issuing decrees in moments of irritability and impatience upon which Governments are obliged to act, even though they send armies to destruction. The following extract in eulogy of war, with which the series concludes, is more interesting than the record of the alternating hot and cold fits which played such havoc with the Federal forces in the great struggle.

The routine of military duty had stationed me in the neighbouring Dominion of Canada while this mighty fight was going on. It is not easy to describe the breathless interest and excitement with which from month to month, almost from day to day, we English soldiers read and studied every report that could be obtained of the war as it proceeded. In one respect, at all events, the broad impressions then formed are confirmed by the conclusions since arrived at, both from the more elaborate

histories and from this most valuable series of papers. I refer to the opinion that, amid the crowds of able men, of gallant soldiers, and of clever statesmen whom the epoch of the American Civil War produced, the two men, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Lee, stand out a head and shoulders above all others. Neither of them was free from human error. Experience and the teaching of history warn us that perfection is a myth. But how great were both of these two great men in their several spheres! How modest, how wise, how self-restrained, how generous, how large in their views, and how grandly patriotic, as each understood patriotism!

One other remark before closing this series of articles, which have at least afforded me most interesting work, whether my humble criticism shall or shall not be profitable to others. I make it with considerable diffidence, both because I am a soldier and because I am not a citizen of the United States. What I have to say is that if one were compelled to choose between condoling with American friends on the terrible misfortunes they underwent in that war, or of congratulating them upon the ennobling effect which that war has had upon their people, one would unhesitatingly congratulate them upon the fact that such stirring and ennobling incidents as those which fill the volumes I have reviewed did occur in American history a quarter of a century ago.

It has been said—foolishly, I think—that the nation is happy whose annals are uninteresting. If anything so preposterous could be true, we should thank God to have been born in a country every page of whose history was replete with heart-stirring events. To eat the fruits of the ground in a warm, balmy climate, with all sorts of comforts round one, may furnish the materials for a happy, passive, uneventful, almost vegetable existence in equatorial Africa. But would there be any pride in belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race if we had no Crécy, Agincourt, Armada, or other glorious achievement of our ancestors to look back upon? What would England be if there had been no Marlborough, no Wellington, no Nelson, no Chatham, Pitt, or Clive, or Warren Hastings—no "men of action"? And since the greatest writers have always breathed the patriotic spirit of their own times, no Shakespeare, no Milton either? How could any Miltons or Shakespeares have been born in a country of purely bovine delights, whose history was a blank? Without war, there would, in fact, be no history at all. And yet, without any doubt, the statesman or the soldier who would not devote all his energies to save his country from what all must regard as the appalling calamity of civil war, or indeed from any war, would be an unprincipled villain. But when all has been done that can be done by statesmen or soldiers to stave off the calamity, surely the effects of war upon the country are not all bad. It is a fearful evil, but an evil for which greater good often compensates. Would the United States now prefer to have had no Washington, no Lincoln, none of the many heroes of the War of Independence and of the Civil War, in order to blot out the record of all war from the pages of its history? Would it be better for the future generations of American citizens that, as mere characters, all such heroes as Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson should never have lived and fought?

In the nation that has never gone through the fiery ordeal of war,—if there be such a nation,—that has never had to encounter circumstances of difficulty and of danger which have threatened its very existence, that has never endured calamities which have tested its men's fibre, there can be no great characters, no lofty figures. It is not a noble, a glorious, or an admirable epoch in the history of any people when the great hero of the hour is the best platform orator or the best money-grubber.

THE STATE AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BY THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Bishop Magee explains and defends his thesis—

1. That it is not possible for the State to carry out, in all its relations, literally, all the precepts of Christ, and that a State which attempted this could not exist for a week.

2. That if it were possible to do this the result would be a perfectly intolerable tyranny.

Some one had defined Christian Socialism as "compelling men to obey the precepts of Christ." This awkward definition leads the Bishop off upon his present track. He asks :—

Is it possible for the State to carry out those precepts of His which inculcate non-resistance, inexhaustible forgiveness, and unlimited benevolence? Can the State, that is to say, disband its army, burn its ships of war, abolish its courts of justice, pull down its jails, dismiss its policemen, bestow its revenues upon all and sundry who ask for them, and yet still continue to exist as a State? If there really be any person who maintains this I cannot argue with him. His proper place is in a lunatic asylum.

Does the Sermon on the Mount, then, not apply at all to the State? The Bishop thinks that, whatever *interpretation* we may give to the teachings of that discourse, their *application* is exclusively to the individual acting solely on his own behalf, and not to the individual, nor to any collection of individuals, acting on behalf of others. Self-preservation and the preservation of all that is entrusted to it are the *moral* obligations of every State. Now, is this idea of protection of interests, of maintenance of rights, and of resistance to all assaults on these, the idea of the Sermon on the Mount? Distinctly it is not. It is, in a word, from beginning to end the idea of self-sacrifice as opposed to that of self-preservation. Nay, so far is it possible for the State, which is governed by the law of self-preservation, to act on law of self-sacrifice, that if the individual is to continue to exist, literal obedience to all the laws of Christ is possible for him only on one condition, viz., that the State does *not* literally obey them all; for, if it did, any one might terminate his existence at any moment with impunity. But is the individual bound to obey literally the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount? Bishop Magee says no. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." What, then, is the spirit of these precepts? It is not an exactly measured amount of submission to authority, of non-resistance and of benevolence, but the readiness to show any amount of each of these as occasion may demand and as *all* the circumstances of the case *viewed with regard to all our other duties and obligations* might require.

The Bishop then proceeds to prove that any attempt to enforce obedience to the precepts of Christ would be an intolerable tyranny. The Christian law is only tolerable when self-sacrifice is inspired by the passion of love. That passion the State cannot supply. Until it can it has no right to exact the practice of Christian principles by its subjects.

To talk of the State, in this matter of Socialism, "compelling men to obey the precepts of Christ," is to talk undiluted and mischievous nonsense. Christianity is not communistic because it has not condemned the possession of property, and not socialistic because it has not made acquiescence in a compulsory redistribution of property a condition of Church membership. The Church and the State are two kingdoms which have different aims, different laws, different functions. To say "that the State

shall constitute itself the guardian of men's souls as it is the guardian of their bodies, and as such that it should repress all vice and all irreligion as it is bound to repress all crime," is to re-establish the "sour, sullen, and dreary tyranny" of the brief but terrible reign of the saints—"a fussy, prying, omnipresent, and utterly unendurable rule of faddists and fanatics," with inevitable reaction following in its wake.

Christianity, he maintains, has nothing to say to the Socialist but: Be just. See that you do not, even in order to save ten thousand men from suffering, inflict unmerited or unrequited suffering on even a single individual. And take care, for the sake of the poor, that you do not make any economic mistake in reconstructing society, for it is the poor, not the rich, who will chiefly suffer.

Is that all, then, that Christianity has to do with politics? Directly, yes; indirectly, no. The conception of human brotherhood enlarges the area over which justice is obligatory, and this works out in softening the horrors of war, abolishing slavery, modifying the severities of our criminal law, and when legislating for the poor in yielding justice fully and completely.

"In all these ways, and in a thousand others, Christianity is exercising a vast and a most beneficent influence upon politics; but that influence is indirect. It acts, not by filling the statute book with Christian precepts, but by filling the hearts of legislators with Christian feelings and motives. If we want, however, to check, or even to destroy, this beneficent work of Christianity, we shall do so effectually by attempting to force all its teachings upon all men in the shape of positive enactments. The clumsy hands of the State are incapable of administering those Divine laws which deal with the conscience and the soul. If it meddles with these it will either perilously relax them lest they prove too severe, or, in attempting to enforce them, it will excite against them a dangerous revolt."

The first part of the Bishop of Peterborough's paper on the socialistic views of St. Paul, as set forth in the Epistle to the Corinthians, appears in *Good Words*. St. Paul, says the Bishop, dwells at much greater length on social evils than on those of religious schism; the reason being that the Apostles were not only the teachers of a new faith, but also the leaders of a great social revolution. They turned the world upside down mainly by the proclamation of the doctrines of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

"St. Paul's ideal of a Christian Church was an ideal full of social inequalities, yet pervaded all through by a sense of a true,—the only true,—equality, in which all are not, indeed, equal members, but all are equally members of the Body of Christ. An equality of brotherhood which makes men tolerant of inequalities of rank. An ordered and appointed inequality of rank, which is ever tempered by the sense of perfect and equal brotherhood resting, all of it, upon the sense of a common Fatherhood of God in Heaven."

MRS. GRUNDY AS CENSOR OF FICTION.

A PROTEST AND A DEFENCE.

In the *New Review* three popular novelists discuss the vexed question of Mrs. Grundy's censorship of the modern novel. In England any one is free to write what he pleases, but if he publishes what Mrs. Lynn Linton euphoniously describes as "specialised literature," unfit for the Young Person, he is in danger of prosecu-

tion, and if he escapes Holloway gaol he cannot escape the boycott of Mudie and W. H. Smith, the censors of English fiction, who exist by favour of the British matron.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

Mrs. Lynn Linton deplores the woeful limitation of the subjects lying to the hand of the British novelist, who may deal freely in all the deadly sins but one. "No one must touch the very fringes of uncertificated love under pain of the greater and the lesser excommunication." While evening papers are rampantly unmuzzled, the novelist is cut off from one of the largest and most important areas of human life. An English Balzac would, she thinks, be hustled out of social life as well as out of literary existence, although Mrs. Lynn Linton only remembers two licentious pages in all his works. The Young Person reigns supreme. But Mrs. Lynn Linton would save one corner free from the purifying blight. As in Italian museums there are chambers whose contents are never exhibited to ladies, so Mrs. Lynn Linton would have a locked bookcase in every library, where, side by side with all the virile work of the last and preceding centuries, the mature man and woman could keep the books that are not meant for the Young Person which English Balzacs would, it is to be hoped, arise to write.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Thomas Hardy takes the same line. Hamlet and Othello would be rejected as "unsuitable" by every magazine editor in London. The true artist has to pay, as the fearful price of writing in the English language, "the complete extinction in the mind of every mature and penetrating reader of sympathetic belief in his personages." No great and profound novel can be written without offending modern prudery. The magazine and the circulating library directly tend to exterminate the novel which reflects and reveals life—life being a physiological fact, largely concerned with the relation of the sexes. How then can the friends of the English novel contrive to circumvent the present lording of nonage over maturity? Mr. Hardy has three suggestions, which are all suggestions of Despair. (1) Revolution of the publishing business, by which novels should be bought, not borrowed; (2) the publication of the Emancipated novel as a newspaper feuilleton; and (3) the publication of magazines exclusively for adults. This last he thinks is the most hopeful. But how to prevent young people reading these magazines of the Explicit or Emancipated Novel he does not explain.

MR. WALTER BESANT.

Mr. Walter Besant takes the other side. Average opinion, he says, regards the family as the keystone of society. If there is no fidelity in marriage the

family drops to pieces. Therefore we will have none of your literature of free and licentious love. Thereupon the advocates of the Explicit Novel cry cant, hypocrisy, and so forth, to which Mr. Besant replies as follows:—

"So far as we pretend to social purity as a nation we are indeed hypocrites. But to set up a standard of purity and to advocate it is not hypocrisy. This country, and the remnant still surviving of the New England stock, stand almost alone in the maintenance of such a standard. As for the wide-spread laxity alleged, it is not true. Certainly, there is a chapter in the lives of many men which they would not willingly publish. But in almost every such case the chapter is closed and is never reopened after the man has contracted the responsibilities of marriage. And as for women—those above a certain level—*there is never any closed chapter at all in their lives.* When we talk of hypocrisies, let us not forget that the cultured class of British women—a vast and continually increasing class—are entirely to be trusted. Rare, indeed, is it that an Englishman of this class is jealous of his wife: never does he suspect his bride.

"These considerations will perhaps explain the attitude of Average Opinion towards the literature of Free Love. Any novelist may write what he pleases: he may make an artistic picture of any materials he chooses; but he will not generally find, if he crosses certain boundaries, that his books will be distributed by Mudie or Smith. It is with him, then, if he desires to treat of things forbidden, a question of money—shall he restrict his pencil or shall he restrict his purse?

"There is, however, one more answer to the accusation of narrowness. Is English Fiction narrow? Is the treatment of ungoverned passion absolutely forbidden? Then what of George Eliot, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs. Gaskell—not to speak of living writers? Can any writer demand greater freedom than has been taken by the authors of 'Adam Bede,' 'A Terrible Temptation,' 'Ruth,' or 'The Scarlet Letter?' With these examples before him, no one, surely, ought to complain that he is not permitted to treat of Love free and disobedient. The author, however, must recognise in his work the fact that such love is outside the social pale and is destructive of the very basis of society. He *must*. This is not a law laid down by the great authority, Average Opinion, but by Art herself, who will not allow the creation of impossible figures moving in an unnatural atmosphere. Those writers who yearn to treat of the adulteress and the courtesan because they love to dwell on images of lust are best kept in check by existing discouragements. The modern Elephas must continue to write in French."

A EULOGY OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

BY A RUSSIAN GENERAL.

IN *Harper* a Russian General, whose name begins with G., and who served in the Khivan campaign and in the Shipka Pass, contributes a highly eulogistic article on the Russian Army, which is very copiously and admirably illustrated. But we should enjoy it more if the praise so indiscriminately showered had proceeded from other than a Russian pen. He begins by declaring that, in supreme moments, he has always found the Russian soldier sublime, and he ends by declaring their topographical and geodesic corps to be perfect, and between the

sublimity of the first page and the perfection of the last he keeps up the same high strained panegyric. Nevertheless the article is interesting, and the following extracts may be commended to those who are pleased to picture the Russian soldier as little better than a brutal savage.

Sincere and unaffected love for his monarch, profound religious piety, attachment to the fatherland, unlimited confidence in his chiefs, very strong *esprit de corps*, and a faculty of enduring gaily and naturally the greatest privations,—such are the most marked characteristics of the Russian soldier. To these traits must be added remarkable bravery and a rare contempt of death, combined with naïve kind-heartedness and a gentle and indulgent disposition. The Russian soldier is distinguished by a good humour that never abandons him, even in the most difficult moments, by his brotherly understanding with his comrades, and by his gay and contented way of facing all the decrees of fate. He feels at home everywhere, whether in the steppes of the fatherland, in the tundras of Siberia, or the mountains and deserts of central Asia. He has an exceptional faculty of putting himself at his ease wherever he may be, even in places where others would die of hunger and thirst.

I have seen the Russian soldier at home in heat and in cold, in hunger and in thirst, in peace and in war,—and I have always found in him the same desire to oblige, the same abnegation of self for the sake of the safety and the good of others. These simple characteristics of the Russian soldier—his self-denial, his simple and natural self-sacrifice—give him peculiar powers as a warrior.

Of late the Russian infantry has achieved remarkable precision in shooting. During target practice in peace time it is considered nothing extraordinary if 60 or 70 per cent. of the bullets hit the mark. The firing discipline, too, even in the most critical moments, is very remarkable.

But the quality which above all things distinguishes the Russian infantry soldier is his capacity of enduring without exhaustion all the fatigues of campaign life, and of making the longest and most difficult marches without losing his strength or courage. During General Gourko's expedition on the other side of the Balkans, the infantry sometimes marched without a halt thirty miles, and then began immediately to fight. As regards the accoutrements of the Russian infantry soldier, it may be remarked that he is a little too heavily loaded, for, besides cartridges, provisions for four days, and a tent, he carries also the *impedimenta* that he might need when campaigning. This fact, however, has the advantage of lightening the baggage train and facilitating rapid mobilization. When furthermore, thanks to the strength and abnegation of the Russian soldier, the weight of provisions can be augmented to the extreme limit, you will often see, especially in Asia, infantry cross immense distances without any baggage train whatever, and without a single superfluous man in the ranks. This circumstance constitutes in Asia an enormous superiority over the English, whose fabulous baggage train and mass of camp-followers, useless in combat, will sooner or later be fatal to the Indian army.

The training of the Russian cavalry is very complete, and it is drilled with a view to operating on all kinds of ground. In serried columns it jumps deep ditches, hedges, and ramparts; it is drilled to swim across rivers and lakes; as dragoons the men are also trained to fight on foot, and several of the regiments are not inferior to the infantry in target practice. The Cossack is born in the saddle. A hundred Cossacks make less noise than a single regular cavalry soldier. On active service the

Cossack is the soul and eye of the army, or rather its pointer-dog. He seems to smell the enemy where no one even thinks of his existence. The Cossack and his horse do not know what fatigue means, and no one has yet been able to discover when either of them takes rest. The Kabardin horse ridden by the Circassian Cossack will walk five miles an hour, and his rider will simply have the impression of sitting in a swing very gently moved. I have often ridden fifty miles a day on one of these horses without feeling the slightest fatigue.

The Russian officer, in peace obscure, modest, and insignificant, is suddenly metamorphosed in war into a giant, before whose courage, strength, and energy one must bow. All his timidity has disappeared, and his whole outward appearance assumes a new aspect. He always advances at the head of his men, and forms the first target for the enemy's bullets. The enormous losses in officers which the Russians experienced during the last Turkish war are evident testimonies to their courage. Thus, for instance, the Orloff Regiment of infantry and the Fourth Brigade of riflemen lost during the war more than 100 per cent. of their officers.

The Russian officer never thinks of resting himself until he has made all the arrangements for his soldiers, for whom he feels a fatherly solicitude. For this care the soldier requites him with sincere affection.

The entire Russian war effective, including officers, artillery, engineers, train, etc., consists of:—

Regular army.....	1,766,278
Cossack troops.....	145,325
Irregular troops.....	6,331

1,917,934

By adding to these figures the effective of the troops not levied in time of peace, say 100,000 men, we reach an effective of 2,000,000 men for the war footing. The Russian militia, which may be called out in times of war, amounts to 3,000,000 men.

THE BEST RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

AS CHOSEN BY D.D.'S AND WOMEN.

In *Our Day* for December, replies are printed from 34 doctors of divinity, theological professors, and leading American women in reply to the following question:—

What volumes, aside from the Holy Scriptures, have been the most serviceable to yourself in

- I. Christian Evidences?
- II. Church History?
- III. Religious Biography?
- IV. Devotional Literature?

It is impossible to summarize all the replies, but here are a few of them:—

Prof. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Union Theological Seminary, New York.

I. Ulmann's *Sinless Perfection of Christ*; but *The New Testament* first and last, and above all other books combined.

II. Neander.

III. Augustine's *Confessions*.

IV. Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*.

Principal John Cairns, D.D., LL.D., Edinburgh.

I. Origen against Celsus; Pascal's *Pensées*; Butler's *Analogy*; Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*; Chalmers's *Evidences*.

II. Eusebius's *Church History*; Athanasius; Autobiographical Works of Luther; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*; McCre's *Life of John Knox*; Neander's *Church History*.

III. Augustine's *Confessions*; Orme's *Life of Baxter*; Edwards's *Life of Brainerd*; *Life of Henry Martyn*; Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*.

IV. Pilgrim's Progress; Rouse's Psalms; Scottish Paraphrases; Wesleyan Hymns; German Hymns; Latin Hymns; Cowper's Works.

Rev. Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D., Edinburgh.

I. Bruce's Gesta Christi; Bruce's Miraculous Element in the Gospels; Herbert's Modern Realism; Stanton's Messiah; Browning's Poems.

II. Dorner's History of Protestant Theology; Dorner's History of Doctrine of Person of Christ; Robertson's Rise of the Papacy; Bryce's Holy Roman Empire; Lindsay's Handbook of Reformation; Gibbon, Neander, Milman (Latin Christianity).

III. Life of Henry Martyn; Life of John Foster; Life of John Wesley; Augustine's Confessions; Life of Kingsley; Stephen's Ecclesiastical Essays.

IV. Temple's Sermons; Baxter's Saints' Rest; Manning's Sermons; Faber's (Roman Catholic) Growth in Holiness and Spiritual Conferences.

Prof. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D., Berlin, Prussia.

I. I have found of especial value works written in answer to Strauss's Leben Jesu, and articles on the same subject in Studien und Kritiken; Neander's Planting and Training; and Life of Christ; The Person of Christ, by Schaff; and the Sinlessness of Jesus, by Ullmann. Most helpful of all was my personal intercourse with Tholuck.

II. Neander, Kurtz, Hagenbach, Schaff.

III. Augustine, Luther, M'Cheyne, Tholuck, J. T. Beck.

IV. The Imitation of Christ, and the Mystics.

Miss F. E. Willard, Evanston, Ill.

I. Butler's Analogy; Joseph Cook's Lectures; Professor Drummond's, &c.

II. D'Aubigné.

III. Madame Guyon; Mary Lyon; Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

IV. Epictetus; The Faith that makes Faithful; Havergal's Kept for the Master's Use.

Dr. George Smith, of Edinburgh, is one of those whose list is given, also Dr. Pentecost, of Glasgow. Some of the replies are curious. For instance, Rev. C. A. Bartol, D.D., Boston, under the head of Christian Evidence, says, "More than Paley or Butler, the great poems of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, and Goethe, with the painting and portfolios of Italy, Germany, Holland, and Spain, have drawn the furrows of the world's faith"; and under Church History, "Gibbon and Hume, with pages like negative plates in photography, producing the best picture-book of our religion." Dr. Foster, of Boston, also finds Gibbon suggestive as a Church history.

The following analysis of the popularity of the books returned under the headings of Christian biography and devotional literature are very suggestive. The queries were sent out for the most part, if not exclusively, to Protestant divines, and for the most part to Americans.

Christian Biography.

Confessions of St. Augustine	12	John Foster	4	
Dr. Arnold	8	Henry Martyn	4
Charles Kingsley	6	John Bunyan	4
Lyman Beecher	6	Dr. Judson	4
Horace Bushnell	5	Robertson	4
Madame Guyon	5	Martin Luther	3
Dr. Chalmers	5	Dr. Payson	3
Brainerd	5	Finney	3
John Wesley	5	Dr. Guthrie	3
F. D. Maurice	5	John Tauler	2

Devotional Literature.

Thomas à Kempis	10	Christian Year	3
Phelp's Still Hour	7	Leighton's Works	3
Taylor's Holy Living, &c.	6	Fénelon	3
Pilgrim's Progress	5	Doddridge	2
Bushnell's Sermons	5	Baxter's Saints' Rest	2
Faber's Hymns	3	Common Prayer	2

If it were not for Augustine and Thomas à Kempis, the theological range of the American Protestant would seem to be somewhat limited.

YET ANOTHER UTOPIA.

BY M. CHARLES SECRÉTAN.

THERE is an admirable article in the *Contemporary Review*, by M. Emile de Laveleye, which he calls "Two New Utopias," but which in reality is a very carefully-written and most useful summary of the leading Utopias which have been sketched out by philosophic dreamers from Plato down to Edward Bellamy. It also contains a very lucid account of State Socialism in Peru, which was a kind of realised Utopia. The only new thing in the article, however, is the account of M. Charles Secrétan's new book "Mon Utopie." M. Secrétan, says M. de Laveleye, is an eminent Professor of Philosophy at the University of Lausanne, and his Utopia answers the ideal of the future formed by those who have faith in the ulterior progress of the human race. M. Secrétan falls asleep on the banks of Lake Lemman. Waking in the next century, he meets a man with the hands of a blacksmith and the forehead of a philosopher, under whose guidance he is made acquainted with the social revolution which has been brought about in the world. It is interesting to know that the millennium began in Ireland, where all the land and even the houses were nationalised, the landlords being bought out. This operation was so successful that it spread throughout the civilised world. Mr. Livesey will also be delighted to know that the solution of the industrial question was brought about by profit-sharing. Strikes became so frequent, and industrial war so savage, that the employers came to the conclusion that all their hands must be made shareholders. The former owners became directors, and every factory became a co-operative association. "1 kind of profit-sharing which is to prevail in the millennium is based upon the principle of deferred pay. Every one employed in a mine or a factory receives part of his wages week by week, while the balance is carried to his credit and invested as his share in the concern. Casual hands are paid in full. Wages averaged £120 a year, and every one learned a trade. Free Trade became universal, and great trusts, which included all the societies engaged in separate branches of industrial trade, superseded competition. Production was regulated by statistical returns as to the probable demand.

Machinery was constantly going, but six hours was the normal working-day, four shifts of workmen being employed every twenty-four hours. The gradual fall in the rate of interest, which has enabled Mr. Goschen to reduce the interest on the National Debt, continued, with the result that a man needed to be a millionaire in order to live on the interest of his fortune. M. Laveleye, who briefly sketches M. Secrétan's ideal, sympathises with it almost entirely, and hopes that the social revolution will be brought about peacefully and quietly.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD."

AN INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD BELLAMY.

MISS WILLARD sends to *Our Day* an account of Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward." Of good old New England stock, son of a Baptist pastor, a journalist and author both born and made,—such, in a word, is Edward Bellamy. In figure of medium height, in forehead full and broad, with thoughtful dark-blue eyes, radiating good will; with mobile lips, parenthesized by a dark-brown moustache, the cheeks covered by a stubby beard; and the dress a little careless—this he is to look upon. Omitting my many frank questions, let me give some of the points that made his ready utterance so full of interest.

I am a married man with a boy four and a girl three years old. I believe a man must have a daughter of his own before he really learns how to sympathise with women in their difficult relations in life. I would make women absolutely independent of men to the extent that material values are concerned. Under my system men will be chosen on their individual merit, and not because they can "support a wife." The present misunderstandings and jealousies of the sexes toward each other will be largely eliminated by this perfect independence each of the other in financial matters. This vast change must come by evolution rather than revolution. Little by little changes will be wrought out, as for instance the nationalisation of railways, not by confiscating stocks, as some have ignorantly supposed, but by the United States becoming the great receiver alike of solvent and insolvent, and paying dividends on a reasonable valuation. In like manner, coal mines would be turned over, paying a suitable interest to the present owners, and doing away with artificial rates. They now have artificial rates because they shut down in order to raise the price of coal; we would open the mines to lower it. The telegraph and telephone naturally belong to the national service, and we would make them part and parcel of it. Municipalities are now lighted, heated, and the means of transportation furnished by great corporations. But why not let the municipality be itself that corporation? But the working people are confederating: Knights of Labour, Locomotive Engineers, Trainmen, etc., are going to work together after a little, and thus condense their power. We who believe in nationalism are forming clubs in all centres, and we have two papers: *The Dawn*, and *The Nationalist*. Women are very friendly to our movement. Howells is strongly sympathetic, as his recent story of "Annie Kilburn" proves. Mark Twain is looking our way with great interest. The clergy are sympathetic too. This movement will bring the common people back to the church; they always heard Christ gladly. Substantially His sermons were on the unity and brotherhood of man. A *résumé* of the Ten Commandments contains all we are working for,—that and the socialism of the early church, as stated in the accounts of Pentecost. Christians form the best class in society, but they have lacked a practical working plan, and our movement supplies that lack. The partnership principle is the backbone of our philosophy. Some say we do not need a new religion. I think we need the old sort, only we might well talk about it less, and live it out more.

LONDON SOCIETY FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

THE SALONS AND THE DANDIES.

IN *Blackwood* the author of a dialogue between author and publisher, entitled "In the Days of the Dandies," gives us a rare and pleasant glimpse of London society half a century since. There were many Admirable Crichtons, he says, in those days. The dandies were much more than dandies. Even Brummell was intellectually gifted, and Count D'Orsay was an artist and a man of genius. So powerful were the dandies, whose great resort was Crockford's, that at the coronation, George IV., who was in a state of great anxiety, said, "I care nothing for the mob, but I do for the dandies!" and asked Lord Gwydyr's advice. "Lord Gwydyr suggested that to keep them in good humour it might be well if his Majesty invited them to breakfast in the vicinity of the Abbey on the morning of the Coronation. The King acquiesced. A grand breakfast was prepared in one of the rooms of the House of Lords, and the King regained all his popularity with the dandies!"

Lord Palmerston was strongly opposed to the closing of Crockford's. It was closed, however, after a Parliamentary inquiry. The report of that Committee would be worth reprinting. Another feature of London society which has vanished was the *salon*.

The influence of highly gifted women, pre-eminent by birth, education, and manners, is lost, I fear never to be renewed. It was indeed a distinction to be received into any of these houses. The great ladies then received in the early evening *la prima sera*, immediately after dinner, without any special invitation, all their inner circle. It was the hour of pleasant companionship, and lively talk, when wit and politician mingled with the beauties of the day. Lord Willoughby said that in his dandy days the inner circle of society certainly never exceeded six hundred, and no one could enter it unless with the approval of the great ladies; even the young men were taken round and duly presented to them before they were invited within the sacred circle. No leader of a party ever had a more efficient helpmate than Lady Palmerston proved herself to Lord Palmerston. Lady Beaconsfield was certainly his "guide, companion, counsellor, and friend," and Lord Beaconsfield fully appreciated her sympathy and devotion. He always said that he owed everything to her. But she never attempted a *salon*; hers were entirely domestic qualities. Lady Palmerston was entirely devoted to the object of confirming the wandering in their adherence, and winning over opponents. Many a difficult crisis has been averted by Lady Palmerston entering the room at the suitable moment, and in her charming manner insisting on the discontented or disappointed one accepting her gracious hospitality. She possessed the power of making each visitor feel that he was the guest she delighted to honour; and thus her receptions were highly appreciated, and were of incalculable benefit to the party. There is not the least question that Lady Palmerston's dinners and receptions kept the party together. She was a perfect hostess. Except the first Lady Granville, I have never seen any one possessed of so much tact, and, on great occasions, courtesy. Now all that is departed, the publican and Jew have jostled the aristocracy off the stage of London life. It is the hour of the speculator, the schemer, the stockbroker. They reign supreme.

The article concludes with a very lively account of David Urquhart.

A SOCIALIST PROGRAMME.

BY M. DE PAËPE.

THE *Revue Socialiste* is one of those organs which show that the same spirit of deadly earnestness, and to outsiders desperate dullness, which animated theological disputants in the sixteenth century has now entered into the Socialist controversialists. The December number is chiefly notable as containing the conclusion of a series of care-

fully thought-out articles by M. Cesar de Paëpe, in which that worker sets out his view as to the public services. M. de Paëpe avoids the cardinal error of denying all personal property, the one point of which makes men fight shy of all socialistic doctrine. For while he advocates the common possession of highways of all sorts, of minerals, and perhaps of land, he deprecates all ideas which favour the State appropriation of those things which enter more intimately into a man's life: his cheaper tools, his food, his home, &c. "Unless," says M. de Paëpe, with very apparent truth, "unless we allow every man personal property in those intimate things which every man holds dear, and unless we allow him to earn these same, we shall never be more than a set of dreamers giving out Utopian schemes which no one will accept and whose number has no limit, and we shall leave the world no happier than we found it."

He points out that all corporate property is transforming itself more and more into social property, and he discusses the question whether means of communication such as railways, the post, and in general all the public services the use of which is optional, should be free,—that is, should be paid for by the State or the Commune through the taxes,—or should be directly paid for by those who use them? He thinks that the tendency should be in the direction of making means of transport and of communication free, or at least to have them paid for by a uniform tax such as that which exists for the post. As these services are after all optional, and not altogether indispensable, there is not the same flagrant injustice in making each user pay for them, as there is in following that rule with regard to the Police, Justice, Hygiene, Medicine, Education. In any case the State and the Commune ought to manage these departments without making a profit on them, for that would be to levy an indirect tax which would weigh upon production.

"To the Jacobin idea of the State being all powerful and the Commune in an inferior position to it, we oppose the conception of the enfranchised Commune, training all its officers itself, making its own bye-laws, and organising its local services and police. To the "Liberal" conception of a policeman-State we oppose that of a State *disarmed*, but charged with the instruction of youth and with centralising those great works which need concentration. The Commune becomes essentially the organ of 'Political Functions,' or those things which have been so-called: The law, justice, security, the guarantee of contracts, the protection of the incapables, civil life; but it is also at the same time the organ of all the local public services. And the State becomes essentially the organ of scientific unity and of the great combined work necessary to society. Political decentralisation and economic centralisation such is, it seems to us, the situation to which tends this new idea of the double *role* of Commune and State."

HOW THE EXHIBITION IMPRESSED THEM.

BY M. ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU.

M. ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU, under the title of "Our Guests of 1889," contributes to the *Nouvelle Revue*, of December 15th, what is perhaps the most brilliant literary paper in all the magazines and reviews on our table. Fresh from the great human kaliedoscope of the Paris Exhibition, he asks himself what ideas were impressed upon the minds of the innumerable visitors who were gathered under the shade of the Eiffel Tower from all the

racés and all the civilisations of the world. Following out this idea, M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu has written a dozen imaginary letters or extracts from journals, in which he expresses his idea of what might have been the impressions of various visitors, beginning with the Shah and ending with a provincial from Alsace.

To the Shah the gallery of machines seems the sanctuary of the fairies who have promised to the West the empire of the world. He entered it with fear and trembling, as one enters the dwelling of the gods. The groaning and the hissing of the machines, the rattle of the wheels, and the tremors of the earth make him think of the marvellous machines invented by evil spirits, and he wonders to find them controlled by men, not by demons, who, in order to control these modern genii, have to dwell in a diabolic region,—a more terrible hell. But it is only in machinery that the Shah finds the modern West superior to the ancient East. He mocks at the instability of our institutions, and recalls the saying of Bismarck at Berlin, "When your Majesty visits the Exhibition, ask if they are exhibiting the fifteen constitutions which they have enjoyed since 1789!" Our Progress seems to him the supreme malady of the West and through the West of the world.

After a brief letter from King Dinah Salifou, who thinks it a topsy-turvy world in which, as it is no advantage to have many wives, white people ordinarily have only one, we have the letter of a Hindoo from Bengal, who sees in the Exhibition the supreme presentation of the joy of existence, and yet, at the same time, by its fragility, as supreme an illustration of the evanescence of all mortal things. The Indian pessimist, whose sole ideal is Nirvana, marvels at the intensity of the belief of the Westerns in the reality and the joy of life, which eastern philosophy has long recognised as the great illusion. Never since man existed has he wielded such power, because he has never had such faith in life. Even the pessimistic poets of Paris, oppressed by the weight of their civilisation, decorate the life which they declare to be evil. The illuminated fountains, whose many-coloured waters flash in glory in the electric light for a moment and then vanish for ever, supply the sombre philosopher with an all too faithful illustration of the vanity of all human things.

In sharp contrast to the Hindoo's meditation comes a letter from a Chicago engineer, who is full of the Eiffel Tower, chiefly because it pays. The pyramids and St. Peter's do not pay; the Eiffel Tower does. It is not only a monument,—it is business. His admiration of the Eiffel Tower will not let him rest, and he hurries home to draw up plans for constructing a tower half as high again. It is to be reared over the bed of a great river, so that ships

In full sail may pass between its colossal feet. Elevated in mid air, he would build, not trumpery restaurants, but theatres and dancing saloons. Newly-married couples would spend their honeymoon in the clouds. Chapels would be scattered up and down, with chaplains in attendance to marry and baptize. It would be a veritable city, but it would be vertical and perpendicular instead of horizontal. After the engineer comes a Marabout of the African desert, who is impressed with the fragility of the Eiffel Tower in comparison with the pyramids, and he is never more convinced of the truth of Islam than when looking down upon the City of the Révolution. His ear is wearied with the tumult of the crowds, his soul longs for repose, and he bids his sons saddle his steed, for he would give the Exhibition and all it contains for an hour's gallop over the sands of the desert. A Jew from Jerusalem, writing to his brothers Moses and Isaac, rejoices at the free career which Paris affords to the Hebrew race. On arriving from Jerusalem he took to selling tickets at the gates of the Exhibition. When, by an effort, he sacrifices sufficient money to ascend to the first platform of the Tower, his imagination is filled with the thought of the immensity of the treasures spent in building the city below. It was an ocean of wealth, a sea of gold that was spread out at his feet. The perfume of riches refreshes him and he feels invigorated. To Jerusalem he returns no more. Paris is the new promised land in which a Jew will make his fortune.

A pious Russian raskolnik from central Siberia groans in spirit and is troubled over the Exhibition which seems to him the triumph of the senses. The pride of life and the lust of the flesh are predominant in the Exhibition. It is the supreme handiwork of Satan disguised as an angel of light, the better to deceive his victims. From the whole place God is absent, pagan idols abound, but there is not a single cross. To his pious soul the Exhibition itself seems to be an impious temple reared to the glory of man. Men are becoming as gods. They will renew the face of the world, they will re-open the garden of Eden, they will gather the fruits of the Tree of Life, they will abolish the doom of labour by the invention of machines of iron and steel. The Eiffel Tower reminds him with its four enormous feet of the beast in the Apocalypse. The phonograph, which makes wax and copper speak and revives the voice of the dead, seems to him to be the foreshadowing of the end of all things. But when he mounts to the summit of the Tower and beholds that perfidious Babylon, compared with which all the royal cities which are cursed in the Bible are but as nothing, it seemed to him as if he were standing on the exceeding high mountain from whence the Tempter showed our Lord all the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them.

A Chinese commissioner tells his master that the Westerns are far behind the Chinese in all the useful arts, especially in the arts of government, but in machines the Westerns excel. What the Chinese must do is to adopt the machines, but to take very good care to prevent the importation of the Spirit of the West. Steam and electricity have a habit of getting into the heads of the men who use them; hence the mania for movement and for agitation which has destroyed the stability of the French State. A Finnish student, writing to his fellows at Helsingfors, found in the Exhibition nothing but the anarchy of intelligence. The Eiffel Tower, or rather the multitudes which it had gathered together, seem to him a new Babel, not of tongues, but of ideas. There is no unity of thought, no great idea harmonising the aspirations of men. The light which streamed from the Tower was an emblem of our brilliant and deceptive civilisation. It was a lighthouse without a port. The Exhibition celebrates the centenary of the Revolution, but the men who made it had lost faith in the ideals of 1789. Climbing to the top of the Eiffel Tower, he gazes with anxious eye round the horizon to see where will rise the sun of justice and of peace. He looks in vain. To the east, to the west, to the north, to the south, the people are in arms, and everywhere force triumphs. A Prussian officer follows, who inscribes Gott, König, und Vaterland in the visitors' book in the *Figaro* printing office. He moralises with Prussian pride over the city which eighteen years ago he had helped to bombard. Finally the article closes with a letter from an Alsacian to his children, full of tender love for France, and joyous pride in her grandeur. "Everything that raises France is a joy to the heart of Alsace-Lorraine."

This is a very hasty and imperfect *résumé* of an article full of subtle and delicate thought, expressed with great literary charm.

WANTED AN IDEAL NEWSPAPER!

A CHANCE FOR A MILLIONAIRE.

In the *North American Review*, Mr. Henry E. Rood writes as follows:—

In New York city to-day there is the chance for one or more persons of great wealth to make for themselves name and fame undying; to win the gratitude, respect, and admiration, not only of the United States, but of all America, of the whole civilised world; a chance to make their memory revered as long as the Government shall last. And all this with little effort, as far as the millionaires are personally concerned. They have only to found an institution more powerful than pulpit, stage, or forum,—an absolutely truthful, unprejudiced, independent, daily paper, whose news columns shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and whose editorials shall discuss both sides of every important question.

The vast power of American journalism cannot be denied, even fettered as it is on all sides. It accomplishes much good, but it also is responsible for much

evil. Prejudiced, fearful, and often corrupt as is the press of to-day, it still remains the most influential factor in American civilization. In this respect all else sinks into insignificance beside it; and yet its bulwarks have been raised at an awful expense to good morals and good government. The journal of to-day is edited from the counting-room. The ideal newspaper has not yet made its appearance. The editorial and the business departments should be absolutely independent of each other. The paper should speak the truth, no matter how its advertising patronage or its political "pull" is affected. A free and unsubsidised press—where will you find it? Papers all over the land will rise up, and each, patting itself, cry "Here!" But those in command know that the daily paper which prints the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the daily paper whose editorial opinions are absolutely fearless and unprejudiced, does not exist in the United States. The ideal paper should print in its news columns nothing but that which has been verified. Readers might not get particulars of a race war so soon as in one of the present "enterprising" journals; but when published in the ideal paper the news could be absolutely relied upon. The editorials should discuss in parallel columns both sides of leading questions. For example, articles advocating free trade and protection should appear simultaneously. In the case of a great strike, one column should contain the employer's views, another the labourer's arguments. Chicago should have the chance of putting forth her reasons for wanting the World's Fair as well as New York. The Southern and the Northern sides of the race problem should both be discussed. The paper should argue for and against every great question, local, national, international. Then could the people read, reflect, and decide who and what is the right. Would such an impartial journal pay? Perhaps not in money at first. But the people of the United States are willing to be convinced; they want the best government, the best officials, the best of everything. That paper in time would be read from Maine to California, and beyond the seas. Its influence would be inestimable, its power transcendent. Evil-doers of whatever party and station, rich or poor, black or white, alien or native, would fear it. Good citizens would eagerly support it. The poor would pray for its success.

The ideal paper should not be pledged to support any party, community, state, or government. It should be nothing less than the exponent of humanity. And it must occupy this grand plane if not an advertisement is received, if not a single copy is sold. How can this be accomplished? Here lies the millionaire's chance to see his name grouped with those who have made nations, who have conferred lasting benefits upon mankind.

Endow such a paper as colleges are endowed. Let it be managed by a board of trustees. Let the employees represent the faculty; the readers, the students. Pay salaries large enough to command the best editors, writers, and publishers. Have the trustees select for these various positions men of integrity, of broad minds, of education, ability, culture, and noble ideas. Be liberal, so that they will put forth continually their best efforts. Guarantee to the paper a regular income, that it may be published day after day and decade after decade, if the advertising columns are blank, if every copy has to be given away.

The time is ripe, the people are anxious, the field is unoccupied. A great daily paper which could be relied upon absolutely would be a monument for ever to its founders.

Where is the man or the group of men who will improve this opportunity?

SOME STRANGE GHOST STORIES.

THE Rev. M. J. Savage, an advanced Unitarian, describes his experiences with Spiritualism in the December *Forum*. He holds the sound view that the world is perhaps a little too free with its theories as to what can happen and what cannot happen. He holds that the "scientific method" is the only method of knowledge, and in his investigations he says he has ruthlessly set aside everything that has seemed to occur where the conditions were such that he could not feel sure of his facts. But certain things to him inexplicable have occurred, and he submits some specimens, from which we extract three:—

TELEPATHY EXTRAORDINARY.

A merchant ship, bound for New York, was on her homeward voyage. She was in the Indian Ocean. The captain was engaged to be married to a lady living in New England. One day, early in the afternoon, he came, pale and excited, to one of his mates and exclaimed: "Tom, Kate has just died! I have seen her die!" The mate looked at him in amazement, not knowing what to make of such talk. But the captain went on and described the whole scene—the room, her appearance, how she died, and all the circumstances. So real was it to him, and such was the effect on him of his grief that, for two or three weeks, he was carefully watched lest he should do violence to himself. It was more than 150 days before the ship reached her harbour. During all this time no news was received from home. But when at last the ship arrived at New York, it was found that Kate did die at the time and under the circumstances seen and described by the captain off the coast of India.

A TELL-TALE SPIRIT.

At a sitting with a psychic friend, there purported to be present the "spirit" of a lady I had known for years. She told me of a sister married and living in another State. She said: "Mary is in a great deal of trouble. She is passing through the greatest sorrow of her life. I wish I could make her know that I care. I wish you would write to her." As we talked the matter over, she explained it to me, telling me at first vaguely, as though shrinking from speaking plainly, and then more clearly, making me understand that the husband was the cause of her sorrow. I had not seen the husband more than once, and had never dreamed that they were not happy. And the psychic had never heard of any such people. In this case, also, I wrote to the lady. I told her I would explain afterward, but for the present asked her only to let me know if she was in any special trouble; and provided she was, and the nature of it was such that she could properly do so, to tell me what it was. I received a reply, "private and confidential," confirming everything that had been told me in the privacy of my own study. And she closed by asking me to burn the letter, adding that she would not for the world have her husband know that she had written it.

AN AUNT ANNOUNCES HER OWN DEATH.

A lady and gentleman visited a psychic. The gentleman was the lady's brother-in-law. The lady had an aunt who was ill in a city two or three hundred miles away. When the psychic had become entranced, the lady asked her if she had any impression as to the condition of her aunt. The reply was, "No." But, before the sitting was over, the psychic exclaimed: "Why, your aunt is here! She has already passed away." "This cannot be true," said the lady; "there must be some mistake. If she had died, they would have telegraphed us immediately." "But," the psychic insisted, "she is

here. And she explains that she died about two o'clock this morning. She also says a telegram has been sent, and you will find it at the house on your return." Here seemed a clear case for a test. So, while the lady started for home, her brother-in-law called at the house of a friend and told the story. While there, the husband came in. Having been away for some hours he had not heard of any telegram. But the friend seated himself at his desk and wrote out a careful account, which all three signed on the spot. When they reached home,—two or three miles away,—there was the telegram confirming the fact and the time of the aunt's death, precisely as the psychic had told them.

WHAT I BELIEVE AND WHAT I DON'T.

BY COLONEL ROBERT INGERSOLL.

COLONEL INGERSOLL is a curious amalgam of Henry Ward Beecher and Mr. Bradlaugh. He has a good deal of the human sympathy and the magnetic eloquence of the former, with the ruthless and uncompromising scepticism of the latter. The part of his paper in the *North American*, entitled "Why I am an Agnostic," is somewhat disappointing. To most English readers he seems to be contending not so much against the Christianity of to-day as against the narrow-minded prejudices of a bygone generation. When we read that Christians say "You must not examine, you must not investigate; but whether you examine or not, you must believe or you will be eternally damned," we feel as if we have got to deal with a controversialist who is pummelling not the living, but the spectres of the dead. Apart from these blemishes, it is interesting to have Colonel Ingersoll's creed in a comparatively compressed compass. The following passages are the gist of his *credo*.—

Being satisfied that all believe precisely as they must and that religions have been naturally produced, I have neither praise nor blame for any man.

I prefer the books that inspiration has not claimed.

I am convinced that Haeckel, Huxley, and Tyndall know more about the earth and stars, about the history of man, the philosophy of life—more that is of use, ten thousand times—than all the writers of the sacred books.

I believe in the religion of reason—the gospel of this world; in the development of the mind, in the accumulation of intellectual wealth, to the end that man may free himself from superstitious fear, to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature to feed and clothe the world.

The prosperity of nations has depended, not upon their religion, not upon the goodness or providence of some god, but on soil and climate and commerce, upon the ingenuity, industry, and courage of the people, upon the development of the mind, on the spread of education, on the liberty of thought and action; and in this mighty panorama of national life, reason has built and superstition has destroyed.

My mind is so that it is forced to the conclusion that substance is eternal; that the universe was without beginning and will be without end; that it is the one eternal existence; that relations are transient and evanescent; that organisms are produced and vanish; that forms change,—but that the substance of things is from eternity to eternity. It may be that planets are born and die, that constellations will fade from the infinite spaces, that countless suns will be quenched,—but the substance will remain.

The questions of origin and destiny seem to be beyond the powers of the human mind.

It seems to me that the man who knows the limitations of the mind, who gives the proper value to human testimony, is necessarily an Agnostic. He gives up the hope of ascertaining first or final causes, of comprehending the supernatural, or of conceiving of an infinite personality. From out the words Creator, Preserver, and Providence, all meaning falls.

Let us be honest with ourselves. In the presence of countless mysteries; knowing that each grain of sand, each leaf, asks of every mind the answerless question; knowing that the simplest thing defies solution; feeling that we deal with the superficial and the relative, and that we are for ever eluded by the real, the absolute,—let us admit the limitations of our minds, and let us have the courage and the candour to say: We do not know.

A MAGAZINE EXCHANGE.

OF a hundred people who buy magazines not more than one lends them, not more than ten ever look at them after the first month of issue. Ninety per cent. therefore of our periodicals may be said to disappear within a month of publication. But at the same time it may be said that ninety per cent. of our population never read a high-class magazine or review at all. There is great waste here. Magazines and reviews are for the most part quite as readable a month old as they are on the day of issue. Yet, excepting for the few who buy the half-crown reviews through Mudie and Smith & Son at one and threepence, a month after publication, they practically cease to exist with the month which gave them birth.

One of the objects of this REVIEW is to secure a more extended circulation for our best periodical literature.

It is possible, nay, it is easy by a little organisation and with very little extra expenditure for those who now see only one magazine to see two, three, or even four, and it is not so very difficult, if but a little care and public spirit are shown, to double and treble, in the course of a single year, the number of those who are at present able to read our monthly magazines and reviews. It can be done in any large town for the trouble of a passing call; it can be done in any part of the kingdom for the cost of postage. All that it needs is a centre of exchange. That centre I propose to supply to all my readers.

Mr. Jones, let us say, who lives in Battersea, buys the *Nineteenth Century*; Mr. Smith, who lives in Berwick, takes in the *Fortnightly*; while Mr. Robinson, in Penzance, sticks to the *Contemporary*. They all three have read

them by the 15th. Each has read his own review, but none of the three ever sees any other review than his own. Yet for the cost of postage,—that is to say, for sixpence a month,—they could exchange all round. Mr. Jones could send the *Nineteenth* to Mr. Smith on the 15th, who could pass it on a week later to Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson, on the 15th, could send the *Contemporary* to Mr. Jones, who in turn, on the 22nd, could pass it on to Mr. Smith. By this each of the three, for 3s. 6d. monthly, would be able to read three half-crown reviews. If, however, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Robinson all live in Battersea, the exchange would not even cost the postage, and there is no limit to the extent to which the system could not be carried. Once the initial purchase is made, the number of exchanges is practically unlimited. A magazine or review becomes a circulating medium, and can be exchanged for another of equal value any number of times,—as long as the pages hold together. All that it is necessary is to have a common centre, where those who wish to exchange can be placed in communication with each other. Already by that excellent weekly, the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*, a good many magazines change hands, but the system is capable of development.

Nothing but experience can show what method of communication would be the best. But experience will never be acquired unless a beginning is made, and by way of making a beginning I open, in connection with this REVIEW, an office for the exchange of magazines. If any of my readers wish to exchange any of the magazines to which they at present subscribe for any other of equal value, and will communicate with the Magazine Exchange at the office of this REVIEW, enclosing threepence for postage and cost of booking, I will put them in communication with any other of our subscribers who may have the magazines which they wish to secure. Of course the success of this scheme depends entirely upon its being largely made use of. If only half a dozen or a score subscribers desire to exchange, it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to meet their wishes.

But supposing that only one per cent. of the purchasers of this REVIEW intimate their desire to enter into such an arrangement, it would probably not be difficult to meet all their wants. Fifty, let us say, would want the *Contemporary* in exchange for the *Nineteenth*, and 50 the *Fortnightly*, 100 would ask for the *Century* in exchange for *Harper*, and 100 for *Scribner*, 50 would wish to exchange the *New Review* for *Good Words* or the *Leisure Hour*, 25 the *Quarterly* for the *Edinburgh*, and *vice versa*, and so forth until the 500 were exhausted. On receiving the intimation of the wishes of the would-be exchangers, the clerk in charge of the Exchange, on receipt of their letter, would at once place them in direct communication with each other. Once the system is

established it would work with the utmost simplicity. All that would be needed would be a post-card to each address. Mr. A. desires to exchange a *Contemporary* for a *Fortnightly*. Here is the address of Mr. B, who desires to exchange a *Fortnightly* for a *Contemporary*. The parties could then arrange between themselves as to the date of exchange. Our responsibility would cease with the despatch of the post-cards communicating the addresses.

Another branch of the Exchange would be that of bringing into communication those who wish to sell their magazines with those who, like Mr. Michael Davitt, wish to buy them secondhand. Any person who will forward, post free, a half-crown review for a shilling a month after its publication, or a shilling magazine for sixpence, or a sixpenny magazine for threepence, can register his name and address at the Magazine Exchange for threepence, and it will be forwarded to any would-be buyer of second-hand magazines who will intimate his wish to purchase on those terms. This branch is essential to the business of exchange. For every one knows that sometimes he may wish to keep a magazine or review for some special article, and this, although it may occur only once in a twelvemonth, is a bar against undertaking to exchange it regularly for another. But if a duplicate copy of the magazine in question can always be obtained at less than half-price, this obstacle disappears. It is better once in a twelvemonth to spend a shilling for a second copy than for the sake of that shilling to deprive yourself of a half-crown review every month.

Finally, in connection with this Exchange, I hope to establish a system by which those who neither wish to sell their old magazines nor exchange them, will consent to send them for cost of postage to those who cannot even afford to buy a secondhand magazine. There are many such. Schoolmasters, curates, dissenting ministers in the rural districts, junior clerks, working men with young families, often do not see a magazine that costs more than sixpence from year's end to year's end. Yet at this moment how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of high-class periodicals are lumbering our closets which would be as manna from on high to many an intelligent, hard-working man and woman, if we only knew were to send them or how to get rid of them? I invite those of my readers who are willing to send their magazines about the world doing good to communicate with the Magazine Exchange, stating what periodicals they are willing to send on receipt of postage, or deliver if called for. We shall not have much difficulty in finding eager applicants for the surplus of their shelves.

I make this announcement with some trepidation, merely as a means of getting the system started. I invite from those of my readers who are in sympathy with

it suggestions for making the proposed Exchange more efficient and more universal. Whatever defects there may be in this tentative scheme, I am convinced that it only needs to be taken up seriously and worked practically to confer an enormous boon upon the masses of our countrymen. I hope to see the day when there will be a well-assorted bundle of our best periodicals in the fore-castle of every ship that leaves our ports, and that there will soon not be a village in the Empire to which every month the best magazines and reviews published in the

English language will not penetrate as regularly as the newspaper. Hitherto our high-priced monthlies have been the luxury of the few. In the near future I hope we may be able to do something practical to secure the magazines for the million.

All communications from those who desire to exchange, sell, or distribute their magazines and reviews should be addressed to the Magazine Exchange, Office of REVIEW OF REVIEWS, Burleigh-street, Strand, and should enclose threepence in stamps.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

THE success of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will depend chiefly upon the extent to which the readers, or a certain proportion of them, co-operate with the Editor. The last thing which I desire is to be a mere man in a pulpit droning a monotonous monologue in the ears of his hearers. The secret of power in all journalism, daily, weekly, or monthly, is the establishment of close touch between the Editor and his readers, and the creation in the minds of the latter of a consciousness that their co-operation is essential to the success of the former. It is with readers of monthlies as it is with congregations in churches. A thousand hear the sermon, but a dozen or a score do all the work. What I want to do is to lay my hands upon those who are in sufficient sympathy with the aims and objects of this REVIEW, to take trouble to push its circulation in the first place, and in the second to aid me with counsel and information whenever I ask for it, or whenever they see an opportunity for tendering it.

I want to make this REVIEW a medium of inter-communication throughout the whole English-speaking world. For my part, I will do my best to make it as interesting as I can, to make it as comprehensive a compendium as possible of everything that is best worth reading in the periodical literature of the day, and to present some intelligible account of the movements of the great drama of contemporary history. But I need the eyes, the ears, and the brains of all my readers to help me in my task. I want their suggestions how to improve the REVIEW, I want their ideas as to how to secure its universal circulation, and I want their practical help in securing subscribers.

A great thing will be achieved when in every town or village throughout the English-speaking world there is one man or one woman who feels himself sufficiently in earnest about the objects of this REVIEW to read it, to recommend it, to lend it, and to work for it as if he or

she were the Editor in person. There is no one too poor or too insignificant to be of no use in this matter.

Take, for instance, the question of circulation. It may well be that there are many to whom even sixpence a month is a sum beyond their means. I was in that condition myself for years. If any such person will by canvassing or otherwise secure us six subscribers, I will send him the REVIEW free as long as the six continue their subscriptions. In this case the subscriptions should be paid in advance.

Or take another instance. Any reader in any colony or foreign country who will undertake to forward me from time to time any information which may be specially asked for in the REVIEW, or who will promptly send me warning of any danger that he may see to be threatening the interests of the English-speaking race, or send me news of any advantage that may be secured for the speakers of our English tongue, or who will undertake to send me extracts from the local press bearing upon issues raised in the REVIEW, will also be placed upon the list of those who, being contributories to its success, are entitled to receive it free direct from the office.

The only limitation to this offer is that it must be confined to one person in each ship, regiment, school, or township.

What I want is to get into more or less personal direct communication with a picked body of men or women, if they are earnest enough, who will not hesitate to work for the REVIEW and the ideals which it upholds as zealously as hundreds of thousands are working for the ideals of churches and the shibboleths of parties. I want to get to know in every community in the whole English-speaking world, the name and address of the thoroughgoing individual who can be relied upon not to spare himself or herself in working with me on the lines of this REVIEW for the well-being of English-speaking folk all round the world.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE difficulties under which the production of any first number is accomplished have been aggravated in the present case by two causes. (1) Everything has been, as it were, improvised. It is less than a month since the publication of the REVIEW was decided upon. Hence unavoidable incompleteness in the survey of periodical literature, a defect which I hope will not reappear in future numbers. (2) Many publishers of periodicals, instead of co-operating in the production of what they will soon discover to be a valuable advertisement for their publications, took alarm and interposed obstacles, whereas, had they understood what was contemplated, they would have tendered assistance.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, I venture to hope that even the present number may afford sufficient indication in outline of the scope and character of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS to secure for the new venture the support of the reading public, and the co-operation of the publishers and editors of our periodical literature. I shall be very glad to receive suggestions, both from readers and from publishers, for the improvement of this department of the REVIEW. I only ask them to remember first, that space is limited, and secondly, that the danger of making it too encyclopædic is that you make it as dry as a dictionary, and as unreadable as the London Directory.

I have already arranged for the addition of notices of various special branches of periodical literature, but any extensive development in that direction is barred by the necessity of making the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a popular readable compendium of that which is of most general interest to the English-speaking folk throughout the world.

Editors and publishers who wish to secure notice for their publications are requested to send them as early as possible for review. There is a great pressure at the end of the month, and the earlier the monthlies are received the more opportunity there is for doing justice to their contents.

Publishers of any monthly or bi-monthly magazine or review, in any part of the world, can receive the REVIEW OF REVIEWS regularly in exchange for their publication, on sending an intimation to that effect to the office, Burleigh-street, Strand, London.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

ONE of the features in the *Contemporary*, and one which may be referred to as a striking illustration of the superiority of maps to letterpress is to be found on two pages in Mr. Keltie's article, "What Stanley has done for the Map of Africa." One shows "Central Africa before Stanley," and the other "Central Africa after Stanley." From the 30th degree to the Atlantic, and from the 10th degree south to the 5th degree north of the equator, the whole of the map of Africa has been redrawn by the intrepid explorer who is now on his way to a royal welcome in his native land.

HOME RULE IN INDIA AND IN IRELAND.

There is a delightful paper by "A Bengal Magistrate" on "Home Rule in India and in Ireland." The author is just a trifle too ingenious and too triumphantly plausible. Nothing can be more effective than the mode in which he compares the way in which we govern Ireland under a pseudo-constitutional system, which is distorted in order to enable us to govern against the popular will, and the beneficent despotism by which the welfare of our Indian population is secured. It is constantly asked by opponents of Home Rule, "Is it not a disgraceful confession that the nation which governs 200 millions of men in India, cannot govern five millions in Ireland?" The "Bengal Magistrate" supplies the explanation: it is because we ignore in

governing the five millions every principle upon which we act in governing the 200 millions that the five millions are ungovernable, while the 200 millions are contented. The article is simply crammed with facts and figures, tersely packed and effectively put. We have only room to mention one, in the hope that it may dwell in the minds of some when the Irish Land Bill comes on for discussion next session. By nationalising the land in India the revenue of 21 millions sterling is secured for the State, thereby enabling the Indians to escape many of the taxes which have impeded civilisation and endangered the Empire elsewhere.

The Bishop of Ripon's paper on "Brotherhoods" is slight but sensible, stating the *pros* and *cons* with judicial impartiality and more than Episcopalian moderation.

Miss Julia Wedgwood sets forth her belief that the parable of the unfaithful steward was the one sarcasm in which Jesus indulged. She thinks it foreshadowed the fate of the Jews, who endeavoured in vain to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, and lost their stewardship in consequence. The article illustrates the fact that a great flow of language and a graceful and pleasant style may be combined with a lamentable lack of lucidity and precision.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING FOLK.

Lucidity and precision are certainly not lacking from the paper of Mr. Freeman on "The Origin of

the English People," in which he tomahawks, with something of the savage joy of a Red Indian, Mr. Seeborn for his theory that our forefathers came from the South, and M. Du Chaillu for his antagonistic hypothesis that they came from the North. Mr. Freeman is thoroughly at home in dealing with his subject. But although he pounds the heretics into powder he does not solve the great problem, which is how to find a word that will be accepted universally as a true description of the folk who speak English in all parts of the world. No doubt, as he says, the valley of the Potomac is one of the chiefest homes of the English folk, but the dwellers in that region would vehemently object to be described as English. They are Americans. "English-speaking," awkward as it is, is the only adjective that we can employ.

Mr. Nicholson contributes a very solid paper on "Profit-Sharing," which he thinks is capable of much wider extension than it has yet attained, if only because it utilises the moral energy of all the workers, the chief obstacle in its path being the under-rating of the economic value of moral forces.

Mr. Werner's paper on "Racing for Records" is excellent. His picture of life in the stoke-hole on an Atlantic steamer is almost gruesomely vivid. If all writers in magazines could write as Mr. Werner does, our periodicals would be much more lively reading than they are at present.

Mr. Mulhall's paper on "Brazil: Past and Future," is a piece of statistical pemmican as useful for reference and as unreadable for amusement as the quarterly returns of the Registrar-General.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

In the *Fortnightly Review* the place of honour is given to Mr. Swinburne's Seven Sonnets on the death of Robert Browning, written on December 13, 14, 15. There are good lines here and there, but they possess as a whole neither the music nor the sweep of Swinburne's verse. There are two articles dealing with the East of Europe,—one a short description of the Cretan Insurrection of 1889, by an observer on the spot, which maintains that there was no insurrection at all, but simply a prolonged series of mutual persecutions by the two parties in the country, by which about two hundred people lost their lives. The chief cause of the trouble he attributes to the system of electing judges. The only solution he can suggest is that of a British Protectorate, but this he admits is impossible. Home Rule and annexation to Greece would be equally disastrous. He is therefore for the *status quo*, with such slight ameliorations as are possible with the Turk in command. The other is Mr.

Hulme-Beeman's account of his visit to the capital of Montenegro. It is a pleasantly bright travel paper, but contains little that is new, excepting the fact that the Valley of the Rijeke yields the most magnificent maiden-hair ferns in the world—assuredly the last place in Europe where so graceful and delicate a fern might have been expected to flourish. Another political paper demonstrates the baselessness of the Portuguese claims to Mashonaland and Nyassaland. The writer has little difficulty in demolishing the flimsy claims of the Portuguese Government, but he is hardly ingenuous in his account of Mr. Johnston's negotiations at Lisbon. In his map he does not publish the extent of territory that Mr. Johnston meant to leave to the Portuguese, and implies that the only feature of the Lisbon agreement was an offer on the part of Portugal to recognise our right of way from Bechuanaland to Tanganyika. That formed part of the agreement, no doubt, but the writer should not have ignored Mr. Johnston's offer as a *quid pro quo* to recognise Portuguese sovereignty up to a point where the Rovuma river joins Lake Nyassa. The writer says that if the Portuguese do not mind their p's and q's Delagoa Bay may be permanently occupied by the British Government. Another anonymous article—the third in this number—is "A Retrospect of Stanley's Expedition." It contains little that is new. The writer is by no means an enthusiastic Stanleyite. He believes the adoption of the Congo route to have been a mistake, entailing delay, which destroyed the effective value of the Expedition. He defends Emin Pacha from Mr. Stanley's criticisms, and concludes by declaring that Stanley has triumphed, but that Central Africa is darker than ever. Mr. Grant Allen, in an article entitled "Sacred Stones," which is full of curious out-of-the-way information, maintains that the tombstone is the progenitor of all our gods. He supports this theory by an extraordinary array of facts gathered together from the primitive history of all religions. His concluding sentence, which may be regarded as the spear-head of the whole paper, which indeed was written in order to drive it home, is as follows:—

I do not see, therefore, how we can easily avoid the obvious inference that Jahweh, the god of the Hebrews, the god of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, the god who later became sublimated and etherialised into the God of Christianity, was in his origin nothing more nor less than the ancestral fetish-stone of the people of Israel, however sculptured, and perhaps, in the very last resort of all, the monumental pillar of some early Semitic sheikh or chieftain.

Mrs. Jeune, who appears to be desirous of obtaining a place in periodical literature as prominent as that which she has long occupied in society, writes an article upon the "Homes of the Poor," of which it can be said that, with a due sense of the fitness of things, its author has

made it as dull and as colourless as the homes of the poor, of which she writes with much sympathy and good common sense. She sees, if others of her set do not, that the progress of popular education, and the aspiration after a higher standard of life resulting therefrom, will unavoidably lead to a peremptory demand on the part of the sufferers that they should no longer be cheated out of God's gifts, in which the poor have as much heritage as the rich. The following is almost the only gleam of brightness in the article, but it is spoiled by the omission to name the "old cock" in question.

-During the investigation that took place into houses in various parts of London during the sitting of the Commission on the Housing of the Poor, four of the commissioners, in company with the sanitary inspector, visited one of the most degraded and wretched courts in London. The members of the commission included one or two illustrious persons whose identity was concealed from their cicerone. On entering one court, where a terrible picture of horror and squalor met their eyes, the inspector turned to the most illustrious of the party, and slapping him on the shoulder exclaimed, "What do you say to that, old cock?" the only feeling in his mind being that he was showman of an exhibition, by the existence of which he earned his living.

After all, when society went slumming it is natural that the nuisance inspectors should feel some degree of pride in their show slums. Professor Dowden writes an interesting monograph upon a Protestant pietist born in France but resident in Germany, De Marsey by name. Professor Tyndall's paper is dealt with elsewhere.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* is very solid, but it has ideas. Mr. W. Earl Hodgson argues strenuously that free banking and free note issuing on the Scotch model supplies the economic cure for socialism. The sum total of the economic law governing note circulation is, says Mr. Hodgson, that the banker must lend his notes upon liberal terms to producers and tradespeople who develop the industries of his own district and work with profit. When a writer in a Conservative monthly can declare that the bank monopoly is closely connected with the sweating system, it is evident that the coming of the rag-baby, in the shape of a demand for universal paper currency, cannot be long delayed. Another article with an idea in it is Mr. R. E. Prothero's elaborate paper on "Tithe-Rents and Peasant Tenancies." He suggests that all rent-charges should be extinguished by surrendering to the State land producing rental equivalent to rent-charge. By this arrangement the State would become landlord and rent-receiver for the Church. Glebe lands and tithe rent-charge lands would provide peasant tenancies for every parish in the kingdom. Mr. Sydney Wyatt, writing on the proposed Miners' Federation, predicts that it will succeed, if trade improves, in securing the eight hours day for miners, but that it will inevitably

bring into being a Mine-Owners' Union. This will become a gigantic national ring in which all the colliery owners in the land will join hand in hand to keep up prices. By this means, Mr. Wyatt says, cut-throat competition will be got rid off, and we shall be free from the nightmare of trade disputes. He does not seem to see that when all the colliery property in the kingdom is consolidated in one great Trust it will only require one clause in an Act of Parliament to transfer that property to the State. Another article which deserves mention is Mr. G. Rome Hall's disquisition upon "Public Health and Politics." It is not brilliantly written. Mr. Hall does not make the most of his points,—never having acquired the art of effectively presenting his ideas,—but he says many good things and many true things, and the gist of it all is that the true Tory policy is to take in hand seriously the improvement of the material condition of the working population. "Not until our lower ranks are comfortable and contented here in Great Britain can we expect them to be Imperialists." So for the sake of the Empire we must clear away the pig-styes in which our brothers live. All roads lead to Rome, and every tendency in our time seems to bring grist to the mill of the social economists. Captain Willoughby Vernon gives an interesting account of "Bird Life in Romney Marsh." Mr. Canon Doyle praises Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Methods of Fiction"; and Mr. Alfred Austin extols Lord Tennyson's new volume in an article from which we hope he will not object if we quote one characteristic sentence. Speaking of the two Locksley Halls, he says "the first was the Baptismal Hymn, and the second the Burial Service, of that generous but impracticable creed once known as Liberalism."

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* begins its new volume in good style. It opens with a poem by Mr. Swinburne, "A Swimmer's Dream," which is much more Swinburnian than his contributions to the *Fortnightly* and the *Magazine of Art*, and closes with a sympathetic reminiscence paper on Robert Browning by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who is temporarily editing the *Review* in the absence of Mr. Grove, now honeymooning in Africa. The articles on "Candour in English Fiction," and "The Fate of Swaziland," by Mr. Rider Haggard, are dealt with elsewhere. Viscount Wolmer tells us how to get the Tithes Bill through the House of Commons. His prescription is very simple. It is that Churchmen must worry everybody all round until the bill is thrust through. It is for the Bishops, he maintains, to take a bold lead in the matter, and then every lay and clerical Churchman is to be let loose to worry his M.P. by correspondence, meetings, and resolutions until each member feels that an all-important body of his con-

stituents will be discontented with himself personally if the Tithe Bill be not passed. Then Viscount Wolmer sums up in one sentence the quintessence of all our experience of Parliamentarism—namely, "There is only one policy which succeeds—that of the importunate widow." "Rambles of Cupid and Psyche" is the somewhat fantastic title of a sprightly article which contains much good sense on the subject which is profanely called "calf-love." The writer says: "Were calf-love a purchasable commodity, every wise father and mother would go to market for six months of it at least, and present it to their sons on their nineteenth birthdays." This witness is true, but whether the illumination which comes from this early kindling of the emotions is, as the writer seems to imply, the prophetic foreshadowing of the millennial relations between man and woman is probably no more than a pious imagination. Lady Dilke, in writing on "Trades Unionism for Women," describes her experience at the Dundee Trades Congress, and appeals to rich and idle women to assist in spreading the principles of Trades Unionism among their sisters. Lady Dilke does not seem to know that the writer whom she calls "Mr. John Law" belongs to her own sex. The article entitled "Who Next?" says Sir William Harcourt's leadership in the House is inevitable, but that Lord Spencer will be the next Premier. Lord Rosebery, the writer thinks, is too young: his time will come hereafter.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MR. KNOWLES has got together a goodly team for his January number. Mr. Gladstone and Earl Grey, Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer, a couple of Countesses, and a German and an Irish M.P., figure as contributors. Of Professor Huxley's paper some account is given elsewhere.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S ABSOLUTE POLITICAL ETHICS.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's paper defends the doctrine of Absolute Political Ethics, and somewhat plaintively expounds what is his "way of thinking" in order to convict Professor Huxley of injustice in describing it as it was not. Absolute political ethics are to applied politics what ideal mechanics are to the operations of the workshop. The *à priori* system of absolute political ethics is defined as being that under which "men of like natures, severally so constituted as spontaneously to refrain from trespassing, may work together without friction, and with the greatest advantage to each and all." This fundamental principle, arrived at *à priori*, is verified in an infinity of cases *à posteriori*. The interdict on murder is already regarded as absolute. So it will come to be with various other interdicts which absolute political ethics will impose on aggression, the restraint of which is

necessary to secure to the citizen the exercise of his activities, whether the aggression to be restrained is that of the private citizen or of the State.

MR. GLADSTONE ON LORD MELBOURNE.

Mr. Gladstone sitting in judgment upon Lord Melbourne and the Melbourne administration is interesting, it only because it suggests the picture of some future reviewer and ex-Prime Minister of 1940 writing a similar article on Mr. Gladstone and his Government of 1880-5. Mr. Gladstone's paper is long and, for the most part, of historical interest. There are many happy and forcible phrases which give it a certain literary charm. Lord Melbourne, he says, in dismissing Lord Brougham, wrote letters which perform the work of the hangman in the spirit of the warrior and the gentleman. And again, of Lord John Russell, to whose character he pays a high tribute of praise, he remarks that, owing to his ready and delicate sensitiveness, there was a spirit of resignation in him which was undoubtedly for cabinets a spirit of disturbance. Mr. Gladstone, in summing up, says that Lord Melbourne was ideal in his dealings with his Sovereign and in his relations with his colleagues; but in relation to the nation his sympathies, although warm, were narrow. His administration did good work in Ireland, and even better work in revolutionising our Colonial policy, thereby saving the Empire from possible disruption and certain discredit. In domestic legislation, notably in municipal extension, in education, and in ecclesiastical reform, his Government did well. Its finance was intolerably bad; its standard of political morality was low, otherwise it would have resigned rather than consent to drop the Appropriation Clause. Its foreign policy was dubious, and in the end its Parliamentary defeat was "smashing," a word for which Mr. Gladstone has considerable affection. Note, in passing, that Mr. Gladstone does not recollect or know the time in our history when the two great parties in the House have been led by men who so truly and so largely as Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel identified political with personal morality.

EARL GREY ON TITHES.

Lord Grey, who is almost as remarkable an octogenarian as Mr. Gladstone, reluctantly but vigorously scourges the Government for the disastrous line of action on which it has entered in relation to the tithes question. In Wales he thinks they should have shown much more vigour in enforcing the law, and much more sense in amending it. The only amendment he favours is a change making the owners of land, and not the occupiers, the persons by whom the tithe-rent charges should be paid. The tithe-owner would have no

concern in this settlement, the farmer would have to look solely to the landlord for reductions. The Welsh landlords can hardly be expected to derive much encouragement from this proposal to rally to the side of law and order against the turbulent agitation of their tenants.

THE GERMAN PRESS.

Dr. Bamberger contributes what is one of the most interesting articles of the month, in the shape of a paper on the German Press. Its foible, he says, is omniscience, especially in all that relates to foreign countries. Greater stores of historical and geographical knowledge lie hidden in German editorial crania than are to be found in England and France put together. So greatly is Dr. Bamberger impressed with this inborn facility for apprehending the conditions and peculiarities of other nations that he is almost disposed to see in it a providential call to Germany to re-establish a new Holy Roman Empire over all the world. The Reptile fund, he says, amounts to £50,000 a year, but Reptile fund notwithstanding, German journalists, even of the financial genus, are less corrupt than their brethren elsewhere. Journalism in Germany, however, labours under many drawbacks. First, there is the excessive localism, due to the law of regional limits; secondly, the thirst for liquid rooted in the German organism contends with the thirst for information, and his coppers go in beer, not in papers; thirdly, there is the severity of the law against the Press.

Not very long ago a court of law decided that a writer could be refused admittance to a theatre subventioned by the public money, although he had paid for his ticket, because he had criticised the actors so sharply that he had spoilt the pleasure of the public in the performance!

A COUPLE OF COUNTESSSES.

The two Countesses write like pleasant, well-bred ladies, but there is a tendency to platitudinize, especially in Lady Cowper, which is somewhat aggravating. The Countess of Jersey, who writes on "Ourselves and our Foremothers," says many interesting things, but there is a lack of clear, decisive vigour about her paper. The most satisfactory and definite statement in her article is that the majority of girls in society are not only as strong as their predecessors of, say, thirty years ago, but that they are finer and taller, and possess a greater air of health and vitality. Lady Cowper, who writes on the "Decline of Reserve" among women, aggravates the failings of Lady Jersey's style. The decline of reserve is in no way limited to women. It is the gauge of progress in the evolution of humanity from the oyster. This, in a dim way, Lady Cowper sees, but she descends at the last to school-girl platitudes, somewhat trying to the patience, as for instance, "If we wantonly destroy the great and splendid

gift (the power of reserve), we shall find ourselves ere long in the quicksands of licence, which we mistook in our waywardness for the rocks of freedom."

CITY CHARITIES, IRELAND, ETC.

Mr. Robert Hunter, in a sensible and fact-crammed paper on the "Future of the City Charities," takes serious exception to the present system of disposing in perpetuity of the funds of these charities by a Special Commission, and advocates, as an alternative policy, that these London charities should be placed at the free disposal of a popularly elected Board of Trustees representative of London. He makes several suggestions as to the better application of the funds, and advocates very drastic dealing with the City churches.

Mr. T. W. Russell describes Ireland from the point of view of a Unionist optimist, with a great flourish of figures not without effect. His mode of treatment is to contrast the poverty-stricken, congested Celtic, Catholic, illiterate West, which returns twenty-five Parnellite members to Parliament, with the comparatively wealthy, progressive, and educated East. The figures are very striking, and his account of the improvement in the material condition of Ireland in the last half-century is calculated to make Englishmen sleep easier of nights. "Politicians," says Mr. Russell, "young and old are in too great a hurry." So think the Irish landlords, who, he laments on the very next page, "have always waited until the pitiless storm burst upon them, and then they have had to sullenly acquiesce in what ought to have been done under other and better conditions."

Mr. Marcus B. Huish constructs quite a monumental pile of statistics to prove what immense things have been done for British art in the last ten years. One thing, however, as he justly complains, we have not done. We do not compel our railway companies to imitate the Great Eastern, and convert every railway carriage into an art gallery by exhibiting attractive photographs of the beauties of nature through which their line runs.

A paper by the late Dr. Charles Mackay sets forth what in his opinion should be done to amend and purify our English tongue. He would have a Minister of Education to set a competent lexicographer to work to ascertain what is really and truly the classical English language. When that is done, the way would be cleared for the great work of compelling us to spell through throo, of giving feminine terminations to such masculine nouns as thief and friend, and of various other reforms upon which the late poet and philologist had set his heart.

Mr. Charles W. Vincent contributes a most uncomfortable article in the shape of a brief paper

on the "Dangers of Electric Lighting," from which the general reader vaguely gathers that London, in being supplied with the electric light, is really having earthquakes and volcanoes and the thunderbolts of Jove laid on in all directions, with the certainty that some time or other they will go off by mere accident, generating sufficient heat to reduce square yards of paving stones to a molten mass.

THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

In the *Universal Review* Mr. Samuel Butler contributes a curious paper copiously illustrated by some very fine pictures of the chapels of Oropa near Biella, in which he takes occasion to air his views concerning the future evolution of Christianity.

WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY?

In Oropa the Madonna and the infant Christ are not white but black, a fact which leads Mr. Butler to indulge in the following speculation:—

I have wondered whether she may not intend that such details as whether the Virgin was white or black are of very little importance in comparison with the basing of ethics on a story that shall appeal to black races as well as to white ones. How can those who accept Evolution with any thoroughness accept such doctrines as the Incarnation or the Redemption with any but a quasi-allegorical and poetical interpretation? Can we conceivably accept these doctrines in the literal sense in which the church advances them? I, who distrust the *doctrinaire* in science even more than the *doctrinaire* in religion, should view with dismay the abolition of the Church of England, as knowing that a blatant bastard science would instantly step into her shoes; but if some such deplorable consummation is to be avoided in England, it can only be through more evident leaning on the part of our clergy to such an interpretation of the sacred history as the presence of a black and white Madonna almost side by side at Oropa appears to suggest.

Should the Church of Rome or the Anglican Church welcome his overtures he will, on his part, graciously consent to overlook some defects of the Christian ideal in order to take part in the task of establishing a sublimated kind of Christianity in which there only remains what he describes as the kernel of the nut; namely, common sense and cheerfulness, with unflinching opposition to the charlatanism and pharisaisms of a man's own times.

The essence of Christianity lies neither in dogma, nor yet in abnormally holy life, but in faith in an unseen world, in doing one's duty, in speaking the truth, in finding the true life rather in others than in oneself, and in the certain hope that he who loses his life on these behalfs finds more than he has lost. What can Agnosticism do against such Christianity as this?

THE PARABLES OF LADY DILKE.

Lady Dilke contributes some Parables of Life which read like a washed-out version of the Allegories of Olive Schreiner or Carmen Silva. There are three of them. The parable is obscure, and the life which is portrayed is unpleasing and morbidly unreal. Take the first,

for instance. A king's son marries a beggar girl, and is disinherited. His beggar bride, who had hoped to wed wealth and ease, bitterly upbraids him for their disappointment. So that when a baby girl was born to them there was no joy in the man's heart, and the milk in the mother's breast was bitter. The child grows up. The father was sick unto death, and the mother sold her daughter's maidenhood for a great sum, which she displayed to the dying father. He, gaining momentary strength, strangles her and falls dead upon her body. The daughter fled from the house of death, and when her purchaser arrived he found only the dead bodies and the money scattered on the floor. Forlorn and desolate, the girl fainted in the streets, and was taken by a priest to the palace of her grandfather, where she lived alone, and no man cared for her. The parable ends as follows:—

Seeing now that she had no place on earth, and that Death would not willingly have her of his company, the girl sought for herself the means whereby she might part from life. . . . Now, the girl had thought that her spirit, in the hour of her parting, should escape and should wander, free from fear, in the palace that had been her father's habitation. But it was otherwise. For, even as she passed, the spirits of the house came about her, and they were a vast company, crying, "Who art thou? How camest thou hither?" So they drove her before them, and as she fled from room to room of that palace, they gathered to an innumerable host. Then she went forth into the garden and stayed her flight at the terrace walk where she had met Death, but even there she was pursued by that terrible company.

At this the spirit knew that for those who have no place in life, neither is there any place in death, and, shuddering, passed out upon the night.

Mr. Alfred W. Pollard contributes an elaborate article upon old Christmas Plays, which is copiously illustrated, full of information about the Christmas Plays of the Middle Ages, of which, in the out-of-the-way districts, our mummies still preserve the tradition. Professor Verrall's "Love and Law" is a somewhat disappointing attempt to supply a new interpretation of Propertius.

THE FORUM (New York).

The *Forum*, a monthly magazine edited by Mr. Loretta S. Metcalf (London, Trübner, 50 cents), is one of the most useful and solid reviews published in the English language. We quote elsewhere the articles on "Divorce," by Mr. Phelps, on "The Miracles of Electricity," and "Some Ghost Stories." But there are many other articles well worth attention. Professor Henry Scomp, discussing one of the most burning of American questions, maintains that there is no solution of the negro difficulty short of the gradual transportation of the whole negro population outside the Union. He says:—

Negro and white will not continue to compete and continue to exist. The colonisation must be beyond our borders; but where? Perhaps the most available spot would be in the West Indies, Mexico, or Central America. Under a United States protectorate, the work of removal and colonisation might be begun and prosecuted.

While he proposes to get rid of the blacks in the South, Mr. William Round proposes to deal drastically with the flood of foreign immigration in the North. Foreign immigrants, especially the Irish, furnish far more than their proportion to the prison population of the States. Irishmen at large constitute a proportion of 3.6 to the whole population, while the Irishmen in prison show a percentage of 9.2. Official restrictions, he argues, should be put on the Irish immigration. His suggestion is:—

What we most need is a thorough systematic examination of every emigrant by our representatives abroad. Before granting a certificate of good character and correct and industrious habits, a thorough investigation by proper officers should be made. No person should be allowed to land here, with the intention of taking up his residence, until he had such a certificate stating such intention, signed and filled with proper voucher as to its truth, three months before his date of sailing. This would give our consuls time to have his character properly investigated.

Bishop McQuaid sets forth the Catholic case against the State School system. One of his chief complaints is that the American State School is unadulterated communism. It develops naturally from State schoolism into State tailorism, of which he gives a curious instance, Children in Chicago who plead that they cannot go to school for want of suitable clothing, are supplied by that city of socialistic tendencies with state trousers, frocks, and shoes.

Professor Sumner asks if we want industrial peaces and stoutly replies that we do not. "Industrial war is a sign of vigour in society; it contains a promise of a sound solution. It is not possible to stop it, and it would be a mistake to try." Dr. Gould indulges in a fervent eulogium on medicine as a preventive science. He says:—

It would seem that all the body's foes come from without. If such a disease as cancer be of bacterial origin, it is probable that any other disease may be, and the dream of an elixir of life would be realised if we could keep all microbes outside and observe the laws of hygiene.

Consumption, he thinks, is capable of easy prevention, and that medical science, which has saved England 50,000 lives per annum in the last twenty years, is but at the beginning of its triumphs. America has much leeway to make up, as appears from one fact, that if the death-rate of New York and Brooklyn were equal to that of London there would be an annual saving of 16,000 lives. Professor Everett, in a short and thoughtful paper on the Natural History of Dogma, illustrates in the growth and mutation the doctrine of the Atonement, the thesis that the ideals that control the politics of the world sooner or later revolutionise its theology. Much of the existing creed of Christendom being a direct product of aristocratic and monarchical ideas, will melt like an iceberg beneath the democratic and humanitarian influences of our time. The remaining article is by Mr. Pfeffer, who

describes the growth of the Farmers' Defensive Movement of the United States, from which it appears that out of 4,500,000 farmers, at least one million are organised in associations in secret discipline and bound by oath to act together against railroads, middlemen, and banks. The ultimate object is to establish a National Business Exchange for the elimination of middlemen.

THE NORTH AMERICAN.

THE *North American Review*, which unfortunately for English readers is far too little known on this side of the Atlantic, contains in its December number, besides the articles we have mentioned elsewhere, Mr. N. H. Dole's sarcastic little note which he calls a "Plea for a Legislative Kindergarten." Every man in Congress is considered to be in some way or other above the average, but they produce a session which is a "disorderly bedlam and a bear-pit of rascality." This, he says, is because each new legislature is an infant and irresponsible as an infant. He proposes, therefore, a kindergarten for legislators,—an arrangement by which the first two years of their corporate existence are to be merely experimental. They might pass as many laws as they like, but none of them should take effect. Meanwhile, the previous legislators which would then have passed through their childish days might be entrusted with serious functions. Mr. Karl Blind speaks "a good word for the Jews," in which he maintains that in the early Middle Ages the Jews in Germany enjoyed far greater rights than in subsequent centuries. Marion Harland writes a short and pithy article on the "Incapacity of Business Women," in which she maintains that the feminine idiosyncrasies, levity, "skittishness," and a habit of cunningly relying upon the proverbial effect of lachrymal demonstration, are the vices of her sex which tend more than any other influence to keep her wages down. Woman considers the necessity of self-support as against nature and precedent. If she earns her bread she does so, as it were, under protest, and counts the hours until she arrives at the marriage which will relieve her from the odious necessity. What is needed is that women should undertake their allotted labour with the purpose of performing it as if it were the one and only object in life. Until that is realised the cry of women educated to do nothing for a means of livelihood sounds in the ear "like the wail of unbaptized babies wandering in the outer darkness." General James B. Fry traverses Lord Woseley's articles upon the Civil War, admitting that his criticisms are in general sound, provided that the articles in the "War book of the *Century*" could be accepted as a complete history of the great struggle. This, however, General Fry points out, is not the case,

and he enters into some detail to prove how inadequate material has led the English general into error. He demurs *in toto* to Lord Wolseley's doctrine that it was the Civil Government which was responsible for the disasters experienced by the Federal troops. Mr. Walter Damrosch, in an article upon the "German Opera and Everyday Life," maintains that Wagner has brought about in America in the last five years one of the most remarkable artistic awakenings of the time. This he attributes to the exalted position accorded to American women and their greater freedom from the material spirit of the country. The next great musical genius of the world should be an American. The signs are auspicious. "Never was there such an awakening of art, never such fields for musicians to work in." The only other article that need be mentioned is Mr. Westinghouse, Junior's, reply to Mr. Edison, defending the alternating system of electric lighting against the Edison system, by which a continuous current is employed for the entire area for central station incandescent lighting. Mr. Westinghouse says, five persons use the alternating system for one employing direct current. The points of the rival systems are brought into clear relief, and the article may be read with interest and profit by all who are practically engaged in the installation of electric light.

OUR DAY.

How few people in Great Britain have ever seen *Our Day*! And yet there is hardly any American magazine which touches at so many points on the moral and social questions which command attention in this country. It is edited by Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, and is conducted in a fashion peculiar to itself. We give elsewhere some account of the leading features of the December number—the Symposium on Religious Reading, as well as Miss Willard's interview with the author of "Looking Backwards."

The editorial notes for December afford Britons an opportunity of understanding how intelligent Americans regard the evolution and expansion of the British Empire, as well as their hopes for the future of the American continent. From Dr. MacNiece's paper on "The Exciting Situation in Utah," we learn that on February 10 there is to be a battle royal for the control of the capital of Mormondom. The municipal elections which are fixed for that date may wrest the control of Utah from the hands of the polygamists. At present, with the exception of four members, the whole of the administration of the city is Mormon. The concluding portion of the report of the Utah Commission is published as an appendix to Dr. MacNiece's paper, and a very interesting document it is. The Mormons are being driven to the wall, and before

long they will have either to emigrate or to disappear. There is an interesting account of the recent Woman's Christian Temperance Convention at Chicago. Mr. Craft's "Impressions of a Trans-Continental Tour" give us the curious glimpses of the extent to which European migration has been making breaches in American morality and American Sabbath observance. The South is the least affected by the Continental Sunday; "politicians there have no German vote to fear." On the other hand, the Central West, from Ohio to Kansas, is said to be "in moral power the heart of the nation, and more influential than New England, both in evangelism and temperance reform. In Sabbath reform New England is retreating, while the Central West is charging the foe." Pennsylvania leads the van in the observance of Sunday. California has no Sunday law at all, and Sabbath observance grows worse as one goes West. There is an interesting review of two books on Deaconesses; and in the department known as "Questions for Specialists" there is a couple of pages describing the state of scientific temperance teaching in the public schools in the United States, which would be read with interest by temperance societies over the world. In seven years the legislatures of twenty-seven States have made the science of temperance a compulsory study in all the schools under their control; only eleven States remain who have not this legislation. In Massachusetts the evils of tobacco are also insisted on in all the public schools of the State.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

HAS "Robert Elsmere" reached France? is the question with which every one will take up M. Th. Bentzon's long and synthetical review in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Bentzon's method in dealing with foreign novels is to take out the story and tell it, analysing it as he goes. He has applied this method admirably to "Robert Elsmere," and the parts which he has selected in order to present the human drama of it to the French public show how sympathetically he appreciates the plane of emotion on which Mrs. Ward has based her story. The surprise is the greater to find as we read that his "Hamlet" is to be played without the Prince of Denmark. He can understand a Freethinker, he can understand a Catholic, but,—he argues it most logically,—a Dissenter cannot exist! To the essential Protestantism of the book his only comment is "Impossible!"

A FRENCH VIEW OF ROBERT ELSMERE.

Admirers of "Robert Elsmere" will find ~~the~~ review well worth reading. It is at once so sympathetic and so radically, so inalienably irreconcilable, that it will give them all the pleasure of a fresh point of view. Catherine

is the central figure of the story as he re-tells it. Of Robert he contents himself with saying that as the majority of his readers will agree that Elsmere's vocation for the priesthood was never serious, there is no need to dwell upon his imprudent speculations and his too easy defeat.

His review is as typical of his point of view as Mrs. Ward's book is of hers. French habits of religious thought have not been evolved through three centuries and a half of Protestantism, and the French public, where it is not Catholic, is prepared to take its Rationalism undiluted. The half-way house of Nonconformity has no meaning for it. Therefore M. Bentzon, placing himself at the Catholic point of view, espouses Catherine's cause in its integrity. She ceases to interest him only when she shows signs of yielding to the influence of the outer world. Here, in the very heart of the story, is the essential Protestantism which he cannot accept. Her first attitude was comprehensible and right, her second M. Bentzon attributes to a failure, not of the heroine herself, but of the author to complete her own conception. It is, he says, by Mrs. Ward's will that Catherine becomes an attenuated and artificial being, who ceases to interest us because there is no longer a reality. Therefore he condemns the book.

A PIONEER OF RATIONAL SOCIALISM.

Under the title of "Un Precurseur," M. Emile de Laveleye contributes an interesting article on M. Dupont White to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December. He claims for Dupont White that he was the founder of the modern doctrine of State Socialism, and it is in this capacity that he calls him a forerunner. The two books which M. de Laveleye specially reviews of his dead friend are "L'Individu et l'État," and "La Centralisation," but the article is rather a notice of M. Dupont White's work than of his works. His ideal of the State was neither the public policeman of certain economists nor the public providence of the socialists. He claimed for it that it should be the instrument of progress and the organ of public justice, and as early as 1846 he had already traced the plan upon which the foundations of the new State socialistic school are laid. M. de Laveleye adds to a lucid summary of M. Dupont White's arguments in favour of beneficent State action, his own observations with regard to the growth of a school, which, in opposition to the purely scientific principle of the survival of the fittest, has adopted the maximum of *charity in the laws*. The Irish agrarian laws have, he says, given a ruder shock to the principles of the right of property and freedom of contract than was given by the French Revolution, and even by the Terror itself. And he points out that already

they are insufficient. In America, as in Europe, State socialism is on the increase. The reasons are, according to M. de Laveleye, both evident and inevitable. M. Dupont White had collected all the materials for a work on the "Organisation of Democracy," which he would have written had he lived. In losing him, M. de Laveleye estimates that we have lost one of the most valuable of the guides who might have piloted us across the turbulent ocean of the immediate future.

We cannot pass without mention a review by M. Brunetière of M. Maurice Spronk's "Études sur le XIX^e, Siècle." His criticisms are always interesting, and we are delighted to find him speaking of eccentricity for eccentricity's sake as "a business which ought to be left to the monsters of the circus."

The Duc de Broglie continues his "Diplomatic Studies of the Eighteenth Century" in the second number of the *Revue*, and gives us thirty pages filled with the intrigues of the Spanish and Italian Courts and the prospect of the federation of Italy.

The broad skies and open landscape of M. Emile Michel's "Study of Life in Amsterdam and Holland" in the days when Descartes lived there, and the crash of the Thirty Years' War was echoing across the dykes, which occupies the next place in this number, forms a not unwelcome pendant. It is in relation to Dutch and Flemish art that M. Michel has been led to study the national history; and lovers of De Vos and Maes, of Rembrandt and Van Dyck, of Hobbema and Teniers, will certainly be disposed to like their favourites better for the glimpses which he gives of the life that produced them. The article is very long, and touches as far as possible all the sides of Dutch life which have been reflected in their artistic schools.

The two articles have of course nothing to do with each other, but the contrast between them is rather interesting for the illustration it furnishes of different methods of criticising history.

An article by M. Antoine Saparta, on "The Adulteration of Milk and Butter, and Methods of Detecting It," will interest dairy amateurs and housekeepers. Oleomargarine and preserved milk, even when quite free from adulteration, are not, according to M. Saparta, so absolutely wholesome as we had thought. Oleomargarine becomes indigestible when cooked. Preserved milk, which is made better from skimmed milk than from new milk, does not, when water is added to it, contain all the elements of fresh milk.

There are two articles by M. De Récy, upon "Mining Property," which are somewhat disappointing. M. De Récy is against the nationalisation of minerals. He admits only in one case the right of the State to interfere.

That solitary exception is the one in which an individual refuses to exploit and work the minerals under his land. Then, if the mine is sufficiently valuable, he would permit the head of the State to form a concession, and give it to some other man. But this he regards as too improbable a contingency to weigh at all in the discussion.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

MADAME ADAM is always interesting, and her politics have the advantage of being as lucid as her style. The monster of Germanism, stretching the hundred hands of brute force abroad while its vitals are being slowly gnawed away by Socialism at home, is the foreground figure of her picture of Europe.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

In the "Lettres sur le Politique Extérieure" of the second December number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, she briefly surveys the twenty years which the beginning of 1890 will soon complete since the Franco-Prussian war. She reviews the monster rising refreshed from the deep draught of blood with which that war provided him, and prepared like a giant to run his race. "Since then, doubtless both in the East and West, the principles of Germanism have infiltrated. No doubt the policy of Prussia, which is the most brutal and dangerous expression of Germanism, has become every day more dominant and more encroaching." In England, Madame Adam is of opinion that the Tory policy of an understanding with Germany is drawing the country to its destruction. She finds the expression of the German idea of force in our new Imperialism, and predicts that it must end in the separation from us of our colonies, and the disintegration of our empire. In consequence of the *entente cordiale* with Germany, we are, she says, allowing that power to penetrate into Turkey in a way which, though we are heedless of it, and Prince Bismarck plays the indifferent, there lies, in fact, our hold upon India and the whole of our Mussulman possessions. At the same time in Africa we allow her to outwit us, and while our natural counterweight there to German preponderance would have been an alliance with France, we alienate France by our conduct in Egypt, and the late mission of Sir Lintorn Simmons to the Pope, by which we hope to acquire the protection of the Catholic Church in Tripoli and upon the Nile. It may be remarked in passing that Madame Adam's statement with regard to Egypt betrays less than her usual information. She seems to have taken her opinions from the almost grotesque misstatements of M. Planchett in the *Revue des Deux*

Mondes of last winter. But Madame Adam does not despair. She views Bohemia, Hungary, Serbia, bestirring themselves to cast off the fatal fascination; the Tzar of Russia clear-eyed and holding himself aloof; the Balkan States, uneasily rebutting the Liberal party in England, awake to the danger; Belgium, under the grip, it is true, of a clerical majority, but ringing to the echo of popular indignation. Above all, Germany itself face to face with the social question. Under these circumstances she sees winged hope in the horizon.

The insufficiencies of the actual Parliamentary system which is more accentuated and more generally recognised in France than in England, gives the occasion for two articles on a "Rational Policy" by M. Courcelle Seneuil. A better system of election, shorter Parliamentary sessions, longer Ministries, more intelligent legislation, firmer statesmen, a more articulate public, and, above all, peace and justice for a supreme national aim,—these are suggestions interesting to follow in detail, and not likely to meet with much serious objection, but, alas! only too likely to remain for a long time to come in a state of theory.

The stimulus of the Exhibition is to be traced in the two articles of M. Z. Marcas on the relations of the Government to French commerce. He demands a closer assimilation of the diplomatic and consular bodies for the defence of French commercial interests, greater freedom for the Foreign Office with regard to the choice and appointment of officers in foreign stations, and a reorganisation of the work of consuls, including fuller commercial reports. These reforms, which he urges in great detail, will, he says, cost little, but if granted, he considers that they will give a fresh impetus to French commerce.

THE GERMAN REVIEWS.

In the article on the "Protection of Workmen," in the December number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, Herr Heinrich Albrecht makes some practical observations with the intent of impressing on all concerned the duty of doing all in their power to minimise the dangers to life and limb to which many workmen are exposed in various trades. A little technical knowledge, *e.g.*, would often avert serious accidents, such as boiler explosions and most accidents with the machinery. A few factory owners have taken the initiative in providing proper accommodation for their hands, and though the socialist legislation has also done a great deal to better the condition of the working classes in Germany, much still remains to be done by employers and employed. The questions of cheap baths, over-crowding and want of

air in factories, insufficient light to work by, still need to be considered.

In "Schiller's 'Don Carlos,'" Herr Brahm tells us how Schiller first conceived and planned his drama, and how it was that it was five years between beginning and concluding it.

Another article of literary interest is contributed by Herr Paul Weisser, who gives some biographical notes of Marie Behrends, who died last September, together with Lenau's letters to her during their brief engagement. Herr A. Kluckhohn writes a lengthy review of the first two volumes of Heinrich von Sybel's "History of the Founding of the New German Empire by William I.," while Herr A. Hausrath adds some notes on the Paris Exhibition, comparing the arts and industries of the year 1789 with those of 1889.

There is an interesting account of the cheap baths for the people at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Vienna, Berlin, and Magdeburg in *Unsere Zeit*. The price of a bath at these institutions ranges from 5 pf. to 50 pf. (½d. to 6d.), and includes towels and soap. Herr Otto Speyer writes sympathetically of Benedetto Cairoli, the illustrious Italian patriot and politician, who died a few months ago, and the editor, Herr Frederick Bienemann contributes a short obituary notice of Dr. Peters. The unhappy "Political Condition of the Philippine Islands," owing to Spain's wretched colonial policy, forms the subject of a more lengthy article by Herr F. Blumentritt. The writer sketches the history of the islands from their conquest by Spain down to the present day. The European Spaniards regard the Philippines with nothing but distrust and suspicion. They refuse to allow them to enjoy the privileges of Spanish citizenship. The most terrible evil from which the islands suffer is administrative banishment. The secret information of a monk or any one in office is sufficient to get an innocent man arrested by night and transported to the south of the Archipelago or to the Ladrone Islands, and no judicial inquiry follows to enable the accused to reply to the secret complaints made against him. Dr. S. Mayer contributes an article on "The Present State of the Administration of the Law in Hungary," and Herr K. Bleibtreu discusses "The Realistic Drama and the Théâtre Libre"; Dr. Edmund Koenig has an article on "Natural Laws in Human Society," while Dr. R. Doehn gives a somewhat tardy account of the Johnstown Disaster of last May.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

THE two leading Italian reviews,—the *Nuova Antologia* and the *Rassegna Nazionale*,—are both fortnightly. They

both publish political notes and reviews of foreign literature. The *Rassegna* is running as its serial a translation of B. Thomas's "The Violinist." There are not many articles this month calling for special mention. In the *Nuova Antologia* of December 1, the article on "The National Museum" gives an account of the important results secured by the Government in directing and regulating excavations during recent years. It also describes the foundation of the new Museum of Antiquities. The latter consists in two sections: that within the town at the Baths of Diocletian, for the reception of antiquities excavated within the City of Rome; the other, Papa Giulio Villa, outside the walls, for objects found in the neighbourhood. This latter is especially interesting and important.

The article on the administrative elections marks the satisfactory way in which the recent extension of the franchise worked during the last provincial elections; recommends the working classes not to vote for members of their own class, but for champions who have had more experience and better opportunities; and suggests several points of financial reform relating to the Customs duties and the public expenditure.

In the number of December 15, the article entitled "Social Peace at the Paris Exhibition" discusses the feasibility of founding an "institute of social experiments," as suggested by M.M. Léon Say, Cheysson, Charles Robert, and others, at the Paris Exhibition.

In the *Rassegna* the article on "The Calamities of Labour" is taken from the address recently delivered by L. Luzzatti, at the Congress at Paris. In that article different systems of individual assurance in Alsace and in Germany are discussed,—the former being voluntary, the latter compulsory and official instead of private. Both are compared favourably to the English system, which is based solely on speculation; and the Italian, which has more or less of a charity association about it.

The article on "The Projected Law on the Charitable Institutions," in the number of December 16, strongly condemns the intended reorganisation of the charitable institutions of Italy,—the *Opere Pie*,—by which the Government proposes to do away with the present administration of these institutions, the funds of many of which are greatly mismanaged, and to take their management into its own hands.

THE PERIODICALS OF RUSSIA.

THE *Messenger of Europe*, the *doyen* of Russian monthlies, has but one really remarkable article,—an intellectual oasis in the midst of a dry, dreary

waste of instalments of home and foreign manufacture; translations from Longfellow, and dissertations as wearisome as last year's almanack.

A RUSSIAN CARLYLE.

The paper in question,—for the publication of which the Editor of the *Messenger* has just received his first warning from the Government,—the last of a series, entitled “Sketches from the History of Russian Conscientiousness,” is from the pen of the most profound philosopher, the closest reasoner, and the most honest publicist of modern Russia,—Vladimir Solovieff, who for the last decade or more has been playing the part of a Russian Carlyle, regaling his countrymen with bitter but salutary truths, and giving them occasional electric shocks that the intellectual medicine men, or censors, condemn as dangerous. Analysing the mystico-political notions that lie at the root of the principles preached by patriots like Aksakoff, Katkoff, and their disciples, he maintains that they were imported from abroad, taken bodily from Joseph de Maistre's “*Considerations sur la France*,” and “*Eclaircissement sur le Sacrifice*,” so “that our national-political consciousness has for the space of half a century been nourished with the crumbs that fell from the intellectual table of the West.” “The denial, reduced to a principle, of all objective notions of goodness and truth, with the apotheosis of John the Terrible by way of a picturesque illustration of the principle,—such is the last word of our nationalism.” His characterisation of Russian religion, the defects and vices of which are glorified by Panславists into proofs of Russia's superiority over the rest of humanity, will be of interest to English readers. “The principal defect of our spiritual life,” he remarks, “is the unreasoning quality of our faith, our strong predilection for the traditional letter, and indifference to religious thought,—proneness to regard piety as the essence of religion, and to confound piety with ritual. And behold this abnormal love for the traditional ceremonial, to the prejudice of the other intellectual and moral elements of religion, this mental disease of the Russian people is paraded as a proof of the immeasurable superiority of Russians, in the matter of religion, over Western peoples! The latter, if they believe, reflect upon the objects of their faith, endeavouring to understand them to the best of their ability. We, on the contrary, believe without reasoning; we do not hold the objects of our faith to be also objects of thought and knowledge; in other words, we believe,—we know not what. Is not our superiority patent?” It would be as difficult to disprove as to belittle the significance of M. Solovieff's deliberate assertion that “the formal denial of truth, as such, in the name of national taste, the rejection of justice, as such, in the name of national selfishness, this denial of the true God,

of reason and of human conscience, has now become the predominating dogma of our public opinion.”

Russian Antiquity devotes no less than eighty-four pages to the publication of the “Memoirs of Count Rostoptchin,” the celebrated Governor of Moscow in 1812, during the French invasion. Here is his simple account of the “one Russian who was ready to sell his country,” Vereschschagin by name. “Having ordered Vereschschagin and Mouton to be brought before me, I addressed the former, upbraiding him with his crime (the drawing up of the Napoleonic proclamations), the more abominable that he alone of the entire population of Moscow was willing to sell his country. I told him that he had been condemned to death by the Senate, and must undergo the sentence now, and I thereupon ordered two under-officers of my bodyguard to hew him to pieces with their sabres. He fell without a single word.”

THE HORRORS OF SIBERIAN PRISONS.

The *Northern Messenger* has a paper of interest, by V. Ptitin, describing the Russian prisons of the Lena district, which serve as halting-places for the convicts on their way to Siberia; and the pictures he draws of the sufferings of these outcasts before they reach their final destination are as harrowing and gruesome as the most sensational statements with which Mr. G. Kennan shocked a phlegmatic public. Thus we read of 100 men being crammed into a dark cell in which 40 persons could with difficulty be accommodated, the temperature being as low as 24 deg. Fahr.; of the atmosphere being so poisonous in some cells that the prisoners are compelled to sleep with the door open, letting in the frosty air in which the mercury of a Fahrenheit thermometer descends to 20 degrees below zero. He tells us of weak women and children, on that frightful journey in the depth of a Siberian winter, who, in favourable cases, are fed only on black bread, and bitterly complain that they get very little even of that; in unfavourable cases, which are very frequent, receive neither food nor money for a space of several hundred miles, and are thus wholly dependent upon the sorely-tried charity of the poverty-stricken peasant. He speaks of rickety wooden prisons through which the Arctic wind blows as through muslin, and into the wooden walls of which the prisoners, for the edification of M. Ptitin, plunged their fingers as easily as into soft snow or molten butter; of rooms sodden with unnameable filth and ordure, sick persons of both sexes lying helplessly on the cold, putrescent floor, so close together that an apple, if it fell, would not reach the ground, crying, moaning, complaining of the cold. Worst of all, he describes bright little children, the smile of innocence playing on their lips, lying uncared for in a corner of the cell set apart for syphilitic women, “just

like puppies or kittens"; of the tortures of the so-called "naked people,"—convicts who, unable any longer to endure the pangs of hunger, sell their clothes, buy food with the proceeds, and perform a journey of hundreds of miles in their linen, sure of being soundly flogged if they arrive alive. A considerable portion of every batch of convicts is composed of "naked people," whom the peasant-carriers cover with straw, horse-cloths, or whatever is handy, and hurry them off to the next station, no matter how ill they may be, apprehensive lest they should succumb in the district for which they are responsible. There are many halting-places unprovided with prisons, where the peasants are obliged to take in the convicts for the night. This would seem a welcome change from the cold hospitality of a regular prison; but it has terrible drawbacks. The convicts complain, says M. Ptitsin, that while the peasants are deliberating and squabbling about the billeting of the batch of prisoners, the latter have to stand,—some covered only with their linen and a piece of tarpaulin,—for half a day in the open air, hungry, weary, and perishing of cold, the thermometer often registering 36 degrees below zero (Fahr.). Small wonder that convicts are frozen to death, cut down by want, swept away by disease, and that a mere fraction of those sent to Siberia ever get to their destination.

Under this unsatisfactory system, peasants and convicts, the innocent and the guilty, suffer alike; and no doubt the former often think what the painter Vereschschagin tells us, in the current number of *Russian Antiquity*, that the Ossetinians actually expressed to the Tzar Alexander I. A deputation of the elders of that people arrived from the Caucasus in St. Petersburg, and their grey-haired spokesman concluded his speech to the Emperor as follows:—"We know, Sire, that thou art magnanimous and merciful; that thou wishest us nothing but happiness. But we have heard, Sire, that in thy following there is one evil-minded man, Government by name, through whom we all suffer. Drive him away, Sire, we entreat thee; make him flee from before thy face!"

E. J. D.

THE CENTURY.

THE *Century* for January is very strong in history, and appropriately enough has an excellent portrait of Professor Bryce, the historian, as frontispiece. Miss Amelia B. Edwards leads off with a long paper, copiously illustrated with twenty-three pictures, entitled "Bubastis," a historical study, in which she describes the discovery of the ancient temple found under the mounds of Tell Basta. It is more than 6,000 years since the temple of Bubastis was built. The pictures give a wonderful impression of the colossal size and artistic development of Egyptian sculpture. Another important paper is the instalment of the history of Abraham Lincoln, which tells with much spirit the story of the president's assassination. It is illustrated with a portrait

of President Johnson and a plan of the box of the theatre where Lincoln was shot, but it does not give any portrait of the assassin. "The Story of the Pursuit and Death of John Wilkes Booth" is told by Majors Ruggles and Doherty. It is a curious fact that the soldier who shot Booth struck him about the same place, at the back of the head, where his shot had entered Mr. Lincoln's. The soldier subsequently went mad, and is now in a lunatic asylum. The autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, is a somewhat scrappy *omnia galtherum* of reminiscences full of theatrical chit-chat, illustrated with portraits of actors of a past generation. The paper by Henry James on Daumier, the French caricaturist, is excellently illustrated. The sketch of M. Thiers is exquisite, and the picture in the Court of Assizes shows that Daumier was capable of much more than caricature. Mr. James thinks that "it needs an old society to produce ripe caricature. The newspapers thrive in the United States, but journalism perhaps does not; for the lively propagation of news is one thing, but the close interpretation of it is another." The caricatures in *Puck*, however, are full of promise that the United States, in caricature as in other things, will yet "lick creation." Mr. Stillman contributes another of his papers on "Italian Old Masters," Mantegna Andrea being the next in his series. It is illustrated by a wonderful engraving of the Circumcision, from the Mantegna triptych in the tribune of Uffizi. As a specimen of engraving, the expression of the head of the priest, and the appealing look on the babe's features, are about the finest things in the illustrations of the month. If anyone wants to know how portentously dull an American can be when he chooses, let him read the "Present-day Paper" on the "Problems of the Family," by Samuel W. Dike. His ideas are not bad, but what a contrast between the way in which they are presented and the way they would have been presented, say by a Frenchman! Mr. Dike thinks that the time has come when we should study the biology of society, and approach the study of the evolution of the family by a careful study of social anatomy and physiology. Another article which is not very lively reading is Mr. Fisher's third paper on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which deals with what he calls its "gradualness." Its aim is to assert the superiority of the later Revelation over the earlier, to exalt St. Paul's later epistles over those which he wrote earlier in his career, and finally to set forth the Gospel and First Epistle of St. John as the fullest and ripest statement of the theological import of the Gospels. The poetry is above the average, although it is doubtful whether Florence Earle Coates's poem, "To the Tzar," will do much to drive home the impression which Mr. Kennan's articles have made. There are some fine lines in her verse, but to tell the Tzar, "Thou, like Siberian tiger caged, Must secret journey o'er thy native sod," is ridiculous. There is a short science paper on "The Real Shape of the Spiral Nebulæ," and the open letters department contains several startling communications concerning the destruction which is being wrought in the Yosemite Valley under the eyes of its custodians.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

THE opening pages of the *English Illustrated* ring with a cheery throstle-like lyric of Alfred Austin, in which he sings with lively optimism that "life is worth living still." The last verse will go the round of the English-speaking world:—

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!

Not live while English songs are sung
 Wherever blows the wind,
 And England's laws and England's tongue
 Enfranchise half mankind !
 So long as in Pacific main,
 Or on Atlantic strand,
 Our kin transmit the parent strain,
 And love the Mother-Land ;
 So long as in this ocean Realm,
 Victoria and her Line
 Retain the heritage of the helm,
 By loyalty divine ;
 So long as flashes English steel,
 And English trumpets shrill,
 He is dead already who doth not feel
 Life is worth living still.

After Alfred Austin's poetry the reader will turn to Mr. Walter Besant's sequel to Ibsen's "Doll's House," "The Doll's House—And After." Mr. Besant is about as well qualified to write a sequel to Congreve as to complete Milton, or James Montgomery to write another canto to "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Such is the strenuousness of Mr. Besant's faith, that nothing will content him but the ruin of the whole of poor Nora's family. He makes the husband become a sot, the eldest son a drunkard, the second son a gambler and a forger ; while the daughter, a young maiden of ideal purity and beauty, commits suicide when her engagement with Krogstad's son is broken off by the father, who could not allow his boy to marry into such a family. It is all so much overstrained as to read like a caricature. Mr. Besant makes Nora a well-preserved woman of forty-seven, who contends for the emancipation of her sex, writes risky novels, and, although well-to-do, is held up to execration and contempt. Mrs. Jeune contributes a painstaking paper on "Competition and Co-operation among Women," which it takes a good deal of pains to read, so solid is it and sensibly commonplace. Mrs. Lecky's account of "Dutch Girlhood" is interesting. In happy Holland, where everybody knows everybody else, girls are not in a hurry to marry ; and except they marry for love, they seldom marry at all. Marriages are generally happy,—so happy, in fact, that a Dutch woman will laugh in your face if you ask her if she has any grievances. But Mrs. Lecky says that while men put no obstacles in the way of the higher education of girls, they rather deprecate learning in a woman. There is an elaborately-illustrated paper on Hoorn and Enkhuizen ; and another, of a rather blue-book type, on "The Straits Settlements and British Malaya."

HARPER'S.

THE best travel paper in all the magazines this month, and much the best illustrated, is "Jamaica Old and New," which Howard Pyle contributes to *Harper's*. *Harper* is rich in illustrative papers this month. Mr. Andrew Lang breaks out in a new place as the author of an illustrated article on St. Andrews. Another article in which a good deal of information is pleasantly conveyed is an account of the Smyrna fig harvest. The writer mentions that the worst quality of figs which are used by the natives for their cattle, supplies the seeds for the preserve which is sold in London as strawberry jam ! Mr. John Heard, junior, contributes a short but appalling paper on the Philosophy of the Chinese Language. The Chinese alphabet has 214 radical characters and 1,040 phonetics, which must be learned by heart at the very outset. Before you can know Chinese reasonably well you must learn to draw correctly 40,000 complex signs, and absolutely learn by heart 64,000 words. There is an interest-

ing paper by Anne C. Brackett, in which she speaks in a common-sense and practical way of "Women on Horseback," treating of the use of riding for exercise, fresh air, and rest. She maintains that girls and women need riding more than men and boys, although, unfortunately, they do not get it. Her observations on the intelligence of horses are interesting. There is one curious touch in which she speaks of a woman's natural sympathy with a horse when it shies, by referring to the way in which women will scream and jump on seeing a mouse ! She recommends that women should be always taught riding on both sides : "To ride regularly on alternate days on alternate sides is a great relief both to horse and rider." She evidently regrets, however, that the deformity of Queen Anne doomed her sex to adopt the side saddle. Another lady writer, Mrs. Lillie, describes the paintings of Thomas Cole and his pupils, and the American pre-Raphaelites. There is the usual allowance of fiction. In Mr. George du Maurier's sketch he shows he can draw four-legged donkeys as admirably as any of the usual guests of Mrs. Leo Hunter.

SCRIBNER'S.

THE strength of *Scribner's* lies in the illustrations, which, as usual, are wonderfully good. The first paper describes the system of water storage in the West. The article, and the views with which it is illustrated, will interest all engaged in constructing reservoirs and storing water for irrigation. One-third of the domain of the United States Government lies barren as a desert for want of water. Mr. W. G. Bates, the author of the paper, thinks that the Government will inevitably be driven to construct public works on the largest and most extended scale and on a plan which aims from the first at the utilization of every drop of water that falls within the area of the arid region.

The article on the Paris Exposition is readable, but the writer's account of the *danse du ventre*, which, he says, was watched with extreme interest by American women,—"their large eyes grew larger still in concentrated absorbed attention,"—is ridiculous. The dance only means one thing. Speaking of the pictures, he says :—

It would be difficult to conceive a more striking attestation of the value of imaginativeness in painting than the manifest respect which the French showed for the works of English painters, which in many other respects invited their clemency. Elsewhere the French ideal reigned supreme.

Mr. A. F. Jacassy begins a series of African Studies by a copiously illustrated travel paper on "Tripoli and Barbary." In the ballad of Tonio Manzi, Mr. Graham R. Tomson tells, in spirited verse, how Tonio Manzi sped to warn the villagers of Rocca that the reservoir had burst, and was thrown into the dungeon as a madman for his pains. A second alarm being given, the villagers escaped, forgetting poor Manzi, who, when the flood had passed, was found dead, drowned in gaol.

The paper on the "Beauty of Spanish Women," by Mr. Henry T. French, is written by an enthusiast and illustrated by an artist. The note of the article is in the following sentence :—

Every nation seems to have a special æsthetic mission. England stands in the front line in literary and poetic development. Italy has achieved the highest in painting, and Germany in music. The mission of Spain has been to evolve the most perfect type of personal beauty and grace, the *petite brunette*, and to transmit to Europe what is best in Oriental and African physiognomy, especially the large black eyes and the long dark lashes, and arched black brows, without which no eyes, whatever their colour, can be perfect.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

The Magazine of Art opens with a long poem by Mr. Swinburne on Loch Torridon, which is illustrated by drawings from MacWhirter, engraved by Haider and Davey. The description of swimming at sunrise at the mouth of the lake, where "to left and to right and ahead was the ripple whose pulse is the sea's," is characterised by all the melody and rhythm of Mr. Swinburne's muse. The poem concludes with the following noble lines, in which he hails the reign of the sea supreme—

The kingdom of westward waters, wherein when we swam we knew
The waves that we clove were boundless, the wind on our brows that blew
Had swept no land and no lake, and had warred not on tower or on tree,
But came on us hard out of heaven, and alive with the soul of the sea.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes contributes an article, illustrated by himself, on the "Art of Dry Point," which he considers is capable not only of producing work as delightful and valuable as any we can obtain by etching, but actually in some important respects superior. Prince Bojidar Karageorgievitch gives some interesting reminiscences of Jules Bastien Lepage, who died in his arms. When on his deathbed Lepage exclaimed, "What beautiful pictures I would paint if I could get to work. I feel that I have made great progress since I stopped painting and have been able to give myself up entirely to thinking about it. How gladly would I give up all the rest of my life for three months of health with the power to work." There is an interesting paper on the "Corporation of Glasgow Art Gallery," by Walter Armstrong. Mr. Joseph Grego writes on "Old Blue and White Nankeen China," in an article which is illustrated in blue. Letters from Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Holman Hunt support the suggestion that there should be a British artists' room in the new National Portrait Gallery, provided that the difficulty of selection could be surmounted, an end towards which they make suggestions.

BLACKWOOD.

"MAGA," the oldest of magazines, preserves a perennial youth, and her latest number is almost as distinctive and notable as any of those which were published in *Ebony* when Christopher North was in his prime. From the most notable article, "In the Days of the Dandies," we make extracts elsewhere, and also from Captain Lugard's paper on "Lake Nyassa." The new story, "His Uncle and Her Grandmother" is begun, which breaks off at the most promisingly horrible murder. There is a weird short story entitled "The Ghost Baby." The other serial, "Lady Baby," draws towards its close. Mr. Coutts Trotter writes on "Cardinal Lavigerie and the Slave Trade." He thinks that the best hope lies in the gradual operations of chartered companies. Mr. W. H. Bullock Hall describes a wintry drive from Sedan to Versailles and round Paris during the siege. Peter Bayne contributes a bright and rippling poem, a song of "A Gurdy Scottish Burn." An article upon the "Opening up of Indo-China" strongly advocates the making of a railway through Siam and the Shan States. An American story, "The Man by Yellow Creek," a review of the books of the month, and the inevitable old Tory dissertation, make up the number.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S portrait serves as frontispiece to his love story, "Millicent and Rosalind," which takes up 65

of the 165 pages of the magazine. He also edits, under the title "The Elixir of Life," some posthumous papers of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which are of considerable literary interest as showing the novelist in his laboratory. The story is sketched out with suggestions, rough sketches as it were, which afterwards were worked out into a finished picture. Mr. William Westall gives an interesting account of Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, in his article on newspaper fiction—

Mr. Tillotson rarely read a story before accepting it, and still more rarely accepted one from a new writer. "I buy the author; I don't buy the story," he once said to me; "and I would rather give four thousand dollars for a 'Braddon' or a 'Wilkie Collins' than forty dollars for an intrinsically better story by an author without a name."

The way he dealt with a manuscript from a new man,—if he consented to deal with it at all,—was to send it to a customer and ask whether it would suit him. If the answer were in the negative, Mr. Tillotson would return the manuscript to the author and say he could do nothing with it. Being a very busy man (he ran half-a-dozen newspapers at Bolton and elsewhere, and had literary bureaux in London, New York, and Berlin), he had no time for reading, and of all the novels and romances which he published, probably never perused one. I remember asking him, some years ago, what sort of stories had just then the best chance of success. "Stories of English domestic life, with a good deal of incident and a little immorality," was the somewhat cynical answer. But since that time fashions have changed. The "good deal of incident" and the "little immorality" may still be "good business," but tales of English domestic life have ceased to draw. The rage nowadays is all for strong sensation, rapid movement, and complicated plots.

Of these stories Mr. Westall gives samples, David Pae's "Factory Girl," and Sylvanus Cobb, jun.'s, "The Gunmaker of Moscow." No editor in his senses would buy anything by George Meredith, Henry James Thackeray, or George Eliot, with the possible exception of Adam Bede. Mr. Westall predicts the advent and success of an English *Petit Journal* which would run two serials, and give such news as would interest the better half of the nation, which cares nothing for politics, sport, and the Stock Exchange. Another journalistic article is Mr. Stoddard's account of Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis, who, he claims, was the American progenitor of the special correspondent, and also of the interviewer. When he was sent to Europe to write fifty letters for the *New York Mirror*, he was furnished with the sum of £100! "Kinks on the Skein" is an experiment in American humour by Bill Nye and two friends. It is at least more lively reading than Sir J. Somers Vine's account of the position and prospects of the Imperial Institute. Edward Fuller writes on "The Theatrical Renaissance of Shakespeare." He thinks that Mr. Irving affords the worst instance of how Shakespeare should not be spoken. He is severe on Miss Ellen Terry's "monotonous chant." He deplores the inability of the American stage to deal with the poetic drama, and declares that we have lost the art of diction.

"Blue Water Lilies," a poem by Amélie Rives, has much of that young and passionate lady's characteristic fervour. She writes like a female Swinburne. But what are "glomes?" "The flood doth sometimes stain the marsh flowers' moon-white glomes." The most interesting thing in the number is the announcement of a coming serial—

"A Dead Man's Diary, Written after his Decease." It will not claim to be more than a narrative of experience, which may be left to convey its own lessons. The narrative is put forth as the writer's actual experience during a lengthened absence from the body, during which he was believed to be dead.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE gem of Macmillan's is the "Ballad of the Last Suttee." The incident is striking and the execution admirable. The wife of a Rajput king, forbidden to immolate herself on the funeral pyre of her lord, escapes from the palace in the guise of a nautch girl, and endeavours to fling herself on the flames. Thrice she tries and thrice she flinches, "and thrice like a wounded dove she came and moaned about the fire." Not daring to fling herself alive upon the pile, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. He does so, not knowing who she was. So "he laid her down by her master's side to rule in heaven his only bride, while the others howl in hell." Mr. William Minto contributes a critique of Courthope's new biography of Pope. Mr. C. H. Herford describes the poetic gift of "Klaus Groth," the father of low German poetry. Lieutenant-Colonel Granville Browne gives an outline of the work of "Granville Sharp and the Slave Trade", and an anonymous writer, in an article upon "The Whigs and Imperial Federation," says "that a different policy might have made the British Colonial Empire a reality, but the policy that was adopted has left us nothing but the shadow of an empire." "Imperial Federation would mean a contradiction of the past." All that remains to be hoped for is a perpetual alliance between free and equal states.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

FIFTY-EIGHT out of 144 pages of the New Year's number of Murray's are devoted to fiction; sixteen are allotted to Mr. Barnum, who blows his own trumpet and cracks his own jokes as complacently in the pages of a magazine as his clowns do in the ring at Olympia. Samuel Smiles begins one of his ponderously instructive works of the self-help order, under the title of "Authors and Publishers." As the first instalment only brings us down

to 1764, he is still more than a century to the rear. A paper translated from the Polish, describing the English experiences of the pianist, Natalie Junotha, is full of interesting anecdotes about Jenny Lind and Madame Schumann. Natalie played before the Queen at Windsor nearly a whole evening. Her mother says the manner of the Queen was very natural, and full of sweetness and dignity. "The grave splendour of Windsor struck us beyond what words can describe." Admiral Colomb and Sir Andrew Clarke have an easy task in demolishing Sir Edward Du Cane's plea for forts as against fleets as a means of national defence. It hardly needed such broadsides of heavy metal to demolish such flimsy fortifications as those which Sir Edward Du Cane set up. Mr. J. H. Yoxall, in an article on the "Public and the Education Department," has a practical Reform Bill of his own under five heads.

First, the Department might practically annul the system called "Payment by Results," by distributing to the schools a larger capitation grant, in place of the present variable grant on the fluctuating percentage of "passes" in each case.

Secondly, a rational programme of instruction, in accord with modern demands for training preliminary to commercial and technical pursuits, should be planned.

Thirdly, the clumsy and mechanical "individual examination," the ready-reckoner score of "pass" and "fail" per child, should be relegated to a museum of antiquities, and with it the irrational regulations which cause a scholar to be classed, taught, and tested according to his age.

Fourthly, the *personnel* of the inspectorate should gradually be changed.

Fifthly, the inferior order of teachers in the service of the nation should be amended.

In conclusion, he calls upon the Education Department to call into its deliberations the presence and advice of earnest managers and experienced teachers of the schools.

ELLEN MIDDLETON.

A TALE OF A TORTURED SOUL: BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLARTON.

IN the January number of *Merry England* is republished, over the name of Mr. Gladstone, the first part of a review of a religious novel which he printed anonymously more than forty years ago.

We reprint elsewhere the more salient passages of that review which bear on the great theological issues touched upon by the story. They will create much controversy and may revive the old ridiculous impression of the ultra-Protestants, who persist that Mr. Gladstone is a Jesuit in disguise.

In the discussion thus raised it is natural that a good deal of curiosity will be excited about the novel—admiration for which led Mr. Gladstone to descend into the polemical arena. There is no doubt as to the sincerity, it might almost be added the extravagance, of Mr. Gladstone's praise of "Ellen Middleton." He says:—

"Of the eminently able and eminently womanly work

before us we may state, that of all the religious novels we have ever seen, it has, with the most pointed religious aim, the least of direct religious teaching; it has the least effort and the greatest force; it is the least didactic and the most instructive. It carries, indeed, a tremendous moral; and were this an age of acute and tender consciences, practised in self-examination and intensely sedulous in making clean the inner chambers of that heart of man which is ordained to be the Redeemer's abiding place, we might fear for its producing here and there wounds over deep and sharp. But our authoress has to deal with a dull and hardened state of the public mind, and she can do something towards quickening and arousing it."

A work of such a character ought not to be, as "Ellen Middleton" undoubtedly is, practically unknown to the reading public. Books which convey such "tremendous morals" with such force that, but for the

dull and hardened state of the public mind, they might produce wounds over deep and sharp, and which, even as it is, may do something towards quickening and arousing the public conscience, ought not be consigned to the pit of oblivion in which most novels published in 1844 are hopelessly interred. We have therefore determined to devote the space allotted to fiction in our first number to a sketch of the leading chapters of this remarkable romance.

Our readers will be better able to appreciate the significance of Mr. Gladstone's allusions to Confession after reading the passages in the novel which prompted them. The story itself is powerful and painful. As for the moral which Mr. Gladstone sees in it, whether in favour of the practice of confession or— But without further preface, we had better let the story speak for itself:—

ELLEN MIDDLETON. A TALE.

Lady Georgiana Fullarton wrote the book when she was a member of the Church of England. She herself, in 1884, wrote of it as follows: "The tale which is now reprinted, after the lapse of more than forty years, was published at a time when the writer was on her way to the Catholic Church, into which, two years after it appeared, she had the happiness of being received—a happiness which at the end of a long life, is more deeply valued and gratefully appreciated than even in the first days, when submission had brought peace and joy to her soul. Some passages in this story contain language implying a belief in the intrinsic efficacy of Anglican ordinances, which, after her conversion to Catholicism, the authoress would not have used. They have, however, been allowed to remain, because they witness to needs of the soul which, especially under circumstances at all analogous to those of the chief character in the tale, are felt by thousands who never avail themselves of the divine provisions made by the true Church for their relief."

She opens her story with an introduction full of the subdued light of cathedral aisles, and sketches a saintly old clergyman, to whom Ellen Middleton confides the secret of her tortured life. The story is told in the shape of a confession, written out by Ellen Middleton when dying of consumption, and the moral of it is that if she had confessed long before she would never have come to the tragic end which is visible even in the opening pages of this remarkable book.

The key-note of the tale is sounded in the following lines, which the dying woman pencilled on one of the cathedral pillars:—

My aching heart is breaking,
My burning brain is reeling,
My very soul is riven,
I feel myself forsaken.
And phantom forms of horror,
And shapeless dreams of terror,
And mocking tones of laughter,
About me seem to gather.
And death, and hell, and darkness,
Are driving me to madness.

And the moral of it is expressed with equal explicitness

in her first conversation with the clergyman, Mr. Lacy. She says:—

I have sometimes opened the Bible, and I have read in it words of pity, words of mercy, words of promise, and for a moment they seemed to bring comfort to my soul; but the dark spirit within me would still whisper, "They are not written for thee,—not for thee. O God! O God! when shall I ever feel forgiven?"

"When laying aside all human pride, all human fears," solemnly replied Mr. Lacy, "in meek distrust of your own judgment, in deep humility of spirit, you make, as the Church requires, a special confession of your sins to one, who, if you truly repent and believe, can absolve you from them, by the authority committed to him by our Lord Jesus Christ."

But this is to stray into the polemical, whereas our only purpose is to tell the story.

"SHE HAS KILLED HER!"

Ellen Middleton, when the incident occurs which serves as the pivot of the tale, was only sixteen, and as she is barely twenty when it closes, the extreme youth of the heroine is almost unique in a religious romance. Ellen was an orphan adopted by an uncle and aunt who had one child of their own, an odious little minx of the name of Julia, who was six years Ellen's junior. Mrs. Middleton had always made a favourite of Ellen, but after her own child's recovery from a serious illness, she seemed disposed to reverse the position of the two girls. The sudden discovery of this unexpected change in her aunt's sentiments brought about the whirlwind of emotion, in the midst of which the incident from which the story starts occurred.

There was a bank in the grounds at Elmsley which shelved down to the edge of a rapid stream, which chafed and foamed along the base of the hill against which the house stood. At one of the ends of the veranda was a rough flight of stone steps, much overgrown with moss, at all times difficult to descend, positively dangerous, from the slippery nature of the footing it afforded. It led to the edge of the river, down the bank already described.

One day, when enjoying the view from the summit, I turned round, and saw Julia standing on the edge of the stone parapet, with her arm round one of the columns. The dangerous nature of her position immediately struck me; I told her to come down, and on her refusing to do so, took hold of her, and placed her on the ground. She instantly set up one of her loudest screams, and, exclaiming that I had hurt her, she rushed past me, and ran into the drawing-room, one of the recesses of which formed an angle in the building. A small panel lattice window, which opened on the veranda, was at this moment imperfectly closed, and from the spot where I stood I could hear every word that was spoken in that recess. I heard Julia complaining to her mother of my unkindness, in a voice broken by sobs and tremulous with passion.

As she listened, Ellen nearly lost her senses when she heard her banishment calmly prescribed by those whom she regarded as her parents. She was still under the stunning influence of that shock when she suddenly heard her cousin's voice.

No voice, I say, could have been welcome to me; but when I heard the sharp and querulous tones of Julia, God in mercy forgive me for what I felt. She was again standing at the head of the stone steps, that I have described as forming one of the extremities of the veranda; and as she placed her foot on one of the moss-covered slippery steps, she called out, "I'm going down; I'll have my own way now." I seized her hand, and drawing her back exclaimed, "Don't, Julia!" on which she said, "You had better not tease me; you are to be sent away if you tease me." I felt as if a viper had stung me; the blood

rushed to my head and I struck her;—she reeled under the blow, her foot slipped, and she fell headlong down the steps. A voice near me said, "She has killed her!" There was a plunge in the water below; her white frock rose to the surface,—sunk,—rose again,—and sunk to rise no more. Two men rushed wildly down the bank, and one of them turned and looked up as he passed. I heard a piercing scream,—a mother's cry of despair. Nobody said again "She has killed her." I did not die,—I did not go mad, for I had not an instant's delusion,—I never doubted the reality of what had happened; but those words, "She has killed her!" "She has killed her!"—were written as with a fiery pencil on my brain, and day and night they rang in my ears. Who had spoken them? The secret of my fate was in those words.

In a paroxysm of despair, she cried aloud. She was carried off to her aunt, who was in an agony of distress. Her uncle came in not less distracted. Julia was dead. Every one supposed that the fall was accidental, no one suspected Ellen. She dared not speak. In the agony and distress of the moment she meditated suicide, but recoiled lest she should add to her aunt's misery. She uttered no false word. She simply kept silence about the fatal blow. At first she could not speak; then she would not. The act of self-accusation became a moral impossibility when her uncle laid his hand on her shoulder and said in a voice of subdued emotion, "You are now our only child. Go to your aunt, dear Ellen; she will not feel herself childless while you are spared to us." She went to her aunt, who was weeping bitterly. "Pray for me, Ellen," she said, and then for the first time remorse took its place by the side of terror in her mind. She could not pray. "She has killed her—she has killed her," rang in her ears, and she felt that the light of heaven had gone out of her life. Speaking of this Mr. Gladstone says:—

We think that the foundation of the subsequent story is laid in these events with great moral truth and no less artistic skill. The first offence is a blow struck in anger: the accidental consequence of that offence, the death of a human being, formed no part of its guilt, but it aggravated the difficulty of confession, not only on account of the pain and shame to the offender from association, through a passionate act, with a fatal catastrophe, but likewise by enlisting a less ignoble motive on the side of concealment, namely, the apprehension of opening afresh the wounds of her nearest relatives and dearest friends, and depriving them of the entireness of their chief remaining joy in herself. On the one hand, it is left quite clear that she ought to have confessed; on the other hand, the incidents are so adjusted as to offer those small impediments and causes of diversion which frequently, by their successive action, effectually intercept the formation and execution of good resolutions; so that, while there is no obscuration of the dividing lines of right and wrong, no tampering with the principles of duty, yet the deviation is intelligible and in entire keeping with probability; as well as in a moral view, perhaps venial or secondary, certainly at first sight far from irrecoverable.

But from this beginning by a small sin our authoress has woven the tissue of her tale: the offence of a moment, and a concealment of it, far from being wholly coward-like and selfish, are the warp and the woof of the story, whose combining threads by slow but sure degrees enclose and entangle Ellen Middleton in meshes, from which escape becomes an impossibility. The entire detail of the book is made subservient to the unfolding in living representation of those cardinal truths: that in this world of ours, when once we have let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," "I cannot" presently waits upon "I dare not"; that our particular actions never terminate upon themselves; and that our moral opportunities return not, except with enhanced art and diminished promise, like the Sibyl's books.

BEWARE, I KNOW YOUR SECRET!

Edward Middleton and Henry Lovell, two young men,

the former a nephew of her uncle, the latter a brother of her aunt, were staying in the house. Ellen felt a degree of conviction that one of them had seen her strike the blow that precipitated her cousin into the stream. But which? Both were in love with her, but the cold and reserved manners of Edward lent themselves more readily to the supposition that it was he, and not the more free and easy Henry, who had seen her crime. "She wanted courage, she wanted opportunity, to accuse herself of the involuntary act which resembled murder in its results, and which in the secret cogitations of her restless soul and excited imagination, assumed a form of guilt and of terror which nothing could efface." The question which of them knew her secret haunted her. She tried to make herself believe that the cry she had heard was imaginary. She flung herself with all the energy of a passionate nature into any distraction. Riding was one of those, and Henry Lovell was another. She could drown thought in the excitement of talking to Henry, who, on his part, wrote poetry about her, and fell desperately in love. Edward Middleton, though reserved and severe, had the greatest hold upon her imagination, but Henry's lively conversation and society became almost a necessity of life—the intellectual stimulant that for the moment dulled the gnawing agony of the thought that she had murdered her cousin. One day after a long ride she fell asleep over the keys of the organ in Elmsley Hall. She felt a hard breathing close to her; she tried to scream and could not. She seemed to be standing on the spot where she struck the fatal blow, then she was being herself dragged down the precipice by Henry Lovell, who, just as she reached the hollow, changed into the semblance of Edward Middleton, looking ghastly pale and glaring fearfully. She awoke as from a terrible nightmare, and there before her, by the side of one of the candles, lay a coarse bit of paper, on which was written in large round letters: "Beware! I know your secret!"

Frightened, bewildered, and wholly unable to rally against this new source of anxiety, she kept her bed for two days. On the third day she was told that Edward had left for London the day after she was taken ill, and would not return for a year. He was going abroad. His sudden departure was explained in a letter to Lovell. "My resolution is not founded on caprice. I have a reason for what I do, and I beg that you will never allude by word or by letter to the cause of my absence." Ellen at once assumed that he knew her secret. Her suspicion was deepened into conviction by a volume of the "Christian Year," which he asked Lovell to give to her. In this book, the passages which allude to guilt and remorse were carefully marked with a pencil. These passages seemed the sequel to the menacing words left, on the organ, and the pride of her soul rose against such a system of secret intimidation.

THE GENTLE AND PERFECT ALICE.

Mrs. Middleton sent a message by Ellen to Mrs. Tracy an old nurse who had brought up Henry Lovell, and was now domiciled on the estate at Bridman Manor. Ellen went, accompanied by Henry, who, however, made the strongest objection, when he knew whither she was bound. "She is one of the most unsupportable women that ever lived. She wears my life out with her querulous temper and tiresome complaints. Pray, turn back." Ellen, however, persisted in delivering her aunt's message, and so made the acquaintance of Alice Tracy, a young girl whose features, perfectly faultless, were delicate beyond imagination. It was as pleasant to gaze upon her hand as it is upon any rare work of art. Entering her grandmother's

cottage Mrs. Tracy received Ellen with a formal courtesy and a chilling coldness that was far from prepossessing. A scene, however, began at once between Henry and his nurse, and Ellen went upstairs with Alice to her room, which she prized, because she could see the village church from the window. A Bible, a Prayer-book, Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," "Pilgrim's Progress," and the like stood on the shelves. Among them was a book on Birds and Flowers, which Alice innocently remarked that Mr. Henry had given to her a few months ago. Ellen started. Alice told her simply that when they were living at Bromley Mr. Henry had found her absorbed in the study of a passion-flower, and had brought her that book because of a poem which it contained on the subject. He had read it out to her aloud. The passion-flower was dying now.

I think, as I see the flowers die so quietly, that they should teach us to die so too. I think, when I see my poor plant give up her sweet life without complaining, that it is because she has done what she ought to do, and left nothing undone which she ought to have done. I planted her in my little garden, and she grew up to my window. She gave me buds first, and then flowers, bright smiling flowers; and, when I was ill, she gave me holy, happy thoughts about God and Christ.

A great dispute now became audible downstairs, broken off with a tremendous oath from Henry, after which Ellen bade Alice farewell and rode home, wondering much what could be the connection between him and Alice. "How do you like Alice?" he asked her abruptly. "As I like all beautiful things which God has made and man has not spoiled." "She is very pretty," he replied, "and she has a kind of cleverness too, but there is something tame and insipid about her notwithstanding. In fact, I do not understand her." How should the serpent understand the dove? thought Ellen. All the time the fascination of the serpent was gaining upon Ellen, despite an unaccountable shudder of repugnance and horror that shot over her. Yet there was not a grain of tenderness in the feverish predilection she entertained for him, and she often hated herself for her deadness and coldness of heart.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Three or four months later Ellen went on a visit to Mrs. Brandon, an aunt of hers in Dorsetshire. At Salisbury, on her way thither, she overheard a mysterious conversation between two rough-looking men, in which old Mother Tracy was alluded to as having some gemman in her clutches, and she further gathered that this gemman was courting Alice, but at the same time was after other game. Who could this gemman be? Probably Henry Lovell. Then she was the other game. But how was he in Mrs. Tracy's clutches? Puzzling over these things, Ellen arrived at Mrs. Brandon's, where, to her infinite surprise, she met Henry Lovell, who soon took an opportunity of explaining that he had planned her visit for the purpose of meeting her. She challenged him about Alice. He said that he had not seen her, that her character was perfectly good, but that Ellen should not go to visit Mrs. Tracy.

Next Sunday Ellen, with the rest of the party at Mrs. Brandon's, went over to the village church. Ellen had a day or two previously had all her horrid emotions of remorse and terror revived by a story which one of the guests had told of a girl who had killed a gendarme to save her lover, and lost her lover thereby, for he would never marry any one who had taken life. Edward Middleton, with whom the narrator of the story had been travelling, had justified the change in the lover's feelings, and Ellen nearly fainted as she realised once more that

the brand of Cain was on her brow. After service the clergyman announced his intention of administering the sacrament next Sunday. Then occurred the scene which occasioned her first approving allusions to confession. Ellen had regarded herself as excommunicated ever since the death of her cousin.

Now, for the first time, I listened with a somewhat different feeling; I longed to kneel there, and as I looked at the clergyman as he preached, and marked his white hair, his venerable countenance, and the benevolence of his manner, a sudden resolution occurred to me. I would open my heart to him; I would tell him all; I would for once pour out the secret anguish of my soul to one who neither loved nor hated me; to one who would tell me what my guilt had been; who would promise me its pardon, and point out the path of duty to my blinded sight.

So she lingered behind the rest and waited to speak to the clergyman as he left the church. She rose as he passed, and he spoke to her.

"I am glad you like our old churchyard," said Mr. Leslie; and then he began talking of the views, of the neighbouring scenery, of the ruined palace now transformed into a farm, of all the subjects he thought would interest me, little thinking that at that moment the secret of a life of anguish, the confession of an overburdened conscience, was trembling on my lips. The more he talked, too (although there was nothing unsuitable to his sacred office in what he said), the more I felt to lose sight of the priest of God, of the messenger of heaven, in the amiable, conversible, gentlemanlike man before me; however, when he had pulled out his watch, and apologised for leaving me, pleading a promise he had made to visit a sick parishioner, I made a desperate effort, and said, "May I ask you, Mr. Leslie, to allow me a few moments of conversation with you before the afternoon service if you can spare time?" He looked surprised, but bowed assent, and said he would return in half an hour. During that half-hour I sat with my face buried in my hands, feeling as if I were able to count every pulsation of my heart. The excitement under which I had acted was passed. I trembled at the idea of what my lips were going to utter; I felt as if I had escaped a great danger; I was at myself at ever having formed such a resolution; and when Mr. Leslie stood before me again, and asked, with a smile, what my business with him was, I could as soon have destroyed myself in his presence as have pronounced the words of self-accusation which had appeared to me so natural and so easy when he was in the pulpit and I on my knees in the church.

The long and short of it was that in desperate confusion, and fearing lest she should burst into tears, she drew out her purse and asked him to distribute several sovereigns among the poor of the parish. She darted away laden down with shame and misery, feeling that she had hardened her heart against the best impulse she had yet experienced, and that she had deceived the minister of God, whose praises sounded like curses in her ears.

LOVELL'S LOVE-MAKING.

That afternoon Ellen, being feverish and reckless, Henry Lovell ventured to make love to her without reserve. A few days after a curious episode occurred. A young lady, Rosa More, who was staying at the house, when walking alone on the Common, was suddenly seized by a rough-looking man, who exclaimed:—

"Harkee, my duck, do you marry that ere chap, that Mr. Lovell, what's a courting you, and the sooner the better, for if you don't it will be worse for you and for him, and for some one as shall be nameless. It will be the saving of his life if you mind me, my pretty gal."

Then up came another man who muttered, "Fool, you are dropping the Brentford ticket at Hammersmith-gate,"

and they disappeared. The company, much amused, organised a hunt for the men. Henry, meantime, had disappeared. No trace of the strange fellows could be found. But by the merest chance Ellen saw Henry and the two men, whose conversation she had overheard at Salisbury, leave a ruined hut at Ash Grove.

Two or three weeks after, Henry, finding Ellen was ordered home to Elmsley, implored her to marry him.

Her own account of the way in which he had led up to this scene, and its result, may best be told in his own subsequent confession :—

I devoted myself to my victim ; I watched her continually ; I read each emotion of her soul ; I soothed her ; I flattered her ; I made her believe, by a series of artful contrivances, that Edward Middleton was the possessor of her secret, and thus thought, by fear, by distrust, by every pang which that belief occasioned, to crush that passion the dawn of which I had detected with rage and despair. Under that impression she had seen Edward depart with a resigned and sullen indifference, and for some months I thought myself if not loved, at least liked, to a degree which justified my hopes and my designs. They were cruelly disappointed ;—a fatal engagement, an entanglement in which guilt and folly had involved me, prevented my offering myself in any way but that of urging her to a secret marriage, which I proposed on the score of her uncle's implacable opposition. She steadily refused to yield to my passionate entreaties, and we parted with threats and upbraidings on my part, and contempt and defiance on hers. I was, of course, banished from Elmsley.

Thither Ellen returned, and there in short time she received the news of Henry Lovell's marriage with Alice Tracy.

AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER.

It is necessary to anticipate a little the explanation which Henry subsequently gave to Ellen in order to use for this marriage. Before the story opens Lovell had led a very wild life in London. He had gambled heavily, lost all his money, exhausted all the funds he could raise from his friends, and finally found himself several thousand pounds in debt. In a moment of despair he took £3,500 from his father's cash-box, and freed himself from the most pressing obligation—a gambling debt due to one Estcourt. In the frenzy of despair, while loading the pistol with which he meditated suicide, Mrs. Tracy entered her room, and offered him £10,000 on condition (1) that he gave a written promise to marry Alice, to whom the money belonged ; (2) that he drew up and signed a statement of the circumstances that led to the bargain ; (3) that he made a will leaving what was left of the money to Alice and authorising Mrs. Tracy, in case of her death, to reveal the matter to his family, and recover from them the balance of the sum then placed at his disposal. Besides this, he was to promise never to make Alice aware of this bargain and to keep her always completely ignorant that there ever had been any such arrangement. Lovell struggled against it for a time, but finding it the only alternative to death and disgrace, he at last consented. He signed the documents, received the money, paid his debts, and was compelled to keep his bargain. When he had proposed to Ellen, he thought to evade the fulfilment of his contract to Alice by repaying the £10,000 out of Ellen's fortune. Ellen's refusal rendered this impossible. So he married Alice—married her, knowing that he loved Ellen, and that he did not love his wife, and feeling that she did not love him, except as she loved her brother and her grandmother. Poor Alice!

“CURSED BE”—— AMEN!

Edward Middleton returned from his travels more in love with Ellen than ever. He asked her if she had ever

received the book he had left for her. She had it in her pocket. She took it out and handed it to him. He turned over the leaves. “Now,” she thought, “the time is come. Now.” And the blood forsook her heart. In a moment of morbid irritation she had written on the blank page of the book the fatal words: “Beware! I know your secret!” Edward read them, and turning to her with a smile, said: “What do these mysterious words mean?” A mountain was lifted from her breast. “I laughed hysterically, and said they meant ‘nothing.’ That was the first time I lied to Edward.” He then remarked that she must have read the book attentively, as he saw it was marked in several places. He had never marked a book in his life. When he returned the book, “it fell to me as if the air had grown lighter and the sky bluer, and as if my feet sprung as by magic from the ground they trod on. Ellen felt ‘foolishly, wickedly happy’ in the conviction that he loved her, that she loved him, that he did not know her secret, and that he had gone abroad merely because he thought she loved Henry. Now Henry was married. But even in the moment of exultation came, in all its bitterness, the memory of the fatal blow. The secret was known, if not to him, then to another. He, moreover, did not know the truth. If he learnt it he would loathe her, not merely for the murder, but for her long, cowardly silence. And as she tossed feverishly on her bed, Henry's mysterious threat came back: “With every throb of love for another there will be in your heart a pang of fear—a shudder of terror or a thought of me.” But nothing could quench the passion she entertained for Edward, and on Ash Wednesday she set off to church with him. As she knelt she heard with awe the solemn curse pronounced on unrepenting sinners.

Again, and again, and again it sounded, and died away. Once more it rose and fell, and then the voice from the pulpit proclaimed, “Cursed is he that smiteth his neighbour secretly,” and that time I did not hear the voice of the multitude respond. I heard a low, deep amen, uttered at my side, and that amen was to me as a sentence of eternal condemnation. I fainted.

Naturally, therefore, when, in the inevitable course of things, Edward proposed, she refused him. “Leave me, for God's sake, leave me!” she cried. “I am utterly unworthy of you!” Of course he did not understand, thought she was acting, and departed in wrath, leaving her to suffer the torments of the damned.

THE POSSESSOR OF THE SECRET.

The inevitable explanation with Henry Lovell was soon to come. Ellen and Mrs. Middleton called upon Alice, and soon after Henry made a full disclosure to her, not only of how he had been trapped into the marriage, but also of the fact that he and Mrs. Tracy had been witnesses of the blow which sent Julia to her death. It was Mrs. Tracy who had cried out, “She has killed her!” It was Mrs. Tracy who had written, “Beware! I know your secret!” It was Mrs. Tracy who really believed that Ellen had killed Julia, in order to make herself heiress of the Middleton estate. The way in which Lovell made use of his knowledge of the secret he thus described, when on his death-bed, in a letter to Edward Middleton.

When I met Ellen again in London, some time after my marriage, I began to use that power which accident had given me. She had then found out that you were not as she imagined, aware of the event which had so fearfully blighted her peace. I then avowed myself the possessor of her secret; and alternately as a friend and as a foe,—by devotion one while, by threats another,—to tolerate the expression of a passion, against

which her heart revolted, but which she dared not peremptorily repel, I employed every art which cunning could devise to bind her. In Mrs. Tracy's knowledge of her secret, and violent enmity against her, I held an engine which I skilfully turned to my purpose. I bound her by an oath never to reveal to you the history of Julia's death. She pronounced it; but even while she protested that she would never marry you, she declared to me, with the accents of intense passion, that though she had refused, she adored you, and that she would rather die at your feet than die at my side.

The passage in which she made that avowal is full of spirit.

I said, "I never will inflict upon him a life whose heart and whose life cannot be laid open before him. I would sooner die than reveal to him the dissimulation I have already practised, the threats I have heard from your lips, the words of love I have been compelled to hear from you,—from you the husband of Alice, of whom you are as unworthy as I am of him. No, I shall never be Edward's wife; I never will bring sorrow and disgrace upon him. I have stooped to deceit; I am entangled in falsehood; I must wade through the mire; I must drink of the poisoned cup which you hold to my lips; but, with you at least I will be true. Since there are to be no secrets between us, Henry Lovell, I will tell you what I have never told any human being, and that is, that I love Edward with all the powers of my soul; and with all the passion, and all the tenderness, which outlives hope and feeds upon despair."

A MAD DOG AS A MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

While this was her fixed and unalterable resolve, Ellen was carried off to Hampstead, where she stayed with Rosa Moore. Edward was also of the party, and she was very jealous of Rosa—her resolution notwithstanding. One day, when in the garden, a mad dog rushed down upon her. Edward seeing it, swooped down on the dog, and threw it over the railings, not, however, without being bitten for his pains. Ellen, forgetting everything in the joy of her deliverance, and the dread of seeing her lover die of hydrophobia, insisted upon sucking the virus from his hand. He objected and she insisted. Finally he gave way, saying, "Do what you will; nothing but death shall part us now." She sucked at his wound, oblivious of all but the deep rapture of saving his life, and a consciousness of deep, boundless, inexpressible love. Her uncle came up. "Wish me joy, Mr. Middleton," said Edward, "of the dearest, of the tenderest, of the most courageous, as well as of the loveliest bride that ever man was blest with." In a moment there returned the horrible consciousness of the certainty that when her engagement was made public, Mrs. Tracy would inform Mr. Middleton of the murder of Julia, for Mrs. Tracy was firmly convinced that the death of her cousin had been purposely brought about in order to secure possession of the property that was to be consolidated by the marriage with Edward. In despair, Ellen sat down and wrote to Henry, telling him exactly how matters stood. "If you will not, if you cannot save me, nothing can. You know my sufferings, you know my guilt and my innocence, my life's deceit and my soul's truth. You will pity me, you will help me, and in this hope I make my appeal to you." Despatching the letter surreptitiously by an old governess, she waited in agony for Henry's reply.

ONCE MORE—OH, FOR A CONFESSOR!

The misery of her position was intense. To sue to her old lover for help to marry his rival; the subtleties she had to adopt to conceal her communications with him; the certainty that if he complied with her request he would do so only to acquire power over her,—all these reflections distracted her to madness. She knelt down in the garden at the bench where Edward had saved her from the dog, and she muttered a prayer, while bad pas-

sions raged in her soul and thoughts of evil worked in her mind. Then, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, she remembered Mary Magdalene.

I longed to kneel before Him too, in deep prostration of spirit, and lay all my sorrows, all my sins, all my difficulties at His sacred feet, bathing them as she did with tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head. Oh! if in the moment of emotion, in that hour of penitence, I could have gone to one of those who, ministering at God's altar, and endowed with His commission, have authority from Him to pronounce pardon in His name; if the fatal barrier which habit and prejudice so often raises between the priest of God and the erring and overburdened souls committed to his charge, had not in my case existed, if from his lips I could have heard the injunction to forsake all and follow Jesus, and he had added, "Do this and be forgiven," it might have changed my fate. But, as it was, my penitence spent itself in unavailing tears, and my yearnings towards the better course ended in the same bewildering and oft-repeated question which I could not, dared not, answer for myself: "Where lies the path of duty through the intricate maze in which guilt, misfortune, and weakness have so hopelessly entangled me?" Once more I rose from my knees without any fixed purpose, without any steady resolution; the creature of circumstance, and the sport of events.

LOVELL'S OPPORTUNITY.

Henry Lovell was not the man to lose so unique an opportunity for establishing his ascendancy over the woman whom he so passionately adored. He wrote Ellen a long and eloquent letter, declaring once more his unalterable affection, bidding her marry Edward, but to remember even at the altar that it was he, Henry Lovell, who had opened the way before her at the price of his own jealous tortures, of his pride and of his conscience. He explained that he had, by great effort, procured from Mrs. Tracy a reluctant promise that she would not reveal the fatal secret so long as Alice was kept in ignorance of the facts, so long as he lived with her, and so long as by kindness and respect he ensured her comfort and peace of mind. Alice was with child, and he had threatened to reveal all to her, and declare his love for Ellen and leave the country for ever, unless the grandmother consented to abandon her set purpose to denounce Ellen to her uncle as the murderer of Julia, and the hateful rival of Alice. The letter concluded with an appeal for her help to fulfil his promise to Alice. "You must not leave me to myself, for then my strength would fail me. It must be under your eyes, and in constant association with you that I must learn to treat Alice as I now feel bound to treat her" . . . "Remember," the letter concluded, "that I will be guarded, prudent, and considerate, as long as you show me unlimited confidence. I cannot answer for myself if caprice or unjust apprehensions should estrange you from me."

Ellen saw what it meant. But what could she do? She recoiled in horror from the obligation under which the letter placed her, and yet she saw that what he said of Alice was touching and true, and she resolved to undertake the path he pointed out to her in the spirit of expiation. At the same time something of tenderness stole into her heart as she thought of so deep, so unconquerable an attachment as his. Nevertheless, freed from the haunting dread of exposure, she abandoned herself with feverish joy to the long-subdued and deeply tried passion of her soul. As she clung with frantic intensity to her happiness, and even swept the reserved and severe Edward out of himself by the resistless influence of her passion, he used wonderingly to ask her why there was no peace in her happiness, no repose in her love. She made an evasive reply. The real explanation was afforded long after, when Ellen lay on her death-bed, and her husband read in Lovell's letter his rival's explanation.

My feelings and my conduct at that time appear strange to myself. I was excluded from her uncle's house, and that intercourse with her, which was dearer to me than existence, was interrupted and thwarted in every way. By one effort, one great sacrifice, I regained her confidence and re-established myself in that forfeited intimacy; at the same time I bound her by fresh ties of fear and obligation. Perhaps I was touched by her terrible situation; but be that as it may, I allowed her to marry you, and by some concessions on my own part to my inveterate enemy, the old woman—whose vindictive malice has ruined and undone us all—I bought her silence, and once more shielded Ellen from disgrace and exposure.

AN ILL-OMENED MARRIAGE.

Gradually the toils close round the unfortunate Ellen. Lovell assisted her betrothed at an election, and insisted upon corresponding with her after her marriage. Robert Harding, the man who had loved Alice, and had been employed to dog the footsteps of Lovell, turns up most inopportunist. We catch glimpses of him at intervals, and we know that his presence bodes no good. As for Ellen, the following is the way in which she spent the eve of wedding:—

I dreamed that night that I was in church, and that everything was prepared for my marriage. We stood before the altar, and the priest opened the book for the marriage service; but as he began it was the burial service that he read. They stopped him and he turned the pages; but ever as he began to read the same words came to his lips, and the book in his hands grew larger and larger, and the words, "For the Burial of the Dead," stood out in bloody letters, and seemed to rise from the page. I looked up into the priest's face, and that was changing too. I had seen those features before; but I knew them not till the thin lips said—"Julia's murderer—Julia's murderer!" And then the book and the altar were gone and a coffin stood in its place; and the same voice said, "Open it!"—and the lid rose, and there was a corpse in its shroud. It lifted itself up slowly, and I could not see the face; but I cried out in terror, "Who is it?" and the grave-cloth fell—it was Alice! I closed my eyes and shrieked; and the voice said, "Look again, look again!" I looked, and it was Edward. Over and over again during that night I awoke in speechless terror; and when I went to sleep again, the same dream, with slight variations, haunted me anew.

In the church next day her presentments were really fulfilled. Mrs. Tracy was there, and when the question was put as to whether any one could show just cause why the marriage should not take place, she drew back her veil, and tried to speak. Ellen felt as if her heart was turned to stone. Henry turned a flashing eye upon his old nurse, and the woman sat down. But "when I raised my eyes, I fixed them by a kind of fascination on those malignant features and glassy eyes which glared upon me with an expression which I cannot describe and cannot recall." She knew that she had been cursed. As she left the church a paper was thrust into her hand, containing a message of menace and of warning.

After a few days peace her husband sternly forbade her to indulge in reproaches and self-accusations. "If," said he, "I were to discover that you were not pure and good and true beyond any other woman in the world, it would be so dreadful to me, that I doubt if in that overthrow of all my pride and my happiness my love could survive." Thus was thrust back into the deepest recesses of a swelling heart regrets, fears, hopes, confidences, the free utterance of which might have saved her. A barrier was raised between them, and a passionate farewell was uttered in her soul.

THE VICTIM IN THE TOILS.

Nearer and nearer comes the dreaded exposure. Robert

Harding calls out at a public meeting, after her husband's election, "Ay, that's fine speaking for the husband of she as killed the child and got the property." A letter denouncing her is given into her husband's hand. He seizes it and flings it into the fire. Hence no end of distrust and suspicion. Alice finds a letter written by Ellen to her husband. Mrs. Tracy rifles Henry's desk, and finds other despairing notes written by the distracted wife to her grandchild's husband. Poor Alice, in whom passion had at last awaked, feels her life shattered, and there is a touching scene between the two women—the unloved wife and the doomed victim of Henry's guilty love. Henry waxes more and more ungovernable in his passion. He compromised her endlessly, and at last succeeded in rousing the jealousy of Edward, that cold and severe precisian, whose character is harsh and repellant. Mrs. Tracy sends Edward the three scraps of paper which Ellen had sent to Henry from time to time to prevent exposure, and the blow falls. Edward believes her false, and quits the home to attend his uncle's deathbed. In despair she thinks once more of confessing all, but she is withheld by the thought of her oath. She will not perjure herself, and so the last chance goes. Henry, finding her deserted, redoubles his attentions. Her husband forbade her, in departing, to see Henry again. But that poor wretch, desperate and reckless, told Alice the whole story, and renewed his assault upon the unfortunate Ellen, whose health was breaking, and whose nerves had given way beneath this frightful strain. Lovell penetrated into her room, and there, after a terrible scene, was discovered by Edward, who returns at the moment when the wretched wife is at Henry's feet praying for mercy. The catastrophe is thus described, when Henry had forced his way into her presence:—

"Henry," she exclaimed, "the moment has come when we must part!"

"Part!" he exclaimed; "do you think I am come to part with you? Do you imagine that I will leave you and Edward—whom I now hate as much as I once loved him—to exult over, my despair, and to banish me from your house after mine has been turned into a hell? . . ."

"What words do you dare to utter? Do not blaspheme. Your house is sanctified by the presence of an angel."

"It is haunted by a fiend, Ellen; that woman who betrayed us, that woman who, in one of her paroxysms of rage, broke open my desk, and drew from it those fatal letters which she sent to Edward in the vain hope of separating us for ever. She it is who intercepted and destroyed the letter you wrote me a fortnight ago; and she had the audacity to admit this iniquity when last night I charged her with it. She gloried in the fact and cast back in my teeth the reproaches I addressed to her. Then, in my fury, I spoke out. I tore away the veil from Alice's eyes; I broke my promises; I told the mother of my child why, and how, I had married her; I saw her tremble with horror, and turn from me with shuddering aversion, when I proclaimed to her pure ears my guilty passion for you, and my resolution, strong as death, never to give you up. I have broken every tie; I have renounced every duty; and now you must be mine,—you shall be mine. I have long been your slave, but I knew it must come to this at last. You have struggled in vain; you cannot escape me; my love must be the bane of your life or its joy, its ruin or its glory; and, unrequited as it has been, it has stood, and will stand, between you and your husband to the day of your death, and turn your wedded joys into deadly poisons."

"Your power is gone, your threats are vain! I defy your vengeance, I scorn your hatred. Denounce me to the world and to Edward; tell them that it was not love but terror that made me tremble before you; tell them you have tortured me, and that I have writhed in agonies under your secret power; tell them that my soul has been wrung, that my heart has been bruised; tell them that you have changed my nature and made

me what I am; and then let Edward, and the world, and heaven itself judge between you and me."

"You defy my vengeance? You scorn my hatred? Am I not weak and imprudent, woman? Have you not written to me letters of frantic entreaty? Have you not broken the commands of your despotic and jealous husband? You have not been wise in your anger or prudent in your wrath."

"You have no power against me if I confess the whole truth to Edward—if I kneel at his feet . . ."

"And perjure yourself."

"Oh! talk not to me of perjury, talk not to me of crime. You have steeped yourself in guilt and iniquity; and be my sin what it may, upon your head it shall rest if you drive me to this act, if you refuse to release me . . ."

A dreadful smile curled Henry's lip, and he said, with a sneer, "What an admirably got-up story this will be for Edward! It is a pity you did not think of it sooner. It would have appeared more plausible than it will now do. An accidental homicide, carefully suppressed for four years, and confessed at last, for the purpose of accounting for your intimacy! Your husband will admire the fertility of your brain and your powers of invention, which, by the way, he seems, from the tenor of his letter, to be pretty well acquainted with."

"Henry, your malice, your wickedness, cannot extend as far as this. You are not a demon; and it would be diabolical to refuse your testimony to my confession; besides, there are other witnesses . . ."

"In your interest, no doubt," retorted Henry, with another sneer. "I shall certainly not admit that I allowed Edward to marry a woman whom I saw with my own eyes murder his cousin."

"Murder! murder my cousin! Is it you that speak? Is it I who hear you? Are there no limits,—merciful heaven!—are there no limits to this man's wickedness?"

"There are no limits to despair. I struggle for life and death. You think of nothing but the misery you suffer. You have no mercy for that which you inflict. If I give way to you now I lose you for ever and . . ."

He stopped and hid his face in his hands; his breast heaved with convulsive emotion. I felt he was softened, and I flung myself on my knees before him.

"You lose your victim, but you gain a friend who, though she may never see you, will bless you every day of her life; and, as she kneels in penitence before God, will mix your name with hers in every prayer she breathes."

I clasped my hands in supplication, and sought to read into his soul.

"Never to see you?—never to hear your voice?—No, no,—you must love me,—you shall love me; and even if you hate me, you shall be mine. Your fierce beauty, your pride, your scorn, have not subdued me; nor shall your streaming eyes and trembling accents avail you now. I love you more passionately in your grief than in your pride; and, prostrate before me, I adore you as never I adored you before. I could kill you if at this moment you named Edward; and the curse of a broken oath, the mysterious guilt of perjury, be upon your soul, if you

play me false, and place the last barrier of separation between yourself and me."

"Oh, do not go with such words in your mouth;—do not leave such a curse behind you: it will fall upon your own head, and follow you to your death-bed. Henry, I cling to your feet!—I implore your mercy . . ."

Was it the angel of death?—was it the vision of judgment that passed before me? Was it Edward I saw?—and did I live over that hour? I must have seen him,—for never since that day, in dreams or in thoughts, have I beheld him without that dreadful expression which haunts and pursues me. It deprived me of my senses then,—it has been killing me ever since.

When I came to myself, I was in my own room, and all the women in the house were about me; and they looked frightened and curious, and spoke to each other in a low voice.

A servant knocked at the door, and put a letter into my maid's hands. I turned faint at the sight of it, but I took it from her and bade her leave me.

There are moments which we live through, but cannot speak of. I read these words; I read them every day:—

"This is the last communication I shall ever make to you. I shall not return to my house till you have left it. I will never see you again, or hear your name pronounced as long as I live. Your own fortune, and any allowance you may desire out of mine, will be remitted to you by my solicitors in the manner you will direct; should you address any letters to me, they will be returned to you unopened."

I did not faint again; I did not shed a single tear; a dreadful weight oppressed my limbs and checked my breathing; the source of tears was dried up within me; I groaned in spirit; I expected nothing; I hoped nothing; I did not dare to take a step forward; my eyes were fixed on those words, "Leave my house for ever; I never will see you again." If I stirred it was to go for ever! and it could not be; it must not be. I had not seen him for the last time; life was not over with me; I was not condemned to that death of the soul, an endless separation; nor sentenced to a living grave, with a heart still throbbing with ardent and passionate affection.

Would no one help me? Would no one have mercy upon me? Was there no voice that he would listen to—no appeal that would reach him?

THE END.

The end is soon told. Utterly broken, Ellen flies to an obscure lodging in a cathedral town, where at last the clergyman prevails upon her to confess her terrible story. Henry takes brain fever and dies, after having written a letter to Edward Middleton, protesting his passion to the last, but vindicating Ellen's character. The old clergyman succeeds in bringing Ellen and her husband together again. But it is only that the tortured wife may be taken home to die. Edward lived on, it is to be hoped to suffer some of the agony which his cold and repellant nature inflicted upon the woman whom he slew.

3 Practical Suggestion.

So far Lady Georgiana and Mr. Gladstone. The moral of the tale, however, seems to be quite different from that which they deduce from it. What Ellen Middleton needed was not a priest in a confessional, but a sympathetic, level-headed friend to whom she could have told her trouble. It was not absolution that she needed. It was advice and sympathy. No doubt there are many Ellen Middletons in the world of both sexes, who, if they could but disburden themselves of the horrid secret which poisons their existence, might once more breathe freely and live blithely on God's earth. But either because they have no confessor, or no friend whom they dare trust, they bury it in their hearts until, like hapless Ellen, it destroys the life of their soul.

Now is this so? It is a very simple question, and one to which a conclusive reply can soon be forthcoming. Are there any among the readers of this REVIEW, who feel the craving for counsel, for sympathy, and for the consolation of pouring out their soul's grief? If so, may I ask them to communicate with me? If there be, as is possible enough, numbers who reject priestly guidance, but who, nevertheless, long for friendly counsel, that is a human necessity which ought to be met. The names of my correspondents will, if they so desire it, remain only known to me. But their cases, as they submit them, will be placed before such competent and skillful advisers as I am able to gather round me from amongst the best men and women in the English-speaking world. In this suggestion, which I put forward tentatively, there may be the germ of much useful service for many of the troubled and tried. I invite communications, and will respect confidences.

THE NEW BOOKS AND BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

AT least three books of permanent interest appeared in London during the month of December. First among these must be mentioned a volume of new poems by Lord Tennyson—"Demeter, and Other Poems" (Macmillan & Co.); next comes "Asolando: Facts and Fancies," by the late Robert Browning (Smith, Elder, & Co.); and, finally, we have a collection of hitherto unpublished "Letters" from Lord Chesterfield to his godson, edited, with a critical memoir, by the Earl of Carnarvon (Clarendon Press). The following list enumerates, classifies, and describes the other notable publications of the past month.

ART.

COLLIGNON, MAXIME. Manual of Mythology in Relation to Greek Art. (H. Gravel & Co.)

This work deals, not with the interpretation or the development of Greek myths, but simply and solely with the historical evolution of their presentments in Greek art. It is translated from the French by Miss Jane F. Harrison, who has made additions of her own, and is illustrated with 138 woodcuts, many of which are from sculptures in the Louvre. Cloth. Pp. 334.

CONWAY, W. M. (Editor). Literary Remains of Albrecht Durer. With Transcripts from the British Museum Manuscripts, and Notes upon them by Lina Eckenstein. (Cambridge: At the University Press.)

An account of Dürer's life and work, together with a translation of his *Literary Remains*. A valuable addition to the literature of art history.

HUISS, M.B. The Seine and the Loire. Illustrated after Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (Virtue & Co.)

A handsome quarto volume containing 61 "line engravings,"—characteristic efforts of Turner's genius, and examples of an almost lost art. The Editor of the *Art Journal* supplies an introduction and a description of each engraving.

PENNELL, JOSEPH. Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen. (Macmillan & Co.)

An elaborate study in the work and methods of the pen draughtsmen of to-day, "with technical suggestions." The work of the following artists (among others) is dealt with:—Sir Frederick Leighton, George du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Harry Furniss, Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott, Hugh Thomson, Herbert Railton, Alfred Parsons, and Edwin Abbey. The pen drawing of other countries is also criticised at length. Quarto. 158 illustrations, including 12 photogravures. Limited edition. Price £3 13s. 6d.

PARIS, PIERRE. Manual of Ancient Sculpture. (Gravel & Co.)

This is a manual for students, translated from the French and edited and augmented by Miss Jane Harrison, an accomplished lecturer on ancient art. The text is elucidated by 187 illustrations. Cloth. Pp. 370.

BIOGRAPHY.

DIGGLE, JOHN W., M.A. The Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

A full memorial of the Bishop's work among the people of Lancashire, in preparing which the author has received the help of Mrs. Fraser and many of Fraser's confidential friends. There are numerous fresh letters in the book, and extracts from the Bishop's speeches. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Portrait and illustrations. Price 12s. 6d. A good, solid book.

GARNETT, RICHARD, LL.D. Life of John Milton. (Walter Scott.)

This is a volume of that very unequal collection of short biographies, the "Great Writers" series, and is among the best books which have as yet appeared in it. Cloth. Pp. 306 and xxxix. Price 1s.

HERRICK, CHRISTINE TERHUME (Editor). The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J., 1834-1851. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Miss J." was a very enthusiastic and aggressive Christian, who ardently desired to convert the Duke of Wellington. She "opened fire" by leaving a large Bible at his town house, a step which she followed up by some hundreds of letters, all of which were politely and punctiliously acknowledged by the Iron Duke. His replies are contained in the

volume now under consideration. They are not of great biographical value; but they throw a curious and by no means unpleasant side-light upon the complex character of the writer. The editor supplements the letters by a sufficiently interesting account of "Miss J." Boards, pp. 224. Price 6s.

M'ARTHUR, ALEXANDER. Anton Rubinstein. (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.)

A biographical sketch, prepared in anticipation of the recent Rubinstein Jubilee. Crown 8vo, portraits, medallion, &c. Pp. 154. Price 3s. 6d.

NICOLL, W. ROBERTSON, M.A. James Macdonell, Journalist. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author of this biography, himself a journalist, claims for his book that it is the first life of a journalist, pure and simple, ever written. Macdonell, a Scotsman, who died in 1879 at the early age of thirty-seven, was successively connected with the *Aberdeen Free Press*, the *Edinburgh Daily Review* (sub-editor), the *Northern Daily Express* (editor), the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Times*. The story of his life was worth the telling, and it is well told, though one may doubt the expediency of some of the details which the author has seen fit to include.

ROGERS, REV. CHARLES, D.D. The Book of Robert Burns. (Edinburgh: Printed for the Grampian Club.)

This is the first of three volumes which are to contain genealogical and historical memoirs of the poet, his associates, and those celebrated in his writings. It appeals more to the student of Burns, or to the biographer, than to the general reader. Such materials alchemized by the biographer's brain form interesting and profitable reading enough. 4to, cloth.

SKRINE, JOHN HUNTLEY. A Memory of Edward Thring. (Macmillan & Co.) Cloth. Pp. 280. Portrait. Price 6s.

SMEDES, SUSAN DABNEY. A Southern Planter. (John Murray.)

The English edition of a work recently commended in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Gladstone, who now supplements his "puff preliminary" by a prefatory note. It contains the story of a Mr. Dabney, whom the Emancipation ruined, but who continued to live a contented life, "as grand in his poverty as a king could be in all his glory." Cloth. Pp. x. 298.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN, D.D. The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D. (Ward, Lock, & Co.)

This is not a new book, but a reprint in the "Minerva Library of Famous Books" series. It is, however, so cheap and so admirable a reprint of so good a book that we may be pardoned for directing attention to it here. Cloth. Pp. xxiv. 534. Portrait and illustrations. Price 2s.

TUCKERMANN, BAYARD. Life of General Lafayette, with a Critical Estimate of his Character and Public Acts. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

A new biography from the American point of view, written for the centenary of the Declaration of Independence. Cloth. Two volumes. Price 12s.

GEOGRAPHY, ETHNOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ASBOTH, J. DE. **An Official Tour through Bosnia and Herzegovina.** (Swan Sonnenschein.)

M. de Asboth was Counsel of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office when he undertook the tour so fully described in these pages. He gives an account of the history, antiquities, agrarian conditions, religion, ethnology, folk-lore, and social life of the people. Authorised English edition. 4to. Pp. 496. Illustrations. Price 21s.

BRYDEN, H. A. **Kloof and Karroo.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

This is primarily an account of the sport, legend, and natural history of Cape Colony, with a notice of the game birds and of the present distribution of the antelopes and larger game. It also deals with many other aspects of life in Cape Colony. Cloth. Pp. xiii. 936. Illustrations. Price 10s. 6d.

CONDER, Major C. R., D.C.L., R.E. **Palestine.** (Philip & Son.)

A volume of the "World's Great Explorers" series, in which Major Conder is perforce compelled to tell the story of his own life's work, since the history of exploration in the Holy Land is more closely connected with him than with any other person. The book contains a full and interesting account of what the present century has done to advance the study of Bible topography in Palestine. Cloth. Pp. 270. Maps. Price 3s. 6d.

GILES, ERNEST. **Australia Twice Traversed.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

Mr. Giles speaks of his book as the "Romance of Exploration." It consists of a narrative compiled from the journals of two exploring expeditions into and through Central South Australia and Western Australia from 1872 to 1876. These expeditions were undertaken under the auspices and with the sanction of the State, and the narrative contains valuable information concerning portions of Australia not generally known. Two vols. Maps and Illustrations. Price 30s.

HARRIS, WALTER B., F.R.G.S. **The Land of an African Sultan.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

An account of travels in Morocco in 1887, 1888, and 1889. Mr. Harris is an intrepid traveller, who has visited Mequinez, Fez, Morocco City, Wazun, and even the sacred city of Sheshouan, from which Europeans are carefully excluded. He has also interviewed the Moorish Sultan. Cloth. Pp. 338. Illustration. Price 31s. 6d.

The Rivers of Great Britain. (Cassell & Co.)

This volume deals only with the rivers of the East Coast, extending from the Dee, the Tay, and the Forth to the Tyne, the Humber, and the rivers of East Anglia. Each river is allotted to specialists, who treat it descriptively, historically, and pictorially. Other volumes will follow in due course. Cloth gilt. Pp. 376.

PENNELL, JOSEPH, and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. **Our Journey to the Hebrides.** (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This description in pen and pencil is the outcome of a Highland tour undertaken at the request of an American magazine editor, when the writers desired to go elsewhere. The letterpress, therefore, is by no means sympathetic, and it has succeeded in irritating the patriotic Scot beyond measure. But while the "tourists in a temper" may be thought to write with undesirable frankness, their drawings are altogether admirable. Cloth. Pp. 225. Numerous illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.

LITERATURE.

I.—BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

BLACKIE'S **Modern Cyclopædia.** (Blackie & Son.)

The fourth and midway volume, extending from "Fire" to "Ilorin." To those who want a cheap and concise work of reference, this "Cyclopædia" can be strongly recommended. Cloth. Pp. 512. Price 6s.

Catalogue of the Guildhall Library of the City of London.

A new edition, entered up to June, 1889. Cloth. Pp. 1,127.

Hazell's Annual. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

An invaluable compendium of present-day facts. Pp. 720. Price 3s. 6d.

MURRAY, JAMES A. H. (Editor). **A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.** (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.)

Dr. Murray's great dictionary is one of the most important literary and scientific undertakings of the century. Part V., recently issued, extends from "Cast" to "Clivy," and includes 8,371 words, every one of which has its complete history and origin recorded. The number of illustrative quotations amounts to between 20,000 and 30,000. Boards. Price 12s. 6d.

II.—FICTION.

It would be impossible to describe adequately the scores of novels which issue monthly from the press. The following list gives the authors' names and the titles of the more important works of fiction published in December. Two- and three-volume novels are rarely purchased; readers can always obtain them in abundance at the circulating libraries.

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH" (Rev. S. Baring Gould). **Armi-nell: a Social Romance.** (Methuen & Co.) 3 vols.

BLACKMORE, R.D. **Kit and Kitty: a Story of West Middlesex.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) 2 vols.

BURNETT, MRS. FRANCES HODGSON. **Little Saint Elizabeth, and Other Stories.** (Frederick Warne & Co.)

Cloth. Pp. 160. Illustrations. Price 5s.

COBB, THOMAS. **Brownie's Plot.** (Ward & Downey.) 2 vols.

HOPPUS, M. A. M. **The Locket: a Tale of Old Germany.** (Richard Bentley & Son.) 2 vols.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM D. **A Hazard of New Fortunes.** (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 2 vols.

JESSOP, GEORGE H. **Gerald Ffrench's Friends.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 1 vol. Cloth. Pp. 240. Price 6s.

LAFFAN, MRS. R. S. DE COURCEY. **Louis Draycott: The Story of His Life.** (Chapman & Hall.) 2 vols.

LAURIE, A. **The Conquest of the Moon: A Story of the Bayouda.** (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) Pp. 354.

LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS. **Would You Kill Him?** (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 3 vols.

MAARTENS, MAARTEN. **The Sin of Goost Avelingh.** (Remington & Co.) A Dutch Story. 2 vols.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER. **A Family Tree, and Other Stories.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) Pp. 236. Price 6s.

MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT. **The Art of Love; or, New Lessons in Old Lore.** (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 3 vols.

MOORE, GEORGE. **Mike Fletcher.** (Ward & Downey.)

NORRIS, W. E. **Mrs. Fenton: a Sketch.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) Pp. 244. Price 6s.

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL. **The Romance of a Station.** (Trischler & Co.) 2 vols.

"Q." **The Splendid Spur.** (Cassell & Co.)

A historical novel. One volume. Pp. 328. Price 5s.

TOLSTOI, COUNT LYOF N. **The Long Exile, and other Stories for Children.** (Walter Scott.) Pp. 364. Price 2s. 6d.

TWAIN, MARK. *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.* (Chatto & Windus.)

Pp. 532. Illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.

VEITCH, SOPHIE F. F. *Duncan Moray, Farmer.* (Alexander Gardner.) 2 vols.

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE F. *Jupiter Lights.* (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) Pp. 346. Price 6s.

III.—POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

BROWNING, ROBERT. *Asolando : Fancies and Facts.* (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

The latest (and last) volume of poems from the pen of Mr. Robert Browning was published on the 11th of December : the poet died, at Venice on the following day. "Asolando" comprises a number of short poems—all more or less representative of the poet's wide-embracing genius. The trust in God and hope for the Future which have breathed through his verse from the beginning were with him unabated to the last. Cloth. Price 5s.

DOBSON, AUSTIN (editor). *Selected Poems of Matthew Prior.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

This is a volume of the "Parchment Library," which the wise man will purchase in cloth. Mr. Dobson, who supplies an introduction and some notes, has been fortunate enough to make several discoveries in connexion with Prior's life, all of which have been incorporated with the book before us. Several of the notes are transcribed from a valuable MS. by Sir James Montague, hitherto unpublished. The introduction is very pleasant reading, and the selection includes all of Prior's poems (save "Solomon") that can now be printed. Parchment or cloth. Pp. lxx. 236. Price 6s.

EGGLESTON, GEORGE CARY (editor). *American War Ballads and Lyrics.* (Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Eggleston's collection is nothing if not catholic. It contains verses concerning the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812-15, and the Civil War ; and it comprises doggerel and poetry with all that lies between. The two volumes form part of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series, the "get up" of which is unimpeachable. Cloth. Two volumes. Price 7s.

IBSEN, HENRIK. *The Lady from the Sea.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This is an authorised translation by Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling of "Fruen fra Havet," a play which, like "The Doll's House," demands more room for individuality in married life. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who, with Mr. William Archer, may be said to represent the Ibsen scholarship of this country, writes an introduction, in which the main facts of Ibsen's life are set out, and his works and teachings critically considered. The translation forms a volume of the Cameo Series. Boards. Pp. 184. Price 3s. 6d.

LEVY, AMY. *A London Plane Tree, and other Verse.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This volume of the "Cameo Series" contains Miss Levy's last printed words. It is a collection of short poems and lyrics, for the most part connected with London, and also for the most part pessimistic in the highest degree. The verse, however, is always musical, and the book is, on the whole, well worth reading. Boards. Pp. 94. Two illustrations by Bernard Partridge. Price 3s. 6d.

ROBERTSON, T. W. *The Principal Dramatic Works of Thomas William Robertson.* (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

Robertson was for twenty years the ruling spirit of English comedy, and his "Caste," "Society," "Ours," &c., have had many direct imitators. It may be doubted, however, whether his plays are sufficiently literary to warrant their collection in two volumes. His son contributes a memoir. Two vols.

ROSSLYN, EARL OF. *Sonnets and Poems.* (Remington & Co.)

A volume of verse dedicated to the Queen. Cloth. Pp. 314. Price 7s. 6d.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, Lord. *Demeter, and Other Poems.* (Macmillan & Co.)

The poem which gives its title to this volume is founded on the myth of Demeter (or Ceres) and Persephone (or Proserpine), and consists of a reverie on the part of Demeter on the causes and results of their separation. The remainder of the volume comprises a poem in dialect, tales, lyrics, and some pieces of official verse. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. Pp. 172. Price 6s.

The Henry Irving Shakespeare, Vol. VII. (Blackie & Son.)

The seventh volume of this edition of Shakespeare's works contains "Timon of Athens," "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," "Titus Andronicus," and "The Winter's Tale." Mr. Frank A. Marshall (the editor) having been ill, the present instalment of the work has been brought out with the assistance of Mr. Wilson Verity, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Dr. Garnett, and Mr. Joseph Knight. The last-named has contributed the stage histories which have all along been a feature of the edition. The illustrations are from various pens. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d. Vol. VIII., completing the work, will appear early in the year. It may be added that Mr. Frank Marshall died on Dec. 28th.

VERNON, the Hon. W. W. *Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante.* (Macmillan & Co.)

The "Purgatorio,"—a most difficult poem to understand,—is here taken, passage by passage, and literally translated and explained. The commentary is based upon that of Benvenuto da Imola, published in Latin in 1378. Dean Church, whose "Essay on Dante" appeared in 1850, contributes an important Introduction. Cloth. 2 vols. Portrait.

IV.—MISCELLANEA.

ARNOLD, THOMAS, M.A. (editor). *Dryden : an Essay on Dramatic Poesy.* (Oxford : At the Clarendon Press.)

Dryden's "Essay" has been set as an examination subject at one of the Universities ; hence this reprint, with an introduction and notes. Cloth Pp. 142.

BUNYAN, JOHN. *A Book for Boys and Girls ; or, Country Rhymes for Children.* (Elliot Stock.)

This is a facsimile of the very rare edition of 1686, the unique copy of which was recently secured by the British Museum. The rhymes are homely in the extreme. Contemporary binding. Price, to subscribers, 3s. 9d.

CARNARVON, the EARL OF (editor). *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson and Successor.* (Oxford : At the Clarendon Press.)

These 236 letters have passed from the fifth earl, to whom they were addressed, through the sixth earl, to his son-in-law, Lord Carnarvon, who now edits them from the original copies. They extend from 1761 to 1770 : and in some respects resemble the famous letters which Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son. Like those, they recommend sacrifices to "the Graces," the study of oratory and modern languages, and the cultivation of the art of letter-writing ; but their moral tone is, on the whole, much higher. Lord Carnarvon's introductory essay is a scholarly piece of prose, and gives an accurate picture of Chesterfield and his times. The book is sumptuously printed and bound, and the impression, which was limited, was taken up by the booksellers at once.

CARROLL, LEWIS. *Sylvio and Bruno.* (Macmillan & Co.)

In this book (which is addressed to children) Mr. Carroll touches a deeper chord than has hitherto been his wont. Some of the scenes in the present story (the action of which takes place in a topsy-turvy land) are both powerful and pathetic. Mr. Carroll, however, is still able to write those delightful verses which so fully accord with Bishop Barrow's definition of poetry,—"ingenious nonsense." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. Pp. 395. Price 7s. 6d. It should be added that the volume contains 46 illustrations by Harry Furniss.

HAMILTON, WALTER (editor). *Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors.* (Reeves & Turner.)

The sixth volume of this serial contains parodies of Swinburne, Sims, and Browning ; burlesque ballades, vilanelles, rondeaux, rondels, triplets, &c. The book lacks arrangement, and the editor might be more eclectic with advantage. On the whole, however, it is an entertaining and useful collection. 4to. Pp. 346. Price 7s. 6d.

BARING-GOULD, S., M.A. *Old Country Life.* (Methuen & Co.)

Chapters on Old Country Families, Country Houses, the Country Parson, the Hunting Parson, Country Dances, Old Roads, Family Portraits, the Village Musicians, &c. These sketches from Mr. Baring-Gould's facile pen are profusely illustrated by Mr. W. Parkinson and Mr. F. D. Bedford. Crown 8vo, cloth, pp. 358. Price 10s. 6d.

HISTORY.

BINGHAM, Captain the Hon. D. *The Marriages of the Bourbons.* (Chapman & Hall.)

An anecdotal history, brought up to date. Two volumes. Pp. 1,120. Cloth. Numerous illustrations. Price 32s.

HUTTON, the Rev. W. H., M.A. **S. Thomas of Canterbury.** (David Nutt.)

A volume of the "English History by Contemporary Writers" series, in which the story of Thomas à Becket is told in the quaint English of contemporary biographers and chroniclers. Cloth. Pp. 286. Price 1s.

LANE-POOLE, STANLEY. **Thirty Years of Colonial Government.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

This is a selection from the despatches and letters of the Right Hon. Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., and, like the preceding book, gives history as seen and understood by a contemporary writer. Sir George Bowen's experience of Colonial Government must have been almost unique, since he was successively Governor of Queensland, New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius, and Hong Kong. Cloth. Two volumes. Portrait. Price 32s.

LEWIS, HUBERT, B.A. **The Ancient Laws of Wales.** (Elliot Stock.)

This volume contains the result of a most elaborate historical investigation, in which the ancient laws of Wales are viewed especially in regard to the light they throw upon the origin of some English institutions. It is edited, with a preface, by Mr. J. E. Lloyd, M.A. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 55s. Price 30s.

MACDONALD, JOHN, M.A. **Diary of the Parnell Commission.** (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The "Diary" consists of a series of descriptive reports, reprinted from the *Daily News*. Up to the time that Pigott disappeared from the scene, Mr. Macdonald does excellently; but with the cessation of public interest his reports become colourless. The present volume, however, has a very complete index, in virtue of which it becomes a useful book of reference. Cloth. Pp. xxxvi. 36s. Price 6s.

MARRIOTT, J. A. R., M.A. **The Makers of Modern Italy.** (Macmillan & Co.)

Three University extension lectures on Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Cloth. Pp. xiv. 84. Price 1s. 6d.

POLITICS AND SOCIETY.

ALLAN, JAMES MACGREGOR. **Woman Suffrage Wrong in Principle and Practice.** (Remington & Co.)

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I. COLONIAL.

Reports from Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions, Hong Kong, Ceylon, Fiji.

Statistical Abstract for the several Colonial and other Possessions of the United Kingdom in each year from 1874 to 1888.

II. FOREIGN.

Six numbers of the Diplomatic and Consular Reports on Trade and Finance, issued by the Foreign Office, appeared in December. They were as follows:—

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PARLIAMENTARY RETURNS.

Pilotage.

A Return, setting forth the bye-laws relating to pilots and pilotage, the names and ages of licensed pilots and their apprentices, the services for which they are licensed, the total amount received for pilotage, and an account of the receipts and expenditure of the money so received. Pp. 321. Price 2s. 7½d.

Friendly Societies, Industrial and Provident Societies, and Trade Unions, 1886.

Part II.—(A) dealing with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester United, and giving the names of the various branches and their offices, abstracts of the last Return, quinquennial valuation, &c. Pp. 183. Price 1s. 7d.

Index to the Report from the Select Committee of Woods and Forests and Land Revenues of the Crown.

Pp. 357. Price 4½d.

Return of Joint Stock Companies.

An elaborate compilation, giving the names, objects, places of business, rates of registration, nominal capitals, and value of shares of the Joint Stock Companies of the United Kingdom; together with the total number of registered companies carrying on business at the present time. Pp. 195. Price 1s. 7½d.

Pauperism, England and Wales.—Return (A), Comparative Statement of Pauperism, Oct., 1889.

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Commercial, No. 28 (1889), United States.

Correspondence respecting the Contract Labour Law in the United States. Pp. 39. Price 7½d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fifty-first Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England (1888).

Reports as to population, marriages, births, deaths, &c., with elaborate analyses. Pp. lxxxiv. 226. Price 1s. 3d.

Slave Trade, No. 2, 1889. Correspondence Relative to the Slave Trade, 1888-89.

Deals with the slave-trade in connection with (1) Central Africa, (2) East Coast of Africa and Arabia, (3) West Coast of Africa, (4) Brazil, (5) Egypt, (6) Italy, (7) Madagascar, and (8) Turkey. Letters and Reports. Pp. 103. Price 10½d.

Calendar and General Directory of the Department of Science and Art, for the Year 1890.

A supplement to the thirty-seventh Report. Pp. 318. Price 1s. 4d.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

Antiquary, Ant.; Argosy, Arg.; Art Journal, Art. J.; Art Review, Art R.; Atalanta, Ata.; Atlantic Monthly, A. M.; Belgravia, Bel.; Blackwood's Magazine, B. M.; Cassell's Family Magazine, C. F. M.; Century Magazine, C. M.; Chambers's Journal, C. J.; Charity Organization Review, C. O. R.; Contemporary Review, C. R.; Cornhill Magazine, C.; Cosmopolitan, Cos.; Deutsche Revue, D. Revue; Deutsche Rundschau, D. Rund.; Dublin Review, D. R.; East and West, E. W.; Edinburgh Review, E. R.; English Illustrated Magazine, E. I.; Fireside, Fl.; Folk Lore Journal, F. L. J.; Fortnightly Review, F. R.; Forum, F.; Gentleman's Magazine, G. M.; Good Words, G. W.; Harper's Magazine, H. M.; Knowledge, K.; Leisure Hour, L. H.; Library, L.; Library Journal, L. J.; Lippincott's Magazine, Lip.; Little Folks, L. F.; Longman's Magazine, L. M.; Lucifer, Luc.; Macmillan's Magazine, Mac.; Magazine of Art, M. Art.; Merry England, M. E.; Messenger of Europe, Mes.; Murray's Magazine, M. M.; National Review, Nat. R.; New Review, N. R.; Nineteenth Century, N. C.; North American Review, N. A. R.; Northern Messenger, N. M.; Nouvelle Revue, Nouv. R.; Nuova Antologia, N. A.; Our Day, O. D.; Photographic Quarterly, P. Q.; Quarterly Review, Q. R.; Rassegna Nazionale, R. N.; Revue des Deux Mondes, R. D. M.; Revue Internationale, R. I.; Revue Socialiste, R. S.; Revue Suisse, R. Suisse; Russian Antiquity, R. Ant.; St. Nicholas, St. N.; Scottish Review, S. R.; Scribner's Magazine, Scrib.; Sunday Magazine, S. M.; Temple Bar, T. B.; Time, T.; Tinsley's Magazine, T. M.; United Service Magazine, U. S. M.; Universal Review, U. R.; Unsere Zeit, U. Z.; Westminster Review, W. R.; Woman's World, W. W.

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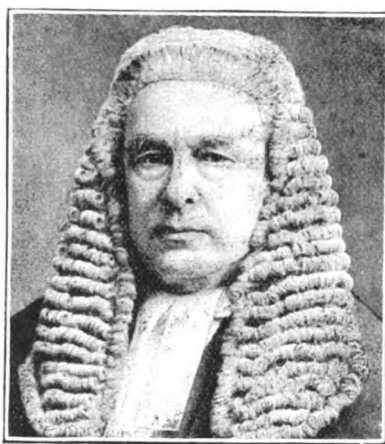
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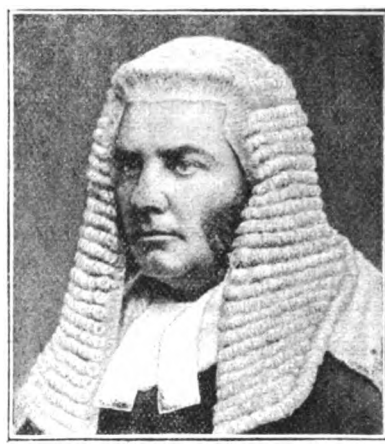




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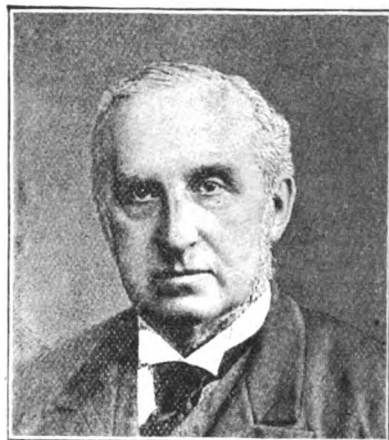
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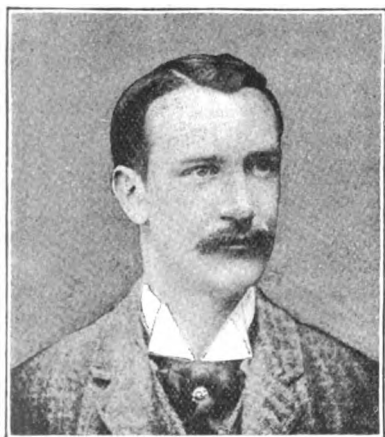
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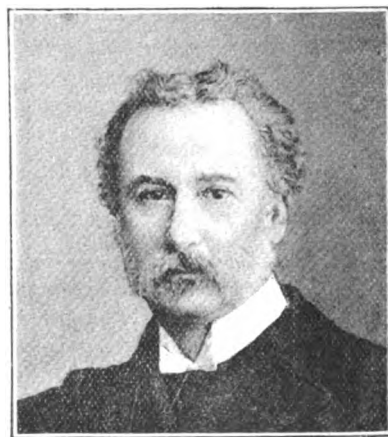
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

London, Jan. 31, 1890.

ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and seldom has Nature touched her children with more unpleasant finger than in the Influenza Epidemic, which has been the great event of January. From emperors to potboys, no one has been exempt. Death, the great leveller, has not been more indiscriminate than the strange Chinese fever which we agree to call influenza, apparently because it possesses few of the distinctive features of that malady. Half the crowned heads in Europe have been laid up with it. Prime ministers, cardinals, princes, ambassadors, and soldiers have gone down before the subtle microbe, which, according to Dr. Jolles, of Vienna, is a little creature wearing a hat like a bishop, but otherwise indistinguishable from the microbe which produces pneumonia. No precautions could avert an attack. The disease raged equally in the health resorts on the Riviera and in slums of London and New York. The influenza was at least a new tie to human brotherhood. We have all ached in common.

But if Sir Robert Rawlinson and Dr. Symes Thompson be correct, the disease, which has this month united Mexican peasants, Italian princes, and English nobles in a communion of suffering, carries with it a far more notable lesson of human brotherhood. For they believe that the cause of these aches and pains which have closed German theatres, shut up French schools, and semi-paralysed the business of Europe, may be traced to a terrible disaster which overwhelmed the Chinese province of Honan in the spring of 1888. We heard with but languid emotion the news that when the Yellow River burst its banks seven million Chinamen were drowned. The Chinese are, to most of us, hardly regarded as beings within the pale of humanity. Voltaire's sarcasm, that there were few who could resist the temptation to kill a mandarin in Peking if it could be done by pressing a button in Paris, hardly exaggerates the sentiment of the White man about his Yellow brother. But now Nature has taken a notable and effective method of teaching that the saying, "Ye are all members one of another," includes the Chinese as part of the

common human family. For in the horrible compost of Chinese corpses left to putrefy by the million in the ooze left by the devastating flood were generated countless millions of organic spores. These, when the hot sun dried up the moisture, became dust, which the wind took and carried westward for the scourging of the nations. Slowly at first the marsh-born microbes crept across the great northern plains of their native continent, but on reaching the confines of Europe they availed themselves of the resources of civilisation, and swept with almost electric rapidity to St. Petersburg, and from thence to all the civilised lands. Not even the broad Atlantic could stem their advance. Everywhere in the New World, as in the Old, the ghost of John Chinaman swept like the wild huntsman across land and sea, and, as potentate and pauper went down in misery and pain before the clammy touch of his fevered finger, he seemed to ask, "Am I not also a man and a brother?"

A very disagreeable man and a brother, and more deadly even than the much-dreaded cholera. The mortality in Paris this month was higher than in either of the two last cholera epidemics. For the first twenty days of January the mortality doubled, rising from 3,000 to 5,980. In Madrid the deaths rose from 50 to 200 per day. No doubt the Chinese fever is not answerable for it all, for it is an old saying that "A green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard," but it is largely responsible for the enormous increase in the mortality of London, which in one week this month rose from 547, the normal average, to 1,069; that is to say, it was almost exactly doubled. In Europe, the weekly butcher's bill this month has been far in excess of the carnage of a campaign. The Afghan war cost us 3,000 men, the Zulu war 2,000. None of our Egyptian battles cost us so many dead as have fallen before the mild but microbe-laden air of this fatal January. It is no answer to say that those who fell were usually more or less damaged in lung or in constitution. But for the influenza these damaged ones might have survived for years.

Some, no doubt, were old and ready to fall, full of years and of honour. Among these, no doubt, the first place must be given to the Empress-Queen Augusta, who finished her work in this world on January 7, at the age of 79. Her married life was not ideal, but for sixty years and more she set before her subjects the example of unswerving devotion to duty. "I have only one wish," she said, "and that is that people will say of me after I am dead, 'She was a good woman.'" Yet she had another wish, and one which grew with her to be a consuming passion—a passion for peace. "Think," she said, "what I know of war." She had the peace of the world so much at heart that she heartily rejoiced last year in the success of the French Exhibition, because she thought it would foster peace. Hardly a week had passed after she had entered the silent region of eternal peace, when she was followed by Lord Napier of Magdala, a valiant warrior one year her senior, who had spent a long and eventful life in the stirring scenes of Imperial war. Sixty-four years ago the lad Napier went to India with nothing but his own stout heart and his commission as lieutenant in the Bengal Engineers, and from that time until that wintry January day when he was laid to rest in St. Paul's, amid such honours as Britain pays to her greatest and her best, his career had never been sullied by a stain. Whether in the fiery ordeal of the Mutiny, where he fought as Chief of Outram's staff, or in the storming of the Taku forts in China, where he was struck five times and yet emerged alive and victorious, or in the eventful and almost bloodless campaign in Abyssinia, when, in Lord Beaconsfield's grandiose phrase, he "planted the standard of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas," he did his duty as a soldier should. A warrior of another stamp, not less notable in his way, had preceded him to the grave by a few days. Dr. Döllinger, the leader of the Old Catholics in Germany, died in harness at the age of ninety-one. He was one of the Abdiels, who "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," dared to stand alone, and when the Vatican Council declared the Pope in/allible, preferred excommunication rather than assent to what he believed in his innermost heart to be a lie. According to those who excommunicated him, his contumacy arose from disused prayer—

"long before the Vatican Council he had laid aside his Breviary, and had limited himself to saying Mass on Sundays,"—but he died in peace.

Dr. Döllinger, when a boy of ten, had been introduced to Napoleon when the Great Captain was on his way to the victory of Wagram. The latest victim of the Chinese fever, although born long after Napoleon had died at St. Helena, was also associated with that Imperial house. The Duke d'Aosta, better known as ex-King Amadeus, was married to Princess Letitia, daughter of Prince Napoleon. He was but forty-five years old. A cold caught at the funeral of the King of Portugal attacked the lungs of this ex-sovereign of Spain, and influenza found him an easy prey. King Humbert's brother died at Turin, for the bracing air of the city planted in the heart of the snow-clad Alps of Italy was no barrier to the marsh malaria of China.

When he lay dead, it seemed as if there was likely to be another royal funeral. The baby king, the cradled occupant of the throne which the Duke d'Aosta had quitted eighteen years before, was for several days apparently at the point of death. All Europe sympathised with his widowed mother, who knelt weeping by the side of her only son, whose infantile caresses and little sayings, "Mamma, how I love you!" and the like, were by telegraph and press made visible and audible throughout the world. At the hour when vitality is weakest, in the dark and early morning, when the child was expected to die, a solemn mass, interrupted by many sobs, was said by special permission of the Pope in the private oratory of the Queen. From that day the little fellow began to mend. He is now out of danger. In the United Kingdom, the three pillars of the Unionist cause, Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Balfour, were all prostrated with influenza, but all have fortunately recovered. None of our great old men—neither Mr. Gladstone, nor the two Cardinals, nor Professor Owen, nor Lord Tennyson—has suffered from the prevailing epidemic, which it is to be hoped has now spent its force.

The shrinkage of the world under the potent influences of steam and electricity has undoubtedly facilitated the spread of epidemic disease; and the news of a violent outbreak of cholera in Bassorah, on the Persian Gulf, has created a slight thrill.

of uneasiness in the West. This drawback of the improved system of intercommunication that is coincident with modern civilisation, was not unnaturally ignored by the speakers who celebrated on January 10 the Jubilee of the Penny Post. It might, however, have suggested itself to the mind of the reactionary Mr. Raikes as affording him some semblance of a pretext for his opposition to the next great step in civilisation, the establishment of a penny post among all English-speaking communities. This is the first and most clamant reform to which all English-speakers should direct their attention. The condition of the postage rates between various parts of the British Empire is a crying scandal. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will this year have a surplus of four millions sterling. The first claim on that surplus is that of the Imperial penny post. At present ministers talk about the Empire, but refuse to do anything to multiply the slender but potent threads which every mail-bag carries, like a shuttle, backwards and forwards between the mother-country and her ocean-sundered colonies. Long ago the Prince of Wales declared, and declared truly, that the only right way of uniting the Empire was to regard every Briton living in Victoria or the Cape as being every whit as much a Briton as if he lived in Surrey or Midlothian. The fair hope of an Imperial Zollverein has long since faded into thin air. It is still possible to establish an Imperial penny post. Even if it cost as much as an ironclad, it would be worth the money. But at present the postage to Australia is fifty per cent. higher than the postage to Patagonia, and more than thrice as much as the postage to San Francisco. It is idle to talk of the zeal of our rulers for the unity and consolidation of the Empire while Mr. Raikes persists in maintaining a sixpenny postage rate to Australia, and when it is cheaper to post letters to India per Belgium than from London.

But while the Imperial penny post is good, the true formula is that of a universal penny post between all English-speaking lands. More than half the emigrants from our shores go to the United States of America. Every one of these emigrants might be a bond of love and union between the Empire and the Republic. Every one of them left behind him here friends and relatives with whom it

should be a great object of our policy that he should keep up a close and constant communication. Every day of the 365, year in year out, these emigrants send back to the old folks at home £1,200 from Australia and £4,000 from across the Atlantic. The difference between a penny and a twopenny halfpenny stamp makes all the difference, in many cases, between regular correspondence and none at all. Where there is a will there is a way. If I were a millionaire, and no other means were available to overcome the incorrigible *non possumus* of the Post Office, I think I could find few means of diffusing more real pleasure, and of doing more service to the permanent interests of the race, than by bribing the Post Office with my millions to carry letters as cheaply between Melbourne and Manchester as between London and Leeds.

The development of cheap postage has had one unexpected effect. It has supplied the Socialists with one clear indisputable illustration of the possibility of the successful and economical organisation of labour by the State. The Post Office is the only State department which is not more or less of a by-word and a reproach for inefficiency, extravagance, and corruption. It does an enormous business, and does it fairly well.

So signal an illustration of the economy and efficiency of State management is a constant stimulus to the further extension of the same principle. Some day the State will buy up our railways. The scheme, however, is so vast that cautious people recoil, and it is more probable that the first move in the direction of State ownership will be in the acquisition of the tramways and omnibuses. I think that it is by no means improbable that, before many years pass, every omnibus and tramcar in London will be owned by the County Council, and will carry any person any distance within the Metropolitan area for one penny fare. This is, at least, a practical reform for which to work, and one which would do more to remedy overcrowding in the centre than any number of schemes for the erection of artisans' dwellings.

The substitution of electricity for horse-traction, which is now in progress, will, by cheapening the cost, tend to facilitate this change. The sixty miles of roadway covered by the tramway and omnibus companies is

Liverpool will soon be served by electric cars, and in London the experiment has been tried with such complete success that the disappearance of the horse is only a matter of time. Six storage batteries, which can be replaced, when exhausted, in three minutes, will draw a car carrying fifty-two persons for thirty-five miles at a possible speed of twenty miles an hour. The cost per mile is not more than 5d. per mile, as against 6½d. per mile now paid for horse traction. The electric car is perfectly under control, and does the work of sixty horses. When the system is fully applied, 25,000 horses now employed by the tramway companies will have to seek work elsewhere.

The continuous development of the mechanical appliances by which the whole community obtains the necessities of life from a common centre is accompanied by a corresponding growth of Socialism in the political and administrative spheres.

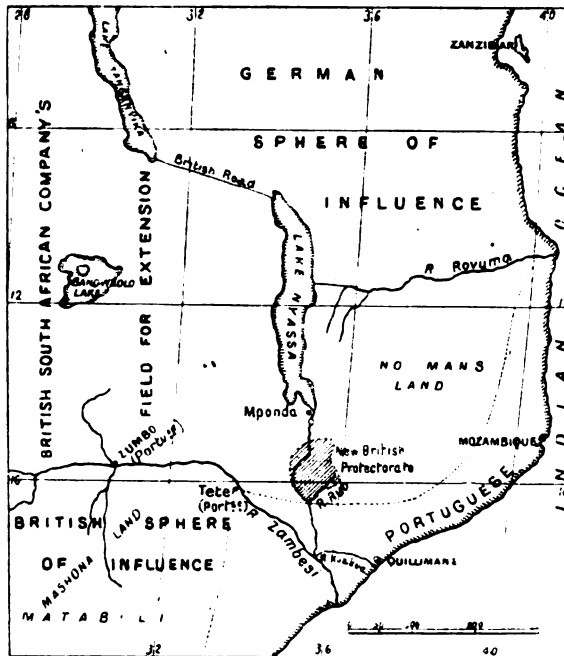
We have a Conservative Cabinet in office, but the chief legislative achievement which it contemplates in the coming session is a measure by which the credit of the Imperial exchequer is to be pledged for the purpose of facilitating the conversion of the present Irish tenants into small proprietors. Still more remarkable is the report which has gained currency of late, that Lord Salisbury meditates a grand *coup* in the shape of the establishment of free education. At present elementary education is paid for (1) by the fees of the children; (2) by Government grant; and (3) by the rates in case of Board Schools, or by private subscriptions in case of voluntary schools. The school fees bring in about £1,800,000 per annum. One half of this expected surplus would more than suffice to relieve every

parent in England of the burden of school fees. On January 30, after a long debate initiated by Mrs. Besant, the London School Board carried, by 24 to 16, a resolution declaring that admission to all public elementary schools in receipt of grants from the State, should be free, and that the schools should be under representative management. Free education was established last session in Scotland. It seems not impossible that it will be established this year south of the Tweed.

That, however, depends upon the state of the finances; and that again depends upon the avoidance of foreign quarrels.

The story of our quarrel with Portugal is so confused that I venture to set it out with some detail.

The King of Portugal, our ancient and traditional ally, is crowned Lord of Guinea, Persia, Ethiopia, and Arabia. He inherits the glory of reigning over the descendants of the early navigators who discovered the Cape of Good Hope and Brazil. Among the less shadowy possessions of the Portuguese crown are



ZAMBESIA: SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA.

strips of coast on both sides of Africa, of which the most important points are Delagoa Bay and the mouth of the Zambezi. Stretching inland from these possessions on the littoral, the Portuguese imagination sees a visionary sovereignty which covers the whole intermediate continent. Occasionally in the lapse of centuries stray Portuguese travellers have walked over this territory. Here and there ruins of old forts attest the fact that an attempt has been made to hold it, but down to our time Portugal has not attempted either to civilise, govern, conquer, or colonise the region. In actual fact, Portuguese authority in the Upper Zambezi is confined to the two points marked on the accompanying map, as Tete and Zumbo. When at

the beginning of last year the whole of the territory south of the Zambesi was declared to be within the sphere of British influence, and the scheme was mooted of placing Mashonaland, the ancient land of Ophir, with its inexhaustible gold mines, and Matabeleland, with its warrior King Lobengula, under the control of a chartered company, it was thought advisable to endeavour to arrange with the Portuguese Government for the formal extinction of the shadowy transcontinental claims which questioned our authority in Mashonaland, and barred our northward road to Tanganyika. Mr. Johnston, newly appointed consul at Mozambique, was sent to Lisbon in the spring to arrange the matter. Mr. Johnston, whom it is the fashion to abuse as a fire-eating Jingo, so far from justifying that description, concluded with Portugal an arrangement which ceded the whole of the territory now in dispute on the Shiré in return for the definite extinction of all Portuguese claims to the interior beyond Zumbo.

To understand the significance of this it is necessary to turn to the accompanying map. The German sphere of influence stops at the River Rovuma. The most northern limit of Portuguese territory which we recognise is the River Ruo.

This limit was admitted by Portugal in the Treaty of London, February 26, 1884, Article 3 of which says: "The claims of Portugal in the Shiré shall not extend beyond the confluence of the River Ruo with that river." Owing to Prince Bismarck's objection to the Congo clauses of this treaty, it was never ratified, so that the only importance of this article lies in the evidence it affords of Portugal to accept the Ruo boundary as part of a general settlement of the relations between herself and us in Africa. Between the River Ruo and the River Rovuma stretches a tract of about four hundred miles, including the lower half of Lake Nyassa, on which the steamers of the British-African Lakes Company are plying, Lake Shirwa, the whole of the Upper Shiré river, and the Shiré highlands, upon which the Scotch missionaries have established a flourishing mission-station. Until the beginning of last year this intermediate territory was a kind of No Man's Land.

In January, last year, the Portuguese made their first grab at this region. "Taking advantage of the peaceable relations," says Captain Lugard, in last

month's *Blackwood*, "established by the British, and of the prohibition of the import of arms," the Portuguese pushed their way up to the south end of the lake, "presented their inevitable flag to Mponda, washed down the dose by the present of an express rifle and other goods. So now," continues Captain Lugard, "they have a treaty and a piece of land in their possession, and claim a right to the south of the lake, and recent news says that they were fortifying Mponda's village." He is a noted slaver." A few months later, Mr Consul Johnston, at Lisbon, concluded an arrangement which gave the whole of the territory between the Ruo and the Rovuma to Portugal in exchange for concessions elsewhere. Lord Salisbury might, perhaps, have ignored the outcry of the Scotch missionaries and traders against this surrender of the Shiré highlands, had not Señor Batalha Reis, with maladroit Chauvinism, availed himself of an opportunity afforded him for strengthening Mr. Johnston's hand, to weaken it by denouncing any surrender of Portuguese claims in the interior. Pressed by Lord Burleigh, and without support from the other side Lord Salisbury gave way. He refused to ratify Mr. Johnston's arrangement, and both sides began at once to prepare for action.

The Portuguese despatched a lieutenant to make treaties and establish a protectorate south of the Zambesi, in Mashonaland, and at the same time pushed Major Serpa Pinto forward into Nyassaland, on the pretext of making a survey for a railway. They had got the start of us with Mponda, and Major Serpa Pinto had recruited a surveying party of 319 Zulus, armed with Winchester rifles, before Mr. Johnston left London. Lord Salisbury sent Mr. Johnston over to conclude treaties with the tribes on the Upper Shiré river, and to establish a British protectorate over the Shiré highlands. He gave him no troops. Mr. Johnston went out with a portmanteau full of British flags, with a portfolio full of blank treaties, and with practical *carte blanche* to take whatever steps he thought were necessary to establish British ascendancy in the interior. Mr. Johnston arrived at the mouth of the Zambesi in H.M. ship *Stork*, on July 28, and in a few days steamed up the Lower Shiré in the *Stork's* steam-cutter. On the 8th of August he overtook and passed Major Serpa Pinto, who was

making his way up stream. That officer told Mr. Johnston that his was a little scientific survey party peacefully wending its way northward to Mponda. Mr. Johnston advised the Major to avoid the Makololo territory, where the natives would not understand a surveying party carrying Winchesters, and they parted the best of friends. Mr. Johnston, however, declined to give Major Serpa Pinto's two officers a lift in his steam launch. Pushing northward, as soon as he passed the junction of the Ruo and the Shiré, Mr. Johnson began treaty-making with the Makololo. He gave them British flags, told them that he bore the words of the great Queen's chief adviser from across the seas, took their signatures to treaties placing them under British protection, and assured them that if they hoisted that flag the Portuguese would never attack them. Unfortunately this was exactly what did happen. Major Serpa Pinto's officers, whose reports were published in the *Gazette* of January 17, lost no time in following in Mr. Consul Johnston's wake. The old chief Mlauri, Livingstone's friend, who is a kind of Makololo warden of the marches on the Shiré, watched their advance with alarm. Nor was he without cause; Major Serpa Pinto's peaceful surveying party halted opposite Mupasso, immediately to the south of the river Ruo, encamped and prepared to "pacify this region, where a few insubordinate niggers, encouraged by I know not what foreign influence, are endeavouring to get up a rebellion against us." As these "insubordinate niggers" were independent tribes freshly placed under the protection of the great Queen across the seas, what the Portuguese called pacification naturally appeared to the Makololo as threatened invasion and conquest. According to the Portuguese account, Major Serpa Pinto's engineer in command left Mupasso on the 28th August, and advanced to the first Makololo village, which was palisaded and defended by 120 natives with flint locks, who opened fire upon the invading force as soon as they came within range. The fire was returned, the village stormed and burnt, in punishment of the "insult." Old Mlauri raised the country to repel the invasion, and the Portuguese fell back on Mupasso, which they fortified, and awaited reinforcements, with which, wrote this pacific engineer, "His Majesty's Government must not fail to inflict severe punishment on these rebels, and thus

free the Shiré once for all" from these "unworthy Kaffirs, which the abuse of alcohol has rendered completely beastly and barbarous." He hoped, I quote from his despatch of September 8, not to return until he had concluded "some important work here, in addition to the pacification of this region and of its submission to the Crown of Portugal."

Clearly whatever may be thought of the policy or impolicy of proclaiming a British protectorate over this region, the Portuguese were now distinctly about to appeal to arms by attempting the conquest and subjugation of the territory. Now it so happens that there was distinct treaty provision made by the general act of the Berlin Conference of 1885 for the pacific settlement of exactly such a disagreement as had thus arisen on the Shiré uplands which lie in the limits mentioned in Article 1. The provision is made in Article 12, which runs as follows:—

In case a serious disagreement originating on the subject of or in the limits of the territories mentioned in Article 1, and placed under the free-trade system, shall arise between any signatory Powers of the present Act, or the Powers which may become parties to it, these Powers bind themselves, before appealing to arms, to have recourse to the mediation of one or more of the friendly Powers. In a similar case the same Powers reserve to themselves the option of having recourse to arbitration.

Clearly the duty of a Portuguese officer suddenly confronted with a British flag, was to have reported the matter to his Government, who would then have appealed to the mediation of one or more of the friendly Powers. Unfortunately this was the course which they did not pursue.

Three weeks after this attack on a Makololo village, Mr. Consul Johnston had the following proclamation printed by the mission boys at Blantyre:—

To all whom it may concern.—I hereby declare that the Makololo, Yas, and Machinga countries within the limit cited below are, with the consent and at the desire of their chiefs and people, placed under the protection of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, &c. Given at Mlomba, Makololo country, this 21st of September, 1889.

The boundaries of this new protectorate are traced as correctly as the scanty information vouchsafed us permits on the accompanying map. It will be seen that it leaves intact the Portuguese claim to Mponda. It does not touch Lake Nyassa. And most important and most fatal of all, it is absolutely inaccessible save by rivers running through Portuguese

territory. Having issued this proclamation, Mr. Consul Johnston passed on to Lake Nyassa, where he succeeded in making peace with the Arab slave-traders who were besieging the British station at Karongas at the north end of the lake, and reopened the road from Nyassa to Lake Tanganyika.

Meanwhile Major Serpa Pinto, chagrined at the successful resistance offered by the Makololo to his surveying party, took steps to increase the strength of his "surveyors." Descending to the coast he recruited five thousand Zulus,—according to the statement of the French Captain Trivier, who gives the figures on the Major's own authority. He brought with him to assist in his survey four cannon and three mitrailleuses. The Portuguese Government say that he had only one mitrailleuse and one steamer and 2,000 men; but they are misinformed. Major Serpa Pinto massed this army on either side of the Shiré at Mupasso, and waited an opportunity to attack. Unfortunately, the poor old chief Mlauri played into his hands. According to Bishop Smythies, he told the acting English consul, Mr. Buchanan,

that he had been deceived, that he and the other chiefs had looked upon the English as their friends, and had accepted the English flags, that they were assured that flag would be respected, but that now the Portuguese were invading their country. Accordingly he attacked the Portuguese. This was on the 8th of November. Major Serpa Pinto told Captain Trivier that the Makololo fought under the British flag and displayed great bravery. But they were mowed down by the mitrailleuse by scores, and were utterly smashed up. When the fight was over Major Serpa Pinto counted 172 corpses in the ground, and held two British flags

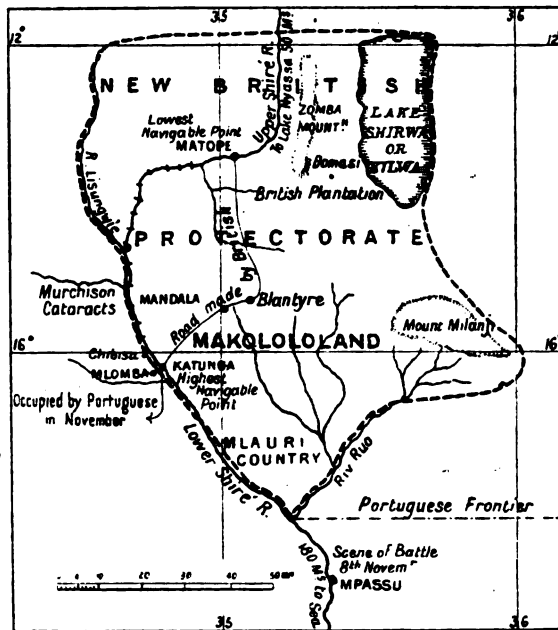
as trophies of war. Flushed with his victory, Major Serpa Pinto declared to Captain Trivier: "With this force I will advance and clear the country of these plunderers and assassins: they want a lesson they shall have it." He avowed his determination to take the whole of the Shiré country up to Lake Nyassa.

The natives were completely cowed, and very furious with the British. The mission stations were reported to be in danger, and Major Serpa Pinto declared that our missionaries must look to him alone for protection. When the British steamer, *Lady Nyassa*, came down to Mbeve on the 24th November she

was boarded by a Portuguese officer, who insisted upon the British flag being hauled down. Our officers protested, but ultimately yielded to force. Major Serpa Pinto then advanced and occupied Katungas, where he subsequently seems to have received the submission of Mlauri and the Makololo.

While such was the progress of events at what may be described as the seat of war, the Government at home had begun to take action. But the transmission of intelligence

was slow and uncertain, and it is noteworthy that the first official notification sent by the British Foreign Office to the Portuguese Government was November 21, some weeks after Major Serpa Pinto had mowed down the protected Makololo as corn is mowed by the scythe. Of that Lord Salisbury knew nothing. The chief point of his protest was directed against the Royal decree whereby the Portuguese Government had declared a large slice of Mashonaland south of the Zambesi, and a great tract stretching northward towards Tanganyika and Nyassa, to be constituted a Portuguese dominion under the title of the province of Zumbo. Lord



OUR NEW PROTECTORATE ON THE SHIRE.

Salisbury refused to recognise this extension of an occupation, which on the Upper Zambesi we regard as confined to Tete and Zumbo. Diplomatic correspondence continued to little purpose until Jan. 4, when the Foreign Office was apprised by telegraph from Mozambique of the exploit of Major Serpa Pinto. A governor, it was added, had been appointed to the Shiré district. Nor was this all. Andrade had returned to the coast, where he had enrolled a large expedition, it was reported, for the purpose of opposing English extension in Matabeleland, and of establishing Portuguese authority in regions which, twelve months before, had been declared to be under British influence.

Two days before this despatch arrived in London, Lord Salisbury had forwarded a "categorical request" for an immediate declaration from the Portuguese Government that "the forces of Portugal would not be permitted to interfere with the British settlements on the Shiré and Nyassa, or the country of the Makololos, or the countries under the Government of Lobengula, or any other country which had been declared under British protection; and further that there will be no attempt to establish and exercise Portuguese jurisdiction in any portion of these countries without previous arrangements between the two Governments." The Portuguese Government made a long-winded reply, shuffling and evasive, to which, on the advice of our minister at Lisbon, Lord Salisbury replied on the 9th, asking "for the withdrawal below the Ruo of the authorities and forces now in the country of the Makololo, and the removal of all military stations in Matabeleland and Mashonaland." On the previous day the Portuguese minister had telegraphed to Mozambique to maintain the *status quo*, that is to say, not to commit any act of force against those under British protection, and to "scrupulously abstain from any further acts tending to establish and exercise our jurisdiction until the conclusion of an agreement between the two Governments." This, however, was not what Lord Salisbury had asked for, and on the 10th he despatched his ultimatum.

The guarantee required by Her Majesty's Government is the issue of an order to the Governor-General of Mozambique, instructing him to withdraw all Portuguese troops that are on the Shiré, or in the Makololo country, or in Mashonaland. You will request that a copy should

be shown you. Unless this is done Her Majesty's Government must consider the Portuguese assurances as illusory.

Simultaneously with the despatch of this menacing message a powerful little fleet of men-of-war steamed southward from Zanzibar, under orders, it was believed, for Delagoa Bay. Two war vessels were reported to be hovering near the Cape de Verde Islands, and ironclads were reported off the mouth of the Tagus. Mr. Petre was ordered to leave Lisbon with the legation at ten o'clock on the evening of the 11th, if by that time he had not received a satisfactory reply.

By one of those curious coincidences, which seem as if designed to bring into strong relief the antagonism between the rival powers, the very day on which the ultimatum was presented at Lisbon, the Governor at Mozambique published in his official gazette a formal notification of the submission of the Makololo, and a declaration that Portugal resumed possession "of entire Shiré basin region, and will administrate them forthwith." That was his method of complying with the peremptory orders telegraphed three days before to act with the greatest prudence, and to scrupulously abstain from any acts tending to establish and exercise Portuguese jurisdiction over the disputed territory!

At Lisbon there was a moment of extreme tension, but late at night the Government decided to submit, under protest, appealing to Article 12 of the General Act of the Berlin Conference,—the article prescribing mediation before an appeal to arms,—the very article which had been so calmly ignored when Major Serpa Pinto invaded the British protectorate. The despatch of an ultimatum, especially when emphasized by the movements of fleets, resounds through the world like a clap of thunder. The Portuguese Ministry resigned. The mob of Lisbon, inflamed by the newspapers, and excited by the example of Brazil, raved a day or two for a republic. Portuguese *amour propre* was outraged. They then raved against England. British flags were burnt, British residents insulted, and a fanatic project mooted of boycotting British trade. After a few days the effervescence began to calm down. The mutinous Governor of Mozambique resigned. Major Serpa Pinto was ordered to the West Coast, and although diplomats

protested, it was understood that the Shiré would be evacuated.

It is there that our difficulties will begin. When Portugal has restored the *status quo* she will have a right to appeal to mediation, and even if that mediation should result in the recognition of our new protectorate, it is not likely to establish that right of way through the Portuguese littoral, without which our new province will be practically unapproachable. Lord Salisbury holds that the Zambesi and the Shiré are international highways, but both are commanded for nearly two hundred miles by the Portuguese, who hold their banks. Nor is it by any means certain that the mediators will decide in our favour. Nothing was more notable in the dispute than the eager and passionate support given to the Portuguese by the press of Paris. France, it is true, does not count for much in South-Eastern Africa, but Germany counts for everything, and at any moment it may appear to Prince Bismarck good policy to humour France at our expense.

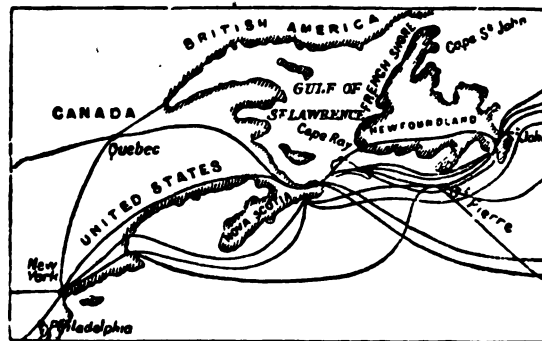
Unfortunately we have already an aggravating little dispute with France on our hands in another quarter of the world. When Newfoundland was ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht, the French were allowed the use of what is commonly called the French shore, for the purpose of landing to dry cod. This apparently innocent concession has come to be a monstrous engine of oppression, which every year is felt to be more and more intolerable by our Colonists in Newfoundland. Because the French have a right to erect such temporary sheds as may be necessary for drying cod along three hundred miles of coast, the whole of the land behind is practically rendered useless. The French are now attempting to establish lobster factories under cover of the clause permitting the erection of drying sheds for fish. Against this both the Colonial and the Imperial Governments are up in arms. * If England cannot or will not deliver the Colonist from the curse of the French blockade,

there is a strong probability that they will seek for help in the United States. The subject was discussed in the French Chamber on January 20, nor did the debate furnish much prospect of an amicable settlement.

If there were to grow up a strong annexationist movement in Newfoundland, it would be very inconvenient for the British Empire. For Newfoundland lies athwart the ocean gate of the dominion of Canada. From St. John's, all the commerce and all the cables which link the Old World with the New can be cut off.

It is one of those questions on which it is most important that the two great branches of the English race should agree to act together. The old idea that the Americans will take no interest in any matters beyond their borders is perishing fast. The Government of Washington is one of the signatories

of the General Act of Berlin, to which the Portuguese Government has appealed. The American Government is one of the powers which has a voice in the International tribunals which constitute an *Imperium in imperio* in Egypt. And this month the American Government has formally entered



NEWFOUNDLAND: OCEAN CABLES.

into a kind of tripartite partnership with the British and the German Empires for the protectorate and control of the Samoan Islands. In Behring's Sea, the cruisers of the United States have come into frequent collision with Canadian fishers. One of the sensations of the month has been the introduction of a more or less sketchy programme of naval construction by the American Government, involving an expenditure of £53,000,000. Everything tends to emphasise the urgency of a closer union between the Empire and the Republic. United, there is no power or combination of powers strong enough to touch us. At variance, the burden of maintaining our naval supremacy in the past is likely to be a mere bagatelle compared with the burden of maintaining it in the future. Every consideration of policy and of duty urges us to cherish the hope that some day the world will bask in peace under the Anglo-American flag.

OUR WELCOME.

THE first number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS received so hearty a welcome that any doubts which may have been entertained as to the certainty or the measure of its success have been decisively dispelled. As in loyal duty bound, advance copies were forwarded with letters setting forth the object of the REVIEW to Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The following is the fac-simile of the royal acknowledgment, which may not be without interest to many of her Majesty's subjects.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Our Henry Ponsonby presents his compliments to Mr Stead and is commanded by The Queen to thank him for his letter and for the accompanying copy of his "Review of Review" which he has had the kindness to send to Her Majesty

The response of the Prince of Wales was as unexpected as it was gratifying. In forwarding the REVIEW, I said that it was my aspiration to make the new magazine a universal medium of communication between all members of the English-speaking race. It is this to which the Prince alludes in the following letter which came to hand from Colonel Knollys:—

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Marlborough House.
Pall Mall S.W.

12 Jan. 1890

Dear Sir,

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you for your letter and a copy of "The Review of Reviews", and to state in reply that His Royal Highness hopes you will be successful in accomplishing the object which you have in view.

I remain

Dear Sir

Yours faithfully

W. Stead Esq. Francis Knollys

THE CARDINAL SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE POPE.

After Her Majesty there is only one sovereign to whom any of our fellow-countrymen owe allegiance, viz., His Holiness the Pope. It was therefore with peculiar satisfaction that I received the following courteous acknowledgment from His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State of Leo XIII.:—

Rome, le 12 janvier, 1890.

Monsieur,—C'est à votre aimabilité que je dois d'avoir reçu le premier Numéro de la nouvelle Revue qui vient de paraître sous vos auspices. Veuillez donc en agréer mes meilleurs remerciements et, tout en vous félicitant d'avoir pensé à raccourcir le temps qu'il fallait parfois employer à rechercher des pièces déjà tombées dans le

demain de l'histoire, je saisis avec empressement l'occasion de me dire.

Votre Dévoué
M. (M.) Rampolla

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

As I had referred to my interview in 1884 with the King of the Belgians, in my Character Sketch of Mr. H. M. Stanley, I forwarded a copy of the first number to His Majesty. I have had the honour to receive the following reply:—

Palais de Bruxelles, le 20 Janvier, 1890.

Monsieur,—Je suis chargé de vous accuser réception de la lettre que vous avez adressée au Roi le 9 Janvier et de vous remercier d'y avoir joint le premier Numéro d'un recueil mensuel que vous publiez sous le titre de the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Comme suite à votre communication, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir que le cabinet du Roi prend un abonnement d'un an à cette publication, qui est de nature à offrir un véritable intérêt.

Vous trouverez ci-joint le bulletin d'abonnement dont le montant, soit la somme de neuf shillings, vous sera transmis par le Trésorier de la Liste Civile.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

Le Secrétaire du Roi,
Ch. de Broglie

HER MAJESTY'S AMBASSADORS ABROAD.

In the first number I published a letter from the Marquis of Dufferin, British Ambassador at Rome. I am glad to be able to supplement it by the following letters from her Majesty's representatives at Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid:—

Vienna, January 16, 1890.

Dear Mr. Stead,—After the letters of encouragement and approval which you have received from so many distinguished persons, it would be almost presumptuous for me to offer you my humble tribute in praise of the excellent work you have conceived and undertaken.

I may, however, say this much, if people in England

find it difficult to keep pace with the current literature of the day, how much more must this difficulty be felt by those who pass the greater part of their lives abroad. A monthly notice therefore of the principal articles in the English, American, and French Reviews, and of the newest books, will be especially useful and valuable to us.

Yr. very faithfully
H. Sapt

Berlin, January 4, 1890.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I beg to thank you for sending me the first number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS

I propose to adopt the most practical way of expressing my good wishes towards your new enterprise by subscribing for it.

Yours faithfully,
Edmund Mallet

British Embassy, Madrid, 17 January, 1890.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I thank you for your letter of the 11th instant, received yesterday, and for the copy of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Kindly put me down as a subscriber to the Review, which appears to combine the maximum of interesting matter with the minimum of price.

Truly Yrs
Francis. (Care. Ford)

British Embassy, Constantinople, January 22, 1890.

Dear Sir,—It has been always my sincere desire to keep in touch with the periodical literature of my own, and of several other countries.

Your efforts in the direction of giving the English-speaking public in your REVIEW OF REVIEWS, the pos-

sibility of being supplied with a review of these various articles, will no doubt prove extremely useful, and be very welcome.

Your faithfully.
W. White.

FROM THE QUEEN OF SERVIA.

There were few letters of all the hundreds I have received that gave me more sincere pleasure than one written by command of Her Majesty, the unhappy Queen Nathalie of Servia. Dating from Belgrade, January 17th, a Demoiselle d'Honneur of S.M. La Reine Nathalie, wrote:—"It is with the greatest pleasure that Her Majesty the Queen Nathalie enters herself as a subscriber to the new REVIEW, the more so because she has long regretted the absence of any publication of that kind. The *resumés* published at the end of the existing reviews are far too brief to convey any precise idea of their contents. Her Majesty charges me to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much she has always been touched by the sympathetic manner in which you have always maintained her just claims to her maternal rights. Since the Queen came to Belgrade she has seen her son four times."

M. BARTHOLEMY ST. HILAIRE.

Of the old school of French statesmen and scholars, M. Bartholemy St. Hilaire is almost the only survivor. Although his great age enables him to bridge by his own memory the gulf which divides the first Empire from the Third Republic, his interest in contemporary politics and letters is as keen as when he was the confidential Secretary of M. Thiers, or when he was Foreign Minister of France. Few Frenchmen know England so well, and have studied our literature and our institutions so closely. Hence praise from M. St. Hilaire is praise indeed.

Paris, Boulevard Flandrin 4, January 21, 1890.

Dear Sir,—In starting the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, you had an excellent and practical idea, and I hope that the publication will meet with all the success it deserves. The REVIEW OF REVIEWS will certainly prove a great boon to the public. The monthlies have an immense advantage over the daily press. A daily is composed of hurried improvisations; indeed, this is an essential condition of its existence, as it comes out every morning.

Although many papers speak with great talent, in a monthly review the articles are more solid, for the writers have more time for reflection and leisure to complete their work. I do not see all the reviews, far from it, but I see a good many, and I can say without hesitation that among their contents we may often find most valuable documents and information.

Newspapers announce current events as they occur, day by day; reviews sum up and judge all that has gone on since they last appeared. Again, the questions they often have occasion to treat are most important; a daily paper has to treat grave subjects lightly and as seldom as possible. This proves the great value of monthly reviews, the more so that as this class of publication exists all over the world, they conduce greatly to the good of the public. The REVIEW OF REVIEWS will condense and survey, as its name implies, all the most serious and interesting articles appearing in the monthly publications of the Old and New Worlds.

I am happy to join my sincerest congratulations to those which you have received from so many eminent people. Your first number is a very complete and workmanlike production.

Votre D^{eu}x^{ième},
B. St. Hilaire

GEN. IGNATIEFF.

Of the statesmen and diplomatists of contemporary Russia, Gen. Ignatieff is *facile princeps*. It is therefore with sincere satisfaction I publish the following extract from a letter dated St. Petersburg, Jan. 11/24, 1889:—

Having read your REVIEW OF REVIEWS, I was delighted with it. I think your scheme very ingenious, practical, and useful, and sincerely compliment you on it, and trust that you will have all the success you deserve with it.

Votre bien dévoué
G. N. Ignatieff

MR. JOHN BURNS.

After these letters of welcome from royalty, and the representatives of royalty and statesman, I print the following characteristic letter from Mr. John Burns, the king o' the dockers' strike :—

56, Wickersley-road, Battersea.

Dear Mr. Stead,—Illness and pressure of work prevented me writing sooner.

Your new REVIEW will be a boon to men of the English-speaking race in new countries, who are unable to pay for four or five magazines, but would be delighted to receive a journal containing the best of all the articles by good men.

Such a REVIEW to myself when in Africa would have been a great boon, as it will be at home. To a poor man like myself, the prices of magazines are prohibitive, especially when there are no free libraries in his neighbourhood. I have at times bought the *Nineteenth Century* for an important article, and thereby strained my resources. Being unable to purchase the *Forinightly* of same month, I have looked at the first two pages on a bookstall at Charing Cross, the next few at Waterloo, and finished the article at Victoria some days later, compelled, of course, to buy a paper to justify me staying the time at each.

In your REVIEW I would have been able to read not only these two, but others, thus preventing kleptomania, of which I alone am not guilty.

John Burns

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

There has barely been time for a response from beyond the Atlantic, but the following letter from Mr. Andrew Carnegie reached me just on the eve of going to press :—

New York, January 21st, 1890.

Dear Mr. Stead.—The idea of a Review of our numerous Reviews strikes one at once as most desirable, and one wonders why it has not been thought of before.

Its usefulness depends of course upon the ability of the editor to distinguish the wheat from the chaff, and no one should excel you in this.

I shall watch your winnowing with deep interest.

Truly yours,

Andrew Carnegie

THE SUGGESTED MAGAZINE EXCHANGE.

IN the first number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS I called attention to the fact that while 90 per cent. of our population never saw any of the dearer magazines, 90 per cent. of those magazines were never looked at by their purchasers after the month end. It is obviously a matter of importance to bring the 90 per cent. of magazines which have gone out of circulation into communication with the 90 per cent. of the population which never has an opportunity of seeing them at all. By way of attaining this end I made the following suggestion :—

Nothing but experience can show what method of communication would be the best. But experience will never be acquired unless a beginning is made, and by way of making a beginning I open, in connection with this REVIEW, an office for the exchange of magazines. If any of my readers wish to exchange any of the magazines to which they at present subscribe for any other of equal value, and will communicate with the Magazine Exchange at the office of this REVIEW, enclosing threepence for postage and cost of booking, I will put them in communication with any other of our subscribers who may have the magazines which they wish to secure. Of course the success of this scheme depends entirely upon its being largely made use of. If only half a dozen or a score subscribers desire to exchange, it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to meet their wishes.

That last contingency is precisely what has happened. Only about a score of readers have intimated a desire to exchange or purchase magazines, and it has been as I stated, difficult, not to say impossible, to meet their wishes. Where it is possible, it will be done, but in the majority of cases in which it is impossible I will return the stamps and try again on another tack.

If any of our readers have a practical suggestion whereby the two 90 per cents. can be brought into connection, I shall be glad to hear from him. Meanwhile, of one thing I can speak quite certainly. There is a great and eager demand for old magazines, especially old illustrated magazines, for ragged schools, workhouses, hospitals, and the like. I appeal to those readers whose shelves are lumbered up with old periodicals to do this small service and make this slight sacrifice for the mag-less section of the community. Will they, after reading this, go to their shelves and closets, make up a bundle of the periodicals they no longer need, and then send me a postcard saying briefly how many they have, and where and when they can be called for, if within the Metropolitan area, or within range of any of our helpers? By this means many periodicals will recommence a career of usefulness and probably find many more readers in their old age than they had in their first prime.

CHARACTER SKETCH: FEBRUARY.

II.—MR. CHARLES S. PARNELL.

SOME thirty years ago a small boy with curious brown eyes and fair hair might have been observed on the coping of the roof of a stately mansion-house in Ireland. He was all alone, and was apparently too intent upon what he was doing to spare a thought for the perils of his position. He had with him on the roof an iron pot, one of those usually employed for boiling potatoes, but he had converted it into an improvised brazier, in which he was melting lead. It was little Charlie Parnell, who, having heard that the best way of making spherical bullets was to drop molten lead from a great height, had mounted the roof of Avondale, dragging an improvised smelting-pot full of burning coals up two high ladders and across the sloping roof.

What success the boy had in casting bullets tradition sayeth not, nor does it much matter. The marvellous thing was that the boy came down in safety. The incident was typical of Mr. Parnell's subsequent career. The boy was father of the man. The cool daring which led the lad to drag his blazing brazier to the copestone of the topmost roof of Avondale without making any fuss or phrase, the originality and resource with which he carried out his experiment, the calm security with which he achieved his purpose, and the safety with which he descended to earth, are all typical of the Irish leader, who this month is the most conspicuous figure in the political arena. The Commissioners have drawn up their Report on the charges and allegations brought against him by the *Times*, and while they condemn much in the agitation with which his name is imperishably associated, their Report finally, officially, and for ever acquits him of the foulest of the imputations which the Commissioners were appointed to try. Mr. Parnell may still be called upon to occupy many risky and perilous positions, but as he descends in safety from the dangerous heights of the Commission Court, we may congratulate him warmly upon his triumphant deliverance.

THE PARADOX CALLED PARNELL.

Mr. Parnell is an incarnate paradox. He is, to begin with, a Protestant, and yet he is the chosen chief of the most passionately Catholic population in the world. Although the uncrowned king of Ireland, he is of English and American descent. He is a landlord, but he has led the tenants to a victory without

parallel in our history. He is obeyed as no one has ever been obeyed before by an Irish party, but he began his career by a mutiny against the authority of his leader. His name has been the symbol of a revolutionary movement, against which all the resources of civilisation were invoked in vain, but he is at the same time the mainstay of conservatism among his own people. He is the Parliamentary chief of the most voluble and eloquent of English-speaking nationalities. But when he made his *début* as a Parliamentary candidate, he stuck and could not get through even the perfunctory maiden speech of a political *débutant*, and down to this day he has never made a single speech that could by any stretch of charity be described as an eloquent oration. Imagine everything that the stage Irishman is supposed to be, and you have everything Mr. Parnell is not. He is neither a conspirator nor a demagogue. He has neither fire nor fury nor passion, nor any of the splendid vices or the showy virtues of his countrymen. In the midst of a loquacious and nervously restless generation, Mr. Parnell has achieved his unique success chiefly by the possession of a unique capacity of holding his tongue.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN IRISHMAN.

Mr. Parnell is a type of the amalgamation of races that is going on under the roof-tree of our English speech. His forebears crossed over to Ireland after the Commonwealth from Congleton, in Cheshire; one of the most distinguished of his predecessors, who held high office in an English Cabinet, died as Baron Congleton in 1842. His mother is an American, the daughter of the first Admiral in the American Navy. He was educated as a small boy in a Nonconformist dame's school in Somersetshire. He matriculated in Cambridge University. He has been the acknowledged leader of the Irish race all over the world ever since 1879; but the type of his political genius is more akin to that of the Scotch than to that of any other nationality under the British flag.

SIR JOHN PARNELL, THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

Mr. Galton may search far and wide without finding a more signal instance of heredity than in the Irish chieftain. If Englishmen were not, as a rule, even more ignorant of Irish history than they are of their own, they would have recognised in Charles Stewart Parnell the replica of the famous John Parnell, the "incorruptible."

who, after being for eleven years Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Irish Parliament, resigned office rather than consent to the Union. John Parnell was singularly devoid of rhetoric. He said what he had to say, he said what he meant, and he was devoted to the cause of his country. Those who marvelled at Mr. Parnell's Nottingham speech and the stress which he laid upon the industrial development of the resources of Ireland, must either have forgotten or never have learned that the subject was one which so engrossed the attention of the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer as to blind him to the necessity of strengthening, by political reforms, the position of the Irish Parliament. When every one was steeped in corruption, Sir John Parnell conducted the Irish Treasury for eleven years without ever being reproached for jobbery. "If you elect me," said Mr. Parnell, "I will endeavour, and think I can promise, that no act of mine will ever discredit the name which has been associated with those recollections." Call no man happy till he is dead, is a wise caution; but the Report of the Commissioners, both in its acquittal and in its condemnation, may be accepted as a conclusive proof that in his political career Mr. Parnell has been as good as his word.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

When Mr. Parnell's grandfather was newly married, his honeymoon was interrupted by a summons to take the seas against the English. As he bade his bride farewell, he asked, "What present shall I bring you when I come back?" "Bring me a British frigate!" was her reply; for she, too, was of the sturdy English breed which has ever been the boldest and deadliest foe of the British Government when it is false to the true principles of English liberty. "Bring you one British frigate?" said Charles Stewart; "you shall have two, and I shall wear my wedding uniform in battle." He was as good as his word, and his capture of the *Cyane* and the *Levant* is one of the most brilliant episodes in the naval annals of America. A remark attributed to him after the battle was over, when the British captains, as prisoners of war, were disputing in his cabin as to who was to blame for the loss of the fight, might almost be uttered by his grandson as he listens to the recriminations of Liberals and Tories about the coming triumph of Home Rule. "Gentlemen," said he, "there is no use getting warm about it; it would have been just the same whatever you might have done. If you doubt that, I will put you all on board again and you can try it over." The last promise, however, Mr. Parnell would never have made. He is too cautious to risk the chances of a battle that is already gained. But it was natural that a man with such ancestors should approach the struggle with the British

Government in a spirit that could easily be mistaken for intense hatred of England and the English.

WITH THE HEAD OF AN ENGINEER.

Hatred of that sentimental kind is not Mr. Parnell's foible. He is not sentimentalist enough to hate England. His mind is essentially that of a civil engineer. He has always had a great turn for mechanics, and one of the amusements of his youth was to endeavour to solve the problem of perpetual motion. He has always been interested in chemicals and natural philosophy, and during part of the sittings of the Commission he appeared with his arm in a sling owing to some accident in a laboratory. Rumour said at the time that he had been testing some of the ores of Avondale for gold, and the nitric acid had burnt his hand. The habit of mind which he brought to politics was the same as that with which Sir John Parnell addressed himself to the making of canals in Ireland. When an engineer is making a cutting he does not swear even at a quagmire, and Mr. Parnell is too intent upon his end to waste force in unnecessary emotion. No man has caused more stormy ebullitions of passion, but excepting on one or two memorable occasions, he has been as cool as a cucumber, as collected as a judge. His first recorded utterance in the House of Commons was characteristic. It was made in the first great struggles by which the Home Rulers compelled the hostile parties to admit their right to recognition. In reply to fierce objurgations from both sides of the House Mr. Parnell said that "they had deliberately adopted this course, and they would stick to it." Deliberation in selecting the means to be employed and resolution as immovable as adamant when they were adopted,—these have distinguished Mr. Parnell's policy from the first to the last.

AN IRISH ATHANASIOUS.

There are few men of whom the English would be prouder if he had been on the other side. He at least has shown his ability to stand alone. Time and again in the early days, when Mr. Biggar and Major O'Gorman acted as tellers, Mr. Parnell walked alone into the lobby against a House raging with impotent indignation. *Athanasius contra mundum* is always a heroic figure, which, however, is better appreciated by the world when Athanasius is at a little distance. When the fight is on there is no one so unpopular. Popular or unpopular, it did not matter to Mr. Parnell. He had a long row to hoe, and he went on with his work, "rain or shine."

HOW HE LEARNT THE RULES OF THE HOUSE.

This devotion to his end, not the devotion of a fanatic who is sustained by the glow of passionate enthusiasm, but the practical, business-like determination of an

engineer who has a certain amount of tunnelling to do, has been one great secret of his power. When Peter the Great saw his semi-barbarous Muscovites driven from field after field by the Swedish veterans, he rejoiced and took courage; for, said he, "in the end they will teach us the art of war." There is a saying attributed to Mr. Parnell, in the days when he was one of the forlorn hope, that is a not unworthy parallel. He blundered often when he entered Parliament owing to his inacquaintance with the forms of the House. "How are you to learn the rules of the House?" said a young and impatient follower. "By breaking them," was the laconic but sufficient answer. That is the way in which Mr. Parnell learnt his lesson. What a stormy schooling it was! Every one now sees what a position Mr. Parnell has attained, but it was not attained at a bound. If ever there was a case it is his in which—

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, when their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

And not in the night only, but far onwards into the next day. Mr. Parnell was indefatigable. Mr. Biggar and he were the great Twin Brethren of the Obstructionist cause, and neither spared himself in the struggle.

SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE.

Mr. Parnell resembles Lord Hartington and Mr. Balfour in being constitutionally indisposed to very active exertion. "The ingrained laziness of his disposition," so his impatient followers call it; but there are times when slow and steady wins the race. But Mr. Parnell is no longer the man he was. Mr. Biggar stood the storm and stress of that trying time better than his younger ally. Mr. Parnell, when a boy at school, was laid up with typhoid fever, and he has never quite been in robust health ever since. Three years ago he broke down utterly. Since then he has taken it easy,—too easy, some think,—for he has hardly kept himself in evidence either in Parliament or in Ireland. But he worked hard at the Commission in getting up his case, and he has kept his seat in the saddle as firmly as ever both in the House and out of it. His will there is none to dispute. His authority is as supreme as in the old days when he only got rest when he was sent to gaol. Kilmainham, with its horribly dark dungeon walk, was not exactly the best sanatorium for a politician knocked up by the incessant labours of the Land League, but it was better than nothing, and in other ways his imprisonment did him good. Mr. Parnell, in his relations with his fellow-men, is kind-hearted and sympathetic. His prison experiences have made him very genial with all who have suffered for the Irish cause. It is a thousand

pities that all the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench could not be passed through the same experience. He is cautious, and never did he say a truer word than when he said he never was a conspirator. His experience of Irish conspirators did not tempt him to risk his life and liberty in their hands.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS AS LEADER.

As a leader he was not an originator. Mr. Biggar invented Obstruction before Mr. Parnell adopted it. It was Ronayne who first put him up to the idea of making the Irish force a power in English politics. There is nothing original in the adoption of the method of the importunate widow in Parliamentary politics. But while Mr. Parnell initiated nothing, he bettered all his instructions, and improved upon all his masters. Mr. Parnell's character is often misunderstood, even by those who stand nearest to him. Nothing, for instance, is more common than to hear him spoken of as a rigid disciplinarian—a kind of Irish Tzar. In reality, he allows his followers to go as they please to an extent that often lands him in considerable difficulties. It is an open secret that the Plan of Campaign would never have been proclaimed if Mr. Parnell had had his own way. His constitutional lethargy, reinforced at that time by acute illness, enabled his followers to force his hand. In Parliament he effaces himself to an extent that few realise. But in one respect only is the popular conception well founded. When Mr. Parnell speaks he is obeyed. But he speaks very seldom, and always to some purpose. The atmosphere of reserve in which he shrouds himself is natural to him. He is an aristocrat born and bred, and if he were, like his predecessor, to become a peer of the realm, he would find himself much more at home in the House of Lords than with the rough and rude democracy.

AN ESSENTIALLY CONSERVATIVE FORCE.

English people are only beginning to understand that Mr. Parnell is the great conservative force in Ireland. He is a landlord and an Englishman. He has no consuming passion for the extirpation of landlordism. It was no doubt only in joke that he told Michael Davitt that the first necessity for maintaining order in a Home-Ruled Ireland would be to clap him (Davitt) into gaol. But the joke covered a truth. Davitt is a Celt. Landlordism is to him the devil incarnate. Mr. Parnell has always been for making compromises with the evil thing. Davitt has been hot for cutting it up root and branch. Mr. Davitt is the Revolution. Mr. Parnell is the Counter-Revolution in Ireland. If Mr. Parnell were in office at the head of a majority in a College Green Parliament to-morrow, he would soon be compelled to

govern Ireland by the aid of the Orangemen of the North and the support of the Viceroy.

Looked at from this point of view, it is well that the Commissioners, while acquitting him of all complicity in the charges supported by the forged letters, should roundly condemn him for his share in the Land League agitation. It used to be said that Mr. Parnell hated England, and was trusted in Ireland because he hated England. Of late this element of confidence has been somewhat shaken. Mr. Parnell has been posing as if he were too ridiculously virtuous for any one but a full-fledged archangel. There is reason, no doubt, for his altered tone. Mr. Gladstone has brought one half of the nation to support the Irish cause, and as Mr. Parnell said to me, the first time I ever met him, "I am determined that nothing shall be done so far as I am concerned to weaken that great hope for Ireland." But although this was useful and necessary enough, it was not without its dangers, and if the Commissioners had whitewashed Mr. Parnell, it might have done him more harm in Ireland than any good which it could have done the cause in England.

HIS SERVICES TO THE EMPIRE.

From an Imperial point of view, Mr. Parnell is about the most valuable man in politics. He is the man who has forced Federation within the pale of practical politics, and while securing the adoption of Home Rule by the Liberal party, has gone distinctly ahead of the Liberal leaders in his adhesion to the principle of a Federalised Empire. Mr. Rhodes, who is probably the most thoroughgoing Imperialist in the English-speaking world, would never have lavished on the Parnellite cause his magnificent donation of £10,000, had he not seen that Home Rule under Mr. Parnell made for the consolidation, not for the disintegration, of the Empire. When Mr. Rhodes offered Mr. Parnell that money, Mr. Parnell suggested to him that it would be better if the gift were held over until after he had vindicated his character from the charges of the *Times*. This was some time before the Commission was appointed or even talked of. Mr. Rhodes said that he was satisfied if Mr. Parnell said that he did not write the letters, and asked for no further proof. Mr. Parnell replied, "Not only did I not write the letters, but I have a very shrewd idea who did. I am accumulating evidence, and in time, when I have completed all the links, I will prove the forgeries in open court. Till then it will be better for you to keep the money." Mr. Rhodes refused, and handed him the £10,000. This incident, which is equally creditable to both men, is now told for the first time.

HIS OBJECTION TO THE COMMISSION.

I remember well discussing the question of the

forged letters at the time with Mr. Parnell. He spoke of them with the utmost frankness, and with that curious glint in his eye which makes you feel that you would rather not come across his path. "I would prosecute the *Times*," said he, "without hesitation, if I were quite sure I could bring the real forger to boot. But what they will do if I prosecute or bring the matter into Court, will be to rake up every outrage that has taken place in Ireland for the last ten years, in order to cover the floor of the Court with a bloody puddle, in which they may bemire the Home-Rule cause. That is not a disadvantage to be lightly incurred." The course which was actually pursued by the Special Commission showed how accurately Mr. Parnell had divined the tactics of his enemies. The reluctance of Mr. Parnell to move in that matter was characteristic of the man. His is not a rapid mind. He is slow, but sure, and when he sees his way he goes his way, nor can all the king's horses and all the king's men drive him from it. He is, said one who knew him well and had worked with him for years, "a most thorough means-to-an-end man, if satisfied that the end can be reached. He is, in my opinion, an ideal Opportunist."

MR. PARNELL AS A MAN.

Personally Mr. Parnell is regarded with such kindly feelings as are compatible with respect and awe. He is not a sociable creature. He has never been known to drink to excess. He never haunts theatres or concert halls. No one has ever heard him swear, wherein he differs from some of his followers, who swear like troopers. I have always found him perfectly truthful and straightforward. I put the question recently to two Irishmen, both of whom had known him intimately for years. One was an enemy, the other a friend. Said the friend,—"I think Mr. Parnell is a truthful man, and I have never known him act dishonourably to any of his colleagues or friends." His enemy said,—"Mr. Parnell is the most supreme liar the world ever saw." So widely do the opinions of men differ according to their standpoint. There is the same wide difference of opinion upon the charge that has just been brought against him by his quondam friend, Captain O'Shea. It is well, however, to remember Bismarck's saying, that he was always disbelieved because he always spoke the truth. Mr. Parnell's conduct may be misjudged because of his innocence. Certain it is that when the tongue of scandal was busy with his name three or four years ago, the very man who now brings the accusation against him was then completely satisfied that the current scandal had no foundation in fact. If that were the case down to the spring of 1886, when Captain O'Shea and Mr. Parnell had a political difference, the intimacy can hardly have

changed its character because Captain O'Shea changed his politics. If, however, it should turn out that Mrs. O'Shea, having contracted an unhappy marriage, had unfortunately justified the action of her husband, then Mr. Parnell's course may be predicted with some confidence. As a truthful man, he will not deny on oath accusations that the Court may declare to be true, and as an honourable man, if the decree is pronounced, he will

On his estate in Wicklow, where Mr. Parnell has an extensive quarry, and employs 250 men, he is very popular. I remember, when I was at Lord Fitzwilliam's beautiful seat close by, I was shown, with almost reverential respect, the place where Mr. Parnell in his youth used to play cricket. Those who knew him in the privacy of his home are much attached to him. No one can be more unassuming and simple in his manners. He reads a good deal, especially about mechanics, biography, and history. Imaginative literature is not his strong point, nor could he ever make much headway with poetry. Once, and once only, has he been known to quote poetry in a speech. It was not of a nature to encourage him to repeat the experiment. Working up towards his peroration, he declared that they would never rest until they had made their country realise the poet's dream,—

First flower of the earth, first jewel of the sea !

"Gem, gem!" said a friend at his elbow. "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Parnell, "but jewel is a better word!"

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I have often wondered how things would have gone if I had saved the *Times* from the ghastly blunder into which they fell when they were induced to accept Richard Pigott's forgeries as genuine documents. The Special Commission never would have been appointed, and the Unionist cause would have been spared one of the deadliest blows which it has ever received, if I had not passed on the vendor of the famous forgeries to the *Times*. Before this momentous episode in the struggle for Home Rule is finally buried in oblivion it may be worth while putting on record a narrative of facts which the Commission did not elucidate, but which form a necessary preliminary and introduction to its Report.

A MYSTERIOUS SECRET.

After the defeat of the Home Rule Bill, but before the General Election of 1886, I received a mysterious communication from a friend, that an acquaintance and neighbour of his had some information in his possession which, as a journalist, I ought to secure. What that information was I could not at first discover. I was told

that it was of immense importance, that it would probably exercise a decisive influence upon our politics, but that it was so confidential it could only be communicated under pledge of strictest secrecy. Both my friend and my friend's friend were men of unimpeachable veracity and good faith. I had known them for years, and no differences of political opinion—one was Unionist, the other Home Ruler—had ever cast even a shadow over our mutual confidence and esteem. I therefore said at once that I was perfectly ready to meet anybody anywhere, and give any pledges that were required rather than miss the chance of getting to know a piece of information which might be of such momentous import. My first impression was that the mysterious secret related to the death of General Gordon; but whatever it was, it was my obvious duty, as journalist and politician, to get hold of it at once. Accordingly a meeting was arranged under conditions of unusual mystery. At a certain hour on a given day I was to go to a house in the West End which I had never previously entered. I would be shown up into a private room, and there I should find a stranger, whose name I was not told, who would, if he were satisfied as to my readiness to keep his secret, impart it to me. As I went to the rendezvous the thought that I was about to meet an Invincible, or some desperate conspirator, crossed my mind, but dismissing the idea as fantastic, I was shown upstairs into the room where I met the mysterious stranger.

ENTER MR. HOUSTON !

I did not recognise him. He seemed to me like a tideswaiter out of uniform, or a clerk of some kind, an Irishman pleasant of speech and frank in manner. It was not until almost the last hour of his cross-examination before the Parnell Commission that I learned from his own lips in the witness-box that on that famous secret interview I was closeted with Mr. Houston. He said that for the moment he must withhold his name. He would make a preliminary statement, and if after hearing it I decided to go into the matter, he would at once throw off all mystery, tell me who he was, and give me full particulars. But at first, and until I had consented to go into the matter, he would preserve his incognito. I, of course, assented, and was very curious to know what the fateful secret was.

THE TERRIBLE ACCUSATION.

To my infinite disgust, I gathered that the momentous revelation only related to the alleged complicity of Mr. Parnell and his lieutenants in Irish outrages. I said at once that I did not think the public cared one straw as to whether Mr. Parnell and his friends could or could not be proved to have been implicated in the outrages that had accompanied the Land League agitation. All these ordi-

many outrages, incidental to every agrarian struggle in Ireland, had been discounted long ago. No "revelation" connecting Mr. Parnell with Land League outrages would have the slightest effect upon the opinion of the English public about Home Rule. The worse the men were who were chosen as leaders by the Irish nation, the more utterly did it condemn the system which led a nation in sheer despair to place its destinies in such hands. "Then you think," said he, "that even the most conclusive proof of Mr. Parnell's complicity all these years——!" "Would not matter a bit!" "What," said he, "not even in the Phoenix Park murders?" "Oh," I said, becoming serious, "that is another matter." "But," he replied, "that is *the* matter to which I allude." "Oh," said I, "but Mr. Parnell had nothing to do with that." "So you think," he replied; "but if I can prove to you beyond any shadow of a doubt that Mr. Parnell was as guilty of the assassinations as if he had actually stabbed Lord Frederick Cavendish——?" "Of course," I admitted, "that would be a different affair. But it is impossible." "Wait," said he, "till you hear what I have to say. I am in a position to furnish proofs that will convince you that the so-called Irish leaders——" "Whom do you mean by the so-called Irish leaders?" "Why, the men whose names we see in the paper every day,—Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Sexton. They were privy to the Phoenix Park murders; they knew about the plot before it was executed; they approved of it after the murder was consummated; and, in deed and in truth, Mr. Parnell's hands are stained with the blood of Lord Frederick." "Oh," said I, "if you can prove that, I admit that such a fact would be damning. It would not change my opinion about Home Rule, but it would destroy the Home-Rule leaders, and practically ruin the cause."

"WHY DO YOU COME TO ME?"

"But," I continued, "why do you come to me, of all men in the world? I am on the Parnellite side." "Because I do not believe that, though you are a Home Ruler, you would hand over the control of Ireland to men whose hands are stained with blood." "Certainly not," said I quickly; "they ought to be handed over to the hangman, if what you say is true. But I cannot believe it. How can you know any such things? If they were true they would have been brought to trial long ago?" "Never mind how I know at present," was the reply. "I will tell you all about that hereafter if you agree to go into the matter. For the moment could I give a stronger proof of my absolute certainty than that I should come to you,—you who are on the Home Rule side,—and offer to convince you first and foremost that what I say is true?"

That seemed, I confess, a strong argument. And here let me say that I did most entirely believe that Mr.

Houston was honestly convinced of the truth of the assertion which he made to me. If there were a conspiracy he was the deceived; he was not a deceiver. It was this conviction which led me to abstain during all the discussions and excitement that followed from ever alluding to this remarkable interview, of which, indeed, the public first heard from Mr. Houston's own lips.

"BECAUSE I CAN PROVE IT BEYOND ALL DOUBT."

"Well," said I, "if what you say is true, Mr. Parnell certainly ought to be shown up, and no consideration of party would for a moment stand in my way. Convince me that he is a murderer and I will be the first to demand his prosecution." "I knew I could rely upon you," said he; "and now I will give you an outline of what I know and what I can prove, and prove, mark you, by documentary evidence." "Surely," said I, "if Parnell was scoundrel enough to plot these murders, he would not be such an abject idiot as to supply documentary evidence of his guilt?" "Wait, and you will see," said he confidently. He then went over in outline a story to the effect that the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke was brought before the secret council of the Land League, of which the so-called Irish leaders were the chiefs, that they approved of it, that this could be proved beyond all question, and that after the deed was done they paid the murderers a cheque for £100. I do not quite remember whether or not that was for the purchase and conveyance of the surgical knives with which the deed was done, but that was the impression left upon my mind.

WHERE IS THE EVIDENCE?

I shook my head. "It is impossible. Where can you get such evidence?" "I have got it," said he; "part of it here in London, the rest of it I shall soon get; but it is in the hands of some whose lives would be sacrificed if their names were to be revealed."

Fortunately for me, only six months before I had enjoyed the priceless advantage of a severe drilling in the law of evidence and the usage of our courts at the hands of Mr. Justice Lopes, the Attorney-General, Mr. Poland, Mr. Matthews, Sir Charles Russell, and Mr. G. Lewis. The lessons I had learned in the dock at the Old Bailey made me very chary about the value of "evidence" to be obtained from witnesses who could not be put into the witness-box. In a case of libel the evidence of a non-producible witness is worth nothing.

IT WILL COST £1,000.

He went on to explain that the balance of the evidence could only be got when certain persons, whom I was led to infer were in hiding in Ireland, could be squared, or helped to a position of safety. "How much?" said I. "I think," said he, "that a thousand pounds would cover

it." When he said that I knew that I could have nothing to do with it, and I told him so frankly. I said that if it had been a small sum I could have advanced it out of the ordinary expenditure within my control. But that for a thousand pounds I would have to apply to the proprietor of the paper, who, having just emerged from the heavy loss and wearing anxiety of my last adventure in the work of exposing criminals, would certainly not advance a thousand pounds for the purpose of obtaining doubtful evidence. To this the reply was that if I was not satisfied with the evidence the money would be returned.

WHY NOT GO TO THE "TIMES"?

That seemed a fair offer enough, and it certainly did not look as if my unknown companion would have made it without having a very strong hand. If, as this man said, Parnell was a murderer, I wanted him shown up. Yet I could not produce the money. So I said, "If what you say is true, Parnell ought to be shown up. But I have not the money to test the matter. But why do you not go to the *Times*? They have heaps of money. They would give their eyes to be able to destroy Parnell. Why do you not go to them? Obviously they are the right parties to stand the thousand pounds."

Now this, as I afterwards learned, put Mr. Houston in a very tight place. For he had already been to Mr. Buckle on the same errand, and Mr. Buckle would not help him. But it would never have done for him to tell me this. So he fenced with me and took refuge in blarney.

"What?" said he, "do you think we could trust the *Times*? We had a consultation among ourselves before I came over, and we came to the conclusion that you were the only English journalist whom we would feel safe in trusting. You see," he added, "we put our lives in your hands."

"Oh, nonsense," I said; "Mr. Buckle is an English gentleman. If he gave you his word of honour he would never betray you. Besides, why should you trust me more than you trust him?"

"Because," said he, "you have been tested, he has not."

"How tested?" I asked.

"We watched you very closely last year when you were in the dock and in the witness-box. There were many times when you could have helped yourself if you had betrayed names that were in your possession, and you never did. We took note of that, and we agreed that we should feel safe in putting our lives in your hands. The others may be just as safe, but, as I said, they have not been tested—you have."

WOULD THE "TIMES" NOT BETRAY US?

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," I replied; "but you could trust Mr. Buckle implicitly."

"Do you think so?" said he. "The *Times* might promise,

but when they got into a difficult place might they not betray us to save themselves? Besides, there is another reason. The revelation would come with so much more effect in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is the only paper which does things; the others comment on things; the *Pall Mall* does them itself."

I replied, "Nonsense; print your proofs in the meanest little rag in the three kingdoms and it will suffice."

"Well, then," said he, "will you not take it up? I will tell you everything, and keep back nothing. You can take the whole matter into your own hands. I have brought it up to a certain point. I am stranded, and can go no further without help. If after examining the matter you are not convinced, then I will return the money, and the matter will be buried in your own breast."

"No," said I, "I cannot go into it. But the matter ought to be investigated. Charges like these ought not to be made without being sifted to the bottom," and again I pressed him to go to the *Times*.

WHERE COULD I GET THE MONEY?

"No," said he. "Can you not suggest any other source from which I could get the money necessary to obtain possession of the documents?"

I said that the charges ought to be probed to the bottom. If he would authorise me to state in general terms the nature of his communication to Mr. Brett, who had been private secretary to Lord Hartington, he might perhaps sound Lord Hartington. He begged me to do so; but, with that exception, I was not to mention the matter to any one else.

As I rose to go, he said,—

"I have not mentioned my name."

"Better not," I said. "As I am not going into the matter I had better not know anything more than you have told me, and as you have told me nothing about any person, I can repeat nothing." He laughed, and I never saw him again until I met him at the Parnell Commission.

HOW THE SECRET GOT OUT.

I kept his secret. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Brett under pledge of secrecy, but subsequently found that he had been approached from another quarter without any pledge being demanded; and this it was which led to the disclosure of the fact that the letters had been offered to me before they were bought by the *Times*. Mr. Brett having made a speech in the West of England, saying that the letters had been offered to Lord Hartington for £1,000, he was at once subpoenaed by Mr. Lewis. On being asked if any one else knew about the matter, he named me. I was at once served with notice of subpoena. I refused to say anything. Mr. Parnell was very angry, and threatened to send me to gaol as a recalcitrant witness. I said that he might send me to gaol, but that

I would not break my word merely to avoid imprisonment.

WOULD I TO HAVE GONE TO GAOL?

Mr. Lewis urged that my promise was conditional upon the documents being genuine, that it was now beyond all doubt that they were forged, and that I was not bound to keep faith with a man who was trying to raise money on false pretences. Mr. Parnell also expressed himself in the strongest terms as to the obligation under which I lay to state all I knew. At last I consented to lay the outline of the information in my possession, together with a full statement of the circumstances under which I received it, and the pledge which I gave, before two gentlemen of honour, and take their opinion as to whether or not I was bound to go to gaol rather than say a word about the matter.

THE CARDINAL AND MR. BALFOUR.

I selected Cardinal Manning and Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary. Cardinal Manning informed me without a moment's hesitation that there could be no doubt whatever on the subject. He, although a priest, would have had no hesitation in stating everything that had passed, under such circumstances, when interrogated by a lawful authority. Besides, in his opinion, the engagement to preserve inviolate the confidence imparted could only come into operation when the names, documents, &c., had been disclosed. At present no such confidence had been imparted by one side as to impose the condition of secrecy on the other. If, therefore, I were interrogated by a lawful authority, I was bound to say all I knew.

Mr. Balfour was almost like-minded. No promise such as I had given would, in his opinion, justify me in withholding information that might prevent a miscarriage of justice and lead to the acquittal of an innocent man.

I thereupon informed Mr. Lewis of their decision. He said that there was now no need for my evidence, as they had all the information they wanted, including the confession of the forger himself as to how much the *Times* had paid him, &c. &c.

THE ORIGIN OF "PARNELLISM AND CRIME."

When Mr. Houston's cross-examination was almost ended, Mr. Parnell asked Sir Charles Russell to ask whether Mr. Sexton and Mr. Dillon had not been accused of complicity in the assassinations.

Mr. Houston thereupon accused me of breaking faith with him, and, for the first time, I learned who the mysterious stranger had been. I did not recognise him. All I could say was that he was about the same size. Mr. Parnell's question, however, brought out the fact that the original brief with which Mr. Houston had sought to induce me to advance the money needed by Pigott, the document which really formed the foundation and inspiration of "Parnellism and Crime," was the notes of conversation imputed by Pigott to Eugene Davis, which contained charges there was no attempt whatever to prove, and which, but for that belated reference to the interview, would never have come before the Commission at all.

IF I HAD BOUGHT THE LETTERS.

If I had advanced that thousand pounds, how different would have been the whole course of subsequent history! For it is obvious that even if I had not enjoyed the invaluable lessons in the laws of evidence already alluded to, I could not possibly, having a strong predisposition to disbelieve the charges, have swallowed alleged proofs as greedily and as gullibly as those whose predisposition was altogether the other way. As a matter of fact, I was so far from thinking that the "evidence" of the forged letters, even if genuine, proved the story Mr. Houston told me, that it was not till many months after the first forgery was published I could bring myself to believe that that beggarly shred of paper had any relation whatever to the astounding charges formulated by Mr. Houston. It was not till the story of the £100 cheque was published in the *Times* that I could believe that "my man" had, after all, swallowed his scruples, and gone down to Printing-house Square.

SIGNATURES OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS.



James Hauman
John C. Ody
A. Smith

H. Cunningham
Secretary.

The Response to "A Practical Suggestion."

AS no feature of the first number of this REVIEW has been so much criticised and so warmly discussed as that wherein it is asserted I sought to establish a lay Confessional, I reprint the original passage,—which was appended to a summary of the story of "Ellen Middleton,"—and renew the invitation:—

"So far Lady Georgiana and Mr. Gladstone. The moral of the tale, however, seems to be quite different from that which they deduce from it. What Ellen Middleton needed was not a priest in a confessional, but a sympathetic, level-headed friend to whom she could have told her trouble. It was not absolution that she needed. It was advice and sympathy. No doubt there are many Ellen Middletons in the world of both sexes, who, if they could but disburden themselves of the horrid secret which poisons their existence, might once more breathe freely and live blithely on God's earth. But either because they have no confessor, or no friend whom they dare trust, they bury it in their hearts until, like hapless Ellen, it destroys the life of their soul.

"Now is this so? It is a very simple question, and one to which a conclusive reply can soon be forthcoming. Are there any among the readers of this REVIEW who feel the craving for counsel, for sympathy, and for the consolation of pouring out their soul's grief? If so, may I ask them to communicate with me? If there be, as is possible enough, numbers who reject priestly guidance, but who, nevertheless, long for friendly counsel, that is a human necessity which ought to be met. The names of my correspondents will, if they so desire it, remain only known to me. But their cases, as they submit them, will be placed before such competent and skilful advisers as I am able to gather round me from amongst the best men and women in the English-speaking world. In this suggestion, which I put forward tentatively, there may be the germ of much useful service for many of the troubled and tried. I invite communications, and will respect confidences."

The publication of "the Practical Suggestion" was not, as some have been pleased to assume, any attempt to set up a Confessional. In Confession, the penitent confesses sins for the purpose of absolution. That is altogether distinct from the scope of the suggestion made above. The Catholic Church discriminates between those who make statements to the priest for the purpose of obtaining direction, and those who ease their souls by confession for the purpose of being absolved. It was only the former class to whom I appealed, and the result has justified the experiment. There has been no eager multitude rushing to disburden their souls of secrets, horrid or otherwise, and, what is perhaps more wonderful, there has not been a single hoax attempted. Any one who has been editing a newspaper for twenty years is familiar with all manner of bogus communications. "A Practical Suggestion" elicited none. What happened was just what might have been expected. A small but steady stream of communications reached me, almost entirely from men, asking advice as to what should be done in circumstances in which, to say the least, they really stood in need of a sympathetic, level-headed adviser. With these communications I have dealt to the best of my ability, calling in, when needful, the counsel of those who had more experience and were more skilled than myself in the matters submitted to me. In some cases nothing could be done; in others, I am glad to know that substantial benefit has resulted, and the opportunity of helping one of the cases that came before me was cheaply bought at the price of all the raillery to which this suggestion has been subjected.

I therefore repeat my suggestion, and add to it one small practical direction to correspondents. In writing to me it would always be better, in case they do not wish their identity to be known to any one but myself, if they did not write their name and address on the letter stating their case, but send it to me on a separate slip of paper.

From the innumerable comments on this suggestion, I quote the following from Mr. William Archer's article "A New Profession: Soul Doctoring," in the *Daily Graphic* of January 22:—

A German poet, in one of those gnomic utterances so much affected in the Fatherland, has told us that "What the epoch possesses, a hundred Talents promulgate; but the Genius, clairvoyant, sees and supplies what it lacks." Mr. W. T. Stead is the Genius, clairvoyant, of 1890.

It is not the REVIEW OF REVIEWS that I regard as Mr. Stead's epoch-making inspiration; it is his luminous idea of a lay confessional. If he could patent it, so as to be able to claim a royalty on the fees of all the spiritual consulting-physicians who will soon be exploiting his invention, he might retire on a fortune.

Seriously now, are we not urgently in need of a class of professional advisers to whom to have recourse in our spiritual ailments and difficulties, just as we send for the doctor when we feel out of sorts? Even for those who can accept the theological basis and machinery of auricular confession, it does not fully cover the ground.

● In Protestant countries even this resource is denied to the great majority of people. What we want is a body of professional men-of-the-world, to act as the confidential depositaries of our spiritual troubles. As in physical therapeutics, but in a far larger proportion of cases, the very act of stating the symptoms would often bring relief. Why should there be no one to prescribe for the super-sensitive conscience, the palsied will, or the dropsical self-esteem? ●

Like children, men and women long for far-seeing guidance

in the crises of life, and they find solace in pouring even their most trivial troubles into a sympathetic ear. To nine-tenths of them, in a Protestant country at any rate, such guidance and solace are totally unattainable under present conditions.

The *Christian Commonwealth*, after shaking its head over my suggestion, started one of its own. An anonymous correspondent, for whose respectability it vouched, undertook to receive anonymous communications from any in mental trouble. There are so many such persons in the world, there is room and to spare for all who are willing to help.

The *Detroit Free Press* laughs and makes us laugh by its amusing comments on our "Practical Suggestion":—"We will doubtless see in front of the office of the two R's a crowd of Helen Middletons, patiently awaiting their turn to disclose their awful secrets to the listening ear of Mr. Stead. The office will be fixed up like the gin-palaces, and instead of the mottoes on the different doors, such as "Jug and Bottle Department," "Glass Department," "Pewter Counter," and "Private Bar," we will see over the different doors of the new magazine office, "Murder Confessions received here," "Burglars this Way," "Petty Larceny Department," and so on.

The *Weekly Register* says that:—"Where a Lord John Russell or a Beaconsfield might have quailed, there Mr. Stead rushes in and is quite ready, and it takes comfort to its soul that the confessional will continue to flourish, "despite the insidious method of attack innocently devised by Mr. Punch's new pope penny-a-linu, who seeks to travesty it."

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE IN EGYPT.

A BRILLIANT RESULT OF SEVEN YEARS' LABOUR.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for January, there appears a very valuable survey of the good work which has been done in Egypt during the seven years of British occupation. For political importance as well as for the solid quality of its journalistic workmanship it deserves the leading place among the leading articles of the month.

The author, who writes evidently with a close inside acquaintance with the administration of Egypt, thinks that "Englishmen may well be proud of what has been done in Egypt." But he moralises that "we must beware of leaving the country before that work is completed and able to stand alone." For us to withdraw would bring back the rule of the pachas. Reform varies directly with English interference. Where we control, as in Public Works, Finance, and the War Department, there is progress—great progress. In Justice and Education, which we leave in native hands, things are at a standstill.

THE MAINSPRING OF REFORM IN EGYPT.

The mainspring of reform in Egypt consists in the fact that with a British army in occupation of the country, the English Government can, if it chooses, always enforce the adoption of any line of conduct on the Egyptian Government. The security for the execution of reforms is to be found in the presence in high office of British officers and officials. The following list of Egyptian officials who are English, gives us a glimpse of the backbone of the system by which Egypt has been Anglicised.

Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Director-General of Accounts.
Director of Customs.
Commander-in-Chief of Army
and sixty-five Officers.
Under-Secretary of Public
Works and fifteen irregular
Officers.

Controller of the Prisons.
Chief of the Sanitary Department
and five Doctors.
Inspector-General of Police,
three Deputies, and eighteen
Officers.
Director of the Lighthouses.

THE REFORMS ACHIEVED AND IN PROGRESS.

The reviewer summarises these as follows:—

(1.) The total abolition of the *courbash* or *bastinado*—a social revolution of the first-class. Since 1884 its use as a means of compelling payment of taxation and the giving of evidence has practically ceased.

(2.) The partial abolition of the *corvée*, or system of forced labour. This was achieved in face of the vehement opposition of the French Government, which delayed it for 2½ years. From 1882-5 234,000 men were compelled to serve for nothing 100 days a year. In 1888 the number had fallen to 59,000, and this year it is hoped to abolish the *corvée* altogether.

(3.) Progress in checking corruption among officials. Salaries have been regularly paid, the number of officials diminished, and the pay of the remainder increased. A Minister of the Interior and a Governor of Port Said have been made examples of. A more efficient system of inspection, a more searching audit of accounts, and a better administration of the law have diminished, although they have not extirpated, the evil.

(4.) Slavery has practically received its death-stroke. The sale of slaves by professional slave-traders, of whom there were thirty-two in Cairo alone in 1882, has ceased. The importation of slaves has almost ceased, and large numbers of slaves have been freed. Freedom may be obtained by application to the Manumission bureaux.

(5.) Progress made in settlement of agrarian questions. Land valued at £2,300,000 has been transferred to the *fellaheen*, the village money-lender has gradually disappeared, and the law of foreclosure of mortgages has been amended.

(6.) The Egyptian army remodelled now consists of 12,700 officers and men, and is adequate to repel, when under English command, the attacks of the *Dervishes*.

(7.) The police force is now so efficient that brigandage has practically been extirpated, and public security in the towns is up to the European standard.

(8.) Prisons, hospitals, and lunatic asylums all improved, and sanitary reforms set on foot.

(9.) The civil government of the frontier for 200 miles north of Wadi Halfa handed over to an English commandant who has secured content, payment of taxes, and suppression of smuggling.

(10.) Great public works carried out. Notably the repair of the barrage or great weir at the head of the delta which will be completed this year at a cost of £400,000. Another £600,000 has been spent in development of irrigation works, and the old corrupt system of distributing water cut up root and branch.

(11.) Great improvement in railways, 45 per cent. of gross receipts spent in keeping lines in repair. They are now up to Continental level. £800,000 is about to be spent on new lines.

(12.) The right of the Egyptian Government to frame police regulations binding upon foreigners recognised for 1889, when the international tribunals were prolonged for five years.

(13.) More stringent Customs regulations, recognised by eight Powers, have, to a certain extent, checked smuggling.

(14.) The budget has been balanced. Taxation has been reduced, and is to be still further reduced, and still the expenditure has been more than defrayed by the receipts. In 1884 Egypt could only borrow at 7 per cent. In 1889 she could borrow at 4. Unified, in 1884, were 69. In 1889 they touched 94.

WORK STILL TO BE DONE.

(1.) Education to be improved. Mohammedans are being outstripped by Copts and Syrians.

(2.) Provincial administration now free from English interference to be freed from corruption and extortion.

(3.) Native tribunals, manned by judges without legal training or experience demand attention.

(4.) Customs regulations to be extended to subjects of all the Powers.

(5.) Preference stock to be converted, and saving of £159,000 effected.

(6.) Criminal jurisdiction to be transferred from the Consular Courts to the mixed tribunals.

Such is a very much condensed summary of an article which should be read by every one who has any misgivings as to the net outcome of the mass of blundering that drifted us into the bombardment of Alexandria, and the battle of Tel-el-Kehir.

DO DEAD MEN DREAM?

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE SCIENCE OF GHOSTS.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & COMPANY publish twice a year a plain, unpretending-looking volume in a green paper back. It bears the unattractive name of "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." This dull title covers a mine of the most sensational articles issued from the periodical press. There are fifty pages of the present number written by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, which outdo in interest almost any fifty pages which have been printed recently. They are entitled, "On Recognised Apparitions Occurring more than a year after Death," and they consist of a collection of well-authenticated ghost stories, upon which Mr. Myers bases a theory that apparitions are in reality the dreams of the dead men, and can be explained scientifically by the analogy of telepathy.

WHAT IS A GHOST?

Mr. Myers dismisses as unscientific the popular conception of a ghost as a dead person permitted to communicate with the living. His definition of a ghost is that it is a manifestation of persistent personal energy, or that it is a residue of the force or energy which the man generated while he was still alive, which clings to the locality in which he spent his existence. He argues plausibly that the best key to the laws governing the phenomena of apparitions is most likely to be suggested by studying the laws which govern the manifestation of spirits while in the flesh.

"Two such laws I believe to exist. In the first place, I believe that telepathy—the transference of thought through other than sensory channels—exists both as between embodied spirits and as between embodied and disembodied spirits. I hold that apparitions after death result from the continued exercise of the same energy by the spirits of the departed.

"And in the second place I regard it as analogically probable that 'ghosts' must therefore as a rule represent, not conscious or central currents of intelligence, but mere automatic projections from consciousness which have their centres elsewhere."

A DEAD MAN DREAMING OF HIS SKELETON.

This is somewhat obscure, but it is better illustrated by the extraordinary story of the well-authenticated discovery of a skeleton by a revelation in a dream.

"A man is murdered in a bedroom of a Scotch farmhouse. His body is carried out and hastily buried in the open field. For forty years the murdered man retains some consciousness of this tragedy. He broods over the fact of his death in that room, his interment in that stony hillock. At last the bedroom is occupied by a man sensitive to the peculiar influence which (on our hypothesis) these broodings of deceased persons diffuse. The dream of the dead passes into the dream of the living; it persists in —'s mind with the same intensity as in the murdered man's own imagination. The purpose once achieved,—the discovery made,—the obsession ceases.

"And at any rate this conception of a *dead man's dream*,—of a probably unconscious gravitation of some fraction of his disembodied entity towards his old associations,—a flowing of some backwater of his being's current into channels familiar long ago,—will serve to supply a fairly coherent conception of the meaning of those vague *hauntings* into which, as we have seen, our narratives of recognised post-mortem apparitions imperceptibly glide."

THE ANALOGY OF THE ELECTRIC LAMP.

This story of a dead man's dream is as weird as any professional wizard ever invented. It is somewhat difficult to translate the conception into language which can be understood by those not familiar with the technical phraseology of psychical researchers. But if we might make a bold effort we should say that it amounts to a theory that a man does not die altogether and pass totally into a different state of being. A certain shadowy semblance of himself lingers behind, which, when the dead man elsewhere dreams of his old life, assumes a more palpable shape, and occasionally becomes visible to the eyes of mortals, as the slender filament of the incandescent lamp becomes luminous when the electricity is turned on.

SOME AUTHENTIC GHOSTS.

Of this several extraordinary illustrations are given by Mr. Myers. One story is told by an American commercial traveller, which describes how his sister appeared to him, nine years after her death, at noonday. The peculiarity of this ghost was that the brother saw upon his sister's face a red scratch which he had never seen during her lifetime. He hastened home and told the story to his parents. His mother was at once thrown into a state of profound consternation, and confessed while laying out the corpse she had inadvertently scratched its face and had hidden the fact from every human being until the apparition of her daughter's ghost bearing the scratch on her cheek compelled her to confess what had happened. Another story tells how an old Lady Carnarvon, who died in 1826, appeared in her house at Petworth some eleven years later. A very curious story is told, in Dale Owen's "Footfalls," of a washerwoman's ghost who persistently haunted another woman for several nights, urging her to go to a priest who would pay 3s. 10d. which she owed to some one not mentioned. Following up this clue, it was found that she actually did owe 3s. 10d. to a grocer. The sum was paid, and the hauntings ceased. The ghost of Voltaire is said to have been seen writing as lately as 1867, in the Château de Pragens, near Nyon, in Switzerland. Mr. Myers suggests that in many of these cases the apparition is due to something like the working out of a post-hypnotic suggestion.

WHY GHOSTS HAUNT PLACES.

"Thus we may conceive a murdered man, for instance, as feeling persistently that he ought not to have been murdered,—that his existence should still be continuing in his earthly home. And if his apparition is seen in that home, we need not say that he is 'condemned to walk there,' but rather that his memory or his dream goes back irresistibly to the scene to which in a sense he feels that he still belongs. I say 'his memory or his dream;' but it is of course possible that neither word may suggest a close parallel to what actually occurs. There may be a deeper severance in the personality of the dead. There is nothing *per se* improbable in the idea that our personality—so much more fractionable even during our earthly life than we were wont to imagine—should be susceptible, when liberated from the body, of still profounder divisions. For the present, however, it seems better to keep to more familiar analogies, and to use the word 'dream' as the widest term available; though, of course, without assuming that the decedent is in any sense asleep."

It is evident that, if Mr. Myers is right, we shall have to reconstruct the whole of our theory of personality.

THE TRUTH ABOUT POLAND.

A CONSERVATIVE TRIBUTE TO A CHRISTIAN TZAR.

QUITE the most remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review* is that in which this organ of Conservatism pays its tardy but emphatic tribute to the memory of the Tzar Alexander the First, and presents in clear relief the truth about Poland. Upon no subject has British sympathy been more grossly misled than on the wrongs of Poland, and it is satisfactory to find in the literary headquarters of English Conservatism a recognition of the truth at last. The *Quarterly* reviewer, who takes as his text the recently published memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoriski, which are also reviewed in the *London Quarterly*, admits that it is now difficult to look back on the Polish insurrections without feeling impatient at the mendacious reports by which our sympathies were abused. "The simple truth being that the facts were reversed, the injurers playing the part of the injured, and the oppressors that of the oppressed." The explanation and even the justification of Poland's present low estate is the implacable hatred which the nobles have earned from the great part of the people. It was the lot of the poor murdered peasants, "the dirt of the earth," hopelessly enslaved for centuries, whose masters had a right to kill them as though they were cattle in the fields, which supplies the true key to the so-called misfortunes of the country.

THE REAL TYRANTS IN POLAND.

The Poles have brought on their own ruin by their folly, disunion, and misrule. They were slave-holders on the most merciless conditions, who refused to regard their slaves as their fellow creatures, and almost grudged them the same air as themselves. "I know of no country in Christendom," said a priest at the beginning of the seventeenth century, "where the peasants are so badly treated. They were crushed as a millstone crusheth the corn." Terribly have their sufferings been avenged. Without palliating the partitions of Poland, the *Quarterly* reviewer points out that Poland has succumbed to the law, "Whatsoever a man soweth so shall he reap." He admits without reserve that it is owing to Russian interference that "the peasants are now comparatively prosperous, and are on the whole more independent than the peasantry of almost any other country." This was largely due to the spirit which Alexander I. infused into Russian policy. "Above all," said he to the Pole's nobleman in 1812, "do not forget the toilers of the ground, they are the most useful class of all, and your peasants have always been treated as helots."

AN IDEAL PRINCE.

The sketch of the character of Alexander I., which forms the second and most interesting part of this remarkable review, will come as a revelation to most English readers who persist in regarding Russian Tzars as odious tyrants. The following extracts give us a picture of a sovereign the like of whom Europe has seldom seen, and whose memory mankind should not willingly let die:—

"The character of Alexander forms the most interesting feature in the Czartoriski Memoirs. It sounds something fabulous as we read of the benevolence, gentleness, and ideal purity of aim of this young Prince, born of such a man as Paul, and descended from such a woman as Catherine. But God has times when He sends forth *une âme blanche*, without father, mother, or descent. Young, open, and amiable, thinking only of justice and philanthropy, he set himself to carry out what may be called the programme of his life, in the better administration of justice, the

emancipation of the masses, equitable reforms, and liberal institutions."

HIS SIMPLICITY AND HUMILITY.

He would take long walks into the country unattended; wore no ornaments, not a ring, nor even, though scrupulously punctual, a watch; detested flattery, never played cards, and disliked snuff and tobacco; would help, moreover, to move a wounded or sick soldier, and was known to have stopped his carriage—never attended by guards—within a few miles of Vilna, and take up an old and lame peasant woman, painfully plodding on the road.

Of his treatment of the Poles after the French invasion, the *Quarterly* reviewer says:—

It may be doubted whether history records such Christian deeds on the part of a conqueror, in the first blush of victory, towards a people who had defied him in council and opposed him in the field; none, it is certain, ever done in so noble a manner.

HIS CAPACITY.

Of his contemporaries, all who knew him spoke in terms of eulogy. Stein says of him that, on entering upon his struggle with Napoleon, he took for his motto, "*Confiance en Dieu, courage, persévérance, union*," and, surrendering himself to the inspiration of his large-hearted and noble soul, he hurled the giant to the ground. General Moreau, hearing an officer speak of him as "the best of Princes," interposed eagerly, "You may say, sir, the best of men," adding that the Emperor had that uncommon fault, an excess of modesty. The Marquis of Londonderry says:—

There was no better physical and moral safeguard than in the personal character of the reigning sovereign Alexander, a mixture of benevolence and rectitude, a high sense of religion, and a generous view on all subjects.

It has been doubted whether the great piety and humanity of Alexander were compatible with the energy, firmness, and far-sightedness of a military commander; but here our Wellington's dictum comes in with its plain and unexaggerated weight: "The Emperor of Russia appears to have taken every measure which could lead to the total defeat and destruction of his enemy." Of his personal courage also there could be no doubt, for he exposed his life equally in the field and in the pestilential hospitals at Vilna and elsewhere, speaking the kindest and most judicious words of consolation to the inmates in their various tongues.

HIS RELIGIOUS FAITH.

No man recorded in history has been known to be guided in all things, great and small, by stricter dictates of religion than Alexander I. The idea of the so-called "Holy Alliance" originated with him. This was a scheme for the strict observance of Christian principles between Christian nations—especially suggested to a thoughtful mind at the termination of Napoleon's wars—which was drawn up and signed by him, and joined later by the Kings of France and Prussia. It forms, however, a consistent feature in the history of this unique sovereign—a history, in other words, of a great heart, appointed by Providence to fill one of the highest places in this world, and recognising no other remedy for the sins and miseries of mankind than the genuine practice of the precepts of Christ.

So far the *Quarterly* reviewer. These extracts have more than a historical interest. They suggest to all those who have carelessly assumed that every Tzar must necessarily be a tyrant, and probably a ruffian, that it would be well for them to reconsider their assumptions in relation to the Tzar of to-day as well as of the Tzar of 1812.

MY VISION OF THINGS TO COME.

BY MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.

In the *Forum* for January, Mr. Henry Labouchere, whom the editor describes as the "leader of the Radical ring of the Liberal party in England," contributes an article on Democracy in England, which is a prophecy of things to come. Before he begins his prophecy he writes a little history, starting, as all good Radicals should, from the scaffold of Charles I. The history of the Georges he summarises in the sentence, "It is a history of rival gangs of aristocrats struggling for power." Before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed the middle classes were only the sleeping partners of the aristocracy, not until 1885 was a democratic Parliament elected. Mr. Labouchere then describes the existing state of things in England. Lord Salisbury, an aristocrat to the back-bone, who regards the House of Commons as a necessary evil, governs the country by the aid of one or two fairly able administrators, and several aristocrats, most of whom would find it difficult to earn a living, if without prestige or protection they were to endeavour to maintain themselves as clerks in a commercial house. They are supported by a Tory ruck in the Parliament; "a more contemptible set of men it would be difficult to conceive." In the country they are supported by every man with the soul of the flunkey, by rich men who corrupt the electors, and the Primrose League which uses the ingrained snobbery of the Englishman and the Englishwoman, in order to corrupt the electorate. "Entertainments are given at which refreshments are provided much below their real cost, and the youths of the aristocracy sing comic songs and the daughters sing and play on the banjo." But all their efforts would not secure them a majority without the Unionists, among whom there are only two men of mark, Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. Of Lord Hartington, Mr. Labouchere says little; of Mr. Chamberlain he says much, in this vein:—"The Tories keep Mr. Chamberlain tied to them by satisfying his social cravings, and inviting him and his family to their London entertainments and to their country houses, where the poor man is as much out of it as a Texas cowboy would be in a club of New York dudes." Among English Liberals there are only two men after Mr. Gladstone who count; they are Sir Wm. Harcourt and Mr. Morley. The others are only anxious to get their noses into the public manger. Sir William Harcourt, like Dugald Dalgetty, is a man of war, "perhaps a little versatile in his convictions." From being a Saul to the Irish he has become "a very Paul, breathing out fire and vengeance against those who do not regard the denial of Home Rule to Ireland as the most wicked of crimes." The artisans are Radical, but it is doubtful whether there are many Socialists among them. When they are joined by the agricultural labourers they will sweep everything before them. But the agricultural labourers have not yet joined them; they have been cowed by long centuries of serfdom. Their emancipation will come, however, and this, according to Mr. Labouchere, is the conclusion of the matter.

"The result of the struggle can hardly be doubted. Every year we shall become more democratic. The monarchy, shorn of its wasteful and expensive tomfooleries will continue. The aristocracy, both as leaders and as hereditary legislators, will disappear. The Established Church will be deprived of its endowments, which will be devoted to purposes of education. Our great landlords will, by the effect of natural laws, be removed off the face of the country, and the occupier of land will to all intents and purposes become its owner.

Taxation will be apportioned as shoulders are best able to bear it. Education will be free and its scope enlarged. All privileges that are due to the law will be swept away. The social lines of demarcation between classes will be less sharply defined. Economy will replace extravagance in our public departments. Sinécures and excessive salaries will no longer exist. Our foreign policy will be modelled on that of the United States. In our villages, village councils will replace the rule of the squire and of the parson. There will be fewer very rich men in the land, and fewer very poor men. Every institution that conflicts with democracy will vanish. Ireland will have her own Parliament, and her own executive, paramount in all local matters, and will become a source of strength, and no longer of weakness, to the empire. This will probably be followed by a general federalisation of the United Kingdom. England, Wales, and Scotland will each have, like Ireland, a local Parliament, and an imperial senate will replace our present Lords and Commons."

A REJOINDER BY MR. W. H. MALLOCK.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Mallock replies to the foregoing article by a paper entitled "Mr. Labouchere: the Democrat." It is for the most part dull; but towards the end it is sufficiently rude to be piquant. "Language from which the mere rudiments of civilised manners" ought to "have kept him at an eternal and tantalising distance," seems congenial to Mr. Mallock in describing this "political Puck, who has stuck on his shoulders the head of a political Caliban." His conception of Mr. Labouchere as a victim to "Mr. Stead's enthusiasms" is as amusing as his description of Mr. Stead as the "Dancing Dervish of Journalism," who knows nothing of the upper classes except from "the pictures of swells on the backs of comic songs!" which we are left to suppose are the only reading of that dancing dervish aforesaid. After some rather dreary pages exposing Mr. Labouchere's exaggerations in the article in the *Forum*, Mr. Mallock settles down to the congenial task of telling the American public who and what the Radical leader is.

There is a good deal of bitter malice in the neatly-compacted sentences in which Mr. Mallock satirises the humorist of the gallery who is always playing to the stalls,—the Radical whose Radicalism is a mere personal game, the chief charm of which is its charming incongruity with the whole tenor of his life. His occupation, devised as a remedy for a certain social obscurity brought about by his own fault, was to amuse and annoy the classes as editor of *Truth*, and to frighten and annoy the classes as the leader of a terrible democracy. He is the typical speculator in the unearned increment, who is always endeavouring to appropriate, by some means or other, the enhanced value of other men's labour and enterprise, and employing his leisure in denouncing landlords as robbers. "I trust," says Mr. Mallock, after describing Mr. Labouchere's new house midway between Westminster Abbey and the House of Lords, "he may live long to enjoy his convenient home, to make friends of his cynical enemies by his fascinating insincerity, and by his whole career to turn Radicalism into a comedy." He predicts, however, that when the day comes for the Radical battle of Armageddon he will lead his followers into action like the Moses of the Pentateuch, and will lead them out of it like the Moses of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

At this rate political controversy as to Democracy in England seems rapidly destined to descend to the level of the bargee.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

MR. GLADSTONE and Mr. Blaine discuss Free Trade and Protection from the American standpoint at great length in the *North American*. After preparing a careful *précis* of both papers, I cancelled it as too dreadfully polemical, and confine myself to a couple of quotations from Mr. Gladstone's paper :—

Each of the rolling years teaches me more and more fixedly to think, that in international transactions the British nation for the present enjoys a commercial primacy; that no country in the world shows any capacity to wrest it from us, except it be America; that, if America shall frankly adopt and steadily maintain a system of free trade, she will by degrees, perhaps not slow degrees, outstrip us in the race, and will probably take the place which at present belongs to us; but that she will not injure us by the operation. On the contrary, she will do us good. Her freedom of trade will add to our present commerce and our present wealth, so that we shall be better than we now are. . . . So that the citizens of two countries long friendly, and evidently destined to yet closer friendliness, may now calmly and safely pursue an argument which, from either of the opposing points of view, has the most direct bearing on the wealth, comfort, and well-being of the people on both sides of the water.

The economical question which I have been endeavouring to discuss is a very large one. Nevertheless it dwindles, in my view, when it is compared with the paramount question of the American future viewed at large. There is a vision of territory, population, power, passing beyond all experience. The exhibition to mankind, for the first time in history, of free institutions on a gigantic scale, is momentous, and I have enough faith in freedom, enough distrust of all that is alien from freedom, to believe that it will work powerfully for good. But together with and behind these vast developments there will come a corresponding opportunity of social and moral influence to be exercised over the rest of the world. And the question of questions for us, as trustees for our posterity, is, What will be the nature of this influence? Will it make us, the children of the senior races, who will have to come under its action, better or worse? Not what manner of producer, but what manner of man is the American of the future to be?

American love of freedom will, beyond all doubt, be to some extent qualified, perhaps in some cases impaired, by the subtle influence of gold, aggregated by many hands in vaster masses than have yet been known.

But, to rise higher still, how will the majestic figure, about to become the largest and most powerful on the stage of the world's history, make use of his power? Will it be instinct with moral life in proportion to its material strength? Will he uphold and propagate the Christian tradition with that surpassing energy which marks him in all the ordinary pursuits of life? Will he maintain with a high hand an unflinching reverence for that law of nature which is anterior to the Gospel, and supplies the standard to which it appeals, the very foundation on which it is built up? Will he fully know, and fully act upon the knowledge, that both reverence and strictness are essential conditions of all high and desirable well-being? And will he be a leader and teacher to us of the old world in rejecting and denouncing all the miserable degrading sophistries by which the arch-enemy, ever devising more and more subtle schemes against us, seeks at one stroke perhaps to lower us beneath the brutes, assuredly to cut us off from the hope and from the source of the final good? One thing is certain: his temptations will multiply with his power; his responsibilities with his opportunities. Will the seed be sown among the thorns? Will worldliness overrun the ground and blight its flowers and its fruit? On the answers to these questions, and to such as these, it will depend whether this new revelation of power upon the earth is also to be a revelation of virtue; whether it shall prove a blessing or a curse. May Heaven avert every darker omen, and grant that the latest and largest growth of the great Christian civilisation shall also be the brightest and the best!

THE MONSTROUS REGIMEN OF WOMEN.

A BLAST BY MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH writes in the *Forum* on "Woman's Place in the State." Civilisation, he admits, has begun: to be measured by the degree of woman's ascendancy; but the article is one vehement protest against the recognition of their influence in the legislative sphere. He even carries his zeal against female government so far as to attack Her Majesty. He says :—

Queen Victoria is cited as a paragon of female government. The truth, as every one ought to know, is that she reigns but does not govern. As wearer of the crown she has social duties of an important kind, which since the death of her consort have never been performed, and the persistent neglect of which, in spite of faithful advice and warnings, have in the case of Ireland led to the most calamitous results. The Queen's life and merits have been domestic. In her "Journal" there are two references to public events, one the Franco-German and the other the Egyptian war. In the first the writer had a son-in-law, in the second she had a son. Should the time ever come, as, with revolutionary forces of all kinds at work, is conceivable, when it may be necessary for the salvation of the country to adopt a policy involving some risk to the Crown, the sex of the sovereign may prove a serious misfortune, since it is impossible to give counsels involving any risk to a woman.

Considering that in the ordinary discharge of the functions of her sex woman exposes herself to much greater peril than man does in the discharge of the duties of citizenship, this remark is a fair sample of Mr. Smith's style. He even asks what special interest of woman can be named that has suffered at the hands of a legislature composed of their sons, brothers, and husbands! He then describes the grievances which have been removed in the last few years, all of which had been imposed by legislatures of their sons, brothers, and husbands. Mr. Smith's article is in form a reply to the report of a committee of the Senate in favour of the enfranchisement of women. There is not much which is new in the article beyond the incidental admissions which vitiate its main contentions.

"The feelings of the sexes," says he, "towards each other must change before woman, like man, can be held strictly responsible for the exercise of official duties, and be punished for the breach of them." Surely no greater injustice than is implied by this remark could be done to woman by man, for without being held closely to responsibility, efficiency can never be secured. Another curious remark which he makes, is that a man "when he marries and takes upon him the heavy burden of a wife and family, expects as a reward a loving partner and a happy home." Considering on whom the burden falls of bringing forth her family and caring for it, the inability of Mr. Smith to see the question which he is discussing from any but a masculine point of view needs no further illustration. His argument in brief seems to amount to this:—A happy home is impossible if there are two opinions upon public matters; therefore there shall only be one, and that one shall be the man's. To allow the woman to have an opinion of her own is to diminish the reward by which man is tempted into matrimony. It would be interesting to have another article by Mrs. Goldwin Smith, and see what she thinks about it.

As a fitting pendant to Mr. Goldwin Smith's complacent assertion that women have no longer any grievances which male legislatures will not redress, I give the following extract from Mary Livermore's paper in the *North American Review* for January :—

The question of marriage and divorce laws, and their reformation, is one in which women are vitally interested, for they

are generally the deepest sufferers from the laws' immoral and unequal action, and for them there is the least redress.

The husband has legal control of the person of the wife; her services belong to him, and have no money value. She is expected to work for food, shelter, and clothing, and is thus made a pauperised dependant on her husband. Whatever gains accrue from her unpaid labour become his property. If she has leisure and ability to engage in money-making employments after performing the household labour, many of the States of the Union give her earnings also to the husband.

Only six of the United States allow the married mother to be an equal owner and guardian of the minor children with their father. In all other States the father is their sole owner and guardian. If the mother has no ownership in her little children, whom she wins in the valley of death, at the risk of her own life, she is indeed pauperised, most abject, most wretched. There should be legal equality established between the husband and the wife, equal ownership of the family property, equal guardianship of the minor children. If I should publish the sad stories of injustice, wrong, and outrage of which they have been the silent victims, perpetrated under cover of laws made by men for the government of both sexes in married life, and by husbands who intend to be in the main fair and just, I would startle the community.

A SCHEME FOR INTERNATIONAL ROGUE-CATCHING.

In the *Quarterly Review*, at the close of a long and carefully-written article on Extradition, the writer ventures to throw out the following suggestion:—

A general, and, as far as possible, universal system of extradition between civilised States is much to be desired. In order to effect such a system, it might be found possible to establish an International Union, all parties to which should engage to mutually surrender fugitive criminals, under certain fixed conditions, to be expressed in an International Convention, forming the basis of the Union. This plan has already been adopted in many cases where it is desired to treat in a uniform manner a subject of common interest to many States, and it is found on the whole to work well, and is steadily growing in favour. We may cite as instances the Postal, Copyright, and Industrial Property Unions.

The majority of States are now practically agreed on the main principles which should govern extradition; and if such an Union could once be founded on a basis which commanded general assent, the hand of justice would be armed with a new and powerful weapon of the most far-reaching kind, and a great step would have been made internationally towards the maintenance of law and order throughout the civilised world.

Pending that more extensive scheme, the *Quarterly Reviewer* suggests that the following improvements might be made in the English law and practice of extradition:—

1. The provision as to surrender or trial for political offences to be maintained as it stands.
2. This sub-section to be amended so as to permit trial for a second (non-political) offence; provided that such offence be an extradition offence according to the terms of the British Act, and that it be also comprised in the list contained in a treaty concluded with the State to which the prisoner is surrendered. Where no treaty has been concluded, an assurance to be received before surrender that the man to be given up shall not be tried for any other offence than that for which his extradition is granted.
3. The restriction respecting completion of sentence or acquittal before surrender to another State, to be maintained.
4. Surrender immediately or committal to be permitted, but only in cases where the prisoner signifies his wish to that effect in writing.

THE FUTURE AND WHAT IT HIDES IN IT.

A SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY BY PROFESSOR THURSTON.

PROFESSOR THURSTON, in an article in the *North American Review*, which he calls "The Borderland of Science," indulges in a scientific forecast of things to come. In this paper he speculates as to the probable development of our race in the near future.

THE COMING MAN AND HIS WIFE.

I imagine that, when we look back from our home in the unseen universe, ages hence, we shall see, without much doubt, a race of men differing from those of to-day much as the man of to-day differs from his simious, perhaps simian, ancestors. The brain will enlarge in its anterior even more than its posterior parts, and the great forehead will probably overhang a heavy but mobile face, having a god-like intelligence of countenance; with eyes large and prominent; with large nostrils; with a set of jaws at once fitted for the reduction of grain foods to pulp and to give basis for muscles capable of expressing great ideas by words and by play of feature. The chest will be large; the abdomen will grow with the lungs. The limbs may probably be longer; better cushioned with fat than now; smaller in proportion to the rest of the body, as to weight at least; though we may presume that this change will be made with positive gain, on the whole, in grace and general power. The coming man will be tall, and free and lofty of carriage.

The woman of the coming race will have a similar development. Mind and body altering in similar directions, her intellectual face and her noble head will be carried above a no less impressive form. She will grow with the ages and through the ages; her form will gain in grace and strength, in roundness and beauty; and she will, as always, lead man in his approach toward heaven.

THE SHIP AND LOCOMOTIVE OF THE FUTURE.

Another generation or two may see the size of the ship doubled and speed still further increased, the voyage across the Atlantic reduced to less than four days. The engineers of the future in the ship of the next generation must put the power of nearly 150,000 tons of horses into 8,000 tons of engine; he must snugly pack in a ship 1,000 feet long, or perhaps less, the power of a "string-team" 500 miles long. But all this seems perfectly possible, and not altogether improbable, to the hopeful engineer of to-day.

On land, steam is likely yet to show powers that may astonish the spectator of its performances as much as at sea. Boys living to-day may very probably see speeds exceeding a hundred miles an hour attained, and the Continent crossed in two days or less. It may not be long before engines are built for such speeds. Such an engine leaving New York in the morning would reach San Francisco the next night. But before this can be done much work will be required on the road-bed, as well as in the improvement of the machine itself.

THE ELECTRIC DISTRIBUTION OF FORCE.

The time may come when his portrait may go with his letter, or even the words of his mouth, sent through line of telephone, be apparently the issue of the familiar face speaking, like a voice from the Arabian Nights, across the world. The time may yet come when the energy of the water pouring over that tremendous precipice of Niagara over three millions of horse-power—may be transmitted along a copper wire to distant cities to furnish the motive power of factories, of workshops, and of

Innumerable home industries, doing its share of the great work yet to be performed, of breaking up the present factory system and enabling the home-worker once more to compete on living terms with great aggregations of capital in unscrupulous hands. Great steam-engines will undoubtedly become generally the sources of power in our larger cities, and will send out over the electric wire, into every corner of the town, their Briarean arms, helping the sewing woman at her machine, the weaver at his pattern loom, the mechanic at his engine lathe, giving every house the mechanical aids needed in the kitchen, the laundry, the elevator, and, at the same time, giving light, and possibly even heat, in liberal quantity and intensity.

AN ERA OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

It is not impossible that we may see fleets of submarine boats doing the work of peace and of war. Such boats will probably be used in submarine explorations, and will undoubtedly be employed in naval warfare, to the confusion of nations spending their millions upon the monster ironclads now familiar to us. Possibly we even may hope that the time will come when we, with some later Captain Nemo, may thus cross the Atlantic, unaffected by gale or wave, in comfort and safety, winter and summer alike. The problem is unquestionably in a promising state of semi-solution. When the submarine boat, the Howell or other torpedo, and the Zalinski gun are brought together in one such craft, the death of all naval warfare at a very early date is assured. The work of the inventor will insure the peace of the world.

THE SECRET OF THE GLOW-WORM.

A still more wonderful work will be done by the genius, should he ever appear and should the thing be possible, who shall find a way of producing that beautiful and incomprehensible light emitted by the fire-fly or the glow-worm—a light which is without heat, and illustrates probably the only known case of at least approximately complete transformation of vital or heat-energy into light without waste and at low temperature. He who shall give us the secret of the flashing out-of-door lights of the summer evening will enable us to secure twenty times as much light with a given expenditure of fuel as we now obtain, and will in that proportion both cheapen the production of light and reduce the amount of injury done by combustion.

LEARNING TO FLY.

Nothing is more probable than that in the next few years the triumphs of electricity will be extended from the earth to the air, and a flying machine will be as common in the twentieth century as an electric tramcar is to-day. It is only a question of the number of years that must pass before we are able to emulate the angels, if not in their virtues at least in the matter of their locomotion. Hence the interest attached to Professor Thurston's paper on the Problem of Air Navigation in the *Forum*. He points out that while the vulture can fly at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, and even the common crow can lounge across the country at the rate of thirty miles an hour, man, with all his boasted science, has hardly begun to traverse the air. He traces the history of balloons and flying machines down to the *Renard* air-ship, which was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. This vessel is 160 feet long, driven by a screw 7 feet in diameter. Its dynamo works up to 5 horse-power, and in the calm it can go from 12 to 15 miles an hour. Mr. Pole thinks that an air-ship 400 feet long would be able to do 25 miles an hour. But that is a poor result. A pelican flies at an expenditure of strength equal to one-eleventh horse-power, and as it weighs one-eleventh of an ordinary man,

it would take one horse-power for a man to keep pace with a pelican if he were otherwise correspondingly equipped. It is a curious natural law that the heavier the weight to be carried the smaller in proportion is the wing surface needed. A vulture is a 100 times as heavy as a swallow, but its wings are only 15 times as large. A flying man would require about 20 feet spread of wing. The cretaceous pterodactyles, some of which weighed as much as a man, had only a spread of from 15 to 20 feet. Our arms are too weak to drive our wings. The muscles of the arms are one-seventieth the weight of the muscles of the body, whereas in a vulture the wing muscles are as heavy as all the rest of the muscles of the body put together. With the electro-motor, however, we shall be able to realise the long-cherished dreams of humanity. As Professor Thurston says :—

His predecessors, the bats and the great pterodactyles, have flown on membranes; why may not he hope some time to combine the highest products of his inventive genius in some contrivance which shall enable him to drive his fusiform balloon a hundred miles an hour, defying wind and storm; or why not hope to learn from the albatross and the condor and the eagle the secrets of flight, and, like them, to soar aloft, and, above the clouds, to glide hour after hour on widespread, motionless wings, with the speed of the gales that vex the earth below, and as far as the wild goose, or the carrier-pigeon, or the migrating eagle can fly; crossing continents and oceans as certainly, and even, possibly, as safely, as do railway trains or steamships to-day?

ARE THE JEWS A NATION TO-DAY? NO.

BY THE REV. DR. M. H. HARRIS.

IN the *Jewish Quarterly Review* (Nutt, 3s.) the Rev. Dr. M. H. Harris maintains, in opposition to Lady Magnus, that the Jews are not a nation to-day. In early times he admits the Jews were a nationality. Those nations had a religion, and the religion perished with the nationality. Judaism survived the chrysalis coat of nationality and now exists as a religion alone.

Jews to-day are found in all countries, and are citizens in many, and in some instances they know no other, and care to know no other nation than the land of their birth. A nation forsooth, without a land, without an acknowledged government (for even the ecclesiastical chiefs are only local), without a geographical or even a linguistic unity, since Hebrew is a living tongue only to a few! Is not this harder to conceive than the farce of the Holy Roman Empire?

The idea that the Jews will be a nation some day is, he thinks, a Gentile superstition based upon the fetish interpretation of the Scriptures. "The ideal pictures of a future national restoration should be treated as ideal pictures, and nothing more." The result of calling the Jews a national, as well as a religious community, has been to confuse the duties and the relations of both. Our fold is filled with non-observers, unbelievers, in fact, "who claim to belong to us on the strength of the old national delusion."

Dr. Harris further denounces the national theory as mischievous, inasmuch as it keeps alive the decaying reactionary principle of the union of Church and State. It has led to the grafting of many national observances on Judaism, and cumbered the faith with a mass of ceremonial.

Finally, it throws us open to the accusation of tribalism. As long as we shut up our religion within national boundaries, the Gentiles have a right to reproach us with striving for ourselves alone. Of all religions ours is most worthy to become universal. The time has surely arrived to cut our faith loose from all political and territorial shackles, to stand forward as a religion of humanity, as such to go down to posterity, as such to decide our destiny.

PROPOSED REFORMS IN PROCEDURE.

A PARLIAMENTARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in an article entitled Parliamentary Procedure and Questions, puts forward two proposals for limiting the present tax upon the time of the House of Commons by the inquisitiveness of members and the privilege of moving the adjournment of the House. The earliest recorded instance of a question to a minister occurred on February 9, 1721. The daily issue of orders of the day in the present form dates from 1841. It was not till 1849 that questions were put at the beginning of the paper. In 1846 only 69 questions were asked with notice the whole session. In 1847 they were 89. When they were put at the beginning of the paper, they more than doubled. In 1860, 600 were printed. In 1870 they exceeded 1,000, and in 1888 they were about 5,000. On March 21, 1889, there were 85 printed questions, comprising 232 separate interrogations, supplemented by 99 others, making 327 in one night. Add to this the power of moving the adjournment on any question, whenever forty members choose to rise in their places, and you have a situation that demands amelioration. The *Edinburgh* reviewer has two suggestions to make.

GIVE THE SPEAKER A VETO, ETC.

As to the moving of the adjournment, he suggests that it should be met by increasing the power of the Speaker.

Would it be imposing too delicate a duty on the Speaker to instruct him, whenever the matter assumed to be urgent lacked colourable ground for urgency, to declare the matter outside the terms of the standing order, and on that were to decline to inquire whether forty members were in favour of its being immediately discussed? Moreover, might not such motions be confined to Tuesdays and Fridays, when, for the greater portion of the session, they would not interfere with Government business? It would be reasonable also to limit the length of debate upon them to, say, two hours, at the expiration of which the Speaker might be directed to call on the minister to reply, and at the conclusion of his speech to put the question without further debate.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

He proposes that certain questions should only be answered in writing.

Questions of dealing with the complaints against officials ought to be relegated to a separate list, to be answered only in writing, so that the answer might be printed immediately after the question to which it purports to be a reply. In the same category ought to be included all those questions which involve very detailed answers, and therefore take up appreciable time. In this category should also be included those questions known as "longer catechisms," comprising a dozen questions, extending perhaps over a page of the votes, which generally relate to matters of some local importance, but not of a character to arouse a very lively interest in the House or the country at large. Again there are some questions which the Member asking would prefer to have answered in writing. These might be included in the proposed list, and along with them might be placed all those questions which the Minister responsible for the reply should declare at the table could only be answered in considerable detail, and ought therefore to be answered in writing. All such questions should be printed apart in their old position at the end of the paper of the day, and the answers attached to them in due course.

In addition to this, the writer proposes to invite the Speaker to exercise supervision over questions relating to pending negotiations, and the action of her Majesty's forces in the presence of the enemy, in order that those which in his judgment might be hurtful to the public interest should be either modified or altogether forbidden.

THE MIRACLE OF MESMERISM.

BY DR. CHARCOT.

DR. CHARCOT, the famous French specialist, contributes an interesting paper on "Magnetism and Hypnotism" for the January *Forum*. In describing the process used to bring about the hypnotic state he says:—

That used by Braid is one of the easiest to apply and of the most certain in operation. It consists in holding in front of the patient a small shining object, and getting him to gaze upon it without letting his attention be diverted. This object must be held 10 or 15 centimeters distant from his eyes, and a little above the usual plane of vision. Soon the eyelids begin to wink; then the winking becomes more and more rapid; later they tend to droop, and finally they fall.

Having got the patient into this sleep he is thrown into lethargy. To produce catalepsy all that is necessary is to open his eyes with the finger, and if, after that, the top of his head is rubbed briskly, he passes into the somnambulistic state, in which he speaks freely and answers questions put to him. The characteristic of this somnambulistic state is boundless credulity on the part of the mesmerised person, credulity which lasts long after the mesmerism has passed away. Of this he gives a striking instance of the phenomena of suggestion:—

I present to a woman patient in the hypnotic state a blank sheet of paper, and say to her: "Here is my portrait; what do you think of it? Is it a good likeness?" After a moment's hesitation, she answers: "Yes, indeed, your photograph; will you give it to me?" To impress deeply in the mind of the subject this imaginary portrait, I point with my finger toward one of the four sides of the square leaf of paper, and tell her that my profile looks in that direction; I describe my clothing. The image being now fixed in her mind, I take that leaf of paper and mix it with a score of other leaves precisely like it. I then hand the whole pack to the patient, bidding her go over them and let me know whether she finds among these anything she has seen before. She begins to look at the leaves one after another, and as soon as her eyes fall upon the one first shown to her (I had made upon it a mark that she could not discern), forthwith she exclaims, "Look, your portrait!" What is more curious still, if I turn the leaf over, as soon as her eyes rest upon it, she turns it up, saying that my photograph is on the obverse. I then convey to her the order that she shall continue to see the portrait on the blank paper even after the hypnosis has passed. Then I awaken her and again hand to her the pack of papers, requesting her to look over them. She handles them just as before, when she was hypnotised, and utters the same exclamation, "Look, your portrait!" Furthermore, this suggestion, this hallucination, will, if I wish, continue several days.

Having suggested to the patient that the leaf of paper set before her eyes is a photograph, I put it amid a great number of other leaves so exactly like it that even a keen eye cannot tell one leaf from another. Then I tell the lady to find whether the lot of papers contains anything she has seen before. Whatever I may do to "throw her off the scent," she never misses; every time that, as she goes over the papers, her eyes fall upon the leaf in question, she recognises it without any hesitation. Here we enter the domain of the marvellous, the enchanted garden toward which every one has been drawn who has studied magnetism; and from it few have come back. But is there any need to appeal to the miraculous for an explanation of facts of this character? Must we invoke the supernatural? Certainly not, when we can account for these phenomena in the simplest way in the world, by assuming an enhanced acuteness of some of the senses—an acuteness developed under the influence of the hypnotic state.

Dr. Charcot's opinion would seem to be that it is possible for the mind to impress upon a blank sheet of paper a picture, visible only to the eye of the hypnotised person,—a kind of invisible photograph, without the intervention of the rays of light by which the mind is able to make a more or less permanent impression on the blank surface. This suggestion if followed up may lead us far

CONSERVATIVE COUNTY COUNSEL.

THE "QUARTERLY'S" ADVICE TO THE LONDON COUNCIL.

ONE of the most refreshingly vigorous and outspoken articles of the month is the article in which the *Quarterly* fires its heaviest broadside into the progressive majority in the London County Council. It denounces with unusual vehemence all the fads of the Radicals. The taxation of ground-rents is "condemned by every canon of fiscal science; it means pure confiscation," and its mere proposal deplorably hinders the advance of civilisation and good government. As for the doctrine of unearned increment and the claim for betterment, they are denounced in the same trenchant fashion. The case against them is stated better and more forcibly than usual. The strain is a little shrill, however, as, for instance, when it is declared that to make the Strand owners pay for betterment of their property "would be a modern parallel with expiatory human sacrifices." But the *Quarterly* reviewer does not content himself with attack. He has a policy of his own. Its sheet-anchor is the multiplication of the owners of land. "With a multitudinous electorate there must also be a multitudinous proprietary, or land will never be safe." By a reform of the land, one based upon maps large enough to show the accurate dimensions of every pig-stye, nine-tenths of the legal costs of transfer would disappear. On this foundation of a broad and numerous constituency, of permanent proprietary interests, our County Council may be durably constructed. To turn these nomads into local owners is a present chief concern and duty of the Legislature.

This being done, the London County Council may go heartily to work to make of London a fit, habitable territory for its multiplying millions. "A commission should at once be issued, at whatever cost, to inquire and to report upon the possibility and means for getting rid entirely of coal smoke. Thoroughfares, as wide at least as Portland-place, with space for trees, should be planned and carried out, as was the case a hundred years ago, throughout the suburbs; and three lines of boulevards should be constructed running parallel from east to west, and north and south, through the metropolis. By means of plentiful small parks and gardens the great London populace should be put immediately into prompt communication with the scenery of nature; so that, with abundant light and air, we may expect and hope that the next generation of our poorer citizens will soon be raised in strength and stature from mere manikins to men, and by continued culture, into gentlemen. The most urgent duty of the Council is to gain, as soon as possible, possession of every available and open space in central and suburban London; and particularly to preserve the general public right in the front open gardens on each side of the road from Marylebone to Old-street, which, by the Act of Parliament for making this new road, were always to remain unbuilt upon. Any new building placed upon these gardens was to be treated by the authorities as a common nuisance, and removed; but local vestries and the recent ill-conditioned Board of Works vested, and permitted this enormous lung of London to be gradually congested. Is the County Council now prepared to sanction and complete this manifest and marvellous iniquity?"

A PLEA FOR THE REFERENDUM.

WHAT OUR DEMOCRACY MAY LEARN FROM THE SWISS.

THERE is an exceedingly solid article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Democracy in Switzerland. It is primarily a review of Sir Francis Adams' "Swiss Federation," but it is really a luminous and valuable treatise upon the working of the Swiss constitution, and especially of the referendum. As the referendum is almost certain to be introduced more generally among the English-speaking people as time goes on, it is well to draw special attention to the dozen pages in which the Edinburgh reviewer discusses the advantages and the disadvantages of the system.

The referendum is the reference to all the voters possessing citizenship either of the country or canton of laws and resolutions framed by their representatives. This appeal to the mass vote of the people is obligatory whenever the law effects a change in any of the 121 Articles of the constitution. It may also be demanded whenever 30,000 voters ask for it in relation to any new law. From 1874 to 1884, of ninety-seven laws which had passed the assembly, seventeen only were the subject of the referendum. Of these seventeen, thirteen were vetoed by the people. The analogy, says the reviewer, is very close between the royal veto, formerly exercised by English kings and the Swiss referendum. Where democracy is king, the referendum is the royal veto. Before any vote is taken, the law on which they are to vote is specially brought before the knowledge of the cantons and the communes. Although introduced by Democrats, it is supported by Conservatives. It has struck root and expanded wherever it has been introduced, and no serious politician of any party would think now of demanding its abolition. The objections to it are two. First, that as the Parliament is *prima facie* more intelligent than the populace, the referendum in England might be fatal to wise legislation, and that many reforms which Parliament have carried would have been rejected on a mass vote of the people. The Swiss have repeatedly rejected measures passed by their assembly. Secondly, the referendum diminishes the authority of the Legislature. The House of Commons is now the supreme authority, but if the referendum were introduced, debaters would appeal constantly, not to members of Parliament, but to their constituents outside.

[But as this is what they are doing more and more every day under the present machinery, this objection has not much weight.]

On the other hand, the referendum is both democratic and conservative. It is loyally based on the principles of democracy, and gives a democratic polity the stability of a monarchy and aristocracy. If the referendum obstructs reforms, it hinders innovations. The popular veto possesses a strength which cannot belong to a second chamber. No one ever dreams of demanding the abolition of the popular veto. The second merit of the referendum is that it checks the growth of the party system, it diminishes the power of the parliamentary wire-puller, and enables statesmen to retain office without discredit after the rejection of a Bill to which they had pinned their faith. The people being the real sovereigns, the Swiss ministers can bow to their decision as expressed by the referendum without any loss of self-respect. Hence the stability of the Federal Executive, and a large measure of the success of the Swiss democracy.

In the discussions about the House of Lords, it is probable that the adoption of the referendum as a substitute for the Second Chamber will attract more and more public attention.

LORD WOLSELEY ON THE BRITISH ARMY.

LORD WOLSELEY's article in *Harper's* on the "Standing Army of Great Britain" is not quite so encyclopædic as some of those which the American magazines have accustomed us to. But in everything that Lord Wolseley writes there is sure to be something worth reading, and this is no exception to the rule. In his brief historical review he says that he regards Cromwell as one of the greatest of our rulers, and that "his standing army was one of the finest that we know of in modern history." "It was the best, the most disciplined, most sober, most highly trained army we ever had in England." In his opinion, the Prince of Orange would have failed if Churchill would have thrown his Protestant scruples to the winds, in which case James would have reigned despotically without a Parliament by a standing army. The danger from which they had escaped made the dread of a standing army an inherited idea in the minds of Englishmen. Not until the volunteers were created had the British soldier any good and permanent social position in the English nation. After sketching rapidly the changes of arms and uniforms in our army, he says:—"It was our wars with France that made us a nation. Our present military renown dates back no further than the victories of Marlborough, who was the first English general who had distinguished himself abroad. The military spirit of our army was born at Blenheim. Military service has never been very popular with English people."

OUR RANK AND FILE.

We now obtain as many recruits as we require, and they are quite as good as those we used to obtain thirty years ago, or at any period during this century. No one can have a higher opinion of our rank and file than I have. Varied recollections of their daring valour when greatly outnumbered, their uncomplaining endurance, unquestioning obedience, and their devotion to Queen and country, endear them to me with the strongest ties. It is because of my regard and affection for them, as well as on public grounds, that I long to see all bad characters, and those who have no love for their trade, driven from the army. But to enable this to be done, a solid increase to the pay of the private soldier is indispensable.

SHORT SERVICE AND THE ARMY RESERVE.

The adoption of the short service, he says, was forced upon them, as we could not have kept the army up under the old system. But the present system of our army reserves is very unsatisfactory.

The men are never called out for training, nor are they even ever inspected to see that they are fit for work, or in the country. To drill them for a fortnight every two years would cost money, so it must not be thought of. This is on a business par with the man who bought an expensive engine to protect his house from fire, but who would not pay the few shillings annually for the oil which was necessary to keep it in working order.

The following are the figures as to the strength of our forces on the first of July, 1888:—

REGULAR ARMY.		Second Class Army	
At home	108,288	Reserve.....	2,922
Abroad	101,886	Militia Reserve	29,786
Native army of India	134,100	Yeomanry Cavalry ...	11,246
		Militia, exclusive of	
		Militia Reserve	89,759
		Volunteers	227,821
		Grand total of all ranks	757,698

RESERVE FOR REGULAR ARMY.

First Class Army Reserve	51,890
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MAY GOD IN HIS MERCY FEDERATE US!

The following passage will probably be read with more interest than any in the article:—

Besides the numbers here given there are about 800,000 men who have been trained as volunteers, one-quarter of whom, it is calculated, would be available for the defence of the country if the emergency were great. I do not profess to enter upon the strength of the military forces maintained by Canada, Australia, and other colonies, but they are of great importance. Their importance will be fully recognised by the world whenever God in His mercy is pleased to send us a statesman wise enough and great enough to confederate and consolidate into one united British Empire all the many lands and provinces which acknowledge Queen Victoria as their sovereign.

A PLEA FOR AN INCREASE OF THE ARMY.

Lord Wolseley laments that we cannot extend the Short Service system to the whole army. The whole military machine is seriously strained, and our young soldiers broken down on account of the refusal of the Government to carry out the measures necessary to maintain an equal balance between the number of troops at home and abroad:—

There never was a more cruel or a more short-sighted policy than that of sending immature youths to do the work of men-soldiers in India and in other very hot countries. But until the home establishments have been augmented, and the balance restored between the number of our battalions abroad and those which at home have to annually supply the former with drafts of trained soldiers, our present vicious, dangerous, and unbusiness-like practice will have to be continued.

Many sons of gentlemen enlist in the hope of obtaining commissions; in one regiment lately there were no fewer than thirty sons of gentlemen in the ranks. Lord Wolseley thinks that the recent outcry about Tommy Atkins' rations is nonsense; he gets plenty to eat, the only question is whether the State should pay more for it. Altogether the life of the soldier is not a bad one, and he has creature comforts of which his brother civilians know not.

SOME SUGGESTED REFORMS.

Lord Wolseley proposes we should give in pay on the American scale,—that is to say, he would pay eighteen-pence a day, and heat the barracks comfortably. He would forbid any boy recruits to be sent abroad until they had been two years in the army. Another improvement which he would adopt would be to arm all our fighting men with the same weapons. The present variety of our artillery would, in case of general mobilisation, lead to endless confusion and disaster. He is dissatisfied with the lack of any recognised means of informing the nation as to what its best soldiers and sailors think of the state of the army and navy. The whole military administration has been growing more and more civilian in character; the Commander-in-Chief has both lost power and influence. Soldiers do not think that order a good one. But still under this civilian régime "the officers of to-day are much better than those of twenty or thirty years ago."

On the whole a characteristic paper, pleasant to read, and carrying a tolerably clear idea of the ideas uppermost in Lord Wolseley's mind.

THE GENIUS OF THIS ELECTRIC AGE.

MR. EDISON AND HIS IDEAS.

WHAT kind of man is Thomas Edison, the wizard of Menlo Park?—the man who, more than any other, has stamped his name upon this electric age? Some interesting light upon this striking American personality may be gained by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop's Talks with Edison in *Harper*. Mr. Lathrop knows Edison well, and has obtained his reluctant consent to the publication of these notes. He says that Edison passes from one subject to another with the whole momentum of his mind, and shuts off his thoughts from one subject and concentrates them on another with the same completeness as that with which he cuts off or turns on an electric current. When he is wearied of practical investigation he flings himself down to read the books which he keeps piled about his floor near his table, and sometimes, as a further relief to the strain of the intense study, he will rush out of his laboratory in the middle of the night and hammer one or two tunes on his organ with almost ferocious vigour.

SOME OF HIS INVENTIONS.

In a short but very thick blank book made of common soft paper he jots down every day the ideas which occur to him as to new inventions, or improvements of existing machines, with sketches in outline of new mechanical contrivances. Mr. Edison's own inventions are almost innumerable; he has forty different patents to protect his stock telegraph system alone, and also forty different patents covering his automatic telegraph. Among the best known of his inventions, Mr. Lathrop mentions these,—

The automatic repeating telegraph, the stock printer, quadruplex telegraphy, the phonoplex, the electric light, the motograph, the improved tasimeter, the mime-graph and the electric pen, the ore-milling process, the electric engine, the railway telegraph, and the phonograph.

HOW HE BEGAN LIFE AS A NEWSBOY.

Mr. Edison's father is still living, and is hale enough to walk ten miles a day. He is of Dutch ancestry, with a trace of Irish blood in him. His mother had been a schoolmistress, and she educated him at home to such purpose that when he was twelve he was studying Newton's *Principia*. At that age he began to earn his living by selling newspapers on the trains. His first venture was to write, set up in type, print, and publish a small paper of his own which had a circulation of a few hundred copies a week at three cents a copy. The *Grand Trunk Herald* was exclusively given up to chronicling incidents on the rail. That which turned his attention to the telegraph was the extent to which its use enabled him to increase the sale of the paper reporting the battle of Shiloh, in the American Civil War. The result convinced him that the telegraph must be the best thing going, and his destiny in life was decided.

HOW HE GOT THE IDEA OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

After developing his newspaper business to such an extent that he had to employ four boys, he became a telegraph operator. He invented the automatic recorder, which long afterwards led to the invention of the phonograph. This germ of a great invention is thus described by Mr. Edison himself:—

"It was that same rude automatic recorder," Edison once explained to me, "that indirectly—yet not by accident, but by logical deduction—led me long afterward to invent the phonograph." In 1877 I had worked out satisfactorily an instrument which would not only record telegrams by indenting a strip of

paper with dots and dashes of the Morse code, but would also repeat a message any number of times at any rate of speed required. The idea occurred to me, if the indentations on paper could be made to give forth again the click of the instrument, why could not the vibrations of a diaphragm be recorded and similarly reproduced? I rigged up an instrument hastily, and pulled a strip of paper through it, at the same time shouting 'Halloo!' Then the paper was pulled through again, my friend Batchelor and I listening breathlessly. We heard a distinct sound, which a strong imagination might have translated into the original 'Halloo!' That was enough to lead me to a further experiment. But Batchelor was sceptical, and bet me a barrel of apples that I couldn't make the thing go. I made a drawing of a model, and took it to Mr. Kruesi. I marked it four dollars, and told him it was a talking machine. He grinned, thinking it a joke; but set to work, and soon had the model ready. I arranged some tinfoil on it, and spoke into the machine. Kruesi looked on, and was still grinning. But when I arranged the machine for transmission, and we both heard a distinct sound from it, he nearly fell down in his fright. I was a little scared myself, I must admit. I won that barrel of apples from Batchelor, though, and was mighty glad to get it."

HOW HE INVENTS HIS INVENTIONS.

Of all his inventions the electric light caused him the most trouble. His method of work is this. He propounds a theory and works at it till it is proved to be incorrect. He constructed three thousand working hypotheses for the electric light, and in only two cases did his hypotheses stand the strain of actual experiment. He is still at work on the lamp, and has just invented a method for increasing the number of lamps from ten to fifteen, worked by the same horse-power. Most of his inventions have been hammered out after long and patient labour directed towards some well-defined object.

HIS CONCEPTION OF MATTER.

Edison is much given to dreaming, and his scientific imagination is constantly at work.

One day at dinner he suddenly spoke, as if out of a deep reverie, saying what a great thing it would be if a man could have all the component atoms of himself under complete control, detachable and adjustable at will. "For instance," he explained, "then I could say to one particular atom in me—call it atom No. 4,329—'Go and be part of a rose for a while.' All the atoms could be sent off to become parts of different minerals, plants, and other substances. Then, if by just pressing a little push button they could be called together again, they would bring back their experiences while they were parts of those different substances, and I should have the benefit of the knowledge."

The above remark about the atoms, too, recalls a statement which he once made to me regarding his conception of matter. "I do not believe," he said, "that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence. Look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements, forming the most diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence? Atoms in harmonious and useful relation assume beautiful or interesting shapes and colours, or give forth a pleasant perfume, as if expressing their satisfaction. In sickness, death, decomposition, or filth, the disagreement of the component atoms immediately make itself felt by bad odours. Finally they combine in man, who represents the total intelligence of all the atoms."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?" I asked.

"From some Power greater than ourselves."

"Do you believe, then, in an intelligent Creator, a personal God?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Edison. "The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

WANTED, A NEW REFORMATION!

BY AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN.

In the *Centennial*, an Australian monthly for December, the Rev. H. L. Jackson, M.A., a Broad Church Anglican clergyman, replies to an article, "Artisan Scepticism and Empty Churches," in a previous number of the *Review*. Mr. Jackson admits that the Church organisation is by no means adequate for the present needs, its function is being fulfilled most inadequately. The attendance at public worship is bad.

The male element in the congregation is generally in the minority. An idea of conventionality is not infrequently suggested by the "respectable" church-goer. Go where one will, there are plenty of vacant seats. We look for the members of the working classes, and we often look in vain.

The persons who take particular interest in Church work are few, and not always of the highest intellect. The clergy, both in education and intellect, leave much to be desired; they are regarded as though they belonged to a third sex, and though tolerated and sometimes petted, yet hardly respected. Mr. Jackson thinks that a State establishment of religion might do some good, but the great hope lies in a New Reformation. There is a marked resemblance between the present time and the opening of the sixteenth century. He thinks it is the duty of every thoughtful man to consider the practicability of founding an Australian Church.

A distinctly national element must pervade the new formularies. "The Bible of every nation," said Carlyle, "is its own history," and his words contain a profound truth. I do not mean that we are to discard that grand old English Bible, but there is no reason for refusing to trace the Divine hand in our own history; for refusing to recognise a continued inspiration. We shall recognise it by giving a place in our public worship to the poetry and prose literature of later days. The strains of the great English poets must be heard as well as the songs of Israel's psalmists. The deeds of great English statesmen and warriors must be recounted, and not those alone of Joshua and Samuel and David. The voice of the great English prophets must sink into the hearts of the assembled worshippers as well as the voice of seers of ancient times. They must be made to listen to the words of wisdom which have fallen from deep thinkers, not only of past ages, but of the modern world. Every great national event must receive its due commemoration. And so shall there be more enthusiasm; there will be no want of reality in that grand sentence which often falls to-day upon listless ears, "We have heard with our ears, O God, and our fathers have told us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them." And as I study the new learning of this nineteenth century in its rise and progress, as I compare our period with earlier periods, I cannot lose heart: I find every reason for encouragement and hope. There are not wanting the signs which tell us as plainly as they can that we are on the eve of another reformation.

DANTE AS THE PROPHET OF THE NEW REFORMATION.

Mr. J. W. Cross contributes a paper to the *Nineteenth Century* on Dante and the New Reformation, in which he maintains that Dante is the first Christian prophet who has given us a revelation without the pretension of any miraculous intervention, and has thus fixed his place as the guiding spirit of the modern intellectual movement. The Christian cathedral of the future must be at least as wide as the Dante Dome, and within it there must be room for all who are seeking in any way to leave the world a little better than they found it. Men of science must be

regarded as the best soldiers in the ranks of the truly religious. Dante, he declares, may prove to be the missing link between belief resting on theological dogmas and a coherent social faith, of which science will be the handmaiden and the Bible its mystical source of nourishment. Nothing is more remarkable than the growth of Dante's influence in England and America in the last forty years. The fundamental idea of his Divine Comedy is the precept "Love thy neighbour as thyself,"—which will ever remain the basis of all true religion, of universal religion, for it demonstrably leads to the kingdom of heaven. Love of others is love of God, for "God is love." In these three words lie the foundation and reconciliation of all religions.

BY A PRESBYTERIAN PROFESSOR.

The movement of the mind of this generation towards more real and spiritual religion finds expression in many of the magazines. There is a long and notable paper in the *Andover Review* for January, by Professor Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, on the "Revision of the Westminster Confession," a revision which the Professor regards as the product of the evolution of the Christian life of our century. The movement started in America without leadership, and now the whole Church is ablaze. We are in the beginning of a theological reformation that can no more be resisted than the flow of a great river. Advance in the study of the Bible is the nerve of the revision movement. Since the Westminster Confession was drawn up, Presbyterian churches have changed their attitude, both in relation to the Confession and the doctrines which they preach. While there are twenty pages in the Confession which are in advance of the faith in the Church, there are several doctrines in which the modern Church has advanced beyond the Confession, and Professor Briggs pleads for revision in the form of a new creed born of the life, experience, and worship of our day. This new creed should not displace the Westminster Confession, but be a secondary and congregational symbol. The first step to be taken is to revise the terms of subscription, so that they would only receive and adopt the Westminster Confession in its essential and necessary articles. The second step is to define these essential and necessary articles. This should be done in two ways, first by omitting the unnecessary and unessential articles, and secondly by giving clear expression to those doctrines which have risen into prominence since the Confession was drawn up. The conclusion of his paper is as follows:—

We believe that the revision movement is born of God. It will be guided by the Holy Spirit. It is a great step towards a better future. It is a preparation for a new reformation of the Church. It is in the direction of Christian harmony, catholicity, and unity. Jesus Christ is at the head of this movement; we shall do well if with open minds and hearts we look for His word and follow faithfully His call.

BY A PROGRESSIVE PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

While the foregoing represents the attitude of the orthodox Presbyterians, there is a not less significant article in the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, in which a writer, signing himself "J. D. T.," discusses the problem of inspiration in a way which twenty years ago would have created no small commotion among the orthodox Methodists. The article is a review of Mr. Horton's "Inspiration in the Bible," and Dr. Simon's "The Bible an Outcome of

Theocratic Life." The two books, the reviewer says, together offer to the perplexed inquirer just the kind of guidance he needs. He protests against the idolatry of the letter, and maintains that the setting up the idol of cast-iron theory, in the shape of the letter of the Bible, does not a little to justify scornful scepticism. The reviewer speaks with general approval of the modern view of Scriptural interpretation and Biblical criticism, and lays great stress upon the advantages of a broad organic historical view of inspiration.

We can no longer say of Inspiration, "lo! here," or "lo! there"—the kingdom of God fills the ages, and is among us to-day. Feeling the power of this broader truth we no longer look for the Spirit of God in accents and vowel points, nor even in words and phrases, in "texts" and "passages," much less in figures and dates, but in that moral movement and onward march—slow but majestic—of God's great redeeming purpose which the Bible records.

THE DOUBTS OF THE WESLEYANS.

While the Primitives are thus going ahead, the later Wesleyans are crying halt, and in the *London Quarterly Review* is a long and carefully written article on the Pentateuch controversy, too technical to be summarised here, the object of which is to attack Wellhausen's theory of the origin of the Pentateuch. We can only indicate its standpoint, but even its analysis of the Pentateuch is much in advance of anything that John Wesley would have permitted. The reviewer says:—

We ourselves, for example, are quite persuaded that the Pentateuch is a composite work, containing narratives and traditions prior to the time of Moses, the central core or nucleus of the whole being due to the great lawgiver himself, with many subsequent additions.

But if Wellhausen's analysis of the Pentateuch is correct, and the books of the Bible are based upon romance, passed off as history and "worked over" by priests anxious to foist upon the people late legislation under the pretence of antiquity and the shadow of a great name, all reverence for the authority of the Old Testament is gone.

The article is devoted to an examination of—

That which Wellhausen puts in the forefront of the battle, the question of the place of worship, unity or plurality of sanctuaries.

And it concludes by stating that—

In a subsequent article, they hope to show what is the position of the critics respecting Priests and Sacrifices, and to place our readers in a position to judge of the issues of the whole controversy. That it will ultimately issue in good, and that the wheat of truth will be separated by searching examination from the chaff of error, we have no fear whatever.

MODERN CRITICISM AND INSPIRATION.

Canon Driver, in the *Contemporary Review*, sets forth in a somewhat dull but painstaking article the foundation upon which modern criticism of the Old Testament rests, and the principal conclusions at which it has arrived. His conclusion, which he expresses quite frankly, is, that the old orthodox views concerning the construction of the Old Testament cannot be sustained, and must submit to be altered. Our current views on inspiration must be revised. A more comprehensive theory is required, and a wider view of the faculties which have co-operated with the production of the Scriptures. What is required is a theory to which the facts will conform without exception and without difficulty. The religious must be disengaged from critical and historical problems. Criticism merely deals with the mode, course, or form of revelation; it has no dealing whatever with Christian faith and practice. The unique spiritual

Force operating on ancient Israel is, the soul of the Scriptures. The letter is the body which needs to be patiently and scientifically criticised, like any other human fact, and the more carefully and patiently it is investigated, the more truly shall we understand the way in which the Divine Spirit was known to the Jews.

The Rev. John Urquhart has brought out a new monthly called *The King's Own* (6d.). He publishes it because he believes he has a mission. "There is a sad and ominous change towards the Word of God." "The Anglo-German critical schools are beginning to lift up their heads," and Mr. Urquhart means to punch them. His part in the struggle, however, "is not controversial, but the quiet presentation of evidence which will amply justify belief, and establish wavering faith." He will show how modern discovery has answered modern criticism.

THE FUTURE OF THE PAPACY.

BY M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

In the *Revue Internationale* M. de Laveleye contributes an interesting article upon the Future of the Papacy, which takes as its starting-point the article in the *Contemporary Review* of last August, entitled, "The Papacy: A Revelation and a Prophecy." M. de Laveleye says the propaganda of Count de Mun in Paris, and Herr Windhorst in Germany, has given actuality to the views which were expressed by the Special Commissioner of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in his letters from the Vatican, and he therefore examines anew the present position and future of the Papacy. M. de Laveleye quotes a very remarkable conversation which Count Arnim had with him in the Engadine. Count Arnim said: "Bismarck thinks that the suppression of the temporal power will weaken the Pope. Exactly the contrary is the case. When he had a territory he was under the thumb of all the Powers, but now that he is only a spiritual potentate, he baffles the interference of the greatest Powers. The friends of the Papacy are blind when they seek to restore its temporal power. Give him back his temporal throne, and at once you make him subordinate to political exigencies." Events since then have more than justified Count Arnim's prediction. The Vatican is to-day one of the great diplomatic centres of Europe. Everywhere the Pope has followers who obey his voice, and in countries like Belgium his authority is much greater than that of the King. He has met and vanquished Prince Bismarck, the most powerful statesman of our time. In Ireland he is recognised as the arbitrator of the situation by Lord Salisbury. Everywhere his power is in the ascendant, excepting in Italy. The culminating point of the Papacy was the celebration of the Jubilee, when all the nations and sovereigns assembled at his throne with gifts and homage. As long as monarchy lasts, M. de Laveleye thinks the Pope will hold by constituted authorities; but when the kings go under, he will become democratic and socialistic, and the Pope, arrayed in the red cloak of democracy and socialism, will remind us once more of the scarlet woman of the Apocalypse. Nevertheless, M. de Laveleye does not think that Catholicism can become the universal religion. First, because Russia and the United States offer insuperable barriers to the Papal dominion. Secondly, she has overlaid the simplicity of the Gospel with her doctrines. The dogma of infallibility revolts the intelligence of humanity, and the intolerance which the Church formed into a dogma commanding the faithful to extirpate the heretic will always be an insuperable barrier to the adoption of Catholicism as the religion of the civilised peoples.

HOW TO READ AND WHAT.

WISE WORDS FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

In the *Century* Mr. C. J. Woodbury records some recollections of advice he received from R. W. Emerson on the subject of books and how to read them. Mr. Woodbury was an undergraduate at Williams' College and he had many conversations with Emerson, who delivered certain lectures to the students. From his paper, "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," we make the following extracts, recommending all who can to read the whole for themselves in full :—

WHAT KIND OF BOOKS TO READ.

"Read those men who were not lazy ; who put themselves into contact with the realities. So you learn to look with your eyes too. And do not forget the Persian, Parsee, and Hindu religious books ; books of travel too ! And when you travel describe what you see. That will teach you what to see. Read those who wrote about facts from a new point of view. The atmosphere of such authors helps you even if the reasoning has been a mistake.

"And there is Darwin ! I am glad to see him here. And you must read George Borrow's book about the Gipsies. He went among them, lived among them, and was a Gipsy himself. There is nothing from second sources, nor any empiricism in his book. You can rely upon everything, and it is quaintly told. From such as he you learn not to stop until you encounter the fact with your own hand.

"Avoid all second-hand borrowing books—' Collections of —,' ' Beauties of —,' etc. I see you have some on your shelves. I would burn them. No one can select the beautiful passages of another for you. It is beautiful for him, well ! Another thought : wedding your aspirations will be the thing of beauty to you. Do your own quarrying. Do not attempt to be a great reader ; and read for facts, and not by the bookful."

HOW TO READ BOOKS.

"Keep your eyes open and see all you can ; and when you get the right man question him close. So learn to divine books, to *feel* those that you want without wasting much time over them. Often a chapter is enough. The glance reveals when the gaze obscures. Somewhere the author has hidden his message. Find it, and skip the paragraphs that do not talk to you.

"Reading long at one time in any book, no matter how it fascinates, destroys thought as completely as the inflections forced by external causes. Do not permit this. Stop, if you find yourself becoming absorbed, at even the first paragraph. Keep yourself out and watch for your own impressions. This is one of the norms of thought. You will accumulate facts in proportion as you become a fact. Otherwise you will accumulate dreams. Information is nothing, but the man behind it.

"Yield not one inch to all the forces which conspire to make you an echo. That is the sin of dogmatism and creeds. Avoid them. They build a fence about the intellect

AND NEWSPAPERS.

"Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention. And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get *their* best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insect, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practise quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think."

TOBACCO AS A CROWBAR IN THE BRAIN.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulus ? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do, if you give her a chance. In how short a time will she revive the overtired brain. Occasionally the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed. Conversation is an excitant, and the series of intoxications it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco,—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain."

WORDSWORTH AND SCOTT.

"Wordsworth," he once said, "is the poet of England. He is the only one who comes up to high-water mark. Other writers have to affect what to him is natural. So they have what Arnold calls *simplism*, he, simplicity. The first three books of 'The Excursion' are the best.

"His sonnets are good. They are, indeed, as pure, chaste, and transparent as Milton's. They are the witchery of language. He is the greatest poet since Milton.

"There are no books for boys," he concluded, "like the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Every boy loves them if they are not put into his hands too late. 'Marmion,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'The Lady of the Lake,'—they surpass everything for boy-reading we have."

It was uncommon to hear Mr. Emerson speak with such emphasis of any one as he did of Plato.

"Read Plato's 'Republic' ! Read Plato's 'Republic' ! Read Plato's 'Republic' !" he repeated. "He lifts man towards the divine, and I like it when I hear that a man reads Plato. I want to meet that man. For no man of self-conceit can go through Plato.

"I am glad you have so many of the Greek tragedies. Read them largely and swiftly in translation, to get their movements and flow ; and then a little of the original every day. For the Greek is the fountain of language. The Latin has a definite shore-line. But the Greek is without bounds." Then after a pause he added, half to himself, "Dead languages, called dead because they can never die."

GIBBON AND LOCKE.

Of Gibbon he spoke as follows:—

"He is one of the best readers that ever lived in England. You know his custom of examining himself both before and after his reading a book to see what had been added to his mental experience? All previous and contemporary British historians are barefooted friars in comparison with Gibbon. He was an admirable student, a tremendous worker. But he thought uncleanly. He had—as also had Aristophanes, whom I never could read on that account—an imagination degraded and never assailed, a low wit like that which defaces outbuildings. He was a disordered and coarse spirit, a mind without a shrine, but a great example of diligence and antidote to laziness.

"Locke was a stalwart thinker. He erected a school of philosophy, which limited everything to utility. But the soul has its own eyes, which are made illuminating by the Spirit of God."

Of Harriet Martineau he said:—

"It was a grief to me when I learned that she had become a materialist." After a long pause he added, lifting his head, "God? It is all God."

THE ENGLISH POETS.

"Read Chaucer," he said. "In a day you will get into his language, and then you will like him. Humour the lines little, and they are full of music. I have seen an expurgated edition of Chaucer; shun it! Shun expurgated editions of any one, even of François Villon. They will be expurgating the Bible and Shakespeare next.

"I cannot read Shelley with comfort," he said. "His visions are not in accord with the facts. They are not accurate. He soars to sink."

He many times referred to Leigh Hunt, and advised me to read him,—“a true and gentle friend to all men.”

Of Matthew Arnold he said:—"He is stored with all critical faculties except humour, but so far he shows little of that." And of Browning:—"He is always a teacher."

WHY READ NOVELS?

I once asked his opinion of the novels of George Sand, and he answered as follows:—

"It is wonderful, the amount she has written,—everything; she seems to know the world. But her stories,—I do not know about them. I do not read stories. I never could turn a dozen pages in 'Don Quixote,' or Dickens without a yawn. Why read novels? We meet stranger creatures than their heroes. What writer of stories would not be derided if he gave us creations as impossible as Nero or Alva or Joan of Arc?"

Again, referring to a poet then rather the fashion:—"Melancholy is unendurable. Grief is abnormal. Victor Hugo has written such a book. I have not read it. I do not read the sad in literature."

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Of his own contemporaries, Mr. Emerson spoke as follows:—

"The connecting link between England and America is Oliver Wendell Holmes. If that acute-minded man had been born in England they would never have tired of making much of him. He has the finest sensibility, and that catholicity of taste without which no large and generous nature can be developed. Everything interests him.

"Hawthorne's writings are of the terrible, the grotesque, the sombre. There is nothing joyous in them. It is the same way with Hugo. No man ought to write so."

HOW TO FEDERATE AUSTRALIA.

BY SIR GAVAN DUFFY.

THE opening article in the *Contemporary* is one that might make the patriotic Briton shed bitter tears of shame and remorse at the thought that such things can be said with so much truth. For simple eloquence and cruel severity of truth there is no paper like it in the magazines this month. For what Sir Gavan Duffy says in effect is, that we here in this kingdom are fooling away an empire, the shreds of which would seem well worth the strain of a gigantic war to statesmen like M. Ferry or Prince Bismarck. In all things we have become too parochial; we want things and refuse to pay the price. Our financing may be according to Cocker, but is not according to Chatham. The federation of the Australian colonies, an indispensable step to federating the Empire, stands postponed because the only umpire to which the colonies would listen is absorbed in her petty parochialism, and indifferent to the welfare of her colonies. The difficulties which stand in the way of federation are,—first, tariffs, secondly, national defence, thirdly, a federal capital. Inter-colonial free trade, Sir Gavan thinks, is possible, but external trade will long be subjected to protective duties. As for national defence, the Australians will not object to pay if we will heartily co-operate in securing them the defence for which they pay. The sight of the future capital of Australia, he thinks, will be on the Murray. But these difficulties will prove insuperable unless the mother country takes a lively and intelligent interest in the matter. Sir Henry Parkes can no more be accepted as an umpire between the Australian colonies, than Mr. Spurgeon can be called in to settle the disputes of the Ritualists and the Evangelicals. Sir Gavan's practical suggestion is as follows:—

Never since human history began was so noble a patrimony treated with such ignorant and perilous insensibility. There are six great states which possess more natural wealth, wider territory, a better climate, and richer mineral deposits than the six greatest kingdoms in Europe, where a new England, a new Italy, a new France, a new Spain, and a new Austria are in rapid process of growth, and are already occupied by a picked population; and these prosperous states are ready and willing to unite for ever with the nation from which they sprang, on terms of fair partnership and association. And they are no insignificant handful of men, these Australian colonists; they are more numerous than the people of England were when they won Magna Charta, or the people of the United States were when the stars and stripes were first raised to the sky: resolute, impatient, independent men, not unworthy to follow such examples on adequate occasions. But what cordial hand is stretched out to clasp theirs in affectionate embrace?

To the mother country the victory of gathering under one government the colonies of the Pacific would be an easy one, while I, too, must appeal to the omnipotent tax-payer, it is a victory for which there will be nothing to pay. If those who are entitled by official position to take the initiative, would after a conference with the leaders of the opposition—for the prosperity of the State is not the property of any party—induce the two Houses of Parliament to declare that the Federation of the Australian colonies is of high importance to the interest of the Empire, and invite the local Legislatures to consider it anew with a view to agreement, we should be on the road to a settlement. If the Queen were advised to appoint two Royal Commissioners to carry these resolutions to Australia, if men interested in and familiar with Australian affairs were chosen—Lord Rosebery and Lord Carnarvon are such men, for example—the wishes of the sovereign and the Parliament would remove difficulties otherwise intractable.

If these Royal Commissioners visited the colonies successively, heard the objections of leading men, and reduced them to their minimum, and in the end held a Conference of Delegates from the Colonial Legislatures, at which they would represent the Crown, Federation, I am persuaded, would be obtained.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE magazines have all more or less something to say about Browning, and in prose and verse there is enough about Browning in the periodicals for February to fill the whole REVIEW.

BY MR. R. H. HUTTON.

In *Good Words*, Mr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*, writes one of his sympathetic articles full of critical insight upon Browning as a religious teacher. He says he was much more considerable as a religious teacher than as a poet. He was the spiritual teacher as a very shrewd and sometimes shrill man of the world. He was the true lay preacher whose first lesson was the curious irreligiousness of a great many religious people, and its complementary truth the kernel of religiousness in irreligious people. He was careless of the conventional moral and fonder of the alloys of human nature than he was of the unmixed forms of good. His second great lesson is that, on the whole, the world is a moral world in its true drift and significance, which can only be discerned by an eye which looks straight into the world with a wish to see things as they are. There is none of the feeble optimism of his age in Browning. No one has ever taught more positively that life, if confined to this earth and without any infinite love in it, is not the life which has filled the noblest minds with exultation. No theological conviction can go deeper than his teaching that if the Christian revelation is too good to be true, it is only another way of saying that we cannot surpass God in the conception of immeasurable love.

FROM A CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

The Rev. John Rickaby, in the *Month*, also deals with Mr. Browning as a religious teacher, judging Browning from the standpoint of the Catholic Church, and showing what Catholics ought to think about the matter. He begins by enumerating the truths which Browning asserted in conjunction with the Church, and for the assertion of which Catholics owe him a debt of gratitude. These are: 1. He believed in God and in Christ. 2. He believed in man's soul, to which this life is a period of probation. 3. He set the highest store on the two moral faculties to know and to love. Having discharged this duty, Father Rickaby tabulates the points in which Mr. Browning falls short of full orthodoxy and even relapses into heterodoxy: 1. "We are dogmatists, Browning is an anti-dogmatist." His teaching in "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" is absolutely hostile to a faith beyond the reach of doubt tied down to definitely settled articles. These teachings as to Theism and Christianity are what no Catholic can accept. At most we can admit that the members of the Christian sects will be judged according to the measure of their honest endeavour to know and practice what Christ delivered; but that Christ's doctrine is not to be found exactly defined in his own one visible Church upon earth, is what we can in no way allow. 2. Mr. Browning prefers the theory of perpetual evolution to that of eternal rest, a doctrine which, as defined in the poetry of Paracelsus, is on the one side miserably indefinite, and on the other definitely erroneous. 3. Browning's love is not the doctrine of charity as taught in the Gospels. His idea of love to mankind is a purely human love, and what is worse, a love that is often regulated by elective affinity. Father Rickaby's firm conviction is that a warning voice should be raised to counteract the assertion

that Browning is one of our greatest religious teachers, especially of love. The effect of his poems is distinctly detrimental to the Christian sacrament of marriage. The conclusion of the whole matter is as follows:—

God has given us a revelation of what religion, morality, and high spirituality mean; on the strength of which communication from above, we fearlessly affirm that there is more true spirituality in the Penny Catechism than in all Browning's poems put together; and that the poems are to be brought to the test of the Catechism, not the Catechism to the test of the poems.

But what, after all, can be expected from a man who, with all his profession of tolerance, never reached higher than the standpoint of vulgar bigotry in regard to the Catholic Church.

PORTRAITS AND POEMS.

In the *Art Journal* there is a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, 1859, from a drawing by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann. Mr. C. L. Hind, who contributes the letterpress, mentions that last summer Mr. Browning declaimed "How they brought the Good News to Ghent," with the phonograph; when he got halfway through his memory failed him for a moment, and he ejaculated "Good gracious, I have forgotten the rest." That half poem and Browning's exclamation are preserved by the phonograph, now in Colonel Gouraud's possession.

Art and Letters publishes a large mezzograph portrait of Browning.

The *Art Review* publishes two portraits of Robert Browning. One a photogravure, the other a photograph taken at the Cameron studio. Also a poem by William Sharp, which concludes as follows:—

For he hath built his lasting monument
Within the hearts and in the minds of men:
The Powers of Life around its base have bent
The Stream of Memory, our furthest ken
Beholds no reach, no limit to its rise.
It hath foundations sure; it shall not pass;
The ruin of time upon it none shall see,
Till the last wind shall whither the last grass,
Nay, while man's Hopes, Fears, Dreams and Agonies—
Uplift his soul to immortality.

In *Murray's Magazine*, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley sings of "The Poet's Home Going," verses not unworthy of the subject, in which he represents Browning as being welcomed by the immortals in glory. "Burns was there; and Keats, who spoke of Rome; and Byron, half ashamed for thoughts to rise of Venice."

And Chaucer, fresh as an eternal spring,
Came through the crowd to claim him of his band;
And Wordsworth, head and shoulders as a king
Above the souls who found life—Heaven's great thing
—Earth's greatest, gave the poet welcoming,
And towards the throne went forward hand in hand.

In *Macmillan's Magazine*, Aubrey de Vere contributes a couple of sonnets to Browning, as "that strong singer of late days, who, tarrying here, chose still rough music for his themes austere."

James Murray writes a critique, and J. J. Britton a sonnet, in *Igdrasil*.

There is a very sympathetic account of Browning's funeral in the Abbey by Miss E. R. Chapman in the *Scott's Magazine*.

A VOYAGE WITH GENERAL GORDON.

IN the *Contemporary Review* there is a precious little paper; although slight, it is very welcome, as it recalls pleasant memories of one of the greatest Englishmen of our time. In 1882 General Gordon sailed from the Mauritius to Cape Town in the *Scotia*, a little trading-ship of 300 tons burden. Mr. W. H. Spence has had access to the captain's diary, and the article in the *Contemporary* is based on that record.

GORDON'S GOOD-BYE.

General Gordon's coming on board was characteristic. The captain and his wife concluded that the Colonel had changed his mind, and were just making everything snug for the night when, close on midnight, a stealthy step was heard on deck, and next minute the missing one presented himself at the cabin-door. He apologised heartily for neglecting to keep his engagement. On its becoming known, he said, that he was to leave the Mauritius in a couple of days, his military comrades and many private friends had resolved to make him the subject of a parting demonstration. "This sort of thing" he heartily detested; and, in order to shun the ordeal of being lionised, he had walked into the country a distance of some twelve miles, and there secreted himself till darkness fell, after which he walked back again to the town, and from thence to the *Scotia*. The Colonel, even before he retired to rest that night, had fairly established himself as a favourite with all on board; for he was a man who, as the captain put it, "sternly resisted all fuss."

Early on the following forenoon the ship was besieged by visitors who came to bid the Colonel God-speed. Late in the afternoon a lace-coated officer from the barracks—a personage of "high degree"—strode on deck without deigning to lift his cap to the captain's wife, who happened to be on deck, or even stopping to exchange compliments with the captain, he, whisking his cane in quite a lofty manner, asked curtly: "Is the Colonel at home?" Gordon, who saw the whole proceeding, emerged from his place on deck, and drily exchanged civilities with the officer, whose manner had suddenly become quite ingratiating. The interview was a brief and formal one, and, when the dignified young officer stepped down the gangway, Gordon stepped up to the captain and his wife, and offered a sincere apology for the bad manners displayed by his last visitor. "He had no more right," he said, "to come on board your ship and act as he has acted, than the occupier of the British throne would have to enter the private house of any of her subjects, and demand to be shown through its rooms, without first securing the consent of its owner." The Colonel's luggage, which was of a very meagre description, was easily stowed.

HOW HE PASSED HIS TIME.

On the 4th day of April the anchor was weighed, and the voyage to the Cape begun. The wind was at first light, but on the following day a swell prevailed, and Gordon, who always admitted he was a very bad sailor, had to draw on his heroism to support him under *mal de mer*. * In short, he utterly failed to keep up; he fell sick, and was reluctantly forced to remain below. It was while he was yet suffering severely from the horror of sea-sickness that he became a General. For the next day or two excellent weather prevailed, and the General's health and spirits improved proportionately. He was a great smoker, and, seated in a big easy-chair, which had been placed on deck for him, enclouded in cigarette smoke, he would sit for hours during the heat of the day, and talk in the most entertaining manner. At nightfall he would, when in the humour for it, keep the watch

company on deck, and while away the tedium by drawing liberally from his never-ending fund of stories. In the cabin, of a night, he would often allow his conversation to flow forth in a swift and unbroken current. Nor was his talk ever frivolous. Many times, indeed, his manner was serious, and even solemn, and often he would sit for hours silent and apparently deep in thought.

HIS READING.

A certain and considerable portion of every day was set aside by the General for reading. The mail which brought the orders for him to proceed to South Africa also brought a month's daily papers—the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News*—in all nearly a hundred great sheets. These, which he took with him, he read with the greatest eagerness and care, and the rapidity with which he read surprised those on board. Not a single item, however trivial, escaped his notice, and of this he gave proof when giving of an evening what he called "a digest of the news budget." The newspapers exhausted, he tackled the captain's library, which happily was of considerable proportions. Nor did he seem to have any particular fancy for any special kind of literature. Astronomy, navigation, history, geography, and whatever else came first to hand, seemed to be equally acceptable to his mind, for he read books as eagerly as he had done the newspapers.

SEA-SICK.

When a little more than a week's sail from Mauritius, the wind rose suddenly, and as suddenly a dark cloud passed over the General's buoyancy, for he had a wholesome dread of a stormy sea. The higher the waves reared themselves the lower sank his vitality, and the old enemy, sea-sickness, again attacked him without mercy.

Despite careful nursing his case grew worse, and his suffering and misery were described by himself as "far more severe than he had ever during his lifetime experienced, either at home or abroad." Very often he repeated his determination to go on shore at the very first port the *Scotia* reached, and, one morning, after a sleepless night of sickness, he called the captain to his bedside, and offered him £50 if he would make for land with all possible speed!

But, under date of Wednesday, April 13, we meet this encouraging entry: "The General is better, and is getting on splendidly!" In those bright days, after he had mastered the sickness, he became happier than ever, and he took delight in poking fun at all around him. He had his big armchair taken on deck, and placed alongside his hostess' work-table, and there he would sit for hours together, with his favourite cigarette between his lips, intently reading. But often he would lay the book on his knee and, as he puffed tobacco-smoke vigorously from his mouth, his mood would suddenly change; his eyes would assume a "far-away" expression, and there for an hour he would sit almost motionless with his gaze fixed on the sea. These strange fits of absent-mindedness would often overtake him, even when in the midst of conversation with his hostess, and after a lengthy interval of unbroken quiet, he would, by an apparent effort, wake from his day-dream, and talk lightly as before.

WHY HE NEVER MARRIED.

Late one beautiful evening he and his hostess were sitting together on deck, he smoking, and she sewing. Suddenly and unexpectedly the conversation turned upon the subject of matrimony, and his hostess ventured to

ask why he had never married. For some seconds the General smoked in silence, and then, speaking slowly, said :—

I never yet have met the woman who, for my sake, and perhaps at a moment's notice, would be prepared to sacrifice the comforts of home, and the sweet society of loved ones, and accompany me whithersoever the demand of duty might lead,—accompany me to the ends of the earth perhaps; would stand by me in times of danger and difficulty, and sustain me in times of hardship and perplexity. Such a woman I have not met; such an one alone could be my wife!

The answer was as brief as it was emphatic, and the topic of matrimony was not further touched upon.

Where sickness prevailed Gordon never stood inactive. Several of the crew of the *Scotia* suffered from illness, and they were his especial care. He spoke kindly and cheerily to the poor fellows, and either read to them himself or saw that they were supplied with literature. They were the first he asked after in the morning and his last care at night.

HOW HE SPENT HIS SUNDAY.

While on board the *Scotia* the General observed the Sunday in his own characteristic fashion. A large portion of the forenoon he devoted to a close and careful study of his Bible, and he invariably wrote out extensive notes and comments on the portions of Scripture that might have been engaging his attention. This done he would lay aside his note-book, and with his Bible lying open before him, would engage in deep meditation. If one entered the state-room on a Sunday forenoon, he would find the great soldier, if not reading or writing as indicated, sitting in his favourite seat with his head resting heavily on his hand, and his eyes shut as if he were asleep. The afternoon he devoted to conversation and general reading.

The remaining days slipped quietly and happily by, and at length the voyage of almost a month's duration was drawing to a close, for, under date May 2, we read :—
"Saw the Cape of Good Hope at four p.m."

AN ADVENTURE AT AN EVENING PARTY.

In a few days afterwards the General came on board, and stayed the evening; and, over a cup of tea, he told the captain and his wife how he went to an evening party at the house of a wealthy and influential citizen, and gave this account of his adventures :—

"At last the time came," he said, "when we had to tack ahead and drop anchor in the dining-hall. I was offered the arm of my hostess, and buckling on to the port side, I made good headway for some time. As we approached the door of the dining-hall, I could see that it was too narrow to allow berth room for two clippers under full sail. I therefore dropped behind, and allowed my hostess to sail ahead, but, failing to keep a proper look-out, I stupidly planted my foot on my escort's dress-tails, and rent the garment. For my heinous blunder I received a wild look of disapproval, and I shall not easily be forgiven. During the evening I fell into several other mistakes, and, when I rose to leave, the company seemed as heartily relieved as I was."

Thus he chatted till late on in the night, when he took a final farewell, and left, nor did his host and hostess ever see his genial face again.

Said the captain of the *Scotia*, "Could we have witnessed the stirring events that crowded the last stages of his career, and looked upon him at the moment when, the eyes of the world turned towards him, I question if we could have loved him more than we did, when, as a much more obscure, though a none the less noble man, he was our cabin companion on board the *Scotia*."

A DEAD MAN'S DIARY.

WHAT I FELT AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

THE first chapters of the strange narrative, entitled "A Dead Man's Diary," appear in *Lippincott*. The dead man indulges in a good deal of twaddly verbiage, but the gist of what he has to say is in the following extract :—

"Some years ago, I became seriously ill, grew worse day by day, and was pronounced dying, and finally dead. Dead I apparently was, and dead I remained to all intents and purposes for the greater part of two days, after which, to the intense and utter astonishment of my friends and of the physicians, I exhibited symptoms of returning vitality, and in the course of a week or two was convalescent."

"Where, during those two-score hours, I would ask, was my soul, ghost, or life-principle?"

"To that question I am prepared with an answer; and so strange an one is it, that I cannot hope my story will be regarded with anything but incredulity by all who happen to read it. Nor can I reasonably expect it to be otherwise, for I am aware that what I am about to relate I should myself unhesitatingly reject, were it proffered me on the testimony of another. With that, however, I have nothing to do. I have set myself the task of describing my experience, and to that task I now direct myself, let the results be what they may. When I knew that I was dying, I felt no individual pang of terror or surprise. As I lay, my sister entered the room. I lifted my head to see if all were present. Yes, all were there—and three others! There was the figure of my brother Fred, whose grave as yet was hardly green, and of my mother and my little sister Comfort, both of whom had died when I was a child. Moreover, with the three figures was a fourth—a figure which at first had escaped my notice; and it is the presence of this figure in the room which is to me most unaccountable. My mother, when I first saw her, was standing at the foot of the bed, with my dead brother and sister looking over her shoulder, but at the sight of my father's grief, she went gently round to where he was sitting, and with a caress of infinite pity stooped down as if to whisper in his ear. It was then that I saw, for the first time, that she held by the hand a little child—a little child whom I had never seen before, but across whose face, as he looked up at me, there flitted the phantom of a resemblance I could not catch. While I was wondering who the child she held by the hand could be, there came over me a strange and sudden sense of loss—of physical loss, I think it was, as though some life-element had gone out from me. Of pain there was none, nor was I disturbed by any mental anxiety. I recollect only an ethereal lightness of limb, and a sense of soul-emancipation and peace—a sense of soul-emancipation such as one might feel were he to awaken on a sunny morning to find all the sorrow and sin were gone from the world for ever; a peace ample and restful as the hallowed hush and awe of summer twilight, without the twilight's tender pain."

"Then I seemed to be sinking slowly and steadily through still depths of sun-steeped, light-filled waters that sang in my ears with a sound like a sweet-sad sobbing and soaring of music, and through which there swam up to me, in watered vistas of light, scenes of sunny seas and shining shores where smiling islands stretched league beyond league afar. And so life ebbed and ebbed away, until at last there came a time—the moment of death, as I believe it—when the outward and deathward setting tide seemed to reach its climax, and when I felt myself swept shoreward and lifeward again on the inward-setting tide of that larger life into which I had died."

IS "PROGRESS AND POVERTY" ALL FUDGE?

YES! BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

So it was really Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" that Professor Huxley was after when, last month, he opened his deadly parallel against the ghost of Jean Jacques Rousseau and his doctrine that all men were born free and equal! Such, at least, seems to be the natural deduction from his paper on "Natural Rights and Political Rights," in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Why go a-gunning against a dead thing? asked some critic, and he replies, in effect, because the soul of the dead thing walks the earth very much alive indeed in the political philosophy of Henry George. And so, in his latest paper, after a preliminary skirmish with Quesney and the French physiocrats, he "goes for" the author of "Progress and Poverty" with a vigour and a vehemence that is quite exhilarating. John Bright was not the only man whose knock-down method of controversy suggests the thought that their natural vocation was the prize-ring. His parallel between the natural rights of tigers to all men as potential tiger meat, and the natural rights claimed by Mr. George to the soil is witty and ingenious. The confusion creeps in, as he is careful to indicate by the use of the word "rights" in two different senses. It is wrong to refuse, to restrict or to hinder a moral right, whereas it is often a duty to hinder a natural right. As, for instance, when the natural rights conflict. The natural right of a tiger to eat a man, if he can, and the natural right of a man to kill the tiger, if he can, both indisputably founded upon the law of nature, can be hindered without moral wrong arising. All that natural rights amount to is the right of each to take and keep all he can seize. When Robinson Crusoe was alone on his island his natural right to everything in it was absolute. But if Will Atkins landed on the other side of the island, his natural right would be not less valid, and the only solutions of two conflicting natural rights, each covering the whole ground, are (1), that of the tiger and the ultra-individualist, and (2), that of an agreement or a compromise, by which both agreed to supersede their rights under the law of nature, by putting themselves under a moral and civil law, the infraction of which would be a wrong. The natural rights theory carried out logically is merely reasoned savagery, utter and unmitigated savagery, incompatible with social existence. Even tigresses, when they have their cubs, waive somewhat of their natural rights in the interest of the cubs; otherwise that rudimentary polity, the family of the tigers, could not exist. Professor Huxley accuses Henry George of basing his whole political theory on the principle of natural rights, which, logically interpreted, is destructive even of the tiger's modest menage. All moral and social law is a restraint of natural rights, and the standard by which it must be judged is not whether or not it is incompatible with these rights, but whether at that time, and under the given circumstances, looking at the question all round, it is for the welfare of society that its members should be subjected to such a restraint of their natural rights.

Proceeding to examine Mr. George's theory of the wrongfulness of several ownerships of land, Professor Huxley carries the war into his enemy's camp by accepting, for the sake of argument, the doctrine that labour is the only title to exclusive possession, and that the foundation of this title lies in the right of a man to himself, and then asking triumphantly how a man can be said to have any right to the exclusive possession of himself. All our physical and inherited capacities are the "gratuitous offering of nature." These faculties are trained first by his mother, next by his teacher. So that,

a man instead of belonging exclusively to himself, belongs first to the rest of mankind—a doctrine which brings Professor Huxley near to the Collectivists; secondly, to his parents; thirdly, to his teachers. Only the trifling portion due to his own exertions, belongs to himself. From this excursion this ardent controversialist returns in order to demolish the doctrine that property in land is wrong, because there can be no property in anything not brought into being by human exertion. This applies equally to every natural product. What human exertion brought into being the flint from which our ancestors fashioned their hatchets? What exertion of man created the iron ore from which our tools are made? Cultivated land is nearly as much a manufactured article as the spring of a chronometer. "The gratuitous offering of nature" has about as much share in its ultimate value as the same element has in the value of a steel pen. The improvements form often the whole value of the land, only an unappreciable percentage representing its prairie value. If, as Mr. George says, it is the greater swallows up the less, not the less the greater, and if the improvements on a reclaimed acre are worth £99, whereas the original bog was only worth £1, where, on Mr. George's own showing, is the justice of confiscating the £99 on the strength of the original common title to the £1? But even that £1 must be shared with all mankind. A local community or nation has no more right to exclusive ownership of any land than an individual. If, therefore, English land is nationalised, it can only be done on Mr. George's principles by dividing it evenly with all the Chinese, Hindoos, and Hottentots in existence. As a specimen of lively and sprightly and sledge-hammer polemic, Professor Huxley's paper stands alone among the articles of the month.

OUGHT NEWSPAPERS TO BE ENDOWED?

IN the *Andover Review* for January Mr. Frederick H. Page replies to an article by Professor Levermore, advocating the endowment of newspapers, in a previous number. Mr. Page says that a newspaper exercises seven leading functions, namely, those of the informant, the broker, the interpreter, the tribune, the solicitor, the entertainer, and the advocate, so that the newspaper is not merely a mirror of events; it reflects the civilisation of a people.

He maintains that anyone who sets up the theory that true merit will not succeed in newspaper management is guilty of denying that any large number of our people are virtuous; and if so, endowed virtue in the form of a newspaper cannot be forced upon an unregenerate public. Admitting that there are evils connected with the newspaper as at present managed, he denies that they would be cured by endowment. The alleged sins of omission and commission are often due to the influence of money, but the influence is usually that of conservatism. A daily newspaper of character and influence must be a great conservative force, whether endowed or not.

An endowment of money might possibly be a good thing for some journal having an especial mission, or perhaps for some educational magazine of necessarily limited circulation. But what is wanted to make a great daily newspaper clean and able and honest, to cure the evils springing from avarice, and many other evils not within the scope of the present discussion, is an endowment of brains and moral courage. One must be able to know what course to take, and, knowing, dare maintain. The crucible of newspaper competition is kept at fervent heat; originality and forcefulness are at a high premium. The gateway to honourable success is clearly to be seen and always wide open; if it be true that "few there be that find it," also it is true that an endowment of money will prove no better guide here than to the strait gate and narrow way proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount.

IS CHLOROFORM SAFE ?

THE REPORT OF THE HYDERABAD SECOND COMMISSION.

IN the *Lancet*, January 18, appeared the full report of the Second Commission appointed by the Nizam of Hyderabad for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not chloroform could safely be used as an anæsthetic. The general belief was that its administration was fraught with danger in the shape of paralysis of the heart. The report of the Commission is so unexpected and so sweeping in condemnation of the hitherto accepted view, that the following extracts from the report describing the nature of the evidence and the exact wording of the conclusions arrived at may be of interest outside medical circles. There were two classes of experiments. I. Those made without recording apparatus. Of these, it is said—"The experiments of the sub-committee, together with the first twenty-eight performed by the committee, form a total of 430, and are divided into seven sections. There were 268 dogs and thirty-one monkeys killed outright, and eighty-six dogs and thirty-nine monkeys were subjected to artificial respiration at varying intervals after the natural respiration had been arrested with chloroform. The animals which were killed had chloroform administered to them in every possible way and under every conceivable condition. A large number of dogs were killed just as they were caught in the bazaars; others at various intervals, after having heavy meals of meat or farinaceous food or fat; others fasting; others after the administration of Liebig's extract of meat, coffee, rectified spirits of wine, or ammonia. Most of these animals were healthy, but some of them had cardiac disease, and in many the heart and other organs were rendered fatty by the previous administration of phosphorus. In a large number of cases morphine, strychnine, and atropine, singly and in combination, were given by subcutaneous injection at intervals before the inhalation was begun. Chloroform was given with and without inhalers; in the vertical and recumbent positions; in glass and wooden boxes; in large and small doses; by being pumped into the trachea with bellows; and, in fact, in every way that could suggest itself to the Commission."

"The results in one respect are uniform. In every case where chloroform was pushed the respiration stopped before the heart."

The second group of experiments were made with apparatus to record the blood-pressure, from beginning to end. About 150 experiments were made in that way.

The majority of the experiments were made upon dogs or monkeys, and few upon horses, goats, cats, and rabbits.

In order to test the alleged danger from shock during chloroform administration, the committee performed a very large number of those operations which are reputed to be particularly dangerous in this connection—such as extractions of teeth, evulsion of nails, section of the muscles of the eye, snipping of the skin of the anus, &c. In many cases the operation was performed when the animal was merely stupefied by the chloroform and not fully insensible.

"The conclusion, then, is this: Chloroform has no power of increasing the tendency to either shock or syncope during operations. If shock or syncope from any cause does occur, it prevents, rather than aggravates, the dangers of chloroform inhalation."

"The experiments on dogs that had been dosed with phosphorus for a few days previously show that the fatty and consequently feeble condition of the heart and other organs so produced has no effect in modifying the action of chloroform."

The Commission then lay down the practical conclusions for the guidance of those who administer chloroform—beginning with the statement that "the recumbent position on the back and absolute freedom of respiration are essential," and then, after going through the other thirteen recommendations, they conclude as follows:—

"The Commission has no doubt whatever that, if the above rules be followed, chloroform may be given in any case requiring an operation with perfect ease and absolute safety so as to do good without the risk of evil."

EDWARD LAWRIE (President),
T. LAUDER BRUNTON,
G. BOMFORD,
RUSTOMJI D. HAKIM, } Members.
EDWARD LAWRIE, Surgeon-Major.

"Hyderabad, December 18, 1889."

A GERMAN VIEW OF MR. GLADSTONE.

BY DR. GEFFCKEN.

IN the *Revue Internationale* of the 15th of January (Rome, 3 francs) Prince Bismarck's victim, Dr. Geffcken, comes valiantly to the defence of the Chancellor's policy by an article upon the "Triple Alliance and Italy," in which he sets himself to belittle Mr. Gladstone and hold up the English statesman to European contempt. The article is a reply to "Outidasnos," and would not be worth much attention were it not a tolerably handy compendium of Continental criticism of Mr. Gladstone as a Foreign Minister. With painstaking malevolence he surveys Mr. Gladstone's policy, beginning with his opposition to the Crimean War and ending with his eulogy of the Brazilian Revolution in order to prove that a politician who makes a fiasco wherever he has practically to deal with foreign policy is not competent to pass judgment upon the affairs of foreign countries. From this starting point he proceeds to demonstrate that Mr. Gladstone is entirely wrong in each of the main heads of his thesis in the *Contemporary*. When Mr. Gladstone says, that before 1870, Alsace was more French than the rest of France, it simply proves that he never set foot in that country. It is as German as the Black Forest; all the priests preached in German, and not until you crossed the Vosges could you hear them speak French. Mr. Gladstone mistakes the voice of M. Déroulède for that of the voice of France. But his errors in relation to France are slight compared with those about Austria. Dr. Geffcken is aghast at the suggestion that Bismarck is pushing Austria to Constantinople. He praises the conduct of Austria in the Balkans, contrasts it with the designs of Russia, and asks in amazement whether it can be an English statesman who blames the maintenance of a European regulation which places a practical veto upon the combination of the French and Russian navies against our Mediterranean fleet. The concluding part of Dr. Geffcken's paper is devoted to a demonstration, that so far from the present policy of M. Crispien being opposed to the true interests of Italy, it was foreseen thirty years ago by Count Cavour, who recognised, even when availing himself of the intervention of Napoleon, that the interests of Italy and Prussia were identical. Not all the royal pedantry at the Court of Prussia which led the Government to look askance upon the growth of Italy could blind Cavour to this truth. Dr. Geffcken recalls the fact that France has been, and is still to-day, the chief support of the Pope in his dream of re-establishing the Temporal Power, that France is the natural rival of Italy in the Mediterranean, and that France bars Italian policy in Africa. To join the Triple Alliance is therefore the necessity of her existence. To remain isolated would be to remain powerless in what might at any moment become a hostile Europe.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY PROBLEM.

WHAT THE IRISH BISHOPS WANT.

DR. HEALY, in the *Dublin Review*, in an article on University Education in Ireland, sets forth with the utmost precision what it is that alone will satisfy the Irish hierarchy. He points out that—

If Mr. Balfour, after his declaration in the House of Commons, cannot, or will not, induce his party to settle this question, then all we can say is that such a fact will furnish an unanswerable argument in favour of the need of Home Rule for Ireland, and will strike a heavier blow at the Union than it ever received before. If the thing, as all concede, ought to be done, and you admit that still you cannot do it in London, then, in the name of common sense, let us try our hands in Dublin. At any rate, our failure cannot be more signal than yours has been.

Bishop Healy frankly asserts that a Catholic college must be under effective episcopal control.

In a Catholic college the power of vetoing the appointment or continuance in office of heterodox or immoral professors, the use of bad or immoral books, as well as all lectures of an anti-Catholic or irreligious tendency.

This power, therefore, must *in some way* be secured to the representatives of the Catholic hierarchy in the government of every Catholic college. But in whom is it to be immediately vested? In the Draft Charter which was sent to Sir George Grey in the name of all the bishops, and which was probably drawn up by Cardinal Cullen, it was proposed: "That the four Roman Catholic archbishops for the time being shall be visitors of the said college, and their authority shall be supreme in questions regarding religion or morals, and in all other things in the said college."

Our grievance is that at present we have examinations enough and to spare in the Royal University; but we have no adequate means of preparing for them, no centre of light and culture for the teaching and residence of our students, which alone can give a truly liberal education. The students enter into the combat of life at grievous disadvantage. Until these students, who are now scattered through Stephen's Green, Blackrock, Carlow, and other unendowed colleges, badly equipped, insufficiently manned, and struggling with penury, are united together in a college, *in all respects equal to Trinity College*, they cannot be on an intellectual level with their fellow-countrymen.

The editor of the *Month* contributes an article to his journal on the same subject, which he sums up as follows:—Catholics have a right to equality with Protestants in matters of University Education. We claim an equality of endowment for Catholics, proportionate to the number of Catholic boys as compared with Protestant who are ready to avail themselves of University Education. These are, roughly speaking, fourteen to eleven of the whole body of students, and fourteen to eight of that higher class who obtain some sort of honours and distinctions. Hence Catholics can claim, as a matter of equality and justice, a yearly sum of money which shall bear to the sum allotted to Protestants the proportion of at least fourteen to eleven. Besides equality of endowment, Catholics have a right to equality, as far as may be, of prestige. This can only be granted them by the establishment of a Catholic College side by side with Trinity, and enjoying all the same privileges under a common University, comprising all the talent of the nation, whether Catholic, Episcopalian, or Presbyterian. Lastly, Catholics can claim equality of situation of buildings, of grounds, of educational appliances. All this cannot perhaps be given at first, but it should be recognised as their right from the very beginning, and gradually conceded to them as it may practically be found convenient. Thus, and thus only can they have a settlement of their claims which can be regarded as in any sense final, and which will satisfy their just demands.

CAN WE EXCLUDE FOREIGN PAUPERS?

WHEN so much is said about the importance of excluding foreign paupers, an article in the *Law Quarterly Magazine* on "The Rights of Aliens to enter British Territory" is worth reading. The following are some of its salient points:—

The immigration of the Chinese and of Russian Jews, aliens both in race and religion, has raised in some parts of the British Empire, and may at any time raise at home, not only international difficulties, but also a very serious constitutional question. Of our colonies, Australasia and Canada are hostile to any immigration of aliens not of English, Teutonic, or Scandinavian origin; but not being independent nations, they have in their legislation to defer somewhat to the diplomatic necessities of the mother country, which is not yet prepared to encourage drastic legislation for the exclusion of all, or any, foreigners.

At present, except with reference to foreign sovereigns, their ambassadors, and their forces, the Crown has no prerogative either to exclude or expel aliens. Whether they be innocent immigrants or sojourners, or fugitive criminals of the deepest dye, their right to land or remain upon British soil depends not upon the will of the Crown, but upon the voice of the Legislature. This right, it is stated, has existed ever since the Great Charter.

The history of the question shows that the Great Charter of 1215 provided for the free ingress and exit of foreign merchants from England, and that this has remained so from Edward I.'s time up to the present with but few restrictions. In the reign of Richard III., however, a statute was passed to prevent foreign artificers from competing with Englishmen as master workmen, and it also directed that disobedient artificers were to depart the realm; but certain callings in which the English could not compete with aliens, especially in the production of books, were excepted. This Act, therefore, virtually effected the same purposes for which the American and Colonial democracies now pass Exclusion Acts. As the foreigners continued to increase, it was thought necessary, about the time of Henry VIII., to swear all aliens to the law, and also that they should owe local allegiance and be subject to local taxation. The historical authorities, therefore, appear to indicate that the expulsion of lay aliens was mostly restricted to the cases provided for by statute, viz., breaches of the law of the land; and that the attempts to expel any alien friend, except under statutory authority, have been very few.

According to international law, however, independent States are entitled, if strong enough, to exclude or expel aliens from their territories subject to any treaties then existing, as, for instance, when Great Britain forced China at the point of the bayonet to admit aliens to her territory. The United States by statute rigidly exclude all Chinese from theirs, but would probably declare war if the same measure were meted out to them. even earlier, and is so ancient that no prerogative to the contrary can with any certainty be vouched.

The law of England now stands thus:—The Crown has no prerogative. The Legislature has made no provisions to restrict such ingress or exit, except under a statute of William IV. which provided for the registration of incoming aliens; but has now unfortunately become a dead-letter; and in such cases as Extradition and Quarantine neither the Privy Council, nor the Cabinet, nor any executive officer (*e.g.*, the Governors of the Colonies) has by delegation or otherwise any power not expressly given by statute to expel any alien friend for crime committed in England. It may be interesting to note that Chinese immigrants are stated to be excluded or restricted in the United States, Canada, Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia.

SHOULD WE PLAY CRICKET ON SUNDAYS ?

YES. BY THE REV. PREBENDARY EYTON.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* the Rev. Prebendary Eyton has an article upon "How to spend Sunday," which will excite some discussion. Following the wake of the High Churchmen of the Puritan times, who recommended the indulgence in old English sports and pastimes on Sunday afternoons, Mr. Eyton maintains that Sunday ought to be devoted primarily to worship, but that recreation should have a secondary place. He says :—

Nothing but the religious motive would have gained Sunday from the grasp of ceaseless competition, and nothing but the religious motive will keep it.

We need a strong protest at the present time from all who value Sunday as a great boon against the increase not of harmless amusements, which occasion no work, but of recreations which practically deprive railway servants and household servants of any Sunday at all. Granting that a morning given to worship may quite fitly be followed by an afternoon of some healthy out-door amusement in the case of real workers, yet nothing can excuse the selfishness of large parties on Sundays, or of a demand for special trains for excursions on the river. And for the most part it is not the weary brainworker or hard working mechanic who demands these additional opportunities. That the health, the happiness, the home life of so deserving a body as the railway servants, should be sacrificed to the self-indulgence of upper class idlers is a thing which makes one burn with indignation. On the other hand much might be done to make Sunday a brighter day for the young. The perpetual "Thou shalt not" which forms too large a part of the dim and hazy instruction on the subject too often given in schools and families is not only wearisome and oppressive, but tends to promote inevitable reactions. The distinction between Sunday games and week-day ones, or Sunday tunes and week-day ones, is a relic of that hateful system which cut life into two, and left the thought of God's service out of work and play alike. I should be glad to see a cricket match on every village green on Sunday afternoons, and the games of every Institute as freely used as on week-days. There can be no better relaxations than our ordinary English games, and it is a thousand pities to proscribe them as unfit for Sundays.

Then, again, in relation to another much controverted matter, the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sunday afternoons, might we not hope to get rid of the real difficulty of keeping the ordinary attendants at work by enlisting volunteers from the leisured classes to act as guardians, and so to enable thousands of the more intelligent Londoners to visit the National Gallery and the Natural History Museum on Sunday afternoons ? We ought as a matter of charity to guard jealously the opportunities for Sunday rest of the great working classes ; and we ought to protest against any selfish employment of Sunday labour. But we are most Christlike when we are most human in our sympathies, and it is noble work for any one to sacrifice even some of his liberty in order to stem the tide of that Sunday selfishness which is the only real Sunday desecration. And if this attitude be maintained and extended we shall preserve all that is essential in our English Sunday.

MR. GLADSTONE ON CONFESSION.

LAST WORDS ON "ELLEN MIDDLETON."

Merry England for February publishes the second and concluding part of Mr. Gladstone's analysis of "Ellen Middleton," which will be familiar to all the readers of our first number. Speaking of the moral of the story, Mr. Gladstone says, "The aim of Ellen Middleton is to make us learn, and learn with pungency, how unconfessed and unrepented sin, borne about within the bosom, stifles its seeds of life, thickens its inward atmosphere, changes into darkness that which was its light. To whom of us all is not this a lesson ?

"And this reminds us of a frivolous objection : it has been somewhere surmised, as of most other things in this day of reckless fancies, that if the representations of this book be just, we ought to return to the Church of Rome. No ! but if they be just, then, indeed, we ought to return to the Church of England. We ought to remember her solemn admonitions of repentance ; her constant witness in favour of holy discipline for the souls of her children ; the heavy responsibility in self-examination and self-judgment which she throws upon them, the means of authoritative support, of consolation ever divine, though ministered through the weakness and foolishness of a fleshly organ, to which she habitually points the way as their meet refuge, if they shall not of themselves suffice to the discharge of that lawful duty. Yes, we have, as a nation and as individuals, a long and weary path to traverse before we attain to the level of that practice which the injunctions of our own yet living and speaking mother requires. When we have reached it, we may find we have passed by the point to which belongs the system of auricular confession, that is at the very best but a particular form of a far broader Christian duty, and that it has fatally altered its character when it becomes a perfunctory and technical substitution for that work of self-government which no man can perform for another, while so few, alas ! will perform for themselves ; or when it makes the priest the proper and sole depository of sins, which duty required to be more specially confided to persons immediately affected by them. For example, in the case of Ellen Middleton, it was clearly her part to have made known her agency in the death of Julia to the parents of the child ; and we are persuaded that the great battle now to be fought with the pride and self-will and false shame that reign within us, is not upon the question to what person confession should be made, but upon this other and anterior question, whether confession has a legitimate and regular place at all in the Christian duty of repentance ; or whether general words addressed to a God Whose presence, perhaps, we have never realised, and in Whose eye we too rarely and too weakly feel the painfulness of shame, form the entire and sufficient exercise of the Christian soul in this portion of its training for eternity ?"

The editor of *Merry England* says :—"Mr. Gladstone's general view as to the need of a tribunal of penance remains to-day what it was in the early days of the Oxford Movement. To a correspondent who wrote to Hawarden about the instalment of the article published last month, Mr. Gladstone replied :—'Were I writing now, I should word more carefully the reference to Mr. Wesley. As to the substance, I stick by it, and think that those who treat it as a reproach to Protestantism do themselves defame Protestantism thereby.' And to the editor of *Merry England* he has since addressed a further letter, in which he says of some veritable Protestant reviewers : 'I think the criticisms which treat references to the gravity of sin as smacking of Popery are little less than loathsome.'"

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE pressure upon space this month has been so great that many notices of Magazines and Reviews have been pressed out. The absolute impossibility of covering the whole field, even in the most fragmentary fashion, will sooner or later compel us to face the question of a fortnightly publication of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The urgency with which notices of many periodicals have been sought affords a curious commentary upon the alarm with which some publishers regarded the appearance of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

It is satisfactory to know that one of the high-priced Reviews, whose editor was most alarmed as to the result of our appearance, sold 300 extra copies after the publication of our first number. Every month it will become more and more evident that, as an advertising medium for all existing magazines, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is unequalled.

I shall be very glad to receive suggestions, both from readers and from publishers, for the improvement of this department of the REVIEW. I only ask them to remember first, that space is limited, and secondly, that the danger of making it too encyclopædic is that you make it as dry as a dictionary, and as unreadable as the London Directory.

I have arranged for the addition of notices of various special branches of periodical literature, but any extensive development in that direction is barred by the necessity of making the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a popular readable compendium of that which is of most general interest to the English-speaking folk throughout the world.

Editors and publishers who wish to secure notice for their publications are requested to send them as early as possible for review. There is a great pressure at the end of the month, and the earlier the monthlies are received the more opportunity there is for doing justice to their contents.

Publishers of any monthly or bi-monthly magazine or review, in any part of the world, can receive the REVIEW OF REVIEWS regularly in exchange for their publication, on sending an intimation to that effect to the office, Burleigh-street, Strand, London.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE *Quarterly* publishes biographical articles upon Sir John Hawkwood, a great English adventurer, who commanded a troop of semi-predatory mercenaries in Italy in the fourteenth century; of Sir William Hamilton, and of Prince Adam Czartoriski. Of these the first is most interesting, although the account given of Alexander I. in the review of Prince Czartoriski's memoirs is very good. In addition to describing the career of Hawkwood, there are sketches of Carmagnola and Malatesta. The review of Sir William Hamilton's life is somewhat heavy; but it contains an interesting account of the young mathematician. When he was four years and five months old he could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and cried piteously when any one pronounced Hebrew incorrectly in his presence! At nine years he learned Sanscrit, at ten he studied Arabic and Persian, and when nearly twelve he prepared a Syriac grammar for publication! An article of twenty pages contains the substance of the report of the Royal Commission on the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb. Another of thirty presents a case for the maintenance of the Established Church in Wales. In brief, the writer maintains that the Nonconformist churches are literally going to the devil, while the Establishment is gaining ground every year. The practical conclusion of his statistical review is that the Church, instead of being disestablished, ought to be doubly endowed in order to maintain a bilingual ministry. There is an article which sets forth the vanished glories of Haddon Hall, but it is rather guide-booky. A review of Archdeacon Farrar's "Early Christian Biography" is sympathetic, and urges him to undertake to give an adequate and faithful account of

the origin and early growth of Christianity. The political article on the coming Session, which brings the review to a close, sets up a Radical programme of sixteen heads, and then proceeds to demolish them one after another. The conclusion is that the whole programme is insincere and delusive, and if carried would result in widespread disaster to the country.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

It is a very good number of the *Edinburgh* this quarter, very solid and full of weighty articles. The second part of the paper on the "Conquest of Algeria" tells the story from 1833 to 1840. It is a page of history rather than an article in a review. The opening article is a review of "The Life of Lord John Russell" by Spencer Walpole, with copious extracts. The article on Mr. Curzon's "Russia in Central Asia" is a very fair *précis* of Mr. Curzon's book.—That upon the reminiscences of Count Vitzthum, of London, Gastein, and Sadowa, from 1864 to 1866, draws attention to the book of the Saxon minister at the Court of St. James in 1864, which Prince Bismarck is said to have read with interest and admiration, vouching for its accuracy and impartiality. It contains some interesting sayings of English statesmen, and the book itself ought to be worth translating.—There is a long, well-informed article on "Naval Supremacy and Naval Tactics," discussing the lessons of the late manœuvres, and asserting once more that we should have an overpowering force of cruisers to guard the highways of commerce, command the crossings, and to sweep the enemy's ships into port. The writer seems

to think before long we shall have a 100-pounder gun capable of firing 300 rounds a minute. One such cannon, with half an hour's ammunition, would be a fair armament for a first class battle ship. By the aid of the Watkin Position Finder and the pneumatic gun he thinks we shall be able to keep our coasts absolutely safe.—There is a long and somewhat humdrum article on "The Wages of Labour," the author of which declares that the future of the working-classes is practically secure. They need increased combination and improved technical education. The article is somewhat disappointing, and contains a larger amount of pompous commonplace than any other article in the *Review*. The author protests against the introduction of sentimental considerations into the labour question, and shows his acquaintance with the actual facts of the case with which he is dealing by professing to fear that the subscriptions raised for the dockers during the late strike would amount to a premium on reckless striking. Surely it is obvious enough that all the money raised by the public and in Australia was a mere fraction of that sacrificed by the dockers during the strike.—A scientific article on the "Voyage of the *Challenger*" is somewhat slight, although it gives a readable and interesting sketch of the material composing the fifty quarto volumes which embodied the reports of the *Challenger* Expedition. It seems to have been the most wonderful ship since the *Argo*, and its discoveries are quite as marvellous as any of those which rewarded Jason and the Heroes.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

IN the *Dublin Review* Mr. St. George Mivart reviews Mr. Wallace's book on Darwinism, expressing admiration for and approval of Mr. Wallace's work, "which contains nothing from cover to cover inconsistent or irreconcilable with the teaching of Catholic theology." Mr. Wallace's book, he says, is "one of the most anti-Darwinian publications which have appeared for a long time." A paper upon "Anglicanism and Early British Christianity" demolishes the doctrine that the Church of England, as by law established to-day, is practically identical with the early British Church of the sixth and seventh centuries. Another controversial article is the Rev. Austin Richardson's paper on "The Sacrifices of the Masses," which lays down with emphasis the doctrine that,—

In the All Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the self-same victim, once slain upon the Cross, is offered daily for the application of those satisfactory merits obtained by the death of Christ upon the Cross, not for the remission of Original sin, already effaced by Baptism, but for the remission of Actual daily sins.

The Rev. John Morris replies to Mr. Gladstone's article about "Blessed John Fisher." The articles on the Potato and what Mr. Sibbald calls *Aëropædia*, or, in other words, the attempt of man to traverse the air, are useful summaries of facts, but with no new ideas. The editor's paper on the Baltimore Centenary is chiefly notable because of its proclamation that the new duty of the Church is to undertake the evangelisation of the African continent by transporting to Africa from the United States the overflow of Christianised negroes :—

The connecting link between Africa and the outer world will thus be supplied by the American coloured race, sent back as messengers of civilisation to their outcast kindred. Great tracts of the most fertile regions of the earth lie derelict, depopulated by the slave trade, awaiting inhabitants sufficiently advanced in arts and knowledge to be able to cope with the exterminators

of their kind. We do not despair of seeing the day when these slaughter-scathed areas shall be transformed into so many, Catholic Liberias, true oases of freedom and faith scattered through the barbarian wilds. The realisation of such a dream would, doubtless, be a heavy task, but none too heavy for American energy and enthusiasm. Its fulfilment would make the coming century worthy of that which is past, by crowning the second cycle of the Transatlantic Church with the redemption of another continent.

The notes on Science, on Travel, on Continental Publications, and on books are very carefully done.

THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DR. MACKINLEY discusses "The Religious Attitude of Darwin," from which we extract the following profound sentence :—"He has done good service to natural science in helping to bring to it teleology ; so that instead of having morphology *versus* teleology, we shall have morphology wedded to teleology." Mr. Ashworth contributes a somewhat unsympathetic criticism of "Mohammedanism in Relation to Christian Missions." Robert Foster writes an appreciative criticism on the poems of Lewis Morris, praising the clearness and sweetness of his message and the lessons of goodness which he teaches. Mr. Horton, in "Recent Religious Fiction," reviews "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," and "The Story of a South African Farm." Of the latter, he says it is the most dangerous of the three ; it is not helpful, for it continually raises doubts and never answers them. One of the most interesting articles in the *Review* is Michael Clarke's third paper on the "Manners and Customs of the Australian Aborigines." Mr. Yooll writes on "Ethical Uses in Scientific Study" in the spirit of a man who regards "scientific inferences, postulates, and deductions as so many white-robed priests with torches kindled at God's one altar, waiting to conduct us on an upward and ever-brightening path."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* is thoroughly on the nail and up to date, in marked contrast to the *National*, which is most woefully lacking in this respect. The articles by Sir Gavan Duffy, Canon Driver, and Mr. Spence we have dealt with elsewhere. Of the examiners' vindication of the impartiality of Oxford professors and Oxford tutors, there is no need of alluding to beyond remarking that they indignantly repudiate the charge of favouritism on their part,—which was to be expected. Mr. Barrie's study of "Baring-Gould's Novels," is a good literary article.—Mr. Sandberg, in a paper on "Philosophical Buddhism in Tibet," maintains that the Buddha who is presented to us is not the real Buddha as he was known to the early Buddhists but a more or less mystic hybrid, a fanciful ideal Christ-Buddha who owes his existence entirely to the Christian trained men through whom we have received knowledge of Buddhist teachings.—Most people will turn with interest to Archdeacon Farrar's sympathetic tribute to his former tutor and lifelong friend, Bishop Lightfoot. The life of Dr. Lightfoot is written in his books. The Archdeacon mentions one or two interesting facts illustrative of his character. Incidentally, in his stride as it were, Dr. Lightfoot studied Armenian and Coptic, and often in railway carriages or steamboats he would be found with grammars of these languages in

his hand. Holding that the real antichrist is the spirit of faction, he had absolutely no sympathy with the manoeuvres of partisans, a fact which has secured his immunity from the abuse which made the lives of Pusey, Kingsley, Stanley, and Maurice to be spent in a perpetual hissing. No man spoke ill of him. He deliberately refused to marry, thinking that marriage might have been a hindrance to his vocation.—Mr. Frank Hill's long paper on the "Future of the English Monarchy," contains all its kernel in the last two pages. What Mr. Hill has to say is, that while the superstition of monarchy is dead the institution may survive if our sovereigns cease to be the head of the classes and place themselves at the head of the masses. In other words, you must democratise the monarchy, and he suggests that an admirable way of doing so would be the adoption of the Referendum, which, indeed, would be no more than the vivifying of the old principle of an appeal to the people by the will of the Crown. The difference is that at present there can be no appeal without a dissolution, and the dissolution is ordered by the minister of the time being. Mr. Hill would give the sovereign the right of initiative. He would also rid the institution of the social flunkeyism which infests it, although that, of course, is easier said than done.—Another ex-editor, Mr. Greenwood, contemptuously dismisses the project for the fusion of the Unionists. The important point of his article is that in which he says that the health of Lord Salisbury is a matter of deep concern in his official *entourage*. No sooner does he fall ill than the speculation among his colleagues becomes anxious to a degree which is not suspected except in their own circles. As long as he lives there is no need for fusion, but if he were to die, the question whether Lord Hartington would become the leader of the Unionist party would be the question of the day. Mr. Greenwood has sources of information in official circles, and this statement about Lord Salisbury's health will excite considerable attention.—Mr. Haldane's paper on the "Eight Hours Question," makes out a very strong case in favour of the view of those who think that the limitation will come by combination rather than by legislation. Where the Unions are strong an eight-hours Bill is not wanted. If an eight-hours day were secured by law, one of the most powerful motives in favour of combination would be destroyed. Mr. Haldane's experience among the East Coast miners has convinced him that a good many of the men are vaguely anxious for an eight-hours Bill to be passed for somebody else, but they are not anxious to be tied to certain hours themselves, at least until they have ascertained what is to happen about wages.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Daniel J. Rankin, long resident in Portuguese East Africa, discusses the position of our rivals in terms uncompromising enough to satisfy the worst enemies of Major Serpa Pinto. He gives an extraordinary account of the utter absence of any government, the neglect of the magnificent harbours with which the coast is pierced, and the detestation with which the Portuguese are regarded by their subjects. He maintains that the heathen natives have a far superior idea of sexual morality than the Portuguese, who, by their fearful and horrible crimes against natural instincts, have demoralised the natives amongst whom they dwell. He holds that our new protectorate upon the Shiré must be held in force. From 50 to 100 Sepoys or Beloches, with one or two machine-guns, would garrison one or more fortified camps or outposts, while the whole country should be governed under English rule

by a responsible chief.—Under the banal title of "One View of the Question," Rudyard Kipling contributes a very clever letter, supposed to have been written home from London by a Mussulman emissary of one of the native states in the North-West of India. It presents what the Anglo-Indians of the high riding school tell us the fighting Mussulmans of India think of representative government, Indian National Congresses, and the like. He describes London as town dark and unclean, devoid of the sun, and full of low drunken people, who howl in the streets like jackals, men and women together. On Sundays they become more furiously drunk, and lie in the gutter together; there they are regarded by those going to pray. The writer, who might be inspired by Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck in a nightmare, declares that there is a green-sickness in England, and they eat dirt to stay their cravings. The voices of men are overawed by the screaming of mules and the whinnies of barren mares. The whole article, although somewhat coarse, is vigorous and original.—Mr. T. W. Russell, who has so little sense of the proportion of things as to maintain that the trumpery little question of Irish Land Purchase is the greatest work of a century which has seen the emancipation of the Russian serfs and the suppression of the slaveholders' rebellion, has, of course, his own scheme. He would deal with the congested districts by giving the overcrowded the chance of migration or emigration; he would sell all the encumbered estates to the tenant occupiers; he would develop Ashbourne Acts so as to abolish the dual ownership of land, making arrangements for spreading the repayment over a longer period when the landlord is unwilling to sell at the market value of the land. He would reconstitute the Land Commission, amalgamate it with the Landed Estate Court; and he would devise some legal guarantee for the advances made, which he thinks can be done in half a dozen ways.—There is another novelty in the *Fortnightly*, by Amélie Rives Chanler, called "Was it a Crime?" It describes how a young wife, about to become a mother, tortured by the agonies of her dying husband, gave him an extra dose of laudanum, finishing him two or three days before his time, and securing for him one moment of consciousness and rest. The story is powerfully told, and the young wife might be a portrait of Mrs. Chanler as she sees herself in the mirror.—Mr. Theodore Bent describes a visit to Nicea, under the somewhat strained title of the "City of the Creed."—"English and Americans," by William Morton Fullerton, is a very well written paper, by an American, which is too full of smart sayings to bear condensation. He says that to Englishmen Americans are a fresh sensation, while to the Americans England is the prettiest country in the world. Speaking of the strong influence of America on England, he says that, "as a python insinuates itself into the jungle and enfolds its prey, even so American ideas have permeated English life."—The syndicate of writers who assume the pseudonym of "E. B. Lanin," gives us another instalment, the fifth, of Russian Characteristics, which, in their own phrase, gives us "a picture of millions of men and women wallowing in an ocean of moral ooze, wildly stirring up the muddy depths of unimagined baseness, while fighting life's battle on a false issue." They rightly suggest that it represents a picture of an unimagined community, and it might be added, of an unimaginable one. It is impossible to believe that a nation of a hundred millions contain no honest men, except the old believers, Molokani, Stundists, &c. These papers are the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Russophobic habit of exaggeration.—Marion Hepworth Dixon contributes a few interesting pages of personal reminiscences

of Marie Baskirtseff, chiefly important for bringing out the essentially feminine side of her character.—The last paper in the review is Sir Hercules Robinson's plea for giving Swaziland over to the Transvaal. He would do this, first, because we cannot get at it; secondly, because the British taxpayer would object to pay the cost of its administration; and thirdly, because if we wanted to take the country the Transvaal Republic would not let us have it. Therefore, Sir Hercules Robinson suggests that we should let the Transvaal Republic have it. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this policy, but the reference to the veto of the Transvaal as a reason why we should withdraw our veto, is not a happy one from a controversial point of view. Sir Hercules' position is this:—Swaziland is no good to us; it is practically an enclave of the Transvaal. We can swop it with the Transvaal. First, for the abandonment of their schemes in the north; secondly, for the condition that all Europeans should receive the franchise. If the Boers make this concession, Sir Hercules would not only give them Swaziland, but also Amatongaland, on condition that they entered into a customs duty with the Cape and the Orange Free State. To give the Transvaal a seaport, would expose it more easily to naval coercion, and hasten the coming federation of South Africa. The natives, he admits, would not like to be swallowed up by the Boers, but they have made so many concessions, and there are so many European colonists whom they cannot govern, that annexation, in some form or another, is inevitable.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE present number of the *National Review* raises a somewhat serious question whether or not the *National* has any editor, or whether, indeed, an editor is necessary to a monthly review at all. Judging from the present number we should say that he was a decidedly superfluous luxury. There is not a single article in the February number that is *à propos* of anything whatever that has happened last month, or that is likely to happen in the present month. The articles, some of which are very good, might just as well have appeared any time this twelvemonth. For an organ of the Conservative party ambitious of wielding a political influence, the production of such a number on the eve of the meeting of Parliament is little short of a journalistic scandal. A very poor paper by Sir George Molesworth on "Political Economy and Strikes" occupies the place of honour in the *Review*, while a really capital article, "Out of the Depths," by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy, is put back to the last place. Mr. Boswell's article on the "Fairy Mythology of Ireland," is a charming essay on a fascinating subject.—Mr. Parr's article on "Corsica" is a prettily written travel-paper, published apparently just now in order to make people regret that they have to come back to town for the opening of Parliament.—Major-General Maxwell translates Leopardi's "Dialogue with a Mummy." The conception is fine, but the execution is rather disappointing; all that the mummies have to say when asked what death is like, is that it was not unlike the languor of approaching sleep.

Lord Fortescue writes, in a short paper, against Mr. Courtney's suggestion that local government should be extended in Ireland. As Mr. Courtney made his speech on the 9th of October, this article is another illustration of the "Rip Van Winkle" fashion in which the *National* is conducted.

There are only two articles in the *Review* which have

ideas in them. The first is that of the Rev. A. M. Wilcox on the "Second Class Clergy." He has a scheme for reducing the abuses of patronage. No person should be admitted into the ranks of the priesthood without having first passed a preliminary examination of a much higher standard of efficiency. He would also have no clergyman presented with a living of between £250 and £500, unless he had been ordained at least ten years if a graduate, and twenty if not a graduate, and he would further forbid the giving of a living of over £500 to any clergyman who had not taken honours at Oxford or Cambridge. Finally, he would only allow private patrons to name three candidates from whom the Bishop should select one. Mr. Wilcox will find that the rights of private patrons are much too deeply rooted to be dealt with in this unceremonious fashion.

The other article in which there is an idea, is Mr. Macnaghten's on "Temperance and the Public-houses." In this he draws up a new licensing bill, under eight heads. Among these we note:—

- (1) Abolition of bars.
- (2) Compulsory provision of three large rooms, dining-room, smoking-room, and non-smoking-room.
- (3) At least three dailies, two weeklies, and two magazines; to be provided in the smoking and non-smoking rooms.
- (4) A library of a hundred books, to be provided from a list drawn up by a competent board.
- (5) Any one paying 4d. a week to be allowed to use the premises, including billiard-rooms, without being expected to get anything "for the good of the house."

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE editor of the *New Review* is back from his honeymoon, and has every reason to be satisfied with the new number which Mr. Gosse has prepared for his homecoming. Not that the articles are all good; on the contrary, some of them, notably the first, are poor. But there are two which are enough to float the *Review*. One is Mr. George Saintsbury's "Thoughts on Republics," an article full of dexterous presentations of the illogical side of extreme republicanism. The other is a sympathetic and admirable character sketch of Mr. Parnell. There is nothing new in it, but it is very well done, and the writer, who at a guess, we should say wielded the pen of a McCarthy with the knowledge of an O'Connor, leaves on the mind of the reader a very faithful impression of Mr. Parnell as he is known to his political associates. Curiously enough, there is no allusion, anticipatory or otherwise, to the report of the Parnell Commission. Mr. Saintsbury, in his "Thoughts on Republics," does not profess to be a judge summing up for and against popular government of the republican type; he simply brings into strong relief, with a somewhat sardonic glee, the less ideal side of a political system which is sometimes based on idealism. There is a good deal of paradox about it, which makes it all the more piquant reading.—Mr. Saintsbury must have felt a grim glee when he so far reverses the ordinary acceptance of things as to maintain that a republic has the advantage over a monarchy, chiefly because it is so much more sensational, and affords so many more thrills to its subjects than a monarchy, which he says satisfies little but the reason, and is a very humdrum kind of affair compared to your showy sweepstakes of a republic. Vanity, greed, and the passions of the

gaming table, these are the winning cards, according to Mr. Saintsbury, of the present descendants of the austere republicans, who founded the Commonwealth chiefly because of their hatred of such things. Mr. George Wyndham asks "Is the game worth the candle?" in such a fashion as to make people believe for a moment that he has something to say. A glance at his pages, however, shows that he simply repeats once more, with the fidelity of a phonograph, the old, old, old fallacy that the Irish will not be satisfied with anything short of absolute independence, and therefore it is not worth while making all this fuss about a subordinate Parliament. That is what Mr. George Wyndham thinks, no doubt, but as it does not happen to be the opinion of the Irish nation, Mr. Wyndham's opinion is a superfluity, not to say an irrelevance.—London society has had many Jeremiahs, but perhaps it has never had such a strange one as Mr. Hamilton Aldé, who takes up his parable against its deterioration. His diagnosis of the malady from which we are suffering, is briefly this: we are becoming more vulgar, and this, notwithstanding a beneficent change has come over "the dressing alike of women and of food"—a remark which affords some measure of the moral calibre of this new Jeremiah. We worship wealth. London welcomes Mrs. Moneybags, whom republican Paris scouts. The art of holding a salon is extinct, every one is in a hurry. The simplicity of life has disappeared, extravagant prodigality and ostentatious display have elbowed out the homely virtues. The one hopeful sign is that ladies are not afraid to travel in omnibuses, and in third-class carriages, and to be seen in the pit at theatres; nor are they forbidden to earn their own living if they choose. Let society, therefore, study simplicity, that is Mr. Aldé's message to a generation given up to the worship of the golden calf. Sir Richard Temple's article on "Our Coaling Stations in the Eastern Seas," contains nothing new, but about coaling stations, as about some other things, it is necessary to give the public, in season and out of season, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, until our naval bases are supplied with adequate armaments and competent garrisons.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY:

MR. KNOWLES, in the bundle of pamphlets which he stitches together and calls a Review, has gone far afield. The late Secretary of the Chinese Legation in London sends a ponderous paper describing how it is that the Chinese, from being the resolute opponents of railways, are now by the hand of their Government projecting a great trunk line from Peking. The article is illustrated with a map, a rule which should become universal.—M. Armistus Vambéry discusses the future of Russia in Central Asia. He admits that trade has trebled since Russia established peace and order among the Turcomans, but he maintains that Russia, in undertaking the civilisation of Asia, resembles nothing so much as an eight-year-old girl who is suddenly called upon to nurse an infant in arms; it is bad both for her and the child. For such a vehement Russophobic, however, M. Vambéry's article is exceptionally moderate and reasonable. Note one curious fact, that whereas the pilgrimage to Mecca used to cost the faithful Moslem in Samarkand £50, and entail a journey of ten months' duration, the construction of the Trans-Caspian Railway has enabled him to go to Mecca for £10 in a fortnight.—Mr. Hudson describes the wild life to be found in the Pampas of South America, and concludes with a groan over the approaching extinction of the

rhea. Man is remorselessly extirpating the more remarkable birds, nothing will stay his hand, and the rhea will soon share the fate of the dodo.—Mr. W. Fraser Rae writes a sensible paper, with much information gathered on the spot on the gaming tables of Monte Carlo. He makes a curious suggestion that women should never be allowed to enter the gaming halls, or, if that is impossible, that they should be relegated to halls of their own. Perhaps the most interesting but saddest feature of Mr. Rae's paper is the account which he gives of the gaming halls of the New World. Monte Carlo is one of the best conducted establishments of the kind, and it would be well indeed if America could raise the number of public and illegal gaming houses to the standard of M. Blanc.—Mr. Henry Blackburn, who has done yeoman service in the art of popular illustration, contributes a paper on "the illustration of books and newspapers," which the publication of the *Daily Graphic* makes a subject of present-day interest. Mr. Blackburn has got hold of the right ideas, and he has rendered a service to journalism by writing this paper.—General Adye's paper on "the Glut of Junior Officers" is very brief, and, to the non-professional reader, as dry as it is brief. He condemns the changes made by the warrant of December, 1886, and maintains that the warrant of August, 1889, confirms and aggravates the worst features of its predecessor. He thinks that it will probably be the lot of some future minister to restore the equilibrium by a large and heroic scheme of pensions.

Dr. Jessopp's paper on "The Land and its Owners," is illustrated by a curious diagram from which it would appear that Mr. Blackburn's ideas are making some way even with Mr. Knowles, and that before long the *Nineteenth Century* will become an illustrated monthly miscellany like *Cassell's Family Journal*. Dr. Jessopp's paper is an attempt to show that the tenure of land in England is very much more akin to that land nationalisation desired by advanced reformers than most eulogists of the wisdom of our ancestors are willing to admit. Landlords in those days were never allowed to deceive themselves into a belief that their land was actually their own. But in the course of eight hundred years they have contrived to convert what was originally a trust into a private chattel.—Mr. Charles Edwardes, who writes upon Crete and the Sphakiots, recommends the Sultan to sell Crete to Greece for four million pounds sterling at twenty years of the present revenue.—Mr. Kebbel's paper on "Party Prospects" is like its author, it is dull and sensible. Its Conservative sermon-text is the recent defeats of the Unionist cause, and its lesson that the Liberal-Unionists must merge their existence entirely in the Conservative party. Fusion, according to Mr. Kebbel, is the fusion that exists when the lamb lies down inside the lion. It is edifying to notice the airs with which Mr. Kebbel lectures Lord Hartington upon the duty of abandoning all further pretence of being a Liberal, and of appealing frankly to the country under the good old Tory colours.—Sir Edmund Currie describes the work of the People's Palace after two years' experience. They have had an audience of 1,000 men every Sunday mid-day for the recital of sacred music. At the library, which is open from three till ten, and at the musical performances they have on an average about 2,000 visitors per Sunday. The educational department of the Palace, he thinks, has a very great prospect indeed. The evening classes are attended by 5,000 students. He would have the whole of London mapped out into small institutions which would be largely self-governing, passing on their successful students to the Central Palace or University.

THE FORUM.

THE *Forum* for January leads off with an article by Mr. John G. Carlisle, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, replying to Senator Cullom's paper in the October *Forum* by a demonstration of the extent to which the American farmer is plundered under the system of Protection. It should be read as an antidote to Mr. Blaine's paper in the *North American*.—Major J. W. Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey, writes a somewhat disappointing paper on "Pre-Historic Man in America." The humans who can be traced back nearly to the middle of the glacial period seem to have been from the first very little different from the Red Indians. The belief that there had been a period of higher culture in some pre-historic age disappears on investigation.—Mr. W. S. Lilly, who has written upon the Ethics of Art, the Ethics of Journalism, and the Ethics of Politics, now discourses upon the Ethics of Marriage. Of course Mr. Lilly defends the high Catholic doctrine of the life-long indissoluble union. The moral tone of society, he asserts, depends upon the chastity of woman, and, if that is destroyed, man will speedily sink to her level. Unfortunately man seems to show so little capacity for rising to the woman's level that Mr. Lilly himself never seems to imagine that the moral tone of society demands the chastity of man.

There is an interesting paper by Frederick A. Conkling, in which he maintains that the veto at present vested in the hands of the Governors of States, instead of being a safeguard to free government, is a standing menace to the liberties of the people. Last session in the State of New York 313 measures failed to receive the Governor's approval,—313 out of 441. The result is that the Legislature passes all bills, good, bad, and indifferent, saying, "Let it go through, the Governor is sure to veto it." Mr. Conkling maintains that if the development of the veto power is not checked "it will only need the addition of the life tenure to enable some usurper to rear a despotism upon the ruins of our institutions."

G. T. Kercheval tells, in the course of six or seven pages, a terrible story of the crimes against the Ute Indians of which the whites of Colorado have been guilty. If the facts be as they are stated, and the American conscience is not seared as a hot iron, restitution will be made to these poor Redskins, and that right speedily. The story is one of fraud, violence, and wholesale murder.

Rodney Welch's paper on Horace Greeley's Cure for Poverty "to go out West and grow up with the country," gives a somewhat pessimistic account of the miseries of farming. Mr. Welch's advice to those who are about to embark upon agriculture is "Don't." Prospects of farming out West are now poor, rent is rising, and prices are falling. Tenants have no security against the landlords, and, above all, farming is deadly dull.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* contains an article upon General Lee by Jefferson Davis. It contains little to quote, but may be mentioned as a sympathetic eulogy of a great soldier by his political chief.—Professor Lanciani contributes a paper, chiefly made up of an account of the toys of Roman children, called "A Romance of Old Rome." His text is the discovery of two skeletons which are now the most conspicuous exhibit in the Capitol Museum. In the coffin of the girl, who is supposed to have died on the eve of her wedding, was found

a perfectly modelled oak doll.—The Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, in his reminiscences of "Bygone Days in Boston," describes Everett, Choate, Emerson, Channing, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and Father Taylor. When Emerson went with Margaret Fuller to see Fanny Ellisler, the "divine danseuse," Miss Fuller whispered "Ralph, this is poetry!" "Margaret," responded the sage, "it is religion,"—the first time surely that that word had ever been applied to the pirouettes of a ballet dancer.—It is curious as an illustration of the movement of the human mind in matters theological that Mr. Tuckerman should have heard Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of the most latitudinarian of Broad Church Evangelicals declare that an infant which had been accidentally killed before it had been baptized had gone to hell. His exact words are said to have been as follows: "That child who might have been an angel in heaven is now, through the negligence of its parents in the matter of baptism, a tenant in hell."—Camille Flammarion in four brief pages describes "How I became an Astronomer." The gist of his story is that from his earliest infancy he took the keenest interest in the appearance of the sky. Two eclipses of the sun occurred before he was ten years of age, the effect which they produced seems to have been clenched by the apparition of a comet when he was eleven years old. He entered the observatory when he was sixteen. Two of his remarks are worth quoting, first that the "pursuit of pure mathematics dries up every surrounding object like a fruitless blast," and that the study of the universe as related to the physical constitution of the different worlds, the evolution of the stars, and of life, is likely to be the feature of astronomical science in the future."—Count Emile de Kératry puts in the old, old plea for copyright from a French point of view.—The "Symposium on Divorce" contains the views of five women, four of whom are strongly in favour both of strictly regulated divorce and re-marriage. They deplore the existing facilities for divorce, but strongly incline to favour divorce itself in extreme cases as being as inevitable as a surgical operation. What is wanted, as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps points out, is not legislation to facilitate or to prevent remarrying so much as the greater care in preventing heedless marriages.

THE CENTURY.

By far the most interesting article in the *Century* is Emerson's "Talks with a College Boy," an account of which is given elsewhere. It is illustrated with a very striking full-length portrait of Emerson. There are two Congo papers, which are, like all other Congo literature, not very lively. A long series of historical papers on Abraham Lincoln are brought to a close with an eloquent tribute to the character of the great President:—

He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favoured by fortune. One night he had a dream, which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common-looking fellow," some one said. Lincoln in his dream turned to his critic, and replied, in his Quaker phrase, "Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people: that is why He made so many of them." He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being.

Elizabeth Balch, who wrote the imaginary letters of the Inconnu to Prosper Mérimée, describes a Corner of Old

Paris in a paper chiefly notable for facsimiles, autographs, and historical documents. There is a characteristic little poem of eight lines by Walt Whitman, on "Old Age's Ship and Crafty Deaths." Jefferson continues his autobiography, which is chiefly interesting by its account of Edmund Forrester's and of Jefferson's first visit to Paris in 1856. There is a very suggestive little paper, by Francis Thorpe, upon the new constitutions of Washington and Montana, which are rather legislative codes than constitutions. They are the newest birth of democracy, and, in many respects, the most pathetic confession of the distrust of the people in their rulers. The almost countless limitations on State legislation incorporated in these constitutions are a solemn confession of the decadence of the people themselves. Article after article implies that the governed do not trust their governors. It may be noticed that the Washington constitution was prepared by a convention of seventy-five representatives, of whom five were born in Scotland, three in Germany, two in Ireland, and one in Wales. Only one was born in the territory itself. Mr. Fisher continues his papers on the Nature and Methods of Revelation, dealing this month with the differentiation of Christianity from Judaism.

HARPER'S.

THE notable articles in *Harper's Magazine* are Mr. Byer's paper on the "Lake Dwellers," with many excellently executed illustrations of the handiwork of these remote progenitors of ours, and a paper on "Benvenuto Cellini," by Elizabeth Latimer, with illustrations which hardly come out with the clearness usually characteristic of *Harper's*. The other two illustrated articles are the second part of "Jamaica, Old and New," and some account of New York banks. Among the literary articles James Hogg contributes a gossipy but somewhat disappointing paper upon "Nights and Days with De Quincey." Mark Twain's article on "A Majestic Literary Fossil" is a characteristic review, from the point of view of Mark Twain's homœopathy, of James's "Dictionary of Medicine of 1745." "This whole book," he says, "was still working the cemeteries in 1861 down in Virginia. For three and a half centuries it had been going quietly along enriching the earth with its slain." We have dealt with Lord Wolseley's paper on the British Army and Mr. Lathrop's "Talks with Edison" elsewhere.

SCRIBNER'S.

Scribner is rather below the average this month. Mr. Ward's account of "Life among the Congo Savages," although copiously illustrated, is somewhat dull, the most interesting feature being the striking portrait of Tippoo Tib, who owes his name to the crack of his rifle, which the negroes said sounded like tip, tip, tip. Mr. W. H. Mallock contributes a copiously illustrated article describing a visit which he paid to Hungary. Hungary, he says, is almost in precisely the same condition as that of England at the close of the last century. Without asserting that he found more happiness in the country than elsewhere, he is certain of a greater tranquillity. Mr. Bishop's account of "A Day in Literary Madrid," introduces us to three Spanish novelists, Valdes, Velara, and Galdos. The article is illustrated with portraits, and describes both the authors and their books. The first half of the life of "John Ericsson, the Enginner," is the title of a rather disappointing article, disappointing because it only gives the beginning of the story of the great Swedish engineer who invented the ironclad, and who

bequeathed his solar engine as a legacy to the future. Ericsson, almost as remarkable in engineering as Edison in electricity, died last year at the age of 88. He was full of intense activity, sustained by health so vigorous that when he was 60 a friend found him standing on his head for the purpose of showing how much of elasticity remained. The author of the article says the passion of Ericsson's life was his love for country, and it was this which led him to invent the *Monitor* and other deadly vessels of war. It was his dream that he could force the naval nations to declare the ocean neutral ground by making naval warfare too destructive a pastime to be indulged in. By this he thought he could serve his country and make her able to cope with Russia, "the hereditary enemy of my native land." He got the first idea of his turret ironclad before he was twenty by watching the log rafts tossed in a storm in his native lake. The second instalment of the article will probably be more interesting than the first. Mr. Schuyler tells a pathetic story of a Minnesota farmer who believed, apparently not without reason, that he was the legitimate descendant of the hero King Lazar of Servia, and who left America to hunt up a treasure which he believed to have been concealed beneath a ruined castle. He died friendless and alone in Belgrade in 1876. Mr. G. Frederick Wright discusses the geological and historical significance of a discovery of a small image in Idaho in a stratum lower by far than any other in which human remains have hitherto been discovered.

BLACKWOOD.

THE author of the interesting gossip papers, "In the Days of the Dandies," fully keeps up the standard of interest in No. 2. His sketches of Lord Eglinton, Baron Ward of Parma, who began life as a Yorkshire groom and who ended as the minister of the Prince of Parma, the Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Athole, are full of life and of vivid touches only too rare in modern writings. The long article on Lord Chesterfield praises Lord Carnarvon's editing of the letters, and treats the publication as a great literary event. A member of Laurence Oliphant's colony describes the experience of the only Englishman of this generation who has fulfilled the office of tax-collector to the Turks in Syria. Charles Mackay's daughter sends the last poem written by her father two days before he died. Immediately after writing it he went to bed, from which he never afterwards rose. The following is the last verse :—

She is a winsome wee thing,
And more than twenty year
She's twined herself about my heart
By all that can endear ;
By all that can endear on earth
Foreshadowing things above,
And lead my happy soul to heaven,
Rejoicing in her love !

Dec. 22, 1889.

The author of "Modern Mannish Maidens" objects to women smoking, playing cricket, football or rounders, or riding astride. But he would allow them to play at golf and lawn tennis, to skate, and if suitably apparelled, to ride tricycles. An anonymous contributor sends a long, violent paper on "What I Learned in Ireland." What he seems to have learned is a habit of more than Irish exaggeration. A man who can say that the conduct of the population of Tipperary was so fiendish that "if a corps of artillery had blown the houses about their ears the punishment would not have been too severe," is not the

sort of man the prudent would take as their guide. He is a fanatical hater of the Catholic Church, and he regards the Irish as the most abject slaves to the priest on the face of God's earth. "The one colossal and incontrovertible fact," he says, "is the profession of a religion that eats away the fibre and bone of character." Mr. Balfour, he thinks, is on the right tack, five years more of his administration, and Ireland would regain most of what she has lost. The concluding article on "Current Influences on Foreign Politics" is also extreme. It is chiefly devoted to a description of our policy in relation to Russia, and he advocates the making of any wilful infraction of our relations with Russia in Central Asia a *casus belli*.

CORNHILL.

FOR good middle articles the *Cornhill* for this month is much above the average. There is a delightfully gossipy paper called "Afterthoughts," written by a London rector, whose reminiscences of Professor Tyndall, Longfellow, Gordon, Frederic Harrison, and others, although slight, are bright and interesting. This is what he says of General Gordon:—

Of all prospects of promising personal support, I shall always look back upon the missed co-operation of General Gordon with most regret. He wrote to me (we had common friends), proposing to work with myself in certain social toil, of which my hands were full. I have a letter of his before me now, in which he simply says: "I am accustomed to visit the sick poor. . . . I like visiting them and comforting them, to the degree that God the Comforter gives me the power." Then he adds: "I like to work quietly, and not to be led into the circles of fashionable religion."

He is a famous gossip, and tells old and new stories with genuine relish. On the last page re-appears the story of the Cornish ghost which was exorcised by a parson, who, thinking it was a visitant in flesh and blood, asked it for a subscription to his new schools. Another of his anecdotes tells how a friend of his was entertained by a teetotal canon with some wine which, he said with pride, is not fermented. "That," added his friend, "was a fortnight ago, and it has fermented ever since." An article on "Grangerising" contains some interesting figures and facts as to the extent to which the practice of collecting illustrations of notable books has been carried since the idea was first put forward by the Rev. James Granger, who died in 1776. As the other papers describe Life in Sarawak and Borneo, Japanese Life on the Slopes of the Volcanoes, the Free and Easy Existence of the Texan Desperadoes, and the Difficulties of Driving Bullocks in the Australian Bush, the reader certainly gets sufficient wild life in the present number.

IGDRASIL.

(GEORGE ALLEN, ORPINGTON, KENT. 6d.)

Igdrasil, the new and extended form of the *Journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild*, contains this month a curious rhapsody to the tree *Igdrasil*, from an unpublished manuscript of Thomas Carlyle. But the most interesting paper is Julia Firth's description of "A Prussian Hostess." The picture she gives of Frau Liebenswerth at Oberwissau, in East Prussia, is one of the brightest and pleasantest portraits of a model lady of the manor that we have seen for a long time. A very curious paper by Joseph Skipsey, the poet, as seer and singer, is an unexpected revelation of the workman-poet as a mystic who would lift the veil of Isis and interpret the symbolism of form, colour, and sound.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

IN *Murray's Magazine* the best article is the conclusion of Mr. Victor Morier's account of his journey across Siberia up the Obi to Tobolsk. It is amusing to read how, when he met with the political exiles at Obdorsk, the Russian Liberals found themselves opposed to this Englishman's anti-Home-Rule views, agreeing only in ridiculing the fuss Mr. O'Brien made about his breeches. Mr. Morier says that the political exiles, who are sometimes women of culture and enthusiasm, are absolutely at the mercy of the officials, often uneducated and unprincipled men, who regard the persecution of political exiles as their *raison d'être*. On the other hand, he reports that the large convict prisons of Tobolsk were clean, warm, and well ventilated, and that the food of the prisoners astonished him by its excellence. Count Gleichen, in seven pages, describes twelve hours in New York. Mr. Montague Shearman devotes twelve to the defence of the Rugby Union rules for football from the charge of brutality. The Rugby game, he maintains, is not only healthier, but gives a much better training for the rising generation. Mr. Morley Roberts writes a sensible fact-crammed paper upon London Busses and Busmen. There is a charming story of a driver who was sent across to Paris by a patron to see the Exhibition. The sole fact that he brought back with him was that the Frenchmen were astonishing and unnatural fools, who drove on the wrong side of the road. The General Omnibus Company owns 9,500 horses, the Road Car 2,285. The former takes £200,000 worth of forage a year, and carries 100,000,000 passengers.

TIME.

IN *Time* Mrs. Besant complains, not without reason, that the press should have made a sensation about the School Board scandals twelve months after the mischief had been ascertained and steps taken to remedy it. But the painstaking members of the Board ought not to feel too impatient if the public does not cry out about an evil until that evil has been brought before its attention. More reasonable is Mrs. Besant's rejoicing "over the practical illustration thus afforded of our competitive, jerry-building system. The hateful sight of builders cheating the community, of officials conniving at this robbery of the State, of men and women elected by the people using their power to sweat the workers—it is all but one more illustration of the hideousness of that industrial system, in which the fittest to survive are the most unscrupulous and the least conscientious. Nothing but the spirit of Socialism can purify our public life." Socialism is to Mrs. Besant what "the simple Gospel" is to a revivalist preacher.—Mr. W. M. Thompson pleads for legal reform, maintaining that at present the poor subsidise the law courts in order that the rich may have cheap law. He would amalgamate the two branches of the profession. Mr. Bernard Shaw caps Mr. Besant's "Sequel to a Doll's House," by a "Sequel to the Sequel," which tells us that Krogstadt, who had driven Nora's daughter to suicide by not allowing his son to marry the daughter of such a woman, was himself carrying on a clandestine intrigue with Nora herself. Mr. Shaw brings the two together immediately after Mr. Besant left them in order that Nora might deliver herself of a series of more or less bitter sarcasms on the social system which has Krogstadt as its choicest fruit. She says she has looked into many "Dolls' Houses" since she left her husband, and it is not always the women who are the dolls. The idea is not bad, although a trifle too didactic in its execution.

[For notable articles in other magazines see page 143.]

THE RUSSIAN REVIEWS.

"O PRESS! God Himself undoubtedly inspired the man who first invented thee. Thou preservest the descriptions of the sublime achievements of humanity; by means of thee the thoughts of genius fly from east to west, from south to north; thou rootest out prejudices baneful to mankind; by thee truth is revealed!" Such was the admirable invocation addressed to the press by Catherine the Great of Russia, who, unfortunately, was more than a century and a quarter in advance of her time. Her sentiments have not yet been assimilated by the Russian people, the majority of whom still seem either to hate or despise the press. In an interesting paper on the press in 1889, which appears in the January number of the *Northern Messenger*, we learn that of the 260 periodicals in all the provinces of all the Russias last year, no less than 128 were official organs of the Government, ecclesiastical or civil; and of the remainder only forty-five have any political or literary colouring, and appear oftener than once a week, the others being mostly agricultural, advertising, or technical organs.

AN EMPRESS EDITRESS.

The Empress Catherine II., whose life has still to be written, felt quite as keenly as modern Panslavists the need for some machinery by which the wants, grievances, and feelings of the people could be registered and made known to her. And a heavily-written article by E. S. Shumigorsky, in the Russian *Archives* for January ("An Empress Publicist"), discusses one of the methods to which she had recourse in order to put herself in touch with her subjects. It is not generally known—not only in England, but even in Russia—that this enlightened woman, desirous of improving her people, giving them a sound political education, and, at the same time, learning how best they might be helped and governed, founded a political journal in 1769, called *Odds and Ends*, which she edited for a year, maintaining such a strong incognito that it is only very lately that the secret was discovered. She invited and published letters from all sorts and conditions of men,—even anonymous letters,—on the abuses of the administration, the peculation of officials, the corruption of judges,—in a word, she began by doing on a small scale what the author of "Truth about Russia" lately proposed to do upon a grand scale. Her object, as described by herself (she wrote under various pseudonyms, one of which was "Patrick Honestmind," another "the Author of *Odds and Ends*") was to prove, "first, that the people can be brought to laugh at themselves (*i.e.*, at their vices and weaknesses); secondly, to clear the way for those who are wiser than myself, to give men guidance while amusing them; and, lastly, to speak to Russians about Russians, not holding up to their view traits of character which are foreign to them." And to some limited extent she was successful. Many other journals of the same

type sprang up rapidly, and discussed the political and religious state of the country, attacking the views expressed in *Odds and Ends*, and generally delivering themselves of bitter truths with a freedom—nay, a license—never enjoyed by any Russian journal before or after. The most venomous and telling attacks appeared in the *Drone*, in the journal called *Neither One Thing nor the Other*, and the *Hell Post*. It is highly amusing and edifying to watch the attempts of the empress to conduct her periodical upon strictly journalistic principles, punishing her literary enemies (and she did occasionally punish them) exclusively with their own weapons, even when they strayed beyond the bounds of journalistic propriety, and this notwithstanding the repeated endeavours of certain courtiers, who were in the secret, to induce her to wield the ferula of authority. It was in this journal that she expressed the exalted opinion of the scope and mission of the press quoted above.

A SLAVOPHILE REPLY TO VLADIMIR SOLOVIEFF.

The series of articles by Vladimir Solovieff in the *Messenger of Europe*, the last and most powerful of which was noticed in the first number of this REVIEW, have caused considerable sensation in Russia, and there is talk of several replies in preparation by Slavophile writers. Meanwhile, Madame Novikoff's brother, General Kireéff, has published what seems an authoritative *profession de foi* of the Slavophile Party in their official organ, the *Slavonic News*. The gist of this reply consists in an indignant denial of the theses put forth by Solovieff; for instance, of his assertion that Slavophiles claim that Russia in its actual condition is better, holier, nobler than other countries. "We have always maintained," says General Kireéff, "that the bases of our life, the ideals of the Russian people, are better, more correct, than those of other peoples. We still claim that if these ideals were realised, if our national principles were properly applied, then, indeed, we should be better than all others. . . . As a matter of fact, we hold that things are not by any means as they should be, especially beyond the Russian frontiers (in the domain of the non-Russian orthodox Church and among the Balkan Slavs). . . . It is the Nationalist idea which impelled us to scale the Balkans, to triumph at Navarino, to confer freedom upon the Bulgarians, to complete the enfranchisement of the Servians, and to march on San Stefano; and, undoubtedly, sooner or later, with more or less considerable sacrifices, history will lead us up to the goal marked out for us by Providence." The writer then goes on to develop the idea of a Church and State inseparably united, as opposed to the formula of a free Church in a free State, and he eloquently advocates the necessity of consultative assemblies for the purpose, not of limiting, but of aiding the autocracy.

THE GERMAN REVIEWS.

WITH such a wealth and variety of matter as the German periodicals offer, the best way, perhaps, to meet the wants of readers will be to give a classification of the leading contents of all of them rather than some general notice of each. The following are the periodicals included:—

Deutsche Revue, Breslau and Berlin, 2 Marks; *Deutsche Rundschau*, Berlin, Gartenlaube, Leipzig, 50 Pf.; *Gesellschaft*, Leipzig, 1 Mark 30 Pf.; *Grensboten*, Leipzig; *Nord und Süd*, Breslau, 6 Marks, quarterly; *Preussische Jahrbücher*, Berlin, 9 Marks, half-yearly; *Unsere Zeit*, Leipzig, 1 Mark; *Velhagen and Klasing's Neue Monatshefte*, 1 Mark 25 Pf.; *Vom Fels zum Meer*, Berlin and Stuttgart, 1 Mark; and *Westermann's Illustrated Monthly*, Brunswick, 4 Marks, quarterly.

SCIENCE.

In the article on the Secret of Telepathy and Modern Science, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, Camille Flammarion, the celebrated astronomer, calls attention to the cases which have come under the notice of the English Society for Psychical Research, and reproduces several of them.

Dr. Karl Du Prel contributes to the *Gesellschaft* a paper on the "Opponents of Mysticism," in which he replies to his critics,—Lasswitz, Brasch, and von Basedow. The *Gesellschaft* is indeed quite a Du Prel number, for, besides this article, it gives a portrait of the mystic, and two other articles in his defence. In *Vom Fels zum Meer* there is an article on "Meteors," and in *Velhagen* one on the "Influence of Man on the Distribution of Animals."

HISTORY.

History is represented in the *Deutsche Revue* by a short article on Jewdokia Lapuchin, the first wife of Peter the Great. This purports to tell from family papers the true story of this unhappy woman. The *Preussische Jahrbücher* reviews Heinrich v. Sybel's "History of the Founding of the New German Empire," and A. Kluckhohn continues his notice of the same work in the *Rundschau*. A. Wundt, in his retrospect of the century, 1789–1889, discusses the Relation of Philosophy to Contemporary History, also in the *Rundschau*. "The American Commonwealth," in the same periodical, is more an outline of the History of the Republic from Professor Bryce's famous work than a review; "Wellington at Talavera," in the *Gesellschaft*, is a minute description of the battlefield. An illustration, "Köln and Berlin doing homage to Frederick II. of Brandenburg," in *Velhagen*, is accompanied by a brief sketch of the Iron Markgraf. In *Vom Fels zum Meer* we have some of Frederick the Great's correspondence with Voltaire. The story of the military exploits of Marshal Radetzky, the old commander of the Austrian troops in Italy in 1848, is told in *Unsere Zeit*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

There are several articles dealing with the theatre and the drama.

Ibsen's Later Dramas are criticised in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. There is in *Velhagen* an article on Prima Donnas of To-day, in which the author brings together some interesting biographical notes, with portraits, of the famous opera singers:—Marcella Sembrich, Elisabeth Leisinger, Josefina V. Artner, Clementine Schuch-Proska, Bianca Bianchi (theatre name of Bertha Schwarz), Constanza Bonita, and Lilli Lehmann. In *Nord und Süd* there is also a biographical sketch, with portrait, of Anton Dvorak, the famous Czech composer, with a critical notice of his works, most of which are now quite familiar in English concert-rooms.

TRAVEL PAPERS.

Of the travel papers the best is decidedly the "Pictures of Life in Japan," by E. Naumann, with many illustrations, in *Westermann*. *Velhagen* gives an account of a visit to Hayti; another traveller describes in *Unsere Zeit* his wanderings in Persia from Kashan to Meshed, with a map of his route. Africa is represented by a short history of the German scientific station founded by Dr. Wolf at Bismarckburg, in Adeliland or Addelar, West Africa, with an illustration of a "Palaver"; an account of the Congo State Railway to Stanley Pool in *Unsere Zeit*; and the Diary of Edward Flegel in the *Revue*. It will be remembered that in April, 1885, Flegel was commissioned by the German African Company to explore the Niger-Binué country, and establish German influence there, but he died, a victim to the climate, in the September of the next year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Velhagen's vivid picture, capitably illustrated, of the Berlin Tramway Life, is interspersed with notes on the progress of the tramways of the capital since the first line was opened in the summer of 1865, statistics of mileage, passengers, receipts, employes, horses, etc. The employes receive fair wages besides uniform, and their work is lightened by a well-regulated division of the hours of labour. The *Gartenlaube* also gives a popular account of the North Sea Canal, with illustrations,—particulars of the cost, difficulties, and harbours, wages, food, and sleeping accommodation of the workmen. The sketch of the Glass Works of Bohemia, to be found in *Vom Fels zum Meer*, is very brief, but the interesting illustrations accompanying this and other articles being very numerous, have unfortunately to be inserted among text which has no reference to them whatever. The *Gartenlaube* also makes an attempt to trace the origin of the Christmas tree. "Amulets" and "Winter Sports in the Black Forest," are in *Vom Fels zum Meer*. *Westermann* discusses the parable or legend of "The Three Rings." There are papers on "Financial Preparation for War in Time of Peace" in the *Revue*; "The Education of Boys of the Upper and Middle Classes in Germany," in the *Rundschau*; and "The Exemption of Catholic Priests from Military Service" in the *Grensboten*, in which the writer asks whether the same privileges will not also be granted to the Evangelicals.

An article on "The Romanisation of England" appears in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* for January.

NOTICE.

Owing to a typographical mischance at the moment of going to press, we have had to hold over the whole of our French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and Belgian Magazines and Reviews. For France, the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, the NOUVELLE REVUE, the REVUE BRITANNIQUE, the REVUE HISTORIQUE, the REVUE DE LA REVOLUTION, the REVUE DE FAMILLE, the REVUE SCIENTIFIQUE, the REVUE BLEUE, the LIVRE MODERNE, the REVUE SOCIALISTE, the REVUE GENERALE, L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. For Spain the REVISTA CONTEMPORANEA, REVISTA IBERO-AMERICANA. For Italy, the NUOVA ANTOLOGIA and the RASSEGNA NAZIONALE.

THE MORE NOTABLE ARTICLES IN THE MAGAZINES.

Andover Review. *Boston, 35 cents. Jan.*

The Flying Spider. Observations by Jonathan Edwards when a boy.
Endowment of Newspapers: A Rejoinder. Frederick H. Page.
Revision of the Westminster Confession. Professor C. A. Briggs.
A General View of Missions: Persia. Rev. C. C. Starbuck.

Atlanta. *6d.*

Schools of To-day. Dorothea Beale.
Celebrated Lady Novelists:—I. Ann Radcliffe. Sarah Tytler.

Atlantic Monthly. *1s.*

Over the Icecaps. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.
The Behrings' Sea Question.
The Japanese Constitution.
Mr. Bellamy and the New Nationalist Party.

Bally's Sports and Pastimes. *1s.*

The American Buffalo.
The Arabian Horse (Illustrated).

Blackwood's. *Edinburgh, 2s. 6d.*

In the Days of the Dandies, II.
Lord Chesterfield.
Modern Mannish Maidens.
What I Learned in Ireland.

Cassell's Family. *7d.*

An Anatomy of Handwriting. By an Expert.
With Illustrative Specimen.

Cassell's Saturday. *6d.*

Celebrated Catastrophes.
Mr. George R. Sims at Regent's Park (III).
Mr. Harry Furniss at Home (Illustrated).

Centennial. *Dec. Melbourne, 1s.*

Melbourne in the Fifties. James Smith.
The Church and Modern Thought. H. L. Jackson, M.A.
The Art of Wooing. W. Lewers and F. C. Cowe.

Century. *1s. 4d.*

An Artist's Letters from Japan (Illustrated). John La Farge.
The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson.
Abraham Lincoln: The Capture of Jefferson Davis; The End of the Rebellion; Lincoln's Fame.
The Realm of Congo. 1. By the Commissioner of the U.S., W. P. Tiede. 2. By one of Stanley's former Officers, E. Y. Glave.
A Corner of Old Paris. Elizabeth Batch. (Illustrated).
Emerson's Talks with a College Boy (Portrait). C. J. Woodbury.

Chambers's. *7d.*

The Labour Colonies of Holland.
Lepers in Canada.
How our Drugs are Imported.

Cornhill. *6d.*

Grangerising.
Afterthoughts
Real Estate in Volcanic Regions.

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WELSH MAGAZINES.

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Cymru Fydd (*"Wales shall be"*).

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The Hymns of Wales. By the Rev. Prof. Ellis Edwards.

Welshmen at the Universities.

WELSH QUARTERLIES.

Y Geninen (*The Leek*).

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Welsh Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By Llew Llwyvo.

Y Traethodydd (*The Essayist*).

The Welsh Intermediate Education Act. By the Rev. David Evans.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK.

A SATIRICAL ATTACK ON ENGLISH INSTITUTIONS.

W.T. Sted - the only
critic besides DeVoto
who bothered to read
the book before
criticising it.

IN selecting as the Novel of the Month Mark Twain's new story, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," I am aware that I expose myself to many remonstrances. There is a certain profanation in the subject, and withal a certain dulness in its treatment. It is not a novel; it is a ponderous political pamphlet, and so forth and so forth. Nevertheless, to those who endeavour to understand what the mass of men who speak English are thinking, as opposed to those who merely care about what they think they ought to be thinking, this book of Mark Twain's is one of the most significant of our time. It is notable for its faults quite as much as for its virtues, and for the irreverent audacity of its original conception as much as for the cumbrous and strenuous moralising which makes it at times more like one of Jonathan Edwards' sermons than a mere buoyant and farcical bubbling up of American humour.

Mark Twain is one of the few American authors whose writings are popular throughout the English-speaking world. Our superfine literary men of culture who pooh-pooh the rough rude vigour of the American humorist represent a small clique. Mark Twain gets "directlier at the heart" of the masses than any of the blue-china set of nimminy-pimminy criticasters. In his own country, if we may judge from the remarks in the January *Harper*, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" has been received with an enthusiasm which it has hitherto failed to evoke on this side of the Atlantic. We read there that "the delicious satire, the marvellous wit, the wild, free, fantastic humour, are the colours of the tapestry, while the texture is a humanity that lives in every fibre. We can give no proper notion of the measureless play of an imagination which has a gigantic jollity in its feats, together with the tenderest sympathy. The humour of the conception and of the performance is simply immense; but more than ever Mr. Clemens's humour seems the sunny break of his intense conviction." What a contrast this to the frigid condemnation of the *Speaker*: "In his last book Mr. Clemens fails to make us laugh by any method, even the worst. He is not only dull when he is offensive, but perhaps even more dull when he is didactic." Yet I make free to say that the vote of the mass of English people would be on the side of the American and against the English critic. For what our critical class has failed to appreciate is that the Education Act has turned out and is turning out millions of readers who are much more like the Americans in their tastes, their ideas, and their sympathies than they are to the English of the cultured, pampered, and privileged classes.

The average English-speaking man is the product of the common school in America, of the public elementary school in Britain and Australia. His literary taste is not classical but popular. He prefers Longfellow to Browning, and as a humorist he enjoys Mark Twain more than all the dainty wits whose delicately flavoured quips and cranks delight the boudoir and the drawing-room. This may be most deplorable from the point of view of the supercilious aesthetes, but the fact in all its brutality cannot be too frankly recognised.

Another circumstance which gives significance to the book is the fact that it is the latest among the volumes whereby Americans are revolutionising the old country. The two books which have given the greatest impetus to the social-democratic movement in recent years have both come to us from America. Henry George's land nationalisation theories were scouted by the superfine, but they have gained a firm hold of the public mind. His book has circulated everywhere, and is still circulating. Of another kind, but operating in the same direction, is Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backwards," which has supplied our people with a clearly written-out apocalypse of the new heaven and the new earth that are to come after the acceptance of the Evangel of Socialism. Mark Twain's book is a third contribution in the same direction. His Yankee is a fierce and furious propagandist of anti-monarchical and aristocratic ideas. Under the veil of sarcasms levelled at King Arthur we see a genial mockery of the British monarchy of to-day, with its Royal grants and all its semi-feudal paraphernalia. Nor is it only at British abuses Mark Twain levels his burly jests. He thwacks the protectionist American as readily as the aristocratic Briton. There is something infinitely significant in the very form of his satire. If there is nothing sacred to a sapper, neither can there be anything sacred to a descendant of the men of the *Mayflower*, who has all the fervour of Mr. Zeal-for-the-Lord-Busy and the confident, complacent assurance of Sam Slick, who dismissed unceremoniously the authority of Plato or Aristotle with the observation that we need not heed what they said as there were no railways in their times. Here is the New England Democrat and Puritan as passionately sympathetic with the common man as the nobles and knights, whom he scourges were sympathetic with men of their order, determined to avenge the injustice of centuries, and by holding the mirror up to fact to punish the chivalric age by showing how it treated the common man. It is not longer enough to judge systems of to-day by the effect:

which they have upon Hodge the ploughman and Bottom the weaver; the war must be carried into the enemy's camp, the verdict of history must be reversed, and all our ideals of the past transformed in the light of this new and imperious interrogation.—The labouring man, what did that age or that institution make of him?

Tennyson sang the idyls of the King, and as long as the world lasts Sir Thomas Malory's marvellous old Romance will fill the hearts and imaginations of men with some far-off reflection of the splendours and the glories of that child-like age. But truly he sang "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," of which can we have a more notable and even brutal illustration than the apparition of this vulgar Yankee realist, with his telephones and his dynamite, his insufferable slang and his infinite self-conceit, in the midst of King Arthur's Court, applying to all the knighthood of the Round Table the measure of his yard-stick,—the welfare

Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Church. There is much strange misreading of history caused by the extent to which Mark Twain has allowed the abuses of institutions to obscure their use. But I have said enough by way of preface.

Here is the story itself, or as much of it as can be condensed from a volume of over 500 pages into less than thirty columns of this REVIEW.

A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.*
AN OBJECT LESSON IN DEMOCRACY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I am an American,—born and reared in Hartford, in the State of Connecticut,—a Yankee of the Yankees, and practical. Yes, and nearly barren of sentiment I suppose,—or poetry, in other words. My father was a blacksmith. I learned my real trade at the Great Arms Factory,—learned to make everything,—and became head superintendent, with a couple of thousand men under me. I had plenty of fighting with the rough fellows



AN OBJECT LESSON IN DEMOCRACY, BY MARK TWAIN.

of the common man? It is the supreme assertion of the law of numbers, of the application of the patent arithmetical proposition that ten is more than one, to the problems of politics and of history.

Tennyson himself, in the "Last Tournament," supplied a vivid picture, which may well serve as a frontispiece of Mark Twain's vision:—

Into the hall swaggered, his visage ribbed
From ear to ear with dog whip-weals, his nose
Bridge-broken, one eye out and one hand off,
And one with shattered fingers dangling, lame;
A churl, to whom indignantly the king,
"My churl, for whom Christ died; what evil beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend,
Man, was it who marr'd heaven's image in thee thus?"

The churl for whom Christ died is the centre of Mark Twain's story, which is a long and a passionate attempt to suggest that the evil beast who marred the visage of the poor wretch was the three-headed chimera of

under me, and at last I met my match. It was during a misunderstanding, conducted with crowbars, with a fellow we used to call Hercules. He landed me with a crowbar. The world went out in darkness, and I didn't feel anything more, at least for a while.

When I came to again, I was sitting under an oak-tree, with a fellow on a horse, fresh out of a picture-book, looking down at me. He was in old-time armour from head to heel, with a helmet on his head the shape of a nail-keg with slits in it.

"Fair sir, will ye just?" said this fellow.

"Will I which?"

"Will ye try a passage-of-arms for land or lady, or for—?"

"What are you giving me?" I said. "Get along back to your circus, or I'll report you."

Now, what does that man do but fall back a couple of hundred yards, and then come rushing at me as hard as he could tear, with his nail-keg bent down nearly to his horse's neck, and his long spear pointed straight ahead.

* "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." By Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens). With 220 Illustrations by Dan Beard. Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 7s. 6d.

I saw he meant business, so I was up the tree when he arrived.

He allowed that I was his property. I judged best to humour him. We fixed up an agreement, whereby I was to go with him, and he was not to hurt me. I gave up the idea of a circus, and concluded he was from an asylum. At the end of an hour we saw a far-away town.

"Bridgeport?" said I, pointing.

"Camelot!" said he.

"Camelot, Camelot?" said I to myself. "I don't seem to remember hearing of it before. Name of asylum, likely." I moved along as one in a dream.

As we approached the town, signs of life began to appear. At intervals we passed a wretched cabin, with a thatched roof, and about it small fields and garden patches in an indifferent state of cultivation. There were people, too; brawny men, with long, coarse, uncombed hair that hung down over their faces and made them look like animals. They and the women, as a rule, wore a coarse tow-linen robe that came well below the knee, and a rude sort of sandals, and many wore an iron collar. The small boys and girls were always naked; but nobody seemed to know it. All of these people stared at me, talked about me, ran into the huts and fetched out their families to gaze at me; but nobody ever noticed that other fellow, except to make him humble salutation and get no response for their pains.

In the town were some substantial windowless houses of stone, scattered among a wilderness of thatched cabins; the streets were mere crooked alleys, and unpaved; troops of dogs and nude children played in the sun and made life and noise; hogs roamed and rooted contentedly about, and one of them lay in a reeking wallow in the middle of the main thoroughfare and suckled her family.

We reached the castle, crossed the drawbridge, and found ourselves in a great paved court with towers stretching up into the blue sky on all the four sides.

The moment I got the chance I slipped aside privately and touched an ancient, common-looking man on the shoulder, and said in an insinuating, confidential way,—

"Friend, do me a kindness. Do you belong to the asylum, or are you just here on a visit?"

He looked me over stupidly and said, "Marry, fair sir, mesemeth."

"That will do," I said; "I reckon you are a patient."

Presently I drew another aside, and said in his ear,—

"If I could see the head keeper a minute,—only a minute."

He said he was busy, but that an airy, slim boy in shrimp-coloured tights, in blue silk and dainty laces and ruffles would tell me anything I wanted.

He looked me over with a smiling and impudent curiosity, said he had come for me, and informed me that he was a page.

"Go long," I said, "you ain't more than a paragraph."

It was pretty severe, but he did not appear to know he was hurt. He chattered away, and as he talked he happened to mention he was born in the year 513. It made the cold chills creep over me.

I said, "Either I am a lunatic, or something just as awful has happened. Now tell me honest and true, where am I?"

"In King Arthur's Court."

"And, according to your notions, what year is it now?"

"528; 19th of June."

I felt a mournful sinking at the heart, and muttered, "I shall never see my friends again,—never, never again. They will not be born for more than thirteen hundred years yet."

THE ECLIPSE AND ITS SEQUEL.

Mark Twain, having thus located his hero in the king's court at Camelot, conducts him through a preliminary series of adventures.

At first the Yankee's reason revolted against the possibility of his transfer backwards across the centuries, but remembering that there was a total eclipse 21st of June, 528, at three minutes past twelve, he shoved the whole problem out of his mind till the term of verification arrived, and made up his mind to two things.

"If it was still the nineteenth century, and I was among lunatics and couldn't get away, I would presently boss that asylum, or know the reason why; and if, on the other hand, it was really the sixth century, I would boss the whole country inside of three months."

In the meantime, he was told that he had been made prisoner by Sir Kay, that he would be taken and exhibited before the King of the Round Table after dinner, and then flung into a dungeon.

The knights sat round the oaken table called the Table Round, munching bread and gnawing beef bones and drinking from entire ox horns. Every now and then they threw a bone to the dogs, and a great fight would ensue:—

They were a childlike and innocent lot. Telling lies with a most gentle and winning *naïveté*, and willing to listen to anybody else's lie, and believe it too. I was not the only prisoner present. There were twenty or more. Poor devils, many of them maimed, hacked, carved in a frightful way, and their hair, their faces, their clothing were caked with black and stiffened drenchings of blood.

There did not seem to be brains enough in the company to bait a fish-hook with. A noble benignity and purity reposed in Sir Galahad's countenance, likewise in the King's, and there was majesty and greatness in the giant frame and high bearing of Sir Lancelot of the Lake. After various narratives and sport, such as the tying of a pot to a dog's tail, Sir Kay rehearsed the story of his prisoner's capture.

He said he had killed thirteen knights, annulled the enchantment of his strange apparel by prayer, and when "this prodigious giant, this tusked and taloned mandevouring ogre," sprang to the top of a tree 200 cubits high at a bound, he had dislodged him by a stone the size of a cow. Finally the Yankee was condemned to be burnt to death at noon on the 21st. But could he be burned in his enchanted clothes? Merlin solved the difficulty by stripping him as naked as a pair of tongs before all the ladies, whose conversation was indelicate enough to have made a Comanche blush. Real gentlemen and real ladies in this respect, says Mark Twain, never made their appearance till the nineteenth century.

To the dungeon he was carried off, and there he is visited by Clarence, the page, who tells him Merlin has wrought a spell round the cell.

"What Merlin; that cheap old humbug, that maundering old ass. Oh, damn Merlin!"

Clarence nearly fainted. The dread the boy was in suggested an idea. The Yankee seized it, and proclaimed that he was a magician himself greater than Merlin, and sent a message to the king that he was arranging a calamity. He threatened to blot out the sun so that it would never shine again. The answer was an order to execute him twenty-four hours before the time fixed for the extinction of the sun. He was led out to the stake. Fortunately there had been a mistake in the date given him by Clarence, and he was no sooner fastened to the stake than the eclipse began. He declared that it was his doing, and he was ultimately released on the promise of the king that if he would restore the sun to life he should be his perpetual minister and executive, receiving for his services one per cent. on all increase of revenue above its present amount.

From the stake he stepped at a bound to the first place

in the kingdom. Merlin was mutinous. He was clapped into prison. The multitudes assembled clamorous for more miracles. The Yankee determined to blow up Merlin's tower. Telling Clarence that this was a sort of miracle that required a trifle of preparation, and that it would be sudden death to talk about it to anybody, he made a few bushels of blasting powder, concealed them in the foundations of the tower, fixed a lighting rod, and blew the place up.

His reputation was established. His authority there was now none to dispute. He became The Boss, and his authority was only second to that of the king in all the realm.

THE PEOPLE IN KING ARTHUR'S TIME.

Mark Twain thus describes the people among whom his hero, The Boss, aspired to introduce the Republican notions of the nineteenth century:—

Well, it was a curious country, and full of interest. And the people! They were the quaintest and simplest and trustingest race—why, they were nothing but rabbits. Why, dear me, *any* kind of royalty, howsoever modified, *any* kind of aristocracy, howsoever pruned, is rightly an insult; but if you are born and brought up under that sort of arrangement you probably never find it out for yourself, and don't believe it when somebody else tells you.]

The most of King Arthur's British nation were slaves, pure and simple, and bore that name, and wore the iron collar on their necks; and the rest were slaves in fact, but without the name; they imagined themselves men and freemen, and called themselves so. The truth was, the nation as a body was in the world for one object, and one only: to grovel before king, and church, and noble; to slave for them, sweat blood for them, starve that they might be fed, work that they might play, drink misery to the dregs that they might be happy, go naked that they might wear silks and jewels, pay taxes that they might be spared from paying them. And for all this, the thanks they got were cuffs and contempt; and so poor-spirited were they that they took even this sort of attention as an honour.

Inherited ideas are a curious thing, and interesting to observe and examine.

I was admired, also feared; but it was as an animal is admired and feared. The animal is not revered, neither was I; I was not even respected. I had no pedigree, no inherited title; so in the king's and the nobles' eyes I was mere dirt; the people regarded me with wonder and awe, but there was no reverence mixed with it; through the force of inherited ideas they were not able to conceive of anything being entitled to that, except pedigree and lordship. There you see the hand of that awful power, the Roman Catholic Church. In two or three little centuries it had converted a nation of men to a nation of worms. Before the day of the Church's supremacy in the world, men were men, and held their heads up, and had a man's pride and spirit and independence; and what of greatness and position a person got, he got mainly by achievement, not by birth. But when the Church came to the front, with an axe to grind; and she was wise, subtle, and knew more than one way to skin a cat—or a nation; she invented "divine right of kings," and propped it all around, brick by brick, with the Beatitudes; and she introduced heritable ranks and aristocracies, and taught all the Christian populations of the earth to bow down to them and worship them. It seems to show that there isn't anything you can't stand, if you are only born and bred to it. Of course, that taint, that reverence for rank and title, had been in our American blood, too—I know that; but when I left America it had disappeared—at least, to all intents and purposes. The remnant of it was restricted to the dudes and duffers.

Seven-tenths of the free population of the country were of just their class and degree: small "independent" farmers, artisans, &c., which is to say, they were the nation, the actual nation; they were about all of it that was useful, or worth saving, or really respect-worthy; and to subtract them would have been to subtract the nation and leave behind some dregs, some refuse in the shape of a king, nobility and gentry, idle,

unproductive, acquainted mainly with the arts of wasting and destroying, and of no sort of use or value in any rationally-constructed world.

The talk of these meek people had a strange enough sound in a formerly American ear. They were freemen, but they could not leave the estates of their lord or their bishop without his permission; they could not prepare their own bread, but must have their corn ground and their bread baked at his mill and his bakery, and pay roundly for the same; they could not sell a piece of their own property without paying him a handsome percentage of the proceeds, nor buy a piece of somebody else's without remembering him in cash for the privilege; they had to harvest his grain for him gratis, and be ready to come at a moment's notice, leaving their own crop to destruction by the threatened storm; they had to let him plant fruit trees in their fields, and then keep their indignation to themselves when his heedless fruit-gatherers trampled the grain around the trees; they had to smother their anger when his hunting parties galloped through their fields laying waste the result of their patient toil; they were not allowed to keep doves themselves, and when the swarms from my lord's dovecote settled on their crops they must not lose their temper and kill a bird, for awful would the penalty be; when the harvest was at last gathered, then came the procession of robbers to levy their blackmail upon it: first the Church carted off its fat tenth, then the king's commissioner took his twentieth, then my lord's people made a mighty inroad upon the remainder; after which, the skinned freeman had liberty to bestow the remnant in his barn, in case it was worth the trouble; there were taxes, and taxes, and taxes, and more taxes, and taxes again, and yet other taxes—upon this free and independent pauper, but none upon his lord the baron or the bishop, none upon the wasteful nobility or the all-devouring Church; if the baron would sleep unweaved, the freeman must sit up all night after his day's work and whip the ponds to keep the frogs quiet; if the freeman's daughter—but no, that last infamy of monarchical government is unprintable; and finally, if the freeman, grown desperate with his tortures, found his life unendurable under such conditions, and sacrificed it and fled to death for mercy and refuge, the gentle Church condemned him to eternal fire, the gentle law buried him at midnight at the cross-roads with a stake through his back, and his master the baron or the bishop confiscated all his property and turned his widow and his orphans out of doors.

It was among these people that The Boss set about acclimatising the ripest fruits of nineteenth-century civilisation. The first thing, he said, you want in a new country is a patent office, then work up your school system, and after that out with your paper. "A newspaper has its faults, and plenty of them, but you can't resurrect a dead nation without it. There isn't any way." So he set to work to train reporters, he started a teacher factory, and a lot of Sunday schools, and soon had a complete variety of Protestant congregations in a prosperous and growing condition. Four years passed. Civilisation began to boom. Clarence was made his head executive in training to be editor. A telegraph and telephone system was being surreptitiously established. The taxes were systematised, the revenues quadrupled, when suddenly, in the midst of all the good work, The Boss was despatched on a quest.

THE BOSS IN ARMOUR.

Sir Sagramour le Desirous, misunderstanding a remark let fall at a tournament, challenged me to mortal combat. The fight was to come off after he returned from the quest of the Holy Grail. The boys all took a turn at the Holy Grail now and then. It was a several years' cruise. They always put in the long absence swooping round in the most conscientious way, though none of them had any idea where the Holy Grail really was. Every year expeditions went out holy grailing, and next year relief-expeditions went out to hunt for them. There were worlds of reputation in it, but no money.

There never was such a country for wandering liars, and these were of both sexes. One day one of these people—a she one this time—turned up at Camelot, and told a tale of the usual pattern. Her mistress and forty-four young and beautiful princesses were languishing in cruel captivity, imprisoned in a castle, of which three one-eyed brothers were keepers. The task of liberating these fair prisoners was entrusted to me. I was as glad as a person is when he is disembowelled. The Demoiselle Alisande la Cartelouse could give no definite information about the Enchanted Castle. She had no credentials. She was a perfect ass, yet the king and his knights had listened to her as if she had been a leaf out of the Gospels.

However, I had to stand off with her. I had the demon's own time with the armour. It is troublesome to get into, and there is so much detail. When you are completely armoured, you are as snug as a candle in a candle-mould. Off I started with Sandy, for so I called the Lady Alisande, clinging on behind. It began to get bad.

Things which I didn't mind at all at first I began to mind now—and more and more, too, all the time. The first ten or fifteen times I wanted my handkerchief I didn't seem to care; I got along, and said never mind, it isn't any matter, and dropped it out of my mind. But now it was different; I wanted it all the time; it was nag, nag, nag, right along, and no rest; I couldn't get it out of my mind; and so at last I lost my temper, and said hang a man that would make a suit of armour without any pockets in it. You see I had my handkerchief in my helmet, and some other things; but it was that kind of a helmet that you can't take off by yourself. That hadn't occurred to me when I put it there; and in fact I didn't know it. I supposed it would be particularly convenient there. It was bitter and aggravating to have the salt sweat keep trickling down into my eyes, and I couldn't get at it. It seemed like a little thing on paper, but it was not a little thing at all; it was the most real kind of misery. Of course I said things I ought not to have said, I don't deny that. I am not better than others. We couldn't seem to meet anybody in this lonesome Britain, not even an ogre; and in the mood I was then in, it was well for the ogre; that is, an ogre with a handkerchief. Most knights would have thought of nothing but getting his armour; but so I got his bandanna, he could keep his hardware, for all me.

Meantime I was getting hotter and hotter in there. You see, the sun was beating down, and warming up the iron more and more all the time. Well, when you are hot that way, every little thing irritates you. When I trotted, I rattled like a crate of dishes, and that annoyed me; and, moreover, I couldn't seem to stand that shield slatting and banging, now about my breast, now around my back; and if I dropped into a walk my joints creaked and screeched in that wearisome way that a wheelbarrow does; and as we didn't create any breeze at that gait, I was like to get fried in that stove; and besides, the quieter you went the heavier the iron settled down on you, and the more and more tons you seemed to weigh every minute. And you had to be always changing hands, and passing your spear over to the other foot, it got so irksome for one hand to hold it long at a time.

Well, you know, when you perspire that way, in rivers, there comes a time—when you—when you—well, when you itch. You are inside, your hands are outside; so there you are; nothing but iron between. It is not a light thing, let it sound as it may. First it is one place; then another; then some more; and it goes on spreading and spreading, and at last the territory is all occupied, and nobody can imagine what you feel like, nor how unpleasant it is. And when it had got to the worst, and it seemed to me that I could not stand anything more, a fly got in through the bars and settled on my nose, and the bars were stuck and wouldn't work, and I couldn't get the visor up; and I could only shake my head, which was baking hot by this time, and the fly—well, you know how a fly acts when he has got a certainty—he only minded the shaking enough to change from nose to lip, and lip

to ear, and buzz and buzz all around in there, and keep on lighting and biting, in a way that a person already so distressed as I was, simply could not stand. So I gave in, and got Alisande to unship the helmet and relieve me of it. Then she emptied the conveniences out of it and fetched it full of water, and I drank, and then stood up, and she poured the rest down inside the armour. One cannot think how refreshing it was. She continued to fetch and pour until I was well soaked and thoroughly comfortable.

The tobacco-pipe which I carried in my helmet stood me in good stead. Six knights charged upon me, but just as they were ready to break over me I spurted out a column of white smoke through the bars of my helmet. They stopped and surrendered, and were packed off to King Arthur's court to yield them horse and harness and be my knights henceforth.

Shortly after eve came one of my peripatetic knights, whom I had despatched about the land, bearing on their tabards the inscription, "Persimmons soap—all the prime donne use it." I thought that these manœuvres would gradually introduce a rudimentary cleanliness among the nobility, and from them it would work down to the people, if the priests could be kept quiet. This would undermine the Church. Next education, next freedom, and then she would begin to crumble.

My missionaries were taught to follow those signs in their labours, and explain to the lords and ladies what soap was, and if lords and ladies were afraid of it, get them to try it on a dog. The missionary's next move was to get the family together, and try it on himself; if any final doubt prevailed, he must catch a hermit. If a hermit could survive a wash, and that failed to convince a duke, give him up, let him alone. Whenever my missionaries overcame a knight-errant on the road, they washed him, and when he got well, they swore him to get a bulletin board and disseminate soap and civilisation the rest of his days.

A GAOL DELIVERY.

Then we came to the Castle of Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister and wife of King Uriens, for kingdoms were as thick in Britain under King Arthur as a little Palestine in Joshua's time, when people had to sleep with their knees pulled up because they could not stretch out without a passport.

I knew Mr. le Fay by reputation. To my surprise she was beautiful. She caused us to be seated, and then began with all manner of pretty graces to ask me questions. I felt persuaded this woman must have been lied about. She trilled along and trilled along, and presently a handsome young page came with something on a golden salver, and kneeling he presented it, overdid his graces and lost his balance and so fell lightly against her knee. She slipped a dirk into him as a matter of course, as easy as another person would have harpooned a rat. Poor child, he slumped to the floor, twisted his silken limbs in one great straining contortion of pain and was dead.

The conversation went on. I let drop a complimentary word about King Arthur, forgetting how this woman hated her brother. Instantly she called her guards and said:—

"Hale me these valets to the dungeons!"

Sandy, undismayed, piped up—

"Good swounds, dost thou covet destruction, thou maniac? It is The Boss!"

What a happy idea. So simple, yet it would never have occurred to me. I was born modest, not all over but in spots, and this was one of the spots.

The effect on madame was electrical. In a ghastly fright she hastened to say that she but played a little jest upon me in the hope I would blast the guards with

consuming fire. The guards were less curious and got out as soon as they got permission. Madame grew importunate for me to kill somebody. To my relief she was interrupted by the call to prayers. I will say this much for the nobility,—tyrannical, nefarious, and morally fallen as they were,—they were deeply and enthusiastically religious.

Even the worst of them had family worship five or six times a day, besides service morning and night.

After prayers we had dinner. The orchestra performed the first draft of the wail known to later centuries as "The Sweet By and By." For one reason or another the queen had the composer hanged after dinner. I gave her permission to hang the whole band.

After dinner the company dispersed and I was left alone with the queen. As she talked there came as if from deep down under us a far-away sound as of a muffled shriek, with an expression of agony about it that made my flesh creep. The queen's eyes lighted with pleasure. She tilted her graceful head as a bird does when it listens.

"Truly a stubborn soul; he endureth long. How many hours now?"

"Endureth what?"

"The rack. Come, ye shall see a blithe sight. An he yield not his secret now ye shall see him torn asunder."

I followed her along echoing corridors, down close staircases, until we reached the torture chamber. A native young giant of thirty who had been accused by an anonymous informant of killing a deer, was being racked to death in the presence of his wife and child. His wife begged him to confess and die. He refused. I interfered. As King Arthur's representative I cleared the room, undid the prisoner, and asked him why he did not confess. He replied—

"Ah, sweet sir, and leave my wife and chick without bread and shelter?"

Oh, heart of gold, now I see it! The bitter law takes the convicted man's estate and beggars his widow and his orphans. They could torture you to death, but without conviction or confession they could not rob your wife or baby. You stood by them like a man; and *you*—true wife and true woman that you are—you would have bought him release from torture at cost to yourself of slow starvation and death—well, it humbles a body to think what your sex can do when it comes to self-sacrifice. I'll book you both for my colony; you'll like it there; it's a factory where I'm going to turn groping and grubbing automata into *men*.

The executioner was spared, but made leader of the new band that was started. He begged hard and said he couldn't play. A plausible excuse, but too thin; there wasn't a musician in the country who could.

The Boss decided to have a general gaol delivery.

She resisted; but I was expecting that. But she finally consented. I was expecting that, too, but not so soon. That about ended my discomfort. She called her guards and torches, and we went down into the dungeons. These were down under the castle's foundations, and mainly were small cells hollowed out of the living rock. Some of these cells had no light at all. In one of them was a woman, in foul rags, who sat on the ground, and would never answer a question or speak a word. This poor rack of bones was a woman of middle age apparently, but only apparently; she had been there nine years, and was eighteen when she entered. She was a commoner, and had been sent here on her bridal night by Sir Breuse Sance Pité, a neighbouring lord whose vassal her father was, and to which said lord she had refused what has since been called *le droit du Seigneur*; and, moreover, had opposed violence to violence and spilt half a gill of his almost sacred blood. The young husband had interfered at that point, believing the bride's life in danger, and had flung the noble out into the midst of the humble and trembling

wedding guests in the parlour, and left him there, astonished at this strange treatment and implacably embittered against both bride and groom. The said lord being cramped for dungeon-room had asked the queen to accommodate his two criminals, and here in her bastille they had been ever since; hither, indeed, they had come before their crime was an hour old, and had never seen each other since. Here they were, kernelled like toads in the same rock; they had passed nine pitch-dark years within fifty feet of each other, yet neither knew whether the other was alive or not. All the first years, their only question had been—asked with beseechings and tears that might have moved stones, in time, perhaps, but hearts are not stones: "Is he alive?" "Is she alive?" But they had never received an answer; and at last that question was not asked any more—or any other.

I wanted to see the man, after hearing all this. He was thirty-four years old, and looked sixty. He sat upon a squared block of stone, with his head bent down, his forearms resting on his knees, his long hair hanging like a fringe before his face, and he was muttering to himself. He raised his chin and looked us slowly over, in a listless, dull way, blinking with the distress of the torch-light, then dropped his head and fell to muttering again, and took no further notice of us.

I could not rouse the man; so I said we would take him to her, and see—to the bride who was the fairest thing in the earth to him, once. The sight of her would set his stagnant blood leaping; the sight of her—

But it was a disappointment. They sat together on the ground, and looked dimly wondering into each other's face a while, with a sort of weak animal curiosity; then forgot each other's presence, and dropped their eyes, and you saw that they were away again and wandering in some far land of dreams and shadows that we know nothing about.

I had them taken out and sent to their friends. The queen did not like it much. Not that she felt any personal interest in the matter, but she thought it disrespectful to Sir Breuse Sance Pité. However, I assured her that if he found he couldn't stand it I would fix him so that he could.

I set forty-seven prisoners loose out of those awful rat-holes.

Dear me, for what trifling offences the most of those forty-seven men and women were shut up there! Indeed, some were there for no distinct offence at all, but only to gratify somebody's spite; and not always the queen's by any means, but a friend's.

Some of the cells carved in the living rock were just behind the face of the precipice, and in each of these an arrow-slit had been pierced outward to the daylight, and so the captive had a thin ray from the blessed sun for his comfort. The case of one of these poor fellows was particularly hard. From his dusky swallow's hole high up in that vast wall of native rock he could peer out through the arrow-slit and see his own home off yonder in the valley; and for twenty-two years he had watched it, with heart-ache and longing, through that crack.

Well, to have an interest, of some sort, and half a ray of light, when you are in a dungeon, is a great support to the body and preserver of the intellect. This man was in pretty good condition yet.

But for me, he never would have got out. Morgan le Fay hated him with her whole heart, and she never would have softened toward him. And yet his crime was committed more in thoughtlessness than deliberate depravity. He had said she had red hair. Well, she had; but that was no way to speak of it. When red-headed people are above a certain social grade, their hair is auburn.

Consider it: among these forty-seven captives, there were five whose names, offences, and dates of incarceration were no longer known! One woman and four men—all bent, and wrinkled, and mind-extinguished patriarchs. None of the five had seen daylight for thirty-five years; how much longer this privation had lasted was not guessable. The king and the queen knew nothing about these poor creatures, except that they were heirlooms, assets inherited, along with the throne, from the former firm. Nothing of their history had been transmitted with their persons, and so the inheriting owners had considered them of no value, and had felt no interest in them.

When I brought my procession of human bats up into the

open world and the glare of the afternoon sun—previously blindfolding them, in charity for eyes so long untortured by light—they were a spectacle to look at. Skeletons, scarecrows, goblins, pathetic frights, every one: legitimate possible children of Monarchy by the Grace of God and the Established Church.

MIRACLE-WORKING IN THE VALLEY OF HOLINESS.

After the gaol delivery the Boss rode on with the Demoiselle Alisande to the famous enchanted castle, where the imprisoned princesses lay in the custody of the ogres. To his infinite astonishment he found that the ogres were swineherds, and the poor victims of their enchantment a herd of pigs, rooting in a sty, which to the fantastic imagination of poor Sandy seemed a castle. Humouring the delusion of the poor demented lady, he bought the pigs from their keepers, and his quest was accomplished. Sandy, however, insisted upon conveying

more than one barbed shot which recall recollections of his dissertation upon How to Improve the German Language in his "Tramp Abroad." Notwithstanding poor Sandy's hallucination about the pigs and her endless talking, it was owing to her heroic courage that the Boss escaped from many straits. Her character is drawn with much skill, and she stands out before the reader as a true-hearted simple-minded loving maiden, whose creation is one of Mark Twain's happiest efforts. Sandy refused to quit the side of her champion, and together they made their way to the Valley of Holiness. On their way they come across a slave-gang, which gives opportunity for a pathetic description of the brutalities to which these slaves were subjected.

The account which Mark Twain gives of the Valley of Holiness, with its miraculous fountain, which ceased to flow when the monks committed the enormity of bathing; with its filthy hermits, with its monastery on one side the



THE BOSS READING THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

the precious high-born ladies to a neighbouring castle, where they were lodged as became their quality. Next day the Boss and Sandy departed—the lady believing that her released princesses would be claimed by their relatives, while the Boss departed rejoicing in the fact that he had made them over to be slaughtered by the attendants at the castle. The relations between Demoiselle Alisande, otherwise Sandy, and the Boss are very delicately described, and the delineation of Sandy's character is marked by many touches of humour. Poor Sandy, who appears at first as the endless recounter of knightly deeds, tells stories of knight-errantry with tedious prolixity which wearies the reader, and is too much for the Boss. Only once did her mill cease to grind in an endless stream, and that was when the Boss asked her her age. Mark Twain declares that he learned to regard her with infinite reverence as the great-grandmother of the German language, against which he lets fly

valley, its nunnery on the other, and a great foundling asylum midway between, is all done with the broad irreverence of the Yankee Protestant humourist.

Just before they had arrived the miraculous fountain had ceased to flow, to the dismay of all the faithful. The Boss found out the cause of the stoppage without difficulty. The inner casing of masonry in the well had fallen away. He determined to re-establish his fame as a magician, and restore the flow of the water. Sending to Camelot for assistants, pipes, fireworks, and pumps, he prepared for the grand coup. Merlin was laid on first to see what could be done by incantation. The time thus gained sufficed to bring the appliances from Camelot. At last all was ready. The final scene is told with much rude humour.

My two experts arrived in the evening, and pretty well fagged, for they had travelled double tides. They had pack-

mules along, and had brought everything I needed—tools, pump, lead-pipe, Greek fire, sheaves of big rockets, Roman candles, coloured-fire sprays, electric apparatus, and a lot of sundries—everything necessary for the stateliest kind of a miracle. An hour before sunrise we had that leak mended in ship-shape fashion, and the water began to rise. Then we stowed our fireworks in the chapel, locked up the place, and went home to bed.

Before the noon mass was over we were at the well again, for there was a deal to do yet, and I was determined to spring the miracle before midnight, for business reasons; for whereas a miracle worked for the Church on a week-day is worth a good deal, it is worth six times as much if you get it in on a Sunday. In nine hours the water had risen to its customary level; that is to say, it was within twenty-three feet of the top.

We knocked the head out of an empty hoghead and hoisted this hoghead to the flat roof of the chapel, where we clamped it down fast, poured in gunpowder till it lay loosely an inch deep on the bottom, then we stood up rockets in the hoghead as thick as they could loosely stand, all the different breeds of rockets there are; and they made a portly and imposing sheaf, I can tell you. We grounded the wire of a pocket electrical battery in that powder, we placed a whole magazine of Greek fire on each corner of the roof—blue on one corner, green on another, red on another, and purple on the last—and grounded a wire in each.

✓ When you are going to do a miracle for an ignorant race, you want to get in every detail that will count. I know the value of these things, for I know human nature. You can't throw too much style into a miracle. It costs trouble and work, and sometimes money, but it pays in the end. Well, we brought the wires to the ground at the chapel, and then brought them under the ground to the platform, and hid the batteries there. We put a rope fence a hundred feet square around the platform to keep off the common multitude, and that finished the work. I instructed my boys to be in the chapel as early as ten, before anybody was around, and be ready to man the pumps at the proper time, and make the fur fly. Then we went home to supper.

The news of the disaster to the well had travelled far by this time, and now for two or three days a steady avalanche of people had been pouring into the valley.

I was at the platform and all ready to do the honours when the abbot's solemn procession hove in sight—which it did not do till it was nearly to the rope fence, because it was a starless black night and no torches permitted. With it came Merlin, and took a front seat on the platform; he was as good as his word for once. One could not see the multitudes banked together beyond the ban, but they were there, just the same. The moment the bells stopped, those banked masses broke and poured over the line like a vast black wave, and for as much as a half-hour it continued to flow, and then it solidified itself, and you could have walked upon a pavement of human heads to—well, miles.

We had a solemn stage-wait now for about twenty minutes—a thing I had counted on for effect; it is always good to let your audience have a chance to work up its expectancy. At length out of the silence a noble Latin chant—men's voices—broke and swelled up and rolled away into the night, a majestic tide of melody. I had put that up, too, and it was one of the best effects I ever invented. When it was finished I stood up on the platform and extended my hands abroad for two minutes, with my face uplifted,—that always produces a dead hush,—and then slowly pronounced this ghastly word with a kind of awfulness which caused hundreds to tremble, and many women to faint:

“Constantinopolitanischer dudelsackpfeifenmachersgesellschaft!”

Just as I was moaning out the closing hunks of that word, I touched off one of my electric connections, and all that murky world of people stood revealed in a hideous blue glare! It was immense—that effect! Lots of people shrieked, women curled up and quit in every direction, foundlings collapsed by platoons. The abbot and the monks crossed themselves nimbly, and their tips fluttered with agitated prayers. Merlin held his grip, but

he was astonished clear down to his corns; he had never seen anything to begin with that before. Now was the time to pile in the effects. I lifted my hands and groaned out this word—as it were in agony:—

“Hilfendynamitthenterknechtenssprengungsattentatfaberungen!”

—and turned on the red fire! You should have heard that Atlantic of people moan and howl when that crimson hell joined the blue! After sixty seconds I shouted—

“Transbaaltruppentropentransporttrampeltbier-treibertrauungsthaenentragsodie!”

—and lit up the green fire! After waiting only forty seconds, this time I spread my arms abroad and thundered out the devastating syllables of this word of words—

“Mekhamuselmannenmassenmenchen-moerdermohrenmuttermarwormonumenten-macher!”

—and whirled on the purple glare! There they were, all going at once, red, blue, green, purple!—four furious volcanoes pouring vast clouds of radiant smoke aloft, and spreading a blinding rainbowed noonday to the furthest confines of that valley. I knew the boys were at the pump, now, and ready. So I said to the abbot:

“The time is come, Father. I am about to pronounce the dread name and command the spell to dissolve. You want to brace up, and take hold of something.” Then I shouted to the people: “Behold, in another minute the spell will be broken, or no mortal can break it. If it break, all will know it, for you will see the sacred water gush from the chapel door!”

I stood a few moments to let the hearers have a chance to spread my announcement to those who could not hear, and so convey it to the furthest ranks; then I made a grand exhibition of extra posturing and gesturing, and shouted:

“Lo, I command the fell spirit that possesses the holy fountain to now disgorge into the skies all the infernal fires that still remain in him, and straightway dissolve his spell and flee hence to the pit, there to lie bound a thousand years. By his own dread name I command it,—BGWJJILLIGKKK!”

Then I touched off the hoghead of rockets, and a vast fountain of dazzling lances of fire vomited itself toward the zenith with a hissing rush, and burst in mid-sky into a storm of flashing jewels! One mighty groan of terror started up from the massed people, then suddenly broke into a wild hosanna of joy, for there, fair and plain in the uncanny glare, they saw the freed water leaping forth!

I sent Merlin home on a shutter. He had caved in and gone down like a landslide when I pronounced that fearful name, and had never come to since. He never had heard that name before,—neither had I,—but to him it was the right one; any jumble would have been the right one. He admitted, afterwards, that that spirit's own mother could not have pronounced that name better than I did. He never could understand how I survived it, and I did not tell him. It is only young magicians that give away a secret like that. Merlin spent three months working enchantments to try to find out the deep trick of how to pronounce that name and outlive it. But he did not arrive.

It was a great night, an immense night. There was reputation in it. I could hardly get to sleep for glorying over it.

His joy was complete when he had the solid comfort of reading a full report of the miracle in the first number of the *Camelot Hosannah*.

KING ARTHUR'S ADVENTURES.

The next part of the book describes the perilous adventures of the King and the Boss when they take to prowling about the country disguised as peasants. The

efforts of the Boss to train the King to act as a peasant, the revulsion with which Arthur recoils from recognising the brotherhood of the Churl, and the success which ultimately crowns his enterprise, are among the more ingenious, although, perhaps, the least characteristic passages in the book. Several of the episodes, illustrative of the lot of the common people in the days of chivalry, are full of tragic power and human pathos. The scene in the hovel where a family, smitten by the double malediction of the Church and a visitation of small-pox, are visited by the King and his minister, is touching, and the heroism of Arthur, who tends the dying amid the dead, shines out in bright relief. The story is too long to tell in detail, but suffice it to say that, at last, the King and the Boss are seized and sold as slaves by one Earl Grip—"Brother to dirt like that," exclaims the king.

The tortures they endured, the brutality with which the slave-driver laboured to take the style out of the King, which made him unsaleable, and ultimately the conversion of Arthur to a belief that slavery ought to be abolished, are all set forth with grim realism of detail.



At last, when they reach London, the Boss picks the lock of his fetters, and escapes. The slave-driver is killed, and all the rest of the slaves are doomed to die.

The Boss, after numerous exciting adventures, contrives to telephone to Clarence at Camelot, announcing the peril of the King, and directing him to send at once Launcelot and five hundred knights. He is, however, recaptured, together with the knights; his fellow slaves are led out to be hanged just outside the walls of London. It was impossible for Launcelot and the rescue party to ride from Camelot to London in time to stay the execution. But it was stayed. How, can be read in the following extract:—

The crowd got a brief and unexpected dash of diversion out of the king. The moment we were freed of our bonds he sprang up, in his fantastic rage, with face bruised out of all recognition, and proclaimed himself Arthur, King of Britain, and denounced the awful penalties of treason upon every soul there present if a hair of his sacred head were touched. It startled and surprised him to hear them break into a vast roar of laughter. It wounded his dignity, and he locked himself up in silence; then, although the crowd begged him to go on, and tried to provoke him to it by cat-calls, jeers, and shouts of—"Let him speak! The king! The king! His humble subjects hunger and thirst for words of wisdom out of the mouth of their master his Serene and Sacred Raggedness!"

But it went for nothing. He put on all his majesty and sat under this rain of contempt and insult unmoved. He certainly was great in his way. Absently, I had taken off my white bandage and wound it about my right arm. When the crowd noticed this, they began upon me. They said:

"Doubtless this sailor-man is his minister—observe his costly badge of office!"

I let them go on until they got tired, and then I said: "Yes, I am his minister, The Boss; and to-morrow you will hear that from Camelot which——"

I got no further. They drowned me out with joyous derision. But presently there was silence; for the sheriffs of London, in their official robes, with their subordinates, began to make a stir which indicated that business was about to begin. In the hush which followed, our crime was recited, the death warrant read, then everybody uncovered while a priest uttered a prayer.

Then a slave was blindfolded, the hangman unslung his rope. There lay the smooth road below us, we upon one side of it, the banked multitude walling its other side—a good clear road, and kept free by the police—how good it would be to see my five hundred horsemen come tearing down it! But, no, it was out of the possibilities. I followed its receding thread out into the distance—not a horseman on it, or sign of one.

There was a jerk, and the slave hung dangling; dangling and hideously squirming, for his limbs were not tied.

A second rope was unsung, in a moment another slave was dangling.

In a minute the third slave was struggling in the air. It was dreadful. I turned away my head a moment, and when I turned back I missed the king! They were blindfolding him! I was paralysed; I couldn't move, I was choking, my tongue was petrified. They finished blindfolding him, they led him under the rope. I couldn't shake off that clinging impotence. But when I saw them put the noose around his neck, then everything let go in me, and I made a spring to the rescue—and as I made it, I shot one more glance abroad—by George, here they come, a tilting!—five hundred mailed and belted knights on bicycles!

The grandest sight that ever was seen. Lord, how the plumes streamed, how the sun flamed and flashed from the endless procession of webby wheels!

I waved my right arm as Launcelot swept in—he recognised my rag—I tore away noose and bandage, and shouted:

"On your knees, every rascal of you, and salute the king! Who fails shall sup in hell to-night!"

I always use that high style when I'm climaxing an effect. Well, it was noble to see Launcelot and the boys swarm up on to that scaffold, and heave sheriffs and such overboard. And it was fine to see that astonished multitude go down on their knees and beg their lives of the king they had just been deriding and insulting. And as he stood apart, there, receiving this homage in his rags, I thought to myself, well really there is something peculiarly grand about the gait and bearing of a king, after all.

I was immensely satisfied. Take the whole situation all around, it was one of the gaudiest effects I ever instigated.

And presently up comes Clarence, his own self! and winks, and says, very modernly:

"Good deal of a surprise, wasn't it? I knew you'd like it. I've had the boys practising, this long time, privately; and just hungry for a chance to show off."

THE LARIAT VERSUS THE LANCE.

One of the shortest but most amusing chapters describes the result of the fight between Sir Sagramour le Desirous and the Boss. Combatants were allowed to choose their own weapons. Merlin threw an enchanted veil for Sir Sagramour, supposed to make him invisible. The Boss stood forth as the champion of science and common sense, and challenged knight errantry to a duel to the death.

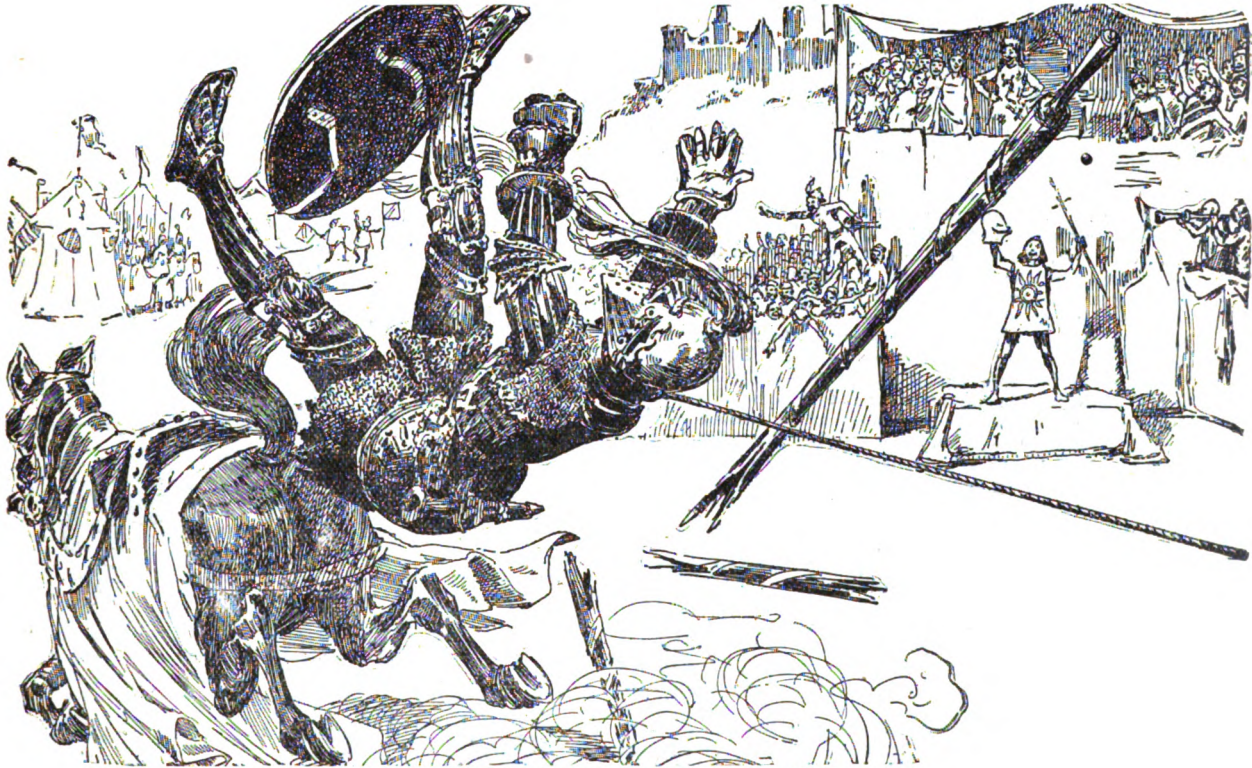
There was a pause, then a ringing bugle blast, which was the signal for us to come forth. All the multitude caught their breath, and an eager curiosity flashed into every face.

Out from his tent rode great Sir Sagramour, an imposing tower of iron, stately and rigid, his huge spear standing up-

posed our king and queen, to whom we made obeisance. The queen exclaimed :

"Alack, Sir Boss, wilt fight naked, and without lance or sword or —"

But the king checked her and made her understand, with a polite phrase or two, that this was none of her business. The bugles rang again ; and we separated and rode to the ends of the lists and took position. Now old Merlin stepped into view and cast a dainty web of gossamer threads over Sir Sagramour which turned him into Hamlet's ghost ; the king made a sign, the bugles blew, Sir Sagramour laid his great lance in rest, and the next moment here he came thundering down the course with his veil flying out behind, and I went whistling through the air like an arrow to meet him—cocking my ear, the while, as if noting the invisible knight's position and progress by hear-



THE FATE OF SIR SAGRAMOUR LE DESIROUS.

right in its socket and grasped in his strong hand, his grand horse's face and breast cased in steel, his body clothed in rich trappings that almost dragged the ground—oh, a most noble picture. A great shout went up, of welcome and admiration.

And then out I came. But I didn't get any shout. There was a wondering and eloquent silence for a moment, then a great wave of laughter began to sweep along that human sea, but a warning bugle-blast cut its career short. I was in the simplest and comfortablest of gymnast costumes—flesh-coloured tights from neck to heel, with blue silk puffings about my loins, and bare-headed. My horse was not above medium size, but he was alert, slender-limbed, muscled with watch-springs, and just a greyhound to go. He was a beauty, glossy as silk, and naked as he was when he was born, except for bridle and ranger-saddle.

The iron tower and the gorgeous bed-quilt came cumbrously but gracefully pirouetting down the lists, and we tripped lightly up to meet them. We halted ; the tower saluted, I responded ; then we wheeled and rode side by side to the grand stand and

ing, not sight. A chorus of encouraging shouts burst out for him, and one brave voice flung out a heartening word for me. It said :—

"Go it, slim Jim !"

It was an even bet that Clarence had procured that favour for me—and furnished the language, too. When that formidable lance-point was within a yard and a half of my breast I twitched my horse aside without an effort and the big knight swept by, scoring a blank. I got plenty of applause that time. We turned, braoed up, and down we came again. Another blank for the knight, a roar of applause for me. This same thing was repeated once more : and it fetched such a whirlwind of applause that Sir Sagramour lost his temper. He forgot himself and flung an insult at me which disposed of mine. I slipped my lasso from the horn of my saddle, and grasped the coil in my right hand. This time you should have seen him come !—it was a business trip, sure ; by his gait there was blood in his eye. I was sitting my horse at ease, and swinging the great loop of my lasso in wide circles about my head ; the

moment he was under way, I started for him; when the space between us had narrowed to forty feet, I sent the snaky spirals of the rope a-cleaving through the air, then darted aside and faced about and brought my trained animal to a halt with all his feet braced under him for a surge. The next moment the rope sprang taut and yanked Sir Sagramour out of the saddle! Great Scott, but there was a sensation!

Unquestionably the popular thing in this world is novelty. These people had never seen anything of that cow-boy business before, and it carried them clear off their feet with delight. From all around and everywhere, the shout went up—

"Encore! encore!"

Another came, like a house afire; I dodged; he passed like a flash, with my horse-hair coils settling around his neck; a second or so later, *fit!* his saddle was empty.

I got another encore; and another, and another, and still another. When I had snaked five men out, things began to look serious to the iron-clads, and they stopped and consulted together. As a result, they decided that it was time to waive etiquette and send their greatest and best against me. To the astonishment of that little world, I lassoed Sir Lamorek de Galis, and after him Sir Galahad. So you see there was simply nothing to be done, now, but play their right bower—bring out the superb of the superb, the mightiest of the mighty, the great Sir Launcelot himself!

A proud moment for me? I should think so. Down came the Invincible, with the rush of a whirlwind—the courtly world rose to its feet and bent forward—the fateful coils went circling through the air, and before you could wink I was towing Sir Launcelot across the field on his back, and kissing my hand to the storm of waving kerchiefs and the thunder-crash of applause that greeted me!

Said I to myself, as I coiled by lariat and hung it on my saddle-horn, and sat there drunk with glory, "The victory is perfect—no other will venture against me—knight-errantry is dead." Now imagine my astonishment—and everybody else's too—to hear the peculiar bugle-call which announces that another competitor is about to enter the lists; there was a mystery here; I couldn't account for this thing. Next, I noticed Merlin gliding away from me; and then I noticed that my lasso was gone! The old sleight-of-hand expert had stolen it, sure, and slipped it under his robe.

The bugle blew again. I looked, and down came Sagramour riding again, with his dust brushed off and his veil nicely rearranged. I trotted up to meet him, and pretended to find him by the sound of his horse's hoofs. He said:—

"Thou'rt quick of ear, but it will not save thee from this!" and he touched the hilt of his great sword. "An ye are not able to see it, because of the influence of the veil, know that it is no cumbrous lance, but a sword—and I ween ye will not be able to avoid it."

It seemed as if the king could not take heart to give the signal. But at last he lifted his hand, the clear note of the bugle followed, Sir Sagramour's long blade described a flashing curve in the air, and it was superb to see him come. I sat still. On he came. I did not move. People got so excited that they shouted to me:—

"Fly, fly! Save thyself! This is murder!"

I never budged so much as an inch, till that thundering apparition had got within fifteen paces of me; then I snatched a dragoon revolver out of my holster, there was a flash and a roar, and the revolver was back in the holster before anybody could tell what had happened.

Here was a riderless horse plunging by, and yonder lay Sir Sagramour, stone dead.

I waited. Nobody challenged. Then I said:—

"If there are any who doubt that this field is well and fairly won, I do not wait for them to challenge me, I challenge them."

"It is a gallant offer," said the king, "and well becoms you. Whom will you name first?"

"I name none, I challenge all! Here I stand, and dare the chivalry of England to come against me—not by individuals, but in mass!"

In just no time, five hundred knights were scrambling into their saddles, and before you could wink a widely scattering drove were under way and clattering down upon me. I

snatched both revolvers from the holsters and began to measure distances and calculate chances.

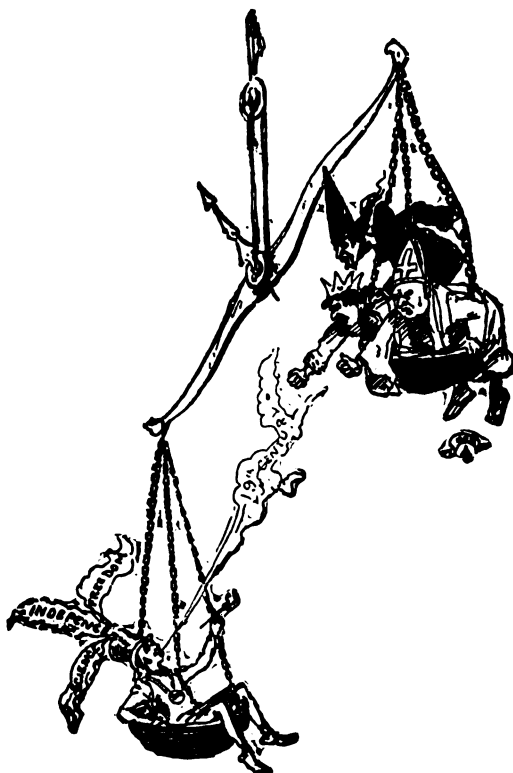
Bang! One saddle empty. Bang! Another one. Bang—bang! and I bagged two. Well, it was nip and tuck with us, and I knew it. If I spent the eleventh shot without convincing these people, the twelfth man would kill me, sure. And so I never did feel so happy as I did when my ninth downed its man and I detected the wavering in the crowd which is premonitory of panic. An instant lost now, could knock out my last chance. But I didn't lose it. I raised both revolvers and pointed them—the halted host stood their ground just about one good square moment, then broke and fled.

The day was mine. Knight-errantry was a doomed institution. The march of civilisation was begun. How did I feel? Ah, you never could imagine it.

And Brer Merlin! His stock was flat again. Somehow, every time the magic of fol-de-rol tried conclusions with the magic science, the magic of fol-de-rol got left.

CLIMAX AND CATASTROPHE.

Three years passed and all went well. Knight-errantry had fallen. Civilisation seemed firmly established.



Consider the three years sped. Now look around on England. A happy and prosperous country, and strangely altered. Schools everywhere, and several colleges; a number of pretty good newspapers. Even authorship was taking a start.

Slavery was dead and gone; all men were equal before the law; taxation had been equalised. The telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the type-writer, the sewing machine, and all the thousand willing and handy servants of steam and electricity were working their way into favour. We had a steamboat or two on the Thames, we had steam war-ships, and the beginnings of a steam commercial marine; I was getting ready to send out an expedition to discover America.

We were building several lines of railway, and our line from Camelot to London was already finished and in operation. I was shrewd enough to make all offices connected with the passenger service places of high and distinguished honour.

The conductor of the 4.33 express was a duke, there wasn't a passenger conductor on the line below the degree of earl.

There was hardly a knight in all the land who wasn't in some useful employment. They were going from end to end of the country in all manner of useful missionary capacities; their *penchant* for wandering, and their experience in it, made them altogether the most effective spreaders of civilisation we had. They went clothed in steel and equipped with sword and lance and battle-axe, and if they couldn't persuade a person to try a sewing machine on the instalment plan, or a melodeon, or a barbed wire fence, or a prohibition journal, or any of the other thousand and one things they canvassed for, they removed him and passed on.

✓ The Boss even began to dream of a revolution and a republic, with himself as president. But the bright boy Clarence, now editor of the Camelot *Weekly Hosannah*, doubted whether it was possible to establish a republic without a hereditary royal family.

He believed that no nation that had ever known the joy of worshipping a royal family could ever be robbed of it and not fade away and die of melancholy. I urged that kings were dangerous. He said, Then have cats. He was sure that a royal family of cats would answer every purpose. They would be as useful as any other royal family, they would know as much, they would have the same virtues and the same treacheries, the same disposition to get up shindies with other royal cats, they would be laughably vain and absurd and never know it, they would be wholly inexpensive; finally, they would have as sound a divine right as any other royal house, and "Tom VII., or Tom XI., or Tom XIV. by the grace of God King," would sound as well as it would when applied to the ordinary royal tom-cat with tight on. "And as a rule," said he, in his neat modern English, "the character of these cats would be considerably above the character of the average king, and this would be an immense moral advantage to the nation, for the reason that a nation always models its morals after its monarch's. The worship of royalty being founded in unreason, these graceful and harmless cats would easily become as sacred as any other royalties, and indeed more so, because it would presently be noticed that they hanged nobody, beheaded nobody, imprisoned nobody, inflicted no cruelties or injustices of any sort, and so must be worthy of a deeper love and reverence than the customary human king, and would certainly get it. The eyes of the whole harried world would soon be fixed upon this humane and gentle system, and royal butchers would presently begin to disappear; their subjects would fill the vacancies with catlings from our own royal house; we should become a factory: we should supply the thrones of the world; within forty years all Europe would be governed by cats, and we should furnish the cats. The reign of universal peace would begin then, to end no more for ever. . . . Me-e-e-yow-ow-ow-ow—fist!—wow!"

Hang him, I supposed he was in earnest, and was beginning to be persuaded by him, until he exploded that cat-howl and startled me almost out of my clothes. But he never could be in earnest. He didn't know what it was. He had pictured a distinct and perfectly rational and feasible improvement upon constitutional monarchy, but he was too feather-headed to know it, or care anything about it, either.

But from the midst of all this dreaming they were rudely awakened. The Boss who, by the bye, had married Sandy, and was rejoicing in the possession of a baby girl, whom the mother named Hello-Central, went abroad for a cruise while his little one was recovering from an attack of croup. When he returned he found all his work undone. The great feud between Launcelot and the King had got itself fought out, the fatal battle with Mordred had cost the realm the life of Arthur, and on the land there had fallen the interdict of the church.

In Camelot the Boss, Clarence, and fifty-two boys from 14 to 17, make a last desperate stand against the forces of the Church. The story, which is full of force and originality, is thus told in the concluding chapters. This

is how they prepared for the attack. Clarence explains:—

"I start twelve immensely strong wires—naked, not insulated—from a big dynamo in the cave—dynamo with no brushes except a positive and a negative one—. The wires go out from the cave and fence in a circle of level ground a hundred yards in diameter; they make twelve independent fences, ten feet apart—that is to say, twelve circles within circles—and their ends come into the cave again. The fences are fastened to heavy oaken posts, only three feet apart, and these posts are sunk five feet in the ground. The wires have no ground connection outside of the cave; a cavalry charge hurls itself against the fence; the moment they touch it they form a connection with the negative brush *through the ground*, and drop dead. In the centre of the inner circle, on a spacious platform six feet high, I've grouped a battery of thirteen galling guns, and provided plenty of ammunition. The glass-cylinder dynamite torpedoes are attended to. It's the prettiest garden that was ever planted. It's a belt forty feet wide, and goes around the outer fence—distance between it and the fence one hundred yards—kind of neutral ground, that space is. There isn't a single square yard of that whole belt but is equipped with a torpedo. We laid them on the surface of the ground, and sprinkled a layer of sand over them. It's an innocent-looking garden, but you let a man start in to hoe it once, and you'll see."

They proclaim the Republic, and the Church's knights arrive in force.

The big day arrived in time. At dawn the sentry on watch in the corral came into the cave and reported a moving black mass under the horizon, and a faint sound which he thought to be military music. Breakfast was just ready; we sat down and ate it.

This over, I made the boys a little speech, and then sent out a detail to man the battery, with Clarence in command of it.

The sun rose presently, and sent its unobstructed splendours over the land, and we saw a prodigious host moving slowly toward us, with the steady drift and aligned front of a wave of the sea. Nearer and nearer it came, and more and more sublimely imposing became its aspect; yes, all England was there apparently. Soon we could see the innumerable banners fluttering, and then the sun struck the sea of armour and set it all aflash. Yes, it was a fine sight; I hadn't ever seen anything to beat it.

At last we could make out details. All the front ranks, no telling how many acres deep, were horsemen—plumed knights in armour. Suddenly we heard the blare of trumpets; the slow walk burst into a gallop, and then—well, it was wonderful to see! Down swept that vast horse-shoe wave—it approached the sand-belt—my breath stood still; nearer, nearer—the strip of green turf beyond the yellow belt grew narrow—narrower still—became a mere ribbon in front of the horses—then disappeared under their hoofs. Great Scott! Why, the whole front of that host shot into the sky with a thunder-crash, and became a whirling tempest of rags and fragments; and along the ground lay a thick wall of smoke that hid what was left of the multitude from our sight.

Time for the second step in the plan of campaign; I touched a button, and shook the bones of England loose from her spine!

In that explosion all our noble civilisation-factories went up in the air and disappeared from the earth. It was a pity, but it was necessary.

We could not afford to let the enemy turn our own weapons against us.

Now ensued one of the dulllest quarter-hours I had ever endured. We waited in a silent solitude enclosed by our circles of wire, and by a circle of heavy smoke outside of these. We couldn't see over the wall of smoke, and we couldn't see through it. But at last it began to shred away lazily, and by the end of another quarter-hour the land was clear and our curiosity was enabled to satisfy itself. No living creature was in sight! We now perceived that additions had been made to our defences. The dynamite had dug a ditch more than a hundred feet wide, all around us, and cast up an embankment twenty-five feet high on both borders of it. As to destruction of life, it was

amazing. Moreover, it was beyond estimate. Of course we could not *count* the dead, because they did not exist as individuals, but merely as homogeneous protoplasm, with alloys of iron and buttons.

I picketed the great embankments thrown up around our lines by the dynamite explosion—merely a look out of a couple of boys to announce the enemy when he should appear again.

Next, I sent an engineer and forty men to a point just beyond our lines on the south, to turn a mountain brook that was there, and bring it within our lines and under our command, arranging it in such a way that I could make instant use of it in an emergency. The forty men were divided into two shifts of twenty each, and were to relieve each other every two hours. In ten hours the work was accomplished.

As soon as it was good and dark, I shut off the current from all of the fences, and then groped my way out to the embankment bordering our side of the great dynamite ditch. I crept to the top of it and lay there on the slant of the muck to watch. But it was too dark to see anything.

I presently gave up looking, the night shut down so black, but I kept my ears strained to catch the least suspicious sound, for I judged I had only to wait and I shouldn't be disappointed. However, I had to wait a long time. At last I heard what you may call indistinct glimpses of sound—dulled metallic sound. I pricked up my ears, then, and held my breath, for this was the sort of thing I had been waiting for. I heard that metallic noise descending into the great ditch. It augmented fast, it spread all along, and it unmistakably furnished me this fact: an armed host was taking up its quarters in the ditch. Yes, these people were arranging a little surprise party for us. We could expect entertainment about dawn, possibly earlier.

I groped my way back to the corral now; I had seen enough. I went to the platform and signalled to turn the current on to the two inner fences. Then I went into the cave, and found everything satisfactory there—nobody awake but the working-watch. I woke Clarence and told him the great ditch was filling up with men, and that I believed all the knights were coming for us in a body.

We crossed the corral and lay down together between the two inside fences. We started a whispered conversation, but suddenly Clarence broke off and said:

"What is that? There beyond you a little piece—a dark something—a dull shape of some kind—against the second fence."

I gazed and he gazed. I said:—

"Could it be a man, Clarence?"

"No, I think not. If you notice, it looks a lik—why, it is a man!—leaning on the fence."

"I certainly believe it is; let us go and see."

We crept along on our hands and knees until we were pretty close, and then looked up. Yes, it was a man—a dim great figure in armour, standing erect, with both hands on the upper wire—and of course there was a smell of burning flesh. Poor fellow, dead as a door-nail, and never knew what hurt him. He stood there like a statue—no motion about him, except that his plumes swished about a little in the night wind. We rose up and looked in through the bars of his visor, but couldn't make out whether we knew him or not—features too dim and shadowed.

We heard muffled sounds approaching, and we sank down to the ground where we were. We made out another knight vaguely: he was coming very stealthily, and feeling his way. He was near enough now for us to see him put out a hand, find an upper wire, then bend and step under it and over the lower one. Now he arrived at the first knight—and started slightly when he discovered him. He stood a moment—no doubt wondering why the other didn't move on; then he said, in a low voice, "Why dreamest thou here, good Sir Mar—". Then he laid his hand on the corpse's shoulder and just uttered a little soft moan and sank down dead. Killed by a dead man, you see—killed by a dead friend, in fact. There was something awful about it.

These early birds came scattering along after each other, about one in every five minutes in our vicinity, during half an hour. They brought no armour of offence but their swords, as a rule they carried the sword ready in the hand, and put it forward and found the wires with it. We would now and then see a blue spark when the knight that caused it was so far away

as to be invisible to us; but we knew what had happened, all the same, poor fellow: he had touched a charged wire with his sword and been elected. We had brief intervals of grim stillness, interrupted, with piteous regularity, by the clash made by the falling of an ironclad; and this sort of thing was going on, right along, and was very creepy, there in the dark and loneliness.

We concluded to make a tour between the inner fences. It was a curious trip. Everywhere dead men were lying outside the second fence—not plainly visible, but still visible; and we counted fifteen of those pathetic statues—dead knights standing with their hands on the upper wire.

One thing seemed to be sufficiently demonstrated; our current was so tremendous that it killed before the victim could cry out. Pretty soon we detected a muffled and heavy sound, and next moment we guessed what it was. It was a surprise in force coming. I whispered Clarence to go and wake the army, and notify it to wait in silence in the cave for further orders. He was soon back, and we stood by the inner fence and watched the silent lightning do its awful work upon that swarming host. One could make out but little of detail; but he could note that a black mass was piling itself up beyond the second fence. That swelling bulk was dead men! Our camp was enclosed with a solid wall of the dead—a bulwark, a breastwork, of corpses, you may say. One terrible thing about this thing was the absence of human voices; there were no cheers, no war cries: being intent upon a surprise, these men moved as noiselessly as they could: and always when the front rank was near enough to their goal to make it proper for them to begin to get a shout ready, of course they struck the fatal line and went down without testifying.

I sent a current through the third fence, now; and almost immediately through the fourth and fifth, so quickly were the gaps filled up. I believed the time was come now for my climax; I believed that the whole army was in our trap. Anyway, it was high time to find out. So I touched a button and set fifty electric suns aflame on the top of our precipice.

Land, what a sight! We were enclosed in three walls of dead men! All the other fences were pretty nearly filled with the living, who were stealthily working their way forward through the wires. The sudden glare paralysed this host, petrified them, you may say, with astonishment; there was just one instant for me to utilise their immobility in, and I didn't lose the chance. You see, in another instant they would have recovered their faculties, then they'd have burst into a cheer and made a rush, and my wires would have gone down before it; but that lost instant lost them their opportunity for ever; while even that slight fragment of time was still unspent, I shot the current through all the fences and struck the whole host dead in their tracks! There was a groan you could hear! It voiced the death-pang of eleven thousand men. It swelled out on the night with awful pathos.

A glance showed that the rest of the enemy—perhaps ten thousand strong—were between us and the encircling ditch, and pressing forward to the assault. Consequently we had them *all*! and had them past help. Time for the last act of the tragedy. I fired the three appointed revolver shots—which meant:—

"Turn on the water!"

There was a sudden rush and roar, and in a minute the mountain brook was raging through the big ditch, and creating a river a hundred feet wide and twenty-five deep.

"Stand to your guns, men! Open fire!"

The thirteen Gatlings began to vomit death into the fated ten thousand. They halted, they stood their ground a moment against that withering deluge of fire, then they broke, faced about, and swept toward the ditch like chaff before a gale. A full fourth part of their force never reached the top of the lofty embankment; the three-fourths reached it and plunged over—to death by drowning.

Within ten short minutes after we had opened fire, armed resistance was totally annihilated, the campaign was ended, we fifty-four were masters of England! Twenty-five thousand men lay dead around us.

For the final wind-up of the tale, I refer the reader to the book itself.

THE NEW BOOKS AND BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ART.

Half-Holidays at the National Gallery. (*Pall Mall Gazette* Office.) Crown 4to. Paper covers. Pp. 80. Price 6d.

A *Pall Mall Gazette* Extra. Forty-two choice reproductions of famous pictures, together with a complete catalogue and descriptive notes. Those who desire to study the gallery systematically will find its treasures arranged in twelve sections, intended to occupy so many half-holidays. Hence the title. There is no cheaper guide extant.

Huish, Marcus B., LL.B. *The Year's Art, 1890.* (J. S. Virtue & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 342. Price 3s. 6d.

The eleventh annual issue of a well-known year book. The new features include portraits of the members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and a list of the birthdays of famous living artists.

Wedmore, Frederick (editor). *Fontainebleau.* (Boussod, Valadon, & Co.) 4to. Cloth.

Fifteen photogravures of pictures by Mr. James Haynes Williams, with a descriptive introduction of twenty-one pages from the pen of the Editor.

Justi, Carl. *Diego Velasquez and His Times.* (H. Grevel & Co.) 4to. Half bound. Pp. 506.

An English translation of the well-known German life of Velasquez, a famous Spanish painter who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. The translation is made by Professor A. H. Keane, and is revised by the author. An etched portrait of Velasquez is prefixed.

BIOGRAPHY.

Browning, Oscar. *Life of George Eliot.* (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 174, xiv. Price 1s.

A volume of the "Great Writers" series, containing a brief account of the great novelist's life, and a criticism of her works. Mr. John P. Anderson contributes an exceedingly useful bibliography.

Home, Madame Douglas. *The Gift of D. D. Home.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 388. Price 10s. 6d.

Madame Douglas Home is the widow of the well-known spiritualist, whose "gift" is here discussed. The book may be regarded as a supplementary volume to "D. D. Home; His Life and Mission," published a year or so ago.

Rogers, Rev. Charles, D.D. *The Book of Robert Burns.* (Edinburgh: Printed for the Grampian Club.) 4to.

The first volume of this work was mentioned in last month's list of the "New Books and Blue Books of the Month." The volume now under notice—the second—contains further genealogical and historical memoirs of the poet, his associates, and those celebrated in his writings.

Walford, Edward, M.A. *William Pitt.* (Chatto & Windus.) 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 212. Price 5s.

A new biography, dedicated in Latin to Mr. Gladstone.

GEOGRAPHY, ETHNOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Bartholomew, John George, F.R.G.S. *Atlas of Commercial Geography.* (Cambridge: at the University Press.) 4to. Twenty-seven maps.

Maps of the distribution of animal and vegetable commodities, sea-routes, &c. Dr. Hugh Robert Mill contributes some introductory notes.

Bartholomew, J. G. *The Century Atlas and Gazetteer of the World.* (John Walker & Co.) Large 4to. Cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

Contains fifty-two maps, illustrative for the most part of the facts of political geography. The feature of this Atlas is a descriptive gazetteer, where every place marked in the Atlas—some 35,000—is mentioned and briefly described.

Brown, Robert, Ph.D. *Our Earth and Its Story.* (Cassell & Co.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 376. Price 9s. Profusely illustrated.

The third and concluding volume of an interesting and popular introduction to the study of physiography. Deals with the Geographical Distribution of Animals and of Man, with the Origin of Species, with the Physics of the Sea, Terrestrial Magnetism, the Distribution of Climate, and the Earth as a Planet.

Duffield, A. J. *Recollections of Travels Abroad.* (Remington & Co.) Large 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 328.

Mr. Duffield's "Travels Abroad" extended into Peru, Australia, New Zealand, Bolivia, Venezuela, Chili, the United States, Spain, and Canada. The "Recollections" are dedicated to Mr. Charles Brookfield, the actor.

"MAY FRANCES" [? pseudonym]. *Beyond the Argentine: Letters from Brazil.* (W. H. Allen & Co.) Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 148. Price 2s. 6d.

A little volume of bright and interesting letters—obviously not written for publication—from a young lady who went out alone to Brazil, to join her brother, an engineer on a pioneer railway.

LITERATURE.

I. BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The Century Dictionary. (The Century Co.) Folio. Cloth. Pp. 1200. Price £2 2s.

The first of six volumes, extending from "A" to "Conocephalidae." The features of this dictionary (which is an American production) are its printing and general "get-up," its illustrations, of which there are an immense number, and the rapidity of its issue. In philology it is by no means so strong as Dr. Murray's Dictionary, referred to last month.

Farmer, John S. *Slang and its Analogues, Past and Present.* (A. P. Watt, Paternoster-square.) Three vols. Fcap. 4to. Limited edition. Price £5 5s.

Described as "a dictionary of the heterodox speech of all classes of society for more than a hundred years."

Ready Reference. Griffith, Farran, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 812.

Described as "the universal cyclopædia, containing everything that everybody wants to know." Consists of a Dictionary, and numerous tables, but lacks arrangement. It is compiled, or edited, by Mr. W. Ralston Balch.

II.—FICTION.

It is not possible to describe at any length the scores of novels which issue monthly from the press. The following list gives the authors' names and the titles of most of the important works of fiction published in January. Two- and three-volume novels are rarely purchased; readers will find them in abundance at the circulating libraries.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

Arnold, A. S. *Broughton.* (Ward & Downey.)

Bickley, A. G. *Midst Surrey Hills: a Rural Story.* (Ward & Downey.)

Black, William. *The New Prince Fortunatus.* (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

Caine, Hall. *The Bondman: a New Saga.* (Heinemann.)

COLLINS, WILKIE (the late). *Blind Love*. (Chatto & Windus.)

COTTERELL, CONSTANCE. *Strange Gods*. (Bentley & Son.)

CUSHING, PAUL. *The Bull i' th' Thorn: a Romance*. (Blackwood & Son.)

FOTHERGILL, JESSIE. *A March in the Ranks*. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

"OUIDA." *Position*. (Chatto & Windus.)

"TASMA." *In Her Earliest Youth*. (Kegan Paul.)

TWO-VOLUME NOVELS.

CLARE, AUSTIN. *For the Love of a Lass: a Tale of Tynedale*. (Chatto & Windus.)

EASTWOOD, FREDERICK. *In Satan's Bonds: a Story of Love and Crime*. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

HOPE, ESMÉ. *William Orleigh*. (Remington & Co.)

JEFFERYS, J. C. *James Vraille: the Story of a Life*. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

SIMON, O. J. *The World and the Cloister*. (Chapman & Hall.)

WORTHLEY, MRS. *The New Continent*. (Macmillan & Co.)

NOVELS IN ONE VOLUME.

EDEN, CHARLES H. *Wronged: or Pedro the Torero*. (Remington & Co.)

GRÉVILLE, HENRY. *A Noble Woman*. (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 280. Price 5s. Translated from the French.

JONESCO, B. T. *Only a Singer*. (Remington.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d.

PROWER, NELSON. *Reggie Abbot: or the Adventures of a Swedish Officer*. (George Redway.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 314.

ROSS, RONALD. *The Child of Ocean: a Romance*. (Remington & Co.)

SIMMONS, HUBERT. *Through the Crowd*. (Roper & Drowley.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 382. Price 6s.

"TASMA." *A Sydney Sovereign; and other Tales*. (Trübner & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 216. Price 6s.

WRAY, J. JACKSON, AND T. JACKSON WRAY. *Old Crusty's Niece*. (Nisbet & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 316.

III.—POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Echoes from the "Oxford Magazine." (Henry Frowde.) Fcap. 4to. Half parchment. Pp. 180. Price 5s.

Jeux d'esprit, humorous poems, parodies in prose and verse, &c.—reprinted from the *Oxford Magazine*. The extracts cover a period of seven years, from the starting of the magazine in 1883 to the present time.

CAINE, RALPH H. (editor). *Humorous Poems of the Century*. (Walter Scott.) 18mo. Cloth. Pp. 352. Price 1s.

A volume of the "Canterbury Poets." The selection is prefaced with a brief introduction, and biographical notes are appended. The anthology is representative, and includes living authors as well as dead.

GRIFFITHS, L. M. *Evenings with Shakespeare*. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.) Sm. 4to. Cloth. Pp. 376. Price 15s.

Designed as a handbook to the study of Shakespeare's works for the use of societies, reading clubs, &c. Also contains suggestions for the consideration of other Elizabethan literature.

TYLER, THOMAS, M.A. (editor). *Shakespeare's Sonnets*. (David Nutt.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 316. Portraits. Price 12s.

The text of the sonnets is here given, together with an elaborate introduction and many notes. The editor identifies the "Dark Lady," or sonnet heroine, with Elizabeth Fillon, a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and the "Mr. W. H." with the Earl of Pembroke.

WALTERS, JOHN CUMING. *In Tennyson Land*. (George Redway.) Large 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 108. Twelve plates. Price 5s.

An alternative title describes this book as "a brief account of the home and early surroundings of the poet-laureate, and an attempt to identify the scenes and trace the influences of Lincolnshire in his works." The plates include representations of Somersby Rectory, Louth Grammar School, Tennyson's birthplace, the Mill, the Brook, &c.

WATSON, W. *Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems*. (Fisher Unwin.) Cr. 8vo. Boards. Price 3s. 6d.

A small volume of original verse, in the "Cameo Series."

IV.—MISCELLANEA.

ELLIS, ANNIE RAINE (editor). *The Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1768-1778*. With a Selection from Her Correspondence and from the Journals of Her Sisters, Susan and Charlotte Burney. (George Bell & Sons.) 2 vols. Demy 8vo. Pp. 790. Price 32s.

The title pretty fully describes this book. The portions of the diary contained in it are now printed for the first time.

MASSON, DAVID. *The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey*. (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 450. Price, per vol., 3s. 6d.

Four volumes of the final edition of De Quincey's works have, up to the present time, been issued. Their contents, briefly enumerated, are as follows:—Vol. I., Editor's Preface and Autobiography from 1785 to 1803; Vol. II., Autobiography from 1803 to 1808, and Literary and Late Reminiscences; Vol. III., Reminiscences and the Confessions; and Vol. IV., Biographies and Biographical Sketches,—Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, &c., &c.

TURNER, CHARLES EDWARD. *The Modern Novelists of Russia*. (Trübner.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 210. Price 3s. 6d.

The substance of six lectures delivered at the Taylor Institution, Oxford, and deals with Goncharoff, Tourgenieff, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Garachine, and Korolenko.

UNDERHILL, JOHN (editor). *Spence's Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men*. (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxxviii. 224. Price 1s.

A selection in four parts, containing (1) General literary anecdotes, alphabetically arranged; (2) Miscellaneous anecdotes; (3) Biographical anecdotes relating to Pope; and (4) Pope's critical opinions, table talk, &c. There is an introduction, a chronological table, and numerous biographical and critical notes.

WILDE, LADY. *Ancient Charms and Usages of Ireland*. (Roper & Drowley.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 256. Price 6s.

An attractive work, the scope of which is perhaps sufficiently indicated by the title.

HISTORY.

BRIDGET, The Rev. T. E. *Blunders and Forgeries: Historical Essays*. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price 6s.

His book is not, as might be inferred from its title, a forecast of the Report of the Special Commission. It contains seven essays, reprinted, for the most part, from magazines and reviews, bearing on the subject of the misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the Catholic Church.

BARTON, G. B. *History of New South Wales from the Records*. (Trübner & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. lxxxv. 626. Price 15s.

This volume is published by authority, and appears simultaneously in England and Australia. It concerns itself chiefly with Governor Phillip and the seven years between 1783-1789, and it is to be followed by other volumes of a similar kind.

CARETTE, Madame (*née* BOUVET). **The Eve of an Empire's Fall.** (Dean & Son.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 182. Price 10s. 6d.

Comprises recollections of the Court of the Tuileries, and forms a sequel to Madame Carette's "My Mistress, the Empress Eugénie." Authorised translation from the French.

DAKYNs, H. G., M.A. (editor). **The Works of Xenophon.** (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. cxlviii. 354. Price 10s. 6d.

The first volume of a new translation, which is to be completed in four volumes. It contains Books I. and II. of the "Hellenica" and the "Anabasis." Besides this, there is a critical introduction, together with copious notes and an elaborate sketch of Xenophon's life.

FYFFE, C. A., M.A. **A History of Modern Europe.** (Cassell & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 570. Price 12s.

The third and last volume, covering the period between 1848 and 1878. Deals with the Revolution of 1848, the establishment of the Second Empire in France, the Crimean War, the creation of the Italian kingdom, the rise of Prussia to ascendancy in Germany, the war between France and Germany, the war between Russia and Turkey, and the Treaty of Berlin.

HALE, HUBERT, F.S.A. **Court Life Under the Plantagenets.** (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 270. Price 15s.

This volume deals with the reign of Henry II., and contains five coloured plates in facsimile and other illustrations.

KITCHIN, G. W., D.D., F.S.A. **Winchester.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv. 228. Three Maps. Price 3s. 6d.

A handy summary of the history of the city of Winchester, forming a volume of the "Historic Towns" series.

LE STRANGE, GEORGE (editor and translator). **Correspondence of the Princess Lieven and Earl Grey.** (Bentley & Son.) 8vo. 2 vols. Cloth. Price 30s.

A most interesting book, shedding a flood of light upon the relations—political rather than personal—between Earl Grey and Madame Novikoff's predecessor.

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN, M.P. **A History of the Four Georges.** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. vi. 406. Price 12s.

The second of four volumes, extending from 1731 to the death of George II. in 1760. Mr. McCarthy's history is by no means exclusively political; but, like the "History of Our Own Times," deals with the literature, art, science, and social movements of the time.

MURDOCK, H. **The Reconstruction of Europe.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 490. Price 9s.

An alternative title describes this book as "a sketch of the diplomatic and military history of continental Europe from the rise to the fall of the second French Empire." Mr. John Fiske supplies an Introduction.

POOLE, STANLEY LANE. **The Barbary Corsairs.** (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 350. Price 5s.

A volume of the well-known "Story of the Nations" series, with additions by Capt. J. D. J. Kelly. Maps and numerous illustrations.

POLITICS AND SOCIETY.

DAVITT, MICHAEL. **The Times-Parnell Commission: Speech Delivered in Defence of the Land League.** (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 420. Price 5s.

This is a carefully revised report of Mr. Davitt's speech, together with much valuable information in an Appendix. It forms a magnificent *apologia* for the Irish Land League by the man who founded it, and in its forensic aspect won warm praise from Sir James Hannen.

HAKE, A. EGMONT AND O. E. WESSLAU. **Free Trade in Capital.** (Remington & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 432.

An alternative title describes the subject of the book as "free competition in the supply of capital to labour, and its bearings on the political and social questions of the day." Discusses the importance of capital and of credit, the inadequacy of coin as a medium of exchange, the evils of our banking system, &c.

SHAW, G. BERNARD (editor). **Fabian Essays in Socialism.** (Fabian Society.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 236. Price 6s.

A series of addresses on the doctrines of Socialism and matters connected therewith, delivered from time to time by Sydney Webb, William Clark, Sydney Oliver, Annie Besant, Graham Wallace, Hubert Bland, and the editor, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.

SIGERSON, GEORGE, M.D. **Political Prisoners at Home and Abroad.** (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 224. Price 2s. 6d.

Professor Bryce, M.P., contributes an Introductory Letter to this volume, in which he contrasts the present treatment of political prisoners in Ireland with that adopted in other countries, and with that which prevailed in this country fifty or sixty years ago. Ample materials for such a comparison are to be found in Dr. Sigerson's book.

SMITH, H. L. & W. NASH. **The Story of the Dockers' Strike.** (T. Fisher Unwin.) Post 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 180. Price 1s.

The story of the strike is here briefly but intelligently narrated by a couple of East-Londoners who were familiar with the movement from the beginning to the end. Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., contributes a sympathetic Introduction.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

GLIDDON, AURELIUS J. L. **Faith Cures: Their History and Mystery.** ("Christian Commonwealth" Publishing Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 212. Price 2s.

Sketches the history of faith-healing from ancient times down to the present day. With an appendix of recently reported cures.

HAMMOND, JOSEPH, LL.B. **Church or Chapel? An Eirenicon.** (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 358. Price 5s.

Written to give effect to a Resolution passed by the Lambeth Conference recommending that information should be given in Anglican doctrines and worship, so as to remove difficulties in the way of unity.

HUGHES, HUGH PRICE, M.A. **The Philanthropy of God, Described and Illustrated in a Series of Sermons.** (Hodder & Stoughton.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price 3s. 6d.

JENNINGS, HARGRAVE. **The Indian Religions.** (George Redway.) Demy 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xii. 268. Price 10s. 6d.

The full title of this work is "The Indian Religions; or, Results of the Mysterious Buddhism. Concerning that also which is to be understood in the Divinity of Fire." It describes Buddhism as the foundation of all the religions of India.

SUBHÁDRA BHIKSHU. **A Buddhist Catechism** (George Redway.) 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 92. Price 2s.

An outline of the doctrine of the Buddha Gotama, in the form of question and answer, compiled from the sacred writings of the Southern Buddhists for the use of Europeans. With explanatory notes.

SCIENCE.

COTTON, LOUISE. **Palmistry and its Practical Uses.** (George Redway.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 112.

A small handbook to the "sciences" of cheirognomy ("hand-knowledge"), and cheiromancy ("divination by the hand"), together with chapters on astral influences and the use of the divining rod. The subject is interesting, though hopelessly unscientific.

GORE, J. E., F.R.A.S. *The Scenery of the Heavens.* (Roper & Drowley.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320. Price 10s. 6d.

Described as a "popular account of astronomical wonders," and hence falling within the category of those books which deal rather with the picturesque than with the scientific aspect of the subject. The chapter on the "Astronomy of the Poets" might have been extended. Tennyson alone would fill the space now allotted to it. The book is illustrated by some capital stellar photographs.

JONES, E. E. CONSTANCE. *Elements of Logic as a Science of Propositions.* (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 208. Price 7s. 6d.

Designed to meet certain difficulties not easily surmounted by the help of the ordinary text book alone.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES. *Scientific Lectures and Essays.* (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. vi. 336. Price 3s. 6d.

The last volume but one of a very tasteful reprint in eighteen volumes. Comprises "Town Geology," a fascinating introduction to the science, and essays on Bio-Geology, the Study of Natural History, Superstition, Science, Thoughts in a Gravel Pit, How to Study Natural History, and the Natural Theology of the Future.

MONTGAZZA, PAOLO. *Physiognomy and Expression.* (Walter Scott.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x. 328. Price 3s. 6d.

A volume of the new "Contemporary Science" series. Signor Montegazza is a well-known Italian Professor of anthropology, and his book, which has been translated into most European languages, now appears in English dress. The author contributes a new chapter.

SHALER, N. S. *Aspects of the Earth.* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) Large 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 344. Illustrations.

A popular account of some familiar geological phenomena, reprinted for the most part from *Scribner's Magazine*.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

The following works also appeared during the month of January:—*"Chronicles of the Coniston Family,"* 3rd edition (Elliot Stock); *"My Weird Wooing,"* (Trischler); *"With all My Worldly Goods,"* &c. (Routledge); *"Footsteps of Truth,"* vol. vii. (Shaw).

SOME FRENCH BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

I. GENERAL LITERATURE.

BRIALMONT, Lieutenant-General. *Les Régions Fortifiées.* (Librairie Militaire: Baudoin et Cie.) Cloth. Ten maps. Price 28 fr.

A thorough and exhaustive study of the fortress defences of every European country, and of their practical utility in case of war. The author's statistics are up to date.

GIRAUD, V. *Les Lacs de l'Afrique Equatoriale.* (Paris: Hachette et Cie.) 8vo. Pp. 600. Illustrations and two maps.

A detailed history of an exploring expedition undertaken by a young naval lieutenant in Central Africa during the years 1883-84-85. The appendix consists of a careful geological survey of the ground traversed by Lieutenant Giraud.

GUILLOT, A. *Les Prisons de Paris.* (Librairie Dentu, Paris.) 8vo. Price 7 fr. 50 cents.

Interesting and life-like studies of Parisian prison life, cleverly illustrated by Muetégut.

HAUSSMANN. *Mémoires de Baron Haussmann.* (Paris: Victor Havard.) Two vols. Portraits. Price 7 fr. each.

The first two volumes of the personal recollections of Baron Haussmann, the great Bonapartist financier, some time Prefect of Paris under the Third Empire. Contains much that will form a valuable addition to contemporary history.

LETTENHOUZE, BARON KERVYN DE. *Marie Stuart.* (Paris: Perrin et Cie.) Two vols. Price 15 fr.

History of Mary Queen of Scots' imprisonment and death (1585-1587). The author has obtained access to a large number of historical documents hitherto unknown to the student, and has thus been enabled to produce a valuable addition to Mary Stuart literature.

ORLEANS, DUC D'. *Recits de Campagne.* (Paris: Calmann Levy.)

Passages from the letters written by the Duke of Orleans during the course of the Algerian campaigns (1833-1841). Edited with an Introduction by his sons.

SIMON, JULES. *Miguel, Michelet, Henri-Martin.* (Paris: Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Pp. 367. Price 7 fr. 50 cents.

Studies of the characters and life-work of the three great French historians. Delivered in the form of lectures before the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

II. FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

BENTZON, TH. *Tentée.* (Paris: Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Paper binding. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Novel dealing with modern Parisian life, by the well-known contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

FLEURIOT, Mdlle. *Cœur Muet.* (Hachette et Cie.) Cloth, gilt. Pp. 374.

Story by well-known writer for children. Fifty-seven illustrations by A. Marie.

GREVILLE, HENRI. *Un Mystère.* (Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 cents.

Novel by the author of "Doria," "Sonia," &c.

MANZONI. *Les Fiancés.* (Paris: Hachette et Cie.), Cloth, gilt.

A somewhat abridged and new translation of the famous Italian novel, "E. Promessi Sposi."

PEREZ LUCIEN. *Zerbeline and Zerbélir.* (Paris: Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Pp. 93. Illustrations. Price

Pretty fairy tale by the author of "Histoire d'une Grande Dame au XVIIIème Siècle," Suitable gift-book for little children learning French.

RICHEBOURG, EMILE. *Petite Mère.* (Librairie Dentu, Paris.) Two vols. Price 6 fr.

Pretty novelette by one of the most popular French novelists. First appeared as a serial in *Le Petit Journal*.

RICHEPIN, JEAN. *Le Cadet.* (Paris: Charpentier Frères.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 cents.

Novel by well-known and powerful writer belonging to the newer school of French fiction.

NOTE.—All the French works mentioned in the above list are unbound, except where the contrary is stated.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Blue Books and other official publications for January consist for the most part of Reports to Parliament and Returns ordered by the House of Commons. Any of the books and papers mentioned in the following list can be purchased over the counter for the prices named, at Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's, in East Harding Street, London, E.C. It may be added that this firm has just published a Selected Catalogue. This contains all the more important Government publications of recent years and is supplied with a useful subject index. (Pp. 176, Price 6d.)

I. REPORTS.

Friendly Societies, Industrial and Provident Societies, and Trade Unions.

Reports for 1888. Summaries of business conducted by central office, and other statistics; Parliamentary proceedings; decision of Courts; annual returns; valuations, &c. Pp. 284. Price 1s. 2d.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages in Scotland.

The thirty-third Annual Report of the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages in Scotland, with elaborate analyses. Pp. lvi. 46c. Price ss. 12.

Irish Land Commission.

Report of the Irish Land Commissioners for the period from the 22nd August, 1888, to the 22nd August, 1889. Statistics as to notices, agreements, appeals, applications for judicial leases, land sales, &c., are appended. Pp. 72. Price 7d.

Irish Land Commission.—Purchase of Land (Ireland) Acts. 1885, 1887, 1888.

Report of the Land Purchase Commissioners with respect to sales completed within the six months ending 30th June, 1889. Classified according to value of holdings, giving the number of cases dealt with and cases refused, names of vendors, and sums advanced, &c. Pp. 8. Price 1d.

RETURNS.**Trade and Navigation.**

Accounts for December, 1889, giving information concerning the import and export trade, and the shipping of the country. Pp. 124. Price 6d.

Tramways (Street and Road).

Return showing in each case amount of capital, length of tramway, gross receipts, working expenditure and net receipts, number of passengers

conveyed, number of miles run, and number of horses, engines, and cars employed. Brought down to June 30, 1889. Pp. 38. Price 4d.

Police Expenses.

Cost of police in all the boroughs of England and Wales having a population of more than 100,000 for the year ended 29th September, 1888; of the City of London Police to 31st December, 1888; and of the Metropolitan Police to 31st March, 1889; and of the Police of Scotland and Ireland. Pp. 4. Price 3/4d.

Pauperism, England and Wales.—Return (A), Comparative Statement of Pauperism, Nov., 1889.

Gives the number of paupers in all classes in receipt of relief in England and Wales on the last day of every week in the month of November of the several years from 1857 to 1889 inclusive. Pp. 12. Price 2d.

INDEXES.

Two indexes (supplemental to their respective reports) were published last month. The one is an Index to the Report of the Select Committee on Small Holdings (Price 7 1/2d.); the other an Index to the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Poor Law Relief. Price 1s. 4d.

ART.**Magasin des Beaux Arts.**

Watteau IV. By M. Paul Mautry.
The Proportions of the Human Body. By M. Dutroussel.
Industrial Art in India. By M. Senart.

The Portfolio. ss. 6d.

David Ryckholt. Etched by Macbeth Raeburn, after Vandyske.
Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen. By P. G. Hamerton.
Portrait of a Young Lady. Etched by Mdlle. Poynot, after C. Chaplin.
The Highlands of West Somerset. By J. W. Ll. Page.
The British Seas: II. The Downs. By W. Clark Russell. With a Plate after Turner.
Powell's Soda-Lime Glass. By A. H. Church.
Art Chronicle.

The Art Journal. February. 1s. 6d.

A Hopeless Dawn. Etched by James Dobie from the painting by Frank Bramley.
Vanishing Rome. (Illustrated.) Mrs. Henry Ady (Julia Cartwright).
Painters Studios. (Illustrated.)
The Royal Academy in the Last Century. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and F. A. Eaton. (Illustrated.)
Church Furnishing and Decoration. Aymer Valance. (Illustrated.)
Cambridge as a Sketching Ground. (Illustrated.)
Portraits of Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (Illustrated.)

Magazine of Art. February. 1s.

Artists and Art-Critics. By M. H. Spielmann.
Our National Gallery. F. Madox Brown.
The Corporation Gallery of Glasgow.—II. Walter Armstrong.
A Lesson in Ornament. The Vine and its Modifications.—I. Lewis F. Day.

Art and Literature. February. 1s.

Robert Browning (with portrait).
Notes on the Renaissance in France.
Spanish Painting.
Elgin Cathedral.
Persian Tiles.
Two other Mezograph Plates.

The Art Review. February. 1s.

Robert Browning. William Sharp.
Velasquez at the Royal Academy. Hon. Gilbert Coleridge.
Matthew Arnold's Meliorism. Professor W. Minto.
Art for the Masses.
Emin Pasha. Dr. R. W. Felkin.
Victor von Scheffel. T. W. Rolleston.

In the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, which is, as usual, beautifully illustrated, M. Paul Mautry finishes a study of Watteau in a fourth article, which brings the painter to his death by consumption, paint-brush in hand, on the 18th of July, 1821. Will the admirers of this charming painter weep most or rejoice over the little incident recorded of him as death approached: "He was troubled with the same anxiety which had troubled Botticelli. He feared that he had in some of his drawings insisted too much on the passionate note. He caused a friend to hunt out all that he did not consider innocent enough among his drawings, and in a moment of pious vandalism, he burned them?" The illustrations which accompany M. de Mautry's article are numerous and beautiful. One especially, which is taken from the "Music Lesson," in Sir Richard Wallace's collection, is in itself very well worth possessing. There is an article, especially interesting to students, by M. Dutroussel, on "The Proportions of the Human Body," which he prefaces by a saying of Pascal's, that in a question of art those who judge of a work by rules as compared with those who have no rules, are like those who have a watch as compared with those who have none when the question is one of time. M. Dutroussel's article supplies and illustrates those rules drawn from ancient and modern and foreign and native art. M. Senart has an article upon "Industrial Art in India," written as a review of Mr. Hindyle's book upon "Ulmar and its Art Treasures," and of the *Journal of Indian Art*, and containing principally original matter. The illustrations of this article are, with one exception, copied from the English publications.

The first place in the *Art Journal* is a copiously illustrated article on Vanishing Rome, by Julia Cartwright. It is followed by another instalment of "Painters Studios," illustrations being given of those of Papperitz, Wimmer, Karl Raupp, Walter Firley, Wagner, and Unger. The Librarian and Secretary of the Royal Academy writes on the "Royal Academy in the last Century." Aymer Valance's paper on "Church Furnishing and Decoration" is written from the point of view of taste and common-sense, and might be read with advantage by all persons building places of worship.

The leading feature of the *Magazine of Art* is the Editor's paper on "Artists and their Critics," which is the eighth glimpse of artist life, and contains the substance of a paper which he read before the Edinburgh Congress. Mr. Spielmann naturally magnifies his own vocation, and he maintains that the art critics, those leaders of a noble craft, are those who have popularised art. And he looks forward with confidence to the coming of the time when the race universal will learn to do honour to those who are at present its unrecognised benefactors. Another interesting paper is Mr. Lewis F. Day's "Lessons in Ornament," the "Vine and its Modifications."

The *Art Review* contains a Paris Causerie, which gives an account of the quarrel in the Society of French Artists which has led to the formation of a new Society and the ultimate holding of two exhibitions. Mr. Minto writes on "Matthew Arnold's Meliorism," maintaining the thesis that the real spirit of his poetry was hope and hopeful effort; no poetry of modern times has the same tranquillising power, the same calm sublimity of feeling.

Mr. Charles de Kay gives an illustrated paper in the *Century* on some of the newly-discovered terra-cottas under the title of "Side-Lights on Greek Art." It shows that the wide chasm between the finest sculpture and the rude tombstones is somewhat filled up. They must be acquired in some way or other for the art students of the United States.

INDEX TO PERIODICALS.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. L., Art and Literature	C. S., Cassell's Saturday Review	L. H., Leisure Hour	P., Portfolio
A. M., Atlantic Monthly	D. R., Dublin Review	Lip., Lippincott's Monthly	P. M. Q., Primitive
A. Q., Asiatic Quarterly	E. H., English Historical Review	L. M., Longman's Magazine	Quarterly
A. R., Andover Review	E. I., English Illustrated Magazine	L. Q., London Quarterly	Q. R., Quarterly Review
Art J., Art Journal	E. R., Edinburgh Review	Loc., Lucifer	S., Sun
Art. R., Art Review	F., Forum	M., Month	S. C., Scottish
Ata., Atlanta	Fi., Fireside	Mac., Macmillan's Magazine	Congregationalist
B., Bailey's Magazine	F. R., Fortnightly Review	M. Art., Magazine of Art	Scots, Scots Magazine
B. M., Blackwood's Magazine	G. M., Gentleman's Magazine	M. E., Merry England	Scrib., Scribner's Magazine
C., Cornhill	G. W., Good Words	M. M., Murray's Magazine	S. H., Sunday at Home
Cen., Centennial Magazine	H. M., Harper's Magazine	M. Q., Manchester Quarterly	S. M., Sunday Magazine
C. F. M., Cassell's Family Magazine	I., Igdrasil	N. A. R., North American Review	St. N., St. Nicholas
C. J., Chambers's Journal	I. M., Irish Monthly	N. C., Nineteenth Century	S. R., Scottish Review
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C. M., Century Magazine	I. N. M., Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine	N. H., Newbery House Magazine	Th., Theatre
C. Q., Church Quarterly		N. R., New Review	Tin., Tinsley
C. R., Contemporary Review		O., Outing	U. R., Universal Review
		O. D., Our Day	W. R., Westminster Review
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It has been found necessary to restrict this index to periodicals published in the English language. All the articles in the leading Quarterlies and Reviews are indexed, but only the more important articles in the other magazines. Many more articles are indexed than can be noticed in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, but when they are noticed, the number of the page is added on which the notice will be found. The English periodicals noticed are those published since the appearance of our last number. American periodicals are the *Centennial* for Dec., and the *Andover Review*, *Forum*, the *North American*, and *Our Day* for Jan.

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THE JUDGMENT OF THE JOURNALISTS.

THE reception of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS by the Press has been more than kindly. It has been generous to a fault. But for certain familiar voices who for years past have served me well by playing the useful but slightly fatiguing part of Egyptian skeletons at my journalistic festivals, the REVIEW stood in imminent danger of the woe that is pronounced upon those of whom all speak well. That was at least a novel peril for me to encounter. Fortunately my friends, the enemy, not only saved me from that danger, but they enable me to serve up a little relish of vinegar with what would otherwise have been almost a surfeit of sweets. It would, for instance, be somewhat embarrassing for me to quote the flattering notice of the *Speaker*, were it not for the opportunity which it affords of quoting a sample of the "wit" of Mr. Edmund Yates, who ever takes an innocent pleasure in reminding the world that although we both occupied the same cell in Holloway Gaol, we by no means hold the same opinions—a service for which I owe him many thanks. Says the *Speaker* :—

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS, the offspring of one of the very ablest journalists of the century—a man rich in fertility of resource, in originality, in inventiveness, richer still, if that be possible, in the strength and courage of his convictions, comes to break the uniformity of our magazine literature. . . . We can only express the hope that this new REVIEW may have a long and prosperous career, and may not fail in the mission proclaimed by its Editor, the knitting together of all the communities throughout the world which speak the English tongue.

Upon which "Moi-même" comments in the *World* as follows: "Why the plural 'convictions'? Surely Mr. Stead was only convicted once?"—which is not only neat in itself, but useful, for it gave an opening to the *St. James's Gazette* to cap this happy sally by a reference—not altogether accurate—to the technicalities of my trial in 1885. It is curious what importance my critics attach to my personality. The *World* also informs me that I have Irish blood in my veins, of which I now hear for the first time, and obligingly furnishes me with an alternative title in the shape of *Fagin's Miscellany*, asserting as a reason for this that I have stolen from Longman's. As I did not publish a line of anything published by Longman except by the express permission of the acting editor, who sent me advance proofs for the purpose of quotation, this "criticism" is about as worthless as the other nonsense that has been plentifully written by ignorant correspondents about piracy and the like. The story that publishers were threatening me with actions-at-law is false. No publisher has threatened me. All the talk about "dishonesty," the "vengeance" of publishers, and the like, is the merest idle cackle.

THE PRESS OF THE CAPITAL.

It is simply impossible for me to quote one-hundredth part of the references to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS which have appeared in almost every paper published in the three kingdoms. The agreement of organs of the most opposite views in commending our first number is almost

unprecedented. "Here," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "for a modest 'tanner' we may have the cream of all the half-crown and the shilling monthlies; a fair conspectus of the best magazine literature of the month." In this for once it is entirely at one with the *Star*, which says: "This is condensed culture. It is the swiftest, deftest, and most complete achievement of sub-editing we have ever seen. The REVIEW OF REVIEWS is a sixpenny poor and busy man's guide to monthly literature." As it is with the dailies, so it is with the weeklies. The *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, says that the REVIEW has a "programme as wide and bold, and a faith as robust as ever inspired an editor." The *National Reformer*, the secularist weekly, declares that "this very original venture deserves to be crowned with complete success," and a critic in the ultra-Conservative journal *England*, which has as its mission the trampling under foot of secularism, writes:—

Although I at first carped at the idea, as a hardworked journalist . . . I am induced to say that it comes! as a boon and a blessing to men, this REVIEW OF REVIEWS to us knights of the pen.

Here is a condensed review of the reviews of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS :—

The *Daily Chronicle* says of our first number :—Its chief object, that of providing a suitable compendium for the other magazines, is well carried out.

The *Morning Post* says :—The latest of monthly publications is likely to be of considerable value in an age when few have time to read the leading articles in the magazines, and the majority have neither the time nor the opportunity.

The *Daily Graphic* finds the REVIEW "bristles with such practical suggestions as might have been expected from the electrical nature of its editor"!

The disconsolate *Globe* even dreads that our success will be so great in this hurried and laborious age that "nobody in future will be at the pains to write at large in order that some expert may boil it down!"

I must omit scores of notices, but here are a few from the weekly London papers :—

The *Publishers' Circular* says that :—Those who have no time to read the monthly serials will find a good compendium in this new organ.

The *Sunday Times* says :—The condensed summaries, the indexes, and all such things are admirable, and deserve our thanks. . . . It is a new and a far higher thing that the editorial scissors should be turned into a crusader's sword, the paste into cement for a spiritual city.

Reynold's thinks that the first number is a sample of editing which it would be difficult to surpass. It contains the cream of all the great magazines at home and abroad, with other attractions, which make it one of the best sixpennyworths to be had.

Lloyd's says it presents a remarkably good sixpennyworth of reading matter. The *Mirror* adds that this is so, and therefore it ought to go.

The *City Press* exclaims :—Capital value for money is given in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. In no case, however, is the summary sufficiently full to render it unnecessary for any one to get the journal quoted and read for himself. It is, as is everything for which Mr. Stead is responsible, capitally done.

The *Penny Illustrated* says :—The editor certainly has done the sub-editorial part of a journalist's business superbly for the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. . . . A thumping sixpennyworth at any rate.

The **Church Review** says :—There is an immense deal of interesting matter admirably arranged and selected.

The **Christian World** declares :—This number is extremely interesting, gives full value for the money, and need not alarm the publishers of other magazines.

The **Methodist Times** says :—That from beginning to end it is eminently readable and interesting. Whatever it may become, we are quite sure it will never be dull. The peril of the venture will be its success.

The **Methodist Recorder** thinks the **REVIEW** invaluable as a work of reference if it were not too interesting. It is a marvellous production, of a size that is already portentous, and, moreover, of perfectly bewildering interest. We tried to use it as a book of reference, but no sooner did our eyes light on a paragraph than we were compelled to read.

Yet the **Weekly Dispatch** delivers itself of this amazing judgment :—Mr. Stead calmly supersedes all the churches, and even the Scriptures ; if you seek salvation, you can get it only by buying the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS**. Take Ignatius Loyola, knead him well with the Mahdi, and flavour the compound with General Booth, and even then you will get nothing like the audacity of Mr. Stead.

The **British Weekly** thinks the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** is a marvel of energy and skill. It is an excellent idea well carried out. It ought to command a very large circulation, and to take a firm position.

The **Nonconformist** says :—It is a very interesting and varied monthly, which does not trench unduly on copyright claims.

The **Christian Commonwealth** says :—The **REVIEW** meets a want, and will be a success.

The **Literary World** thinks that as a free advertisement of the contents of the various magazines it should be welcomed by magazine proprietors.

The **Political World** says :—It is full to overflowing of good things.

The **Catholic Times** is sure that the **REVIEW** has come to stay, and is destined to have a prosperous and brilliant career.

The **Jewish World** thinks it a very happy thought and entirely original. It is within most people's purse, and the crystallised wisdom of many minds on many topics is offered therein.

The **Inquirer** says :—It is a typical product of the age. To professional readers and writers it should be most helpful.

The **Family Churchman** recommends every young man to buy a copy.

The **Bible Christian Magazine** says :—The **REVIEW** is a magnificent sixpennyworth. The usual sneers are, as usual, wide of the mark. The very publishers who have taken alarm at his scheme will soon discover it to be a valuable advertisement for their publications.

The **Phonetic Journal** says :—Never surely was there an era when such a publication was more needed, if the average Englishman is to be at all posted up in the ever-growing literary activity of the period at home and abroad.

Of the London weeklies which speak for the Colonies the **Home and Colonial Mail** says :—It is a very smart piece of journalistic work.

South Africa says :—We doubt not that the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** will make a name for itself in South Africa as in other parts of the world. We cordially wish Mr. Stead success in his plucky and ingenious enterprise.

The **Colonies and India** is good enough to predict that the new magazine will find its way far beyond the cities, far beyond the big centres of English-speaking Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Australasian Colonies, into the distant townships, the back-blocks, and the wilds which the editor lays himself out to reach. Few, we take it, will be found to question either Mr. Stead's sincerity or his patriotism, and as few will be found to doubt his ability to creditably fulfil the task he has now set himself.

The **European Mail** says :—The **REVIEW** has all the elements of success and has made an excellent start.

THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

The **Birmingham Post** says that the **REVIEW** has distinctly struck out a new and useful line. . . . Such a publication will prove extremely useful, and we wish it abundant success.

The **Birmingham Gazette** says that the **REVIEW** plunges into the water with the boisterous confidence which disdains thought of a hereafter or even of a to-morrow. There is nothing vague or uncertain about the new periodical.

The **Nottingham Express** says the first number of the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** produces a very favourable impression, bearing traces, as it does on every page, how admirably the editor has carried out a happy and original idea.

The **Leicester Daily Post** thinks that this **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** must fill a great and increasing gap in our contemporary literature, and that, evidently, with both enterprise and ability.

The **St. Helens' Newspaper** thinks that the **REVIEW** will be by far the most valuable publication in English literature. The reviews are excellently done, and are of surpassing usefulness.

The **South Wales Daily News** is very kind. Speaking of the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS**, it says—It is a magazine with a mission. It has the lofty character which Peter the Hermit may be supposed to have adopted in preaching the Crusades. . . . The editor of the **REVIEW** is none the worse for his exalted view of his mission. . . . A declaration which would more have smacked of bombast from many men must be taken seriously from the lips of Mr. Stead. He has earned the right to clothe his aim in glowing words.

The **Western Mail (Cardiff)** says :—It is practically certain that the "milking" process as carried out by Mr. Stead will be leniently regarded by the general public, who largely benefit therefrom.

The **Sussex Daily News** says the **REVIEW** is much better than any one dreamed it would be. It is, probably, the most comprehensive sixpennyworth of literature the world has ever seen. In mere précis writing the **REVIEW** is the smartest thing to be found anywhere just now.

The **Hampshire Advertiser** tells its readers that both time and money are saved by being thus able to obtain the best information from the best sources on the best subjects in such a compendious form. If the other **Reviews** and **Magazines** do not object, this **REVIEW** must be a success.

The **Hampshire Telegraph** says the **REVIEW** will be of infinite service to those who wish to be well informed, but have not time for extensive reading.

The **Ventnor Gazette** says we have rarely had more pleasure in calling attention to a want met, and to a good sixpennyworth, stimulating and helpful both mentally and spiritually.

YORKSHIRE.

In Yorkshire the **REVIEW** has attracted much attention.

In a leading article,

The **Leeds Mercury** discussed our programme at length, and pointed out that though the public owed the latest addition to the periodicals of our time to the inventive genius and inexhaustible energy of the editor it may nevertheless be regarded as the outcome of a process of evolution.

In an even longer leading article,

The **Sheffield and Rotherham Independent** asserts that decidedly the most humorous thing out of Bedlam is Mr. Stead's new venture. There are only two useful things in this otherwise unnecessary periodical, the chief of these is the index to periodicals.

The **Eastern Morning News**, on the other hand, declares that it is a great invention for economising time and energy ; it probably has a future before it. . . . It is not only sure to be readable, but it is also sufficiently cleared from a charge of plagiarism.

The **Bradford Observer** says:—The new magazine is at once a review of reviews, a summary of reviews, an index to reviews, and a review itself. The order is a large one, but the *Observer* is kind enough to say "if it can be executed, Mr. Stead is about as likely as any man to be the executant. For half a dozen years no single figure has been more conspicuous in the field of daily journalism, nor had greater individual effect. We must remember this much, if we are to be fair to this latest development of his activity, and to believe that his conception, large as it is, will not be allowed to fail for lack of ability or enthusiasm."

The **York Herald** regards the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** as one of the most useful of the monthlies.

LANCASHIRE.

From Lancashire I receive a sheaf of notices:—

The **Liverpool Post** says:—One is safe in saying that the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** has all the signs premonitory to long life and vigour. . . . As for the contents of the **REVIEW**, they can hardly be otherwise than good, seeing that they are the choicest morsels of the best literary fare the month provides.

The **Liverpool Courier** thinks the selections in the first number is judicious and interesting to the highest degree. . . . Furthermore, it is of sufficiently comprehensive character to commend it to a large number of readers, while it indicates a programme of undoubted usefulness.

The **Manchester Guardian** says:—Mr. Stead's **REVIEW** makes a good start. . . . That there is room for a careful and well-edited **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** we do not doubt.

The **Manchester Examiner** says briefly that the able staff who are doing the work of this journal have succeeded to a remarkable degree.

The **Preston Guardian**:—The **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** is a sort of store-house of literary pemmican. It is to be hoped that its readers will be spared the pangs of mental indigestion.

The **Lancashire Post** expects much, and is in no way disappointed.

The **Blackburn Express**, in a amusing article, describes Mr. Stead sitting self-crowned, as it were, the censor of censors and the critic of the critics of his time.

The **Bolton Guardian** says:—Mr. Stead's summaries are admirably done; his indices of new books and catalogues of magazine articles comprehensive and convenient.

The **Cheshire Chronicle**:—A *multum in parvo* in very truth. The cream of the magazines and lively criticisms, containing a world of meaning, are given, while the subjects dealt with are delightfully various.

THE NORTH COUNTRY.

My old paper, the **Northern Echo**, of Darlington, which I edited for nine years, says of my new venture:—It is the largest sixpennorth of print yet produced by the periodical press. . . . His objects are characteristic; they embody a high ideal, they exhibit clear outlook as to methods. . . . We have no hesitation in saying that the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** will be read and relished, and that those eminent public men who encouraged Mr. Stead to undertake the work will hear their forecast echoed back to them in words of welcome.

The **Durham Chronicle** declares that:—If the world of to-day must have sackfuls of reviews, it must have some one to boil them down. Judging from his first number, Mr. Stead seems to be an excellent cook, and his "hash" is most delectable.

All the Newcastle papers speak warmly of the **REVIEW**, even the *Chronicle*, with whom I waged many a fight in days gone by.

The **Newcastle Leader** praises the **REVIEW**. For purpose, for clear speech, and for thoroughly effective craftsmanship, the **REVIEW** is a thoroughly business-like production. . . . The publishers of the reviews who took alarm at the scheme ought by this time to see how foolish were their fears. It will help rather than hinder them. Certainly the gratis advertisements given them are beyond anything they have ever had offered them before.

The **Newcastle Daily Journal** thinks there are features in the **REVIEW** which make up a self-assumption that

almost attains to genius. But it admits that Mr. Stead has produced a really interesting, and in some respects original, magazine, not a single page of which can be fairly described as dull.

THE SCOTCH PRESS.

North of the Tweed the chorus of welcome rolls almost unbroken.

The **Scotsman** says:—The cream of these (the magazines) is briefly indicated by description and quotation . . . whetting the appetite for further information. . . . It has other information of a kindred nature, and altogether is a remarkable sixpenceworth. . . . If the high promise of the January number is maintained, there can be little doubt that this new venture will speedily find a field for itself commensurate with its merits.

The **Scottish Leader**:—It shows us that Mr. Stead possesses to perfection the by no means common power of imparting individuality to the scissors and the paste-pot. The **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** promises to be a highly useful index of the journalistic literature of the month. He [Mr. Stead] is a kind of journalistic Ramdass, with fire enough in his belly, or, at least, the faith in it, to burn up all the sins of Anglo-Saxondom.

The **Glasgow Herald**:—It is a good idea to present the cream of each month's periodical literature, and a sort of synopsis of the whole. In this first number the reviews are very nearly what they ought to be.

The **Elgin Courant**:—We predict for Mr. Stead's new venture a complete and well-merited success. . . . Mr. Stead has managed to combine in striking harmony the leading qualities of the daily press with the more dignified productions of periodical literature.

The **Christian Leader** of Glasgow asserts that no fair-minded reader can rise from the perusal of the first number without feeling that it is an addition to our periodical literature of the very highest practical value, and that a bold and novel conception has been worked out with consummate ability. Mr. Stead, with keen insight, perceived what is a growing need of our crowded age; with practical sagacity he has hit upon the very best method of meeting the want; and by his new experiment he will make us all his debtors.

THE IRISH PAPERS.

In Ireland, Belfast and Dublin are for once at one.

The **Freeman's Journal** says:—The purpose of the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** has been cavilled at, and its prospects doubted in advance, but it may be said that Mr. Stead has breathed into it that vitalising force, that vivid actuality which, whatever view may be taken of his opinions and objects, has been the secret of his great power and ability as a journalist.

The **Dublin Telegraph** says:—Mr. W. T. Stead's new publication, which is a condensed literary extract or gold-mining process, bears the stamp of a born journalist.

The **Irish Times** says:—The Irish public . . . will recognise at a glance that it has been got out with considerable expedition, and is edited with much literary skill.

The **Belfast Morning News**:—We are enabled to state, after an examination of its wonderfully varied bill of contents, that it bids fair to become the most popular monthly.

The **Cork Constitution**:—It possesses most interesting features, which are both novel and pleasing.

The **Cork Daily Herald**:—We have rarely seen a more interesting publication than Mr. Stead's first number. . . . The **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** is bound to have a tremendous circulation, and we think that, far from injuring the other magazines, it will increase their sale according to their merits.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.—The portraits given in our frontispiece are taken from photographs by the following photographers:—The Stereoscopic Company, Mr. Justice Day, Mr. Justice Smith, and Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P.; Elliott & Fry, The President, Sir James Hannen; Russell & Sons, the Attorney-General; William Lawrence, Dublin, Mr. C. S. Parnell; Deneulin, Mr. Cunynghame; Walery, Mr. George Lewis.



From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Court photographer, Berlin.

WILHELM II. KAISER.

"I regard this Imperial act as the wisest and worthiest that has proceeded from any Sovereign of our time."—CARDINAL MANNING *on the Emperor's Rescript.*

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

VOL. I. NO. 3.]

MARCH, 1890.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

London, Feb. 28, 1890.

HONOUR to whom honour is due! The great event of the month has been the declaration by the German Emperor in favour of the International Regulation of Labour, and the young Kaiser has suddenly become something of a democratic hero. But before joining in the glad acclaim which hails Wilhelm II. as the Imperial Tribune of Labour, let us remember that the German man on the throne has but recognised in 1890 the soundness of the principles first laid down in 1843 by a Frenchwoman who wielded no other sceptre but her pen. Madame Flora Tristan, the author of the pamphlet "Union Ouvrière," appears to have been one of those prophetic souls who, from the height of the snowy mountain peak, see the sunrise in the East long before the first glad ray gladdens the eyes of the toilers in the darkened vale below. She was so far in advance, that but for M. Malon her very name would have been forgotten to-day, when all Europe is bidden by the crowned dictator at its centre to give practical effect to her proposals. She proclaimed the need for the international organisation of labour; she proclaimed the coming recognition of the universal unity of the working class, and demanded the annihilation of national barriers in the name of the solidarity of industry. That, or something practically indistinguishable from that, forms the burden of the message which the German Emperor has delivered to the nations of the world.

The Frenchwoman wrote in 1843, but the first action was taken in London in 1864, when in St.

Martin's Hall, an obscure meeting-place of which nine Londoners in ten have never heard, the famous and dreaded International came into being. The first article of that Association set forth, as the object for which it came into being, the procuring of a central point of communication and co-operation between the workers of different countries, who aspired to the same end, viz., the mutual help, the progress, and the complete emancipation of the working-classes.

Born in weakness and obscurity, hardly attracting sufficient notice to be honoured with the contemptuous ridicule of the hack journalists, who are to our generation what the false prophets were to Israel in the days of Elijah and Jeremiah, the Association set itself to work. Proclaiming in its inaugural circular that the "Conquest of Political power has become the first duty of the working-class," it entered upon a period of education and propaganda which, after four congresses had been held between 1866 and 1869, blazed up, sky high, in lurid flames as of Tophet, in the Paris Commune.

The flames of Paris were quenched in the blood of the insurgents, but the conscience of Europe was troubled. The great word of the International was printed in characters of blood and fire before the eyes of the world. The rulers and chief priests and kings began, as is their wont, by trying suppression. But even while putting down the Association they paid homage to its founders by endeavouring to salve their consciences by talking of ameliorating the condition of

labour. The Emperor-King, Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, profoundly impressed by the growth of the International, and the demands of the workers, suggested, in 1871, to the Governments of Europe, the advisability of social legislation for the redress of the grievances of the working classes. Since then every year has brought social legislation nearer and nearer to the front.

The importance of the German Emperor's Rescripts lies in the fact that they record the formal establishment of the condition-of-the-people question as the first Order of the Day on the legislative programme of the civilised world.

So notable a landmark in the history of civilisation demands full and formal record even in this rapid survey of human progress. To Prince Bismarck the German Emperor wrote on February 4th, 1890:—

I am resolved to lend my hand towards bettering the condition of German workmen as far as my solicitude for their welfare is bounded by the necessity of enabling German industry to retain its power of competing in the world's market, and thus securing its existence and that of its labourers. The collapse of our native industries through the loss of their foreign markets would not only deprive the masters, but also the men of their bread. The difficulties in the way of an improvement in the lot of our workmen, which are founded on international competition, can only be lessened, if not altogether surmounted, by means of an international agreement between those countries who dominate the world's market. In the conviction that other Governments also are animated by the wish to subject to a common examination the aspirations about which the working men of these countries are themselves already carrying on international negotiations, it is my will that official inquiry be made by my representatives, primarily in France, England, Belgium, and Switzerland, whether these Governments are disposed to enter into negotiation with us with a view to coming to an understanding as to the possibility of complying with the wants and wishes of the labourers, as manifested by them during the strikes of the last few years and otherwise. As soon as my proposal is agreed to in principle, I shall empower you to invite the Cabinets of all the Governments who evince the same interest in the labour question to a conference for the purpose of further discussing it in detail.

While "the bettering of the condition of the workman" was thus boldly pushed forward into the international sphere of diplomatic action, the Emperor gave an earnest that he meant serious business by accompanying the Rescript to the Reichskanzler by another Rescript to the Ministers of Commerce and Public Works, in which he laid down in outline a programme of social legislation and administrative action. Much had been done, said the Rescript,

but not enough. The insurance laws must be completed; the factory laws must be amended, so as to give satisfaction to the legitimate complaints and to the aspirations of the workers. The starting-point of the new legislation was declared to be the principle that it was one of the duties of the Government to regulate the duration and the conditions of labour in such a way as to protect the health, the morality, and economic necessities of the working classes, and their aspirations towards equality before the law.

Means must also be devised to enable working men to give free and full expression to their desires and grievances by duly accredited representatives, who will thus act as negotiators and pacificators between masters and men. The Emperor expresses the desire to see the State mines of Prussia become model institutions as far as the welfare of their workers is concerned, as well as to see private mines submitted to the surveillance of his own mine officers, after the fashion of factory inspectors.

To consider those things the Council of State was to be summoned forthwith. Specialists would be admitted as experts to assist in its deliberations, over which the Emperor would preside.

Ten days later, on February 14th, the Council of State met in the Elizabethan Saloon of the Royal Castle.

The Kaiser addressed the assembled magnates in a speech, the determined tone of which was the subject of much comment. Of this speech the following is the salient passage:—

The task for the accomplishment of which I have called you together is a serious and responsible one. The protection to be accorded to the working classes against an arbitrary and limitless exploitation of their capacity to work, the extent of the employment of children, which should be restricted from regard for the dictates of humanity and the laws of natural development, the consideration of the position of women in the household of workmen, so important for domestic life from the point of view of morality and thrift, and other matters affecting the working classes connected therewith, are susceptible of a better regulation. In the consideration of these questions it will be necessary to examine, with circumspection and the aid of practical knowledge, to what point German industry will be able to bear the additional burden imposed upon the cost of production by the stricter regulations in favour of the workmen, without the remunerative employment of the latter being prejudiced by competition in the world's market.

After specifying the nature of the measures which were to be submitted to them, the Emperor went on in truly royal style:—

The labours of love, of church, and school have also a wide field for fruitful action by which the ordinances of

the law must be supported and aided ; but if, with God's help, you succeed in satisfying the just interests of the labouring population by the proposals you make, your work may be sure of my kingly thanks, and of the gratitude of the nation.

Words fitly spoken, indeed, and not unworthy of a monarch.

Programme of the Conference. The programme of the International Conference is as follows :—

I.—Regulation of labour in mines.

(a). Is underground labour to be forbidden for children under a certain age, and for women ?

(b). Whether a restriction of the duration of the shift should be imposed in mines in which the work is especially dangerous to health ?

(c). Is it possible, in consonance with the universal interest in the regularity of the output of coal, to submit the work in coal pits to International regulation ?

II.—Regulation of Sunday labour.

(a). Is work on Sundays to be forbidden, except in case of necessity, and what exceptions are to be allowed in the event of the issue of such a prohibition ?

(b). Are these exceptions to be determined by International agreement, by law, or by the Administration ?

III.—Regulation of the labour of children.

(a). Shall children under a certain age be excluded from industrial work, and what is the limit of age to be fixed ?

(b). Is it to be the same for all branches of industry, or different, and what restrictions should be placed on the time and nature of employment for children authorised to engage in industrial labour ?

IV.—Regulation of youths' labour.

(a). Shall the industrial work of youths above the age of childhood be restricted, and up to what age ?

(b). What restrictions shall be imposed, and shall exceptions be made for certain branches of industry ?

V.—Regulation of female labour.

(a). Shall the labour of married women be restricted by day or night ?

(b). Shall the industrial work of all females (married or unmarried) be subjected to certain restrictions, and to what restrictions ?

(c). Are deviations from the general regulations to be allowed in certain branches of industry, and, if so, in which ?

VI.—The execution of the rules adopted.

(a). Shall regulations be drawn up concerning the fulfilment of the recommendations to be agreed upon, and their superintendence ?

(b). Shall further Conferences of the Representatives of the Governments concerned be held, and what questions shall be laid before them ?

The Imperial Rescript produced an immense effect throughout Europe. The Swiss Government, which had issued invitations for a Labour Conference at Berne, in May, at once withdrew its proposals in favour of the wider scheme of the Kaiser. The English Government, which had accompanied its acceptance of the invitation to the Swiss Conference by hampering limitations, accepted the invita-

tion from Berlin to discuss the much wider proposal for the establishment of an international agreement for the satisfaction of the aspirations of the working-classes. The Pope, who had himself, in his address to the French pilgrims last autumn, foreshadowed a programme not very dissimilar to that of the Kaiser, was silent. But Cardinal Manning, the most distinguished and intrepid of all the cardinals, publicly declared that this "Imperial act was the wisest and the worthiest that has proceeded from any sovereign of our times." The reception of the German overtures by our press was singularly unworthy of the leading position which this country occupies in the regulation of labour. Banal futilities about Free Trade, hollow puerilities about international competition, such were the contributions offered by our leading journalists—arid as ground bottle-glass, and dreary as the mud-flats of the Thames at low water—to a discussion which bids fair to mark a new departure in the history of Europe.

The German Elections. In the midst of the excitement occasioned by the Imperial Rescript,

Germany elected her first quinquennial Parliament. The voting, which took place on the 20th, was not devoid of stirring incident. A historical painter might select a less suggestive incident than that of Prince Bismarck in the uniform of the yellow Cuirassiers, giving his last vote in a German election for the defeated Conservative candidate in a Berlin constituency. Even more notable, although perhaps hardly capable of being taken as a subject for the painter, was the return by a large majority in Berlin of a broken-down old Pole, the victim of repeated State prosecutions, as a popular protest against the arbitrary régime of repression and oppression, of which the working classes have been the subject.

But the most remarkable incident of the election was the sudden call to arms by the Emperor of the whole garrison of Berlin on the polling day. While 125,000 adult citizens were pouring towards the ballot-boxes to record their votes for Social Democrat candidates, 12,000 armed men, both foot and artillery, were marched through the streets to go through military manoeuvres at the exercise-ground of Berlin. The "shouting Emperor," as he was termed at the beginning of his reign, is evidently a

man with an eye for theatrical effect, and keenly alive to the utility of an object lesson. The swinging stride of the regiments as they marched through the capital, the rattle of the artillery, and the tramping of the hoofs of the cavalry, all spoke in unmistakable language the inner thought of the young master of many legions. "Ballots are yours, but bullets are mine; universal suffrage may be strong, but universal military service stronger. I wish you well, and will do what I can to better your condition, but the limits must be those of my choosing, in token whereof behold the bayonet-gleam which marks the steel-clad frontier beyond which the popular will shall not pass!"

The elections, as might have been expected, showed that in relation to the Social question, the German was much of the same way of thinking as his Emperor. The heavy increase of the Socialist vote was the most effective way in which the German Demos could say ditto to the Emperor. Each in his own way works out towards the same goal. The Catholics strengthen the Ultramontane phalanx, with which Herr Windhorst endeavours to carry out the doctrine of Christian Socialism now in favour at the Vatican. The Social Democrats sweep city after city, defeating Herr Richter, the ablest of German Liberals, at Berlin, and bring up their total poll from 764,000 to 1,341,500.

The following analysis of the composition of the Reichstag may be interesting, although nine second ballots have still to be decided, to those who are confused by the numerous groups and *aliases* that abound in German politics:—

Ministerialists or the Cartel Party.		The Opposition.	
1887.	1890.	1887.	1890.
Conservatives	78	66	
New Conservatives or Imperialists	37	20	
National Liberals	94	39	
	<u>209</u>	<u>125</u>	
		Centre, Clericals or Ultramontanes	103
		Liberals, Freisinnigen, Radicals or Progressists	35
		Poles	14
		Alsace - Lorrainers	14
		Social Democrats	11
		Independent	11
			<u>188</u>
			263

The growth of the Socialist vote is notable. Indeed, Prince Bismarck has made the extirpation of the Social-Democratic party one of the main objects of his policy since 1878. He has employed without scruple all the "resources of civilisation" which a powerful administration can use against a poor and powerless sect. His success has been almost on a par with the efforts of the Roman Emperor to extirpate Christianity. The following record of Social-Democratic votes cast in German elections and since the war is a striking illustration of the fact that the more some faiths are crushed the more they expand:—

Votes.		Votes.	
1871.	125,000	1881.	312,000
1874.	352,000	1884.	550,000
1877.	493,000	1887.	764,000
1878.	437,000	1890.	1,341,500

The first fall in the Socialist vote took place in 1878 after the attempt on the life of the Emperor, but before the law against Socialists was passed. The first three years of the operation of the Law of Repression under which Socialist publications were suppressed and Socialist meetings prohibited, resulted in a slight success for the Government. The mass vote cast for the Social Democrats fell off by 125,000,—as many as the total number polled by the party in 1871. But this decrease in the total poll was accompanied by an increase in the number of Socialists elected. In 1878 they had only 8 members in the Reichstag, in 1881 they rose to 13, in 1884 they mounted up to 24; but in 1887, although the number of their votes rose from 350,000 to 764,000, their strength in the Reichstag fell from 24 to 11. This year, with over a million votes, they will only have 37 members. The chief gain of seats falls to the Freisinnigen or Radicals, who have pulled up their numbers from 38 to 80.

It is on the National Liberals, the advocates of the older orthodoxy according to Manchester, that the chief loss falls. The former Coalition majority which supported the Government is wiped out, and Prince Bismarck has to face the future with new combinations—all more or less Socialistic in their leaning. Meanwhile the Emperor's ministers are setting to work, with Hohenzollern thoroughness,

to carry out the new word of command. The State mines, and all the great military and naval factories, are to be made models for the nation. Wages are being increased, improved dwellings are being provided, and it is expected that the employés of the State will be secured the ten hours day and the six days week.

The immediate result of this new and unexpected initiative on the part of the German Emperor seems likely to revolutionise the popular estimate of Germany in Europe. The safety of the German Empire is now guaranteed by the sympathies of the workers of the whole world. It may be that they will be cruelly undeceived, and if so, the awakening will be bitter, and vengeance will not be lacking. But for the moment, even the Socialists of France watch the development of affairs across the Rhine with a strange and new-born sympathy. If at this moment France were to destroy the chances of the Kaiser's success by an attack on Germany, she would have to face the maledictions of the labouring world, and the voices of French workmen would swell the chorus of execration. The determination that Germany must be allowed a fair chance to better the condition of the workers of the world amounts to a temporary but very real guarantee of the safety of her frontiers. The imperative "Hands off" of the humanitarian Socialism of our day is distinctly audible by all those who may meditate any disturbance of the general peace necessary for the elaboration of the German programme.

According to Moslems, when Israfil, the Angel of the Resurrection, summons the dead from their graves, he will blow three blasts. The first is the Blast of Consternation, the second the Blast of Examination, while it is not until he has sounded the third, the Blast of Resurrection, that the dead, small and great, will come forth from their graves. In terrestrial affairs we now are in the period immediately subsequent to the second blast. The Commune was the Blast of Consternation; the Kaiser's Rescript, the Blast of Examination. Paris sounded the first; Berlin the second. The third, which will call the dead to life and bid the new

world be, will probably be heard from the English-speaking lands. For the moment, however, while the echoes of the Kaiser's words are reverberating round the world, as the sonorous note of the Alpine horn re-echoes among the peaks of the Swiss mountains, we are in the period of Examination. What has happened in Germany has given an impulse to Socialistic propaganda in every country in the world. In England this impulse has made itself felt in many ways. The House of Commons has briefly, but warmly, debated, on the motion of Mr. Cuninghame Graham, the question of going into the German Conference on the Conditions of Labour. Mr. Grahame was hotly opposed by Mr. Bradlaugh, who has now resigned the Presidency of the National Secular Union, and is one of the most conservative members in the House on all social questions, while Lord Randolph Churchill advertised his inclination to make what running he could out of Social Democracy. The discussion is to be renewed on a wider and broader basis.

The miners of Great Britain have sent deputations to the Home Secretary, to Lord Randolph, and to Mr. Gladstone, pleading for a legislative enactment fixing eight hours as the length of the legal day in all underground labour. Mr. Gladstone shook his head; Mr. Matthews refused to interfere with the hours of adults; but Lord Randolph, posing as the sympathetic friend of labour, proclaimed his open mind, and pointed out that it was absurd to refuse to regulate the labour of adult males, when the principle of regulating the labour of adult females had long been accepted by both parties.

Out of this deputation arose a curious little crisis in the affairs of the *Star* newspaper—a halfpenny evening journal with a circulation of about a hundred thousand, which has exercised considerable influence in moulding the aspirations of the labourers of London. The *Star* was started two years ago with a capital of £20,000, at least one half of which was subscribed by capitalists of the type of Mr. Brunner. Among the leading shareholders were Mr. Holden, Mr. Priestley, Mr. Schwann, and Mr. Brunner. Professor Stuart, who sat as chairman of the directors,

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did so, it is understood, not because of his own stake in the concern, but as mandataire of Mr. Holden. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Irish Member who sits for Liverpool, was appointed editor, with Mr. Massingham, an ardent Social Radical, as his assistant. As Mr. T. P. O'Connor was much absorbed in parliamentary and electoral labour, the control of the *Star* fell more and more into the hands of Mr. Massingham, who did his best to force the pace. In the intermittent visits which Mr. O'Connor paid to the editorial chair, he does not appear to have noticed the drift of "the *Star* programme" for some months. Liberals of the older school took alarm at the bills upon the future which were being drawn by the framers of the London programme; but Sir W. Harcourt cynically smiled, and said that "T. P. was doing very well." It was necessary to win twenty seats in London at the next election, and he saw no reason to interfere. Mr. Morley, however, took the matter more seriously. When, he took his stand against the Eight Hours Bill, Mr. T. P. O'Connor formally proclaimed the Eight Hours Day to be part of the *Star* programme, much to the delight, and not a little to the amazement, of his lieutenant, whose fervent Radicalism was gradually developing in the direction of practical Socialism. Mr. Morley, and possibly some of the capitalist shareholders, appear to have remonstrated, and Mr. T. P. promptly tacked. The Eight Hours Movement was to be boycotted, the *Star* was to go softly, and nothing was to be done to embarrass the party. Finding that the editorials published in his own journal embarrassed the Liberal candidate at Partick, Mr. T. P. threw over his assistant, publicly disowning the opinions for which he accepted full responsibility. This did not contribute to smooth the difficulties at the *Star*, and when Mr. Gladstone shook his head at the miners' request for an eight hours day, the crisis arrived. The editor refused to support the miners against his parliamentary chief. His assistant handed in his notice, and appealed, first to the directors, and then to the shareholders, against the policy of his chief. The incident, small enough in itself, is significant, as illustrating how the Socialist development is disturbing party ties and disrupting journalistic relations as soon as it comes within the domain of the

practical. We await with interest to see the result of the appeal which the representative of the proletariat is making to the holders of capital.

The *Star* is not the only newspaper that is in difficulties about the Labour Question. Mr. Burns, Mr. Cuninghame Graham, and others have shaken off the dust of their feet against the *Labour Elector*, a journal edited by Mr. Champion, which attained considerable circulation during the dock strike. Their secession has left the labour movement in London practically without an organ. In Ireland, the circulation of *United Ireland* is said to be falling off, and negotiations are on foot for establishing a new weekly paper which will be to the labourer all that Mr. O'Brien's organ has been to the peasant. Possibly the ultimate outcome of the present difficulty will be the establishing in London, with a branch office in Dublin, of a broad-spirited organ of the world of Labour, which would give at once voice and direction to the somewhat inarticulate and fluid forces of British and Irish Social Democracy.

The Imperial Rescript is the great international event of the month. At home the foremost place is occupied by the publication of the Report of the Parnell Commission. The three Judges who were instructed to report upon the truth or the falsehood of the charges and allegations contained in the articles published by the *Times* under the title of "Parnellism and Crime," have found a verdict of "Not Guilty" on all the more important counts that were disputed by the Irish party, "Not Proven" on some of the others, while they have convicted them on all the counts upon which they would have pleaded guilty before the Commission was opened. It hardly needed three Judges to sit on the judgment-seat for 124 days, at a cost, first and last, of nearly a quarter of a million sterling, in order to have a judicial declaration that the Irish party did that which they openly and defiantly boasted of doing. There would have been no difficulty in securing the adhesion of Mr. Parnell and all his followers the day after "Parnellism and Crime" was published to the damning assertions that Mr. Michael Davitt had been a Fenian; that many of the leading Parnellites had been at one time in favour of the severance of Ireland from the Empire; that

Report
of the Parnell
Commission.

Mr. Patrick Ford had sent large sums of money to the treasury of the League ; that boycotting had been reduced to a science by Mr. Parnell, and applied with relentless precision by his followers ; and that, as a point of law, the whole agrarian movement of 1879-81 was an illegal combination to reduce rent, which could be described, in the phraseology of the courts, as a criminal conspiracy. "If that is all that you want to prove," Mr. Parnell's counsel would have replied when the case was opened, "we may as well save the time of the Court by saying that we admit it all without reserve." The only issues which were seriously disputed were those on which the Judges have pronounced a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Parnell has been completely cleared of all complicity, direct or indirect, in the Phoenix Park murders ; the foul charges supported by the forgeries of Pigott have been swept away ; and the Irish leader and his followers, while censured for persevering in a method of agitation which could not be conducted without a ground-swell of criminal violence, have been signally vindicated at the hands of a hostile tribunal from all the charges to which either they or the British public ever attached any serious importance.

The *Times* and its supporters, true to their British genius, do not know that they are beaten, and keep on fighting, much as did the worthy Witherington, who, when his legs were smitten off, fought on upon his stumps. "'Criminal conspirators,'" they cry, "we have now got these men branded as 'criminal conspirators,' who persisted in an agitation, knowing that it would be followed by acts of violence." But George Washington was a criminal conspirator in the eyes of the British judiciary, and the revolt of the American Colonies was persisted in, although in its wake were atrocities immeasurably worse than those charged against the Irish agitation. The agitation of Hampden and Pym was followed by the bloodshed of Marston and Naseby ; the Puritan leaders were officially denounced as traitors and criminals ; but history is slow to endorse the official anathema of Royal Attorneys-General. To such consolation as can be obtained from the brand of criminal conspirators, the *Times* is welcome. The contrast between what it went forth to war in order to obtain and the rōpy with which it now professes itself to be well

content, reminds me of a remark made by Madame Novikoff when passing the Crimean monument in Waterloo-square, "Behold in that bronze lady with the corkscrew curls, the sole trophy of your Russian war ! You spent 100,000 lives and £100,000,000, and that is all you have to show for it. I hope you are content. You took away Bessarabia ; it has come back. You shut our ships out of the Black Sea,—we have opened its waters to our fleet. You destroyed Sebastopol,—it is stronger than ever. You established the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire,—which we compelled you to assist in demolishing at Berlin in 1878. Bulgaria is free ; Armenia lies at the feet of our garrison in Kars. Of all the spoils of the Crimean war, that monument alone remains. I hope you appreciate the consolation. But as for me,—well, I confess it seems to be rather dear at the price."

That last sentence sums up what every one is thinking of the consolation which the *Times* is hugging to its heart. The Report of the Parnell Commission is dear at the price. But even now, that fine has not been fully paid. With the curious fatuity which has characterised all his proceedings in this case, Sir Richard Webster, not content with having brought on his party the disaster of prosecuting their opponents on a false issue, no sooner obtained the Report of the Judges, than he delivered himself of a speech thereupon, which compelled his colleagues, sorely against their will, to drag the whole weary business once more before Parliament. Mr. Smith has given notice of a colourless resolution, thanking the Judges, and placing their Report on the journals of the House. Mr. Gladstone has met this by an amendment, characterising in terms of unusual but not unjustifiable severity, the "flagrant iniquity" of the attack upon Mr. Parnell, which the judges have repelled. Sir C. Lewis, whose meddling first brought this disaster on his party, proposes to censure the members declared guilty of criminal conspiracy, so that, for some time to come, the House will be given over to threshing out the thrice-threshed straw of the dead issues of "Parnellism and Crime."

The Commission and its findings have formed the staple of political controversy ever since the appearance of the Report. Only one thing

seems clear. March will be sterilized by the Commission. So far, Mr. W. S. Caine is the only prominent Unionist who has had the courage and the justice to publicly own that the charges brought against Mr. Parnell of complicity in other than "political criminality," have utterly broken down.

Immediately before the issue of the Report the *Times* compromised what their own counsel admitted to be a most atrocious libel by the payment of £5,000 and costs to Mr. Parnell. £100,000 had been claimed, but as no London jury would probably have awarded more than £5,000 even if an Irish leader had been accused, not only of assassinating his enemies, but of eating them afterwards, the result was as favourable as Mr. Parnell ever anticipated.

Proceedings in Parliament have been of average interest. The only surprise in the Queen's Speech was the announcement that Irish Local Government was to be dealt with,—a disagreeable duty which was probably forced upon the Government by the necessity of saddling local representative bodies with the responsibility of collecting the interest on the millions to be advanced for the purpose of setting up the better-to-do Irish peasants as landlords at our expense. The debates on the Address were various and not exceptionally prolonged. The usual Irish amendment was debated with no other result than a demonstration that the House of Commons is wearied to death, first, of the plaintive demonstration of the wrongs of Ireland, and secondly, of the exultant registration of the invariable majority. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that life in Saturn under a Communistic Republic is so dull that every fourth man you meet has got dislocation of the jaw, owing to the involuntary and eternal yawning caused by the boredom of existence. A similar phenomenon will soon be observable in Parliament if no novelty can be imported into the Irish debates. The discussion of Home Rule for Scotland left the issue somewhat confused, but clearly demonstrated the determination of the Scotch to allow the Irish to get Home Rule first, and then to make up their own minds to take whatever they want for themselves. As to what that will be they have not yet made up their minds. The only

other debate of importance was that on Free Education. Ministers repudiated the hints and guarded promises of Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain rallied to the support of the Government for the sake of the denominational schools against which he used to be exceeding mad. Since the conversion of one Saul of Tarsus as he was on his way to Damascus, there has been nothing more sudden and complete than the transformation of the leader of the Secular and Free Education League into the champion of the school fee and denominational education. The Liberals, on their part, made an arrangement with the Catholics, by which the Irish vote will no longer be diverted by denominational prejudice against the concession of free education.

It is in Greater Britain that the most important events of the month have taken place. The successful termination of the Inter-Colonial Conference at Melbourne, which resulted in the unanimous acceptance by the representatives of all the Australasian Colonies of the Federal Union under one Government on the Canadian or American lines, is one of the landmarks in the history of Empire. Four millions of English-speaking colonists, now scattered over some seven or eight semi-independent commonwealths, have decided to unite in order to form one Australasian Dominion, in order that they may rule the Southern seas, and control the destinies of their vast continental island. Sir Henry Parkes, to whom the success of the Australasian movement is largely due, spoke eloquently of "the crimson thread of our common kinship." Let us hope that as the scarlet thread saved Rahab and her household from being put to the sword in the sack of Jericho, so the "crimson thread" of Sir Henry Parkes may preserve in peace the household of the English-speaking folk.

Gratifying as is this evidence of the growth of our lusty commonwealths at the antipodes, the month has reminded us that the impact of the Australian factor upon the world will not always tell in the right direction. The Royal consent has been given, under stress of Colonial blustering, to a Divorce Act passed by the Victorian Legislature, which, whether right or wrong, introduces into the Imperial Marriage

Australasian
Federation.

Opening of
Parliament.

Divorce made
easy.

Law the same kind of anomalies and confusion that are the curse of the marriage laws of the American Republic. Under the new Victorian Law divorce is made easy without being made just between the sexes. Desertion for three years, cruelty and drunkenness, are now adequate to dissolve the marriage tie in Victoria. The other colonies will follow suit, and we shall soon see something analogous to the scandal of the Divorce-while-you-are-changing-trains-Court of Chicago set up within the British Empire. It is melancholy to think that while the best citizens of the American Republic are struggling towards greater uniformity of marriage law, we should deliberately introduce within the Empire chaos of diverse divorce laws, instead of endeavouring, by an Imperial Conference, to arrive at a marriage law that would be uniform throughout the English-speaking world. The National Divorce Reform League, which met at Boston on Jan. 22, suggested an International Conference, and in view of the continually increasing social intercourse between Britons and Americans, an attempt might well be made to secure the acceptance by the English-speaking world of some common standard as to what is indispensable, first, to constitute a valid marriage, and secondly, to justify a decree by which such a marriage can be undone.

Western
Australia.

The other incident, which cannot be regarded as anything but displeasing to those who take a comprehensive survey of the world and its affairs, is the introduction of the Western Australian Bill into the House of

Commons. A territory larger than that which now affords a home for nearly two hundred millions of the human race in India, to whom we deny all right of self-government, has some 40,000 settlers on its south-western heel. 40,000, that is to say, less than one-half of the pauper army which receives its daily rations at the cost of the ratepayers of

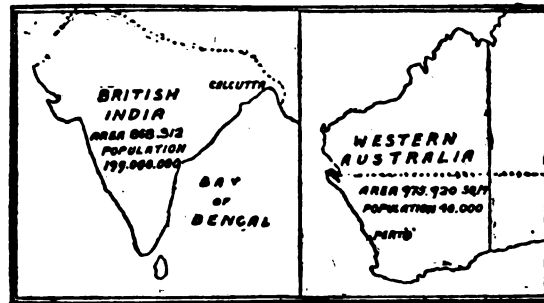
London. But because a similar blunder was made in Queensland, and because the Australians are naturally jealous of a Government in which they have neither voice nor vote, the whole of the temperate half of this enormous territory is to be made over to the handful

of men who have been planted on the rim of the saucer of this immense continent. That the unoccupied continents should be regarded as the inheritance of the whole English-speaking race, is an idea that will make no headway until we can establish some central body competent, because re-

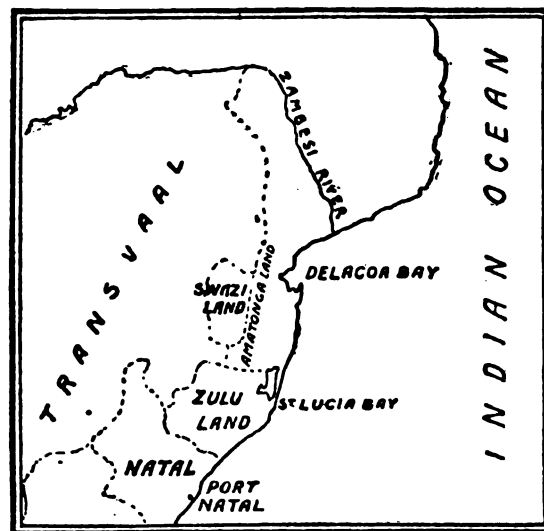
presentative, to speak in the name and with the authority of the whole English-speaking family.

In South Swaziland and the Boers. Africa trade thrives. More gold is being dug out of the bowels of the earth. The supply of diamonds fails not, and political questions are in abeyance. Mr. Rhodes is preparing his sharpshooters and pushing on his railway. Mr. Mackenzie is pressing for the establishment of a

Crown Colony, as in Natal, over Khama's country, a step which would leave the gold-bearing land of Ophir to the Chartered Company, and secure our ultimate control of the Zambesi. The future of Swaziland still remains in dispute.



A SIGNIFICANT CONTRAST.



THE NABOTH'S VINEYARD IN SOUTH AFRICA.

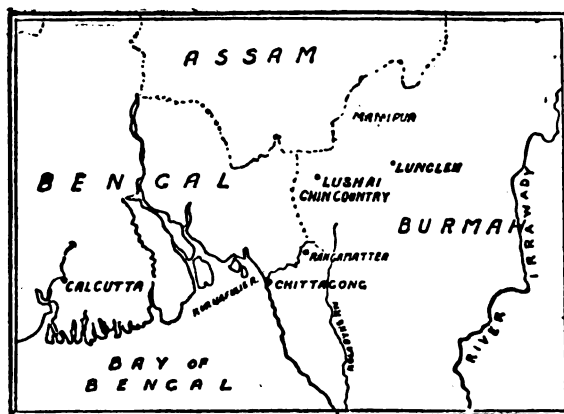
A young and brilliant journalist, who has just made a flying visit to South Africa as the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*,—a trip which has produced some of the brightest and most interesting letters yet written from these lands,—brought home with him a record of a remarkable interview with Paul Kruger, president of the Transvaal Republic. With the directness of his craft, the journalist asked the Boer veteran what inducement he could offer us if England allowed the Transvaal to annex Swaziland and bore down to the sea through the Amatongas. "If England will be friends then," exclaimed Oom Paul, with the greatest emphasis, "if England works

together with me in that way, I will do everything to work together with England and with the colonies. I will come into a Customs Union; I will give free leave for railways to be built wherever it will pay any one to build them; I will do my best to make the South African States in one; I will do everything together with the colonies, for I believe their interests are the same as the interests of this country. 'But what can I do,' he cried, catching himself up—'what can I do as long as England persists in shutting me up like this?' He put two brawny hands together, finger-tips to finger-tips, in illustration."

This is all very good, especially if, like this correspondent, you can assume that the English-speaking residents in the Transvaal are to be enfranchised and that the Transvaal's seaport in Tongaland will be protected by the British flag. The last is indispensable. There are rumours of a trek northward, possibly to be

headed by Kruger in person, but these reports are probably baseless. The Boers are barred out from Matabeleland by Lobengula and Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Johnston has forestalled them on the Shiré. It is not likely that they will push so far northward as the Tanganyika. On the Zambesi the situation seems

to remain unchanged. Major Serpa Pinto is now on his way by Cape Town, to the West Coast, but the Portuguese garrison in Makolololand does not appear to have been withdrawn. Further north the death of the Sultan of Zanzibar seems to have produced no change in the political situation. His brother succeeded him peacefully, and everything goes on as before.

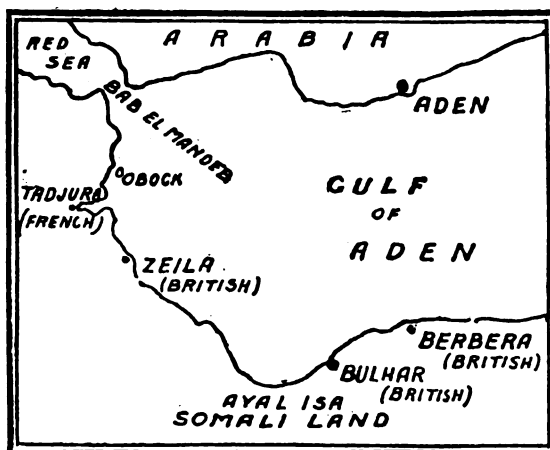


THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION.

A Police War in Africa.

Still further to the north our troops have been engaged in one of those police expeditions which are among the most disagreeable incidents of the Empire. When the evacuation of the Soudan was decided upon, there was a general scramble for the few accessible assets

of the Egyptian Empire on the Red Sea. Italy seized Massowah while we took over, of course at the request of the inhabitants, the African coast-line opposite Aden. Small garrisons were established at Zeila, close to the French protectorate of Tajourah, and at Berbera, which lies just opposite Aden. No troops were sent to the little town of Bulhar, upon which last August the



THE EXPEDITION IN SOMALILAND.

Esat tribe made a sudden foray under cover of a dust storm. About eighty of our "protected" subjects were killed and wounded. To teach them that this pastime could not be indulged in with impunity, Lieut. Clarke, with a naval brigade, two companies

of Bombay infantry, and eighty native sappers, was dispatched in January. After three weeks' hard marching, they returned to the coast barefooted, on February 5th, their boots being completely worn out. The Esas had shown fight, twice attacking our little force, once cutting the rear-guard off to a man, and another time forcing their way into our zereba, killing five men and wounding fifteen. As they easily vanished into the desert when we attempted pursuit, all that could be done was to seize 40 oxen, 150 camels, and 2,000 sheep, and then to blow up with gun-cotton all the wells, about 150, in a radius of 20 miles round Bulhar. To make a solitude and then call it peace is a practice in which the modern world has departed little from that of Imperial Rome.

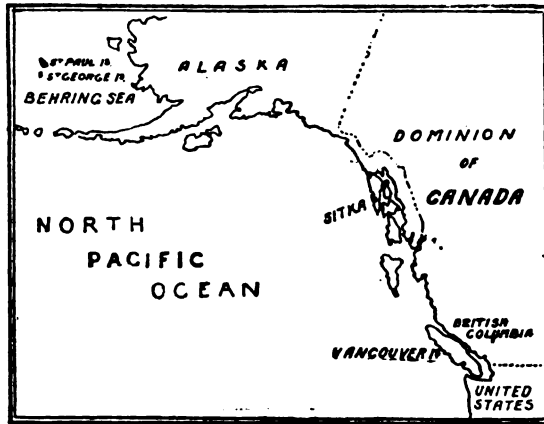
Africa is not the only place where British troops have been on the war-path. Two columns, numbering in all some 7,000 men, and including two British regiments, have been campaigning since Christmas in the wild and almost inaccessible country between India and Burmah, for the purpose of punishing the

Tashon tribes; taking vengeance for the murder of Lieut. Stewart, and opening a through-road between Burmah and India. It is harassing and painful work. The columns were to meet at Haka, which General Symons reached on February 14th, while Colonel Tregear was still fifty-five miles distant, making the road as he came along. Desultory skirmishing, village burning, crop destroying, and cattle killing goes on along the line of march. It is hoped that the British red road, seared as with a hot iron, through the Lushai land, and marked with graves as mile posts, will obviate any necessity for more punitive expeditions in the future.

The Anglo-American Extradition Treaty has been ratified by the Senate, so that another step has been taken towards the ultimate unity of the English-speaking communities. But the most hopeful sign of all is the discussion that is going on about Behring's

Sea. Here, the American Government, as heir to the claims of their Russian predecessors in Alaska, has been seizing British sealers which have ventured to catch seals between Alaska and Siberia, as if that were part of the open sea. The American Government has been capturing British ships which were sealing in what the American Government chose to regard as its own private preserve. The claim put forward by Washington is untenable in international law, and ridiculous from the point of view of common sense. Its only justification is that such high-handed dealing tends at least to preserve the seals from wholesale extirpation. But this end could be obtained by an International arrangement, and it is impossible for the sake of all the seals that ever bred on the islands of St. George

and St. Paul to acquiesce in the claim of the American Government to treat the north end of the Pacific Ocean as its own private domain. Negotiations are going on, and a rumour actually gained ground that the Empire and the Republic contemplate referring the dispute to the arbitration of a foreign power. This will never do. The two branches of the English family should



THE DISPUTED SEAL FISHERY IN BEHRING'S SEA.

never go outside the English-speaking world for the adjudication of disputes, which are, after all, legal rather than diplomatic. The obvious moral of the Behring's Sea controversy is that the time is almost ripe for the establishment of a permanent common Anglo-American tribunal, to which, as Mr. Charles Elliott suggests in the course of an admirable article in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, all such disputes could be referred.

Out of evil cometh good, and from the friction and the danger of these fisheries disputes the future unity of the English-speaking world may be secured. The first step toward that most desirable end will be the establishment of a permanent Anglo-American Supreme Court, to which would be referred, in the ordinary course of judicial business, all these disputes which at present are dealt with, and very unsatisfactorily dealt with, by Secretaries of State

GREETINGS FROM NEAR AND FROM FAR.

IN the second number I had the satisfaction of publishing many Welcomes from personages whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words. Owing to the immense distance over which the circulation of any magazine, aiming at a world-wide circulation, must spread, some of our greetings did not reach me in time to be inserted in the second number. I have to supplement them by the following letters, some of which I reproduce in slightly reduced *fac simile*. The first volume of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS promises to be unequalled as a collection of autographs of contemporary celebrities.

FROM THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.

After Her Majesty the Queen, the first place, alike in station and in capacity among English-speaking women, belongs to Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick. It was with great satisfaction that after last month having enrolled His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales among the subscribers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, I received the following letter from the secretary of his sister, the Empress:—

*The Empress Frederick:
Palace!*

Berlin

Jan. 30. 1890.

*Count Schenk presents
his compliments to Mr. Williams
Stead and begs him to say
that he has received the
command of Her Majesty
The Empress Frederick to
acknowledge the receipt of
Mr. Stead's letter of Jan. 3. 90.*

*Her Majesty is
very much obliged to Mr.
Stead for sending the
first number of the
Review: The Review of Reviews
comes. Her Majesty proposes
to subscribe for the Review
T.*

*Mr. Will. T. Stead
Burling Street, Strand
London*

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

The distance dividing our great Eastern Empire from the city which Lord Beaconsfield once declared truly to be the key of India, is still too vast to be bridged in the intervals of our monthly publication. Hence the following letter from Lord Reay, the Governor of Bombay has only reached us in time for publication for the present number:—

Bombay, January 7, 1890.

Dear Sir,—A selection of extracts from the best current literature of the day will confer a great boon on India, where little leisure is enjoyed by those to whom your periodical will be most welcome.—Yours faithfully,

REAY.

From across the Atlantic have come a sheaf of congratulatory letters, including some from the most eminent Americans of our time. From these we make a selection which will be read with equal interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

FROM HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.

I will introduce them by the following letter from Sir Julian Pauncefoot, British Minister at Washington.

British Legation, Washington,
February 18, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I have received your letter of 11th January, enclosing a copy of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and requesting me to express my opinion as to merits of the

publication. In thanking you for your communication, I have great pleasure in assuring you of my entire concurrence in the numerous expressions of approval which the REVIEW has elicited from the distinguished writers of the letters, of which *fac-simile* reproductions are given at the commencement of the first number. It is a most useful and interesting compilation, especially to those residing, like myself, far from England, and you have my best wishes for its success.

I remain, yours faithfully,

John P. Pouncefoot,

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, as he is reminding us in his charming papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Over the Teacups," is an octogenarian, but there is as little to suggest it in his caligraphy, as in the latest aftermath of his rare and delicate genius:—

296. Beaton Street.

Boston. Jan 22^d 1890.

My dear Sir,

Your proposed Review will, I think, prove a great convenience to scholars and to the reading public in general. The whole tone of a diligent reader would not be enough to make him acquainted with the contents of the periodicals which he will find represented in your pages. I look forward to the Review as promising to be an indispensable guide and companion.

*Very truly Yours,
Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

MR. J. G. WHITTIER.

The favourite poet of Mr. Bright, Mr. J. G. Whittier, sends me the following welcome, in which I note with grateful pleasure a response to the chord struck in my "Address to the English-speaking Folk," such as might have been anticipated from one who has never tuned his lyre except in praise of peace and human brotherhood:—

*Amesbury, Mass.
1st Mo. 28 1890*

"The unrevokable, mellifluous melody of Whittier's and Review has made a periodical like the 'Review of Reviews' a necessity. I heartily approve of the tone and spirit of the editor's address to all English speaking people, and I have no doubt his enterprise will be successful."

John G. Whittier

MR. SECRETARY WINDOM.

From Washington I have received many kindly letters, among others from the Vice-President, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Robert P. Porter, of the Census Bureau, who expresses the following sentiment, to which I heartily say "Amen":—

"Within a few months it will be my duty to count the 65,000,000 English-speaking folk. May a good proportion of them take the REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

Mr. Secretary Windom's letter is as follows:—

Treasury Department, Washington,
January 21, 1890.

My dear Sir,—With the multiplicity of official matters requiring my attention, I could not give more than a cursory examination to the magazine, but this was quite sufficient to prove to my mind the utility of the design

which is the basis of your new work. The busier the person, the more absolutely essential is it that he should have some such compendium of the better literature of the day, and to have some one do our culling for us is a privilege to be prized. Your most intelligent survey of the field of contemporary magazine writing will enable your readers to "keep up with the times," and I think you are starting out on the right lines to make a successful publication.

With kind wishes and regards,

I am, very truly yours,

J. Mindom

MR. J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

There is no American so well known and so universally esteemed on this side of the Atlantic as Mr. Russell Lowell, who would have been deservedly great as a diplomatist were it not that he were so much greater as an essayist and greater still as a poet. In Mr. Lowell's poetry there glows the sacred fire which is so often absent from the verse of those who sacrifice the inspiration of the bard for the mere melody of words:—

ELMWOOD,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

18th Jan: 1890.

My dear Mr. Stead.

I think your plan very good & likely to profit people in a hurry as who isn't nowadays. There's the pity? I think also that your Review would gain a interest & usefulness if you should epitomize important articles from the leading newspapers of the Continent they are often the work of competent men & quite as well thought out as those in periodicals which have the air of taking more time to think. This is especially true of one or two Parisian journals.

*Truly yours
J. Russell Lowell*

W. J. Stead, Esq.

Also from several Governors of States I have received a welcome to the newest comer of magazine literature of the Anglo-American world.

MISS WILLARD.

After these letters from politicians and poets I print the following characteristically generous epistle from Miss Frances Willard, who for so many years has been the soul and centre of the greatest organisation of women extant in the world for the abatement of the evils which disgrace civilisation and afflict humanity:—

My dear Friend and Brother,—Your REVIEW OF REVIEWS gives us the "whipt cream," the concentrated essence, the Liebig's Extract of current thought. It ought to be called the "Busy Man's Refuge."

Command me for any service in the interest of that worthy invention—that lightning calculator for busy folks who would sharpen their wits on other men's grindstones—the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

DR. JOSEPH COOK AND CARDINAL GIBBONS.

As in Ireland Archbishop Walsh and the Rev. Dr. Hanna, of Belfast, united in giving their blessing to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, so in the New World the representative of militant Protestantism and militant Catholicism agree in approving the REVIEW. The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, who may be regarded as the most stalwart man-at-arms whom the New England Churches can put into the field against Roman sacerdotalism, writes me as follows:—

Dear Mr. Stead,—The plan of your REVIEW OF REVIEWS is novel, timely, strategic. In your expert hands I have no doubt the periodical will be used as effectively as the mirrors of Archimedes, which by concentration of light burned the enemy's ships.

And last, but by no means least, I will bring up the rear as a parting benediction with the following letter from the Cardinal Bishop of Baltimore.

Cardinal's Residence, 408, N. Charles-street,
Baltimore, January 21, 1890.

My dear Sir,—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of the first number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, under your experienced and able management. It is an admirable supplement to our *Eclectic Magazine* and to *Littell's Living Age*, and perhaps will be more useful and popular because more comprehensive in its scope than those periodicals.

To the busy world who have not leisure to peruse the current monthlies it will be especially welcome, as it will serve as a mirror, reflecting the contemporary thought of Great Britain and America.

I wish you every success in your new undertaking.

CHARACTER SKETCH: MARCH.



IN selecting the *Times* as the subject for my character sketch of the month, I am confronted with the objection that a newspaper is not a personage, and that it is hardly fair to describe an institution as if it were an individual. But Mr. Kinglake comes to my rescue, for in his famous description of the *Times* in the days when it was at the zenith of its glory, he spoke of it as "a sentient, active being, having a life beyond the span of mortal man, gifted with reason, armed with cruel strength, endued with some of the darkest of the human passions, but clearly liable hereafter to the overt penalty of sin." In a footnote he added:—

"The form of speech which thus impersonates a manufactory and its wares has now so obtained in our language that, discarding the forcible epithets, one may venture to adopt in writing, and to give the *Times* the same place in grammatical construction as though it were the proper name of an angel or hero, a devil or a saint, or a sinner already condemned. Custom makes it good English to say:—'The *Times* will protect him; the *Times* is savage; the *Times* is crushing him; the blessed *Times* has put the thing right; that d—d *Times* has done all the mischief.'"

There is a peculiar appositiveness in the final sentence of that extract. It is what the Unionists of all shades have been saying all last month; what they seem likely to keep on saying for many a month to come. Seldom in recent times, never in the brief annals of journalistic enterprise, has there been such a case of an engineer hoist with his own petard. For three years and more the *Times* has led the Unionists by the nose into a false paradise of mistaken security. They have sworn by the *Times* and the forgeries of the *Times*, and it is only natural, now that the rude awakening has come, that they should swear at the *Times* with as much vigour as they formerly swore by it.

THE CENTENARY AND THE CATASTROPHE.

Apart from their chagrin and dismay, the phenomenon afforded us of the collapse of the *Times* is interesting and full of significance. For the *Times*, after a hundred years of life, seemed as if it were likely to be one of the most permanent and indestructible of British institutions. It celebrated its centenary in 1838. At that time it

proudly hoped that it was crowning the long record of its achievements by scalping Mr. Parnell and writing the epitaph of Irish nationality with the ready pen of the accomplished Pigott. But two brief years have passed, and already the *Times* is overwhelmed by a great disaster.

The catastrophe that has overtaken the *Times* by the exposure of its forgeries before the Parnell Commission is as yet but imperfectly realised. A *Times* without prestige, without self-confidence, and without wealth would be an altogether different *Times* to that which has been familiar to all of us since the century began.

THE COST OF THE FORGED LETTERS.

There have been many speculations as to the extent to which the *Times* has been hit by the Parnell Commission, but none that have hitherto been published fully set forth the truth. When the ingenuous Mr. Houston came to Printing-house Square armed with the late Mr. Pigott's artistic imitations of Mr. Parnell's signature, he asked for a mere bagatelle—only £1,780—with which he would arm them with an infernal machine guaranteed to blow the whole Irish party into space. There has been nothing quite like it since a certain well-known mischief-maker in the diplomatic service went to the Rothschilds and assured them that if they would but guarantee a trumpety Bulgarian loan on his part, he would be able to smash, pulverise, and utterly destroy the Russian Empire. There must have been madness in the air that year, for both proposals were made in the same twelve months. Fortunately the Rothschilds were proof against the temptation to annihilate Russia by a stroke of their pen; while the *Times* fell into the snare laid for it in all good faith by the credulous Mr. Houston. £1,780 for the first batch of letters, with another thousand odd added for other batches purchased hereafter, made the first cost of the forgeries amount to between £3,000 and £4,000. From these acquisitions the expenditure began. It has gone on increasing ever since.

THE BILL FOR THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

The £5,000 paid over to Mr. Parnell as damages in his libel suit was but the latest, but by no means the last, outlay incurred by the *Times* in its disastrous campaign of moral assassination. Money has been spent like water on all sides. The Attorney-General alone must have received a little fortune from Printing-house Square. Only in one direction was there parsimony. The bill for the verification of the authenticity of the forgeries was the smallest of all the accounts which Mr. Soames had to meet. So far as could be ascertained from the evidence of the *Times'* witnesses in the Commission Court, it consisted of the fee paid to one expert in caligraphy, who was prepared to swear that the forgeries were actually in the handwriting of Mr. Parnell. To pay £3,000 for forged letters, and to spend less than £300 over "the greatest possible pains and the most careful investigation by every possible means" into their authenticity, recalls Falstaff's monstrous expenditure for sack and his halfpennyworth of bread. The full bill of particulars of the actual money outlay by the *Times* will never be made public. But it is stated on what appears to be good authority, that from first to last the *Times* has dropped, in solid cash down, over £100,000. Compared with that enormous fine, the damages paid to Mr. Parnell are but as a peppercorn acknowledgment of a cruel wrong. But it is probably under rather than over the mark. And large as it is, it does not represent half the actual loss suffered by the *Times*.

THE LOSS ON ADVERTISEMENTS.

I do not pretend to have authentic materials at my fingers' ends for the purpose of estimating the extent to which the *Times* has been hit in circulation and in advertisements. But certain particulars have been furnished me which enable us to form some kind of an idea as to the extent to which the paper has suffered. The cost of producing the *Times* has not diminished. Its telegrams, its reports, its literary matter, and its news cost it as much to-day as they did in the palmy days when it had twice its present circulation and far more than its present advertisements. The margin of profit is only reached after a certain number of copies have been sold and a certain number of columns filled with advertisements. In other words, the *Times*, like every other newspaper, must sell a certain minimum number of copies and secure a certain minimum of advertisements before it begins to earn money. Anything that drives down circulation and drives up advertisements is therefore far more serious than even the necessity of finding a capital sum of £150,000. For a capital sum of £150,000 only means £7,500 a year at five per cent., but a drop of 10,000 per

day in the average circulation represents a gross fall in the receipts from sales of £25,000 per annum. From this, of course, must be deducted the cost of paper, ink, and machinery, in order to arrive at the net loss. It is easier to estimate the loss from advertisements, for the advertisements represent net gains. Every column of advertisements sacrificed represents a net loss of at least £20. The income of the *Times* from advertisements has usually been estimated at about double the receipts from the sales. James Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," published in 1871, put the total gross revenue of the paper at £460,000; £300,000 coming from advertisements, and £160,000 from sales. Any drop in advertisements continued over a whole year would naturally cut into this margin very heavily. The outside public will better appreciate this if I say that the loss of one column per day would be equal to the sacrifice of the capital sum of £150,000, supposing that to be borrowed at 4 per cent. Now, the *Times* has lost much more than one column per day. Every advertising agent knows that whereas formerly the *Times* was constantly holding advertisements over for want of space in which to insert them, advertisements sent in at the last hour can now be sure of insertion. But there is more positive evidence to go upon than this. A provincial newspaper proprietor being anxious to discover, so far as the files of the *Times* afforded information, how much the *Times* had suffered, employed his clerks in counting up the number of columns in the *Times* for twelve months before and after the opening of the Parnell Commission. The result showed that the advertisements in the *Times* had fallen off by 500 columns. This is not all. But for the Parnell Commission it is fair to conclude that the *Times* would have profited equally with the other papers in the reviving prosperity which brings advertisements to newspapers. We may therefore set down the actual loss suffered by the *Times* in 1889 over 1888 as £10,000 in advertisements alone, instead of a prospective increase which would have been realised of £10,000. The *Times* therefore lost, last year, in advertisements at the rate of £20,000 per annum, which, if it be continuous, would represent 5 per cent. in a capital sum of £400,000.

THE LOSS IN CIRCULATION.

The figures as to circulation are fortunately not so dubious. The circulation of the *Times* has fallen heavily. The figures given by Grant of the circulation of the *Times* at various periods, are as follows:—

1815	5,000	1851	40,000
1834	10,000	1854	51,000
1844	23,000	1860	60,000

After 1860 it was impossible to state the circulation with the same precision. But the popular belief was

that, notwithstanding the competition of the penny papers, the *Times* held its own. The *Daily Telegraph* might boast its 240,000, the *Standard* its 200,000, but the *Times* kept its numbers up at 60,000 to 70,000. This of course is far short of the dream of Emerson, who thought that the *Times* would drive its rivals out of circulation, "for the only limit to the circulation of the *Times* is the impossibility of printing copies fast enough," but it was enough to satisfy the advertiser, and to bring in a royal revenue. Probably even at this moment if the well-informed man about town were asked to state offhand what was the circulation of the *Times*, he would reply, 60,000. As a matter of fact the circulation of the *Times* was never quite so high. The repeal of the paper duty, by rendering the penny paper possible, kept its circulation down. In 1871 it had dropped to 50,000. There is nothing that the *Times* people kept more sacredly secret than the figures of their circulation. But when Mr. Walter went to America, he suffered himself to be so carried away by the excitement of Mr. Child's hospitable board, as to state publicly that the circulation of his paper was 50,000 a day. From that figure, however, it kept descending, until in the opinion of those who were in a position to make a shrewd guess at the fact, the circulation had fallen to 40,000 or under at the end of 1886. There it might have remained if there had been no Richard Pigott, no partisans eagerly credulous from excess of anti-Irish prejudice, and no John Walter anxious to cover the Walter dynasty with glory, by demolishing the Home-Rule cause. But unfortunately for Printing-house Square, all these factors existed, and "Parnellism and Crime" was sprung upon the world. No doubt this seemed likely, at first, to win back their circulation. Mr. W. H. Smith ordered double numbers when the forged letters appeared; and I believe that the *Times* admitted, in reply to Mr. Parnell's interrogatories, that on the forged-letter days they printed 60,000 copies. But, alas! that was only a passing spurt. The circulation of the *Times* to-day is, not 60,000, nor even 50,000. It has fallen, fallen, fallen from 50,000 to 40,000, from 40,000 to 30,000, and from 30,000 it has now fallen, if we may credit the statements made by those who ought to be in a position to know, to about 25,000. Of course, without access to the secrets of the printing-room, none can speak positively on this subject; but I believe that I am not far off the mark when I say that the daily average sale of the *Times* is not much above 25,000, or about half the circulation of a first-class provincial daily. To that figure has the *Thunderer* come! It is not surprising, for the reports of the Parnell Commission have been utterly unreadable, except for about a fortnight. But for the drastic nature of the retribution that has overtaken the *Times*, no one was prepared. If a

circulation of 60,000 brought in £160,000 a year in gross sales, a circulation of 40,000 can only bring in £106,000, and a circulation of 25,000 represents a further drop to £67,000. And advertisements have fallen 500 columns in 1889 below the quantity in 1888. This, at £20 a column amounts to a loss of £10,000 for advertisements. The total loss therefore for advertisements and sales since 1886, may be put down at £50,000 per annum. It is of course difficult to say how this will affect the property, but it is evident that a gross falling off of £50,000 per annum is so much more serious than the loss of £100,000, that the latter may be regarded as but a flea-bite.

THE FALLING OFF OF THE DIVIDEND.

We are not without some data of calculating what were the annual profits of the *Times*. The *Times* is owned by many shareholders, many of whom regarded the great organ of public opinion solely as a milk-cow for the yielding of dividends. From such a shareholder, or rather a relation of a shareholder, who had for many years drawn a comfortable income from *Times* stock, I have received the following statement, which I am assured is authentic. Down to the year 1889 the annual dividend for the *Times* had steadily gone up. The increase was in no way affected by the decrease in circulation. The improved yield for advertisements and the greater profit resulting from the cheapness of paper counterbalanced the loss on the sale. In 1888 the cheque that came to my informant's relative represented an annual dividend of over £120,000. In 1889 the cheque sent from Printing-house Square represented a dividend of barely £12,000! Even this was provisional, for it was still hoped that the Government would come to the rescue and defray the costs of the Parnell Commission.

THE SECRET OF THE CATASTROPHE.

It is not necessary to go far to discover the cause of this signal collapse. The outward and visible break-up which has now become visible, is but the working out into the material sphere of the spiritual and mental bankruptcy which had arrived long before. The brain of the *Times* had not kept pace with the times. Its intelligence had dwindled. Like an effete Monarchy, which, in all the panoply of its traditional glories, awaits its destruction at the first blow of the Revolution, it had held its place by the force of use and wont. The strong and virile soul which gave it its position had long since disappeared. No doubt it had still its uses. It reported Parliamentary proceedings better than any other paper, its law reports had no rival, and its columns were always open to the communications of correspondents, who found there a neutral tribune from whence they could give their thoughts to the world. But the *Thunderer* was no more.

It was a case of mental paralysis gradually induced by uninterrupted prosperity. The phenomenon is familiar enough in all departments of human activity. In the newspaper world it is constantly occurring. The long-established county newspaper is being undermined by new and more enterprising rivals, and sometimes so completely is this done that there have been journals which have lived for years, and brought in an income to their proprietors, of which no human being ever bought a copy. They had once had circulation and reputation, and these combined to bring them advertisements. Circulation has contracted and disappeared. But in remote districts reputation lingers, and advertisements continue to be paid for. Hence a newspaper is sometimes made up every week of which not one copy is sold to the public, but a sufficient number of copies printed to distribute to advertisers, and so the fraud is kept up. The *Times* is of course far from being reduced to so deplorable a condition of semi-animation.

THE ASYLUM OF THE WORLD.

It should never be forgotten, in the darkest hour of the present tribulation, what a great part the *Times* has played in the history of England. Kinglake's famous description of the Company upon whom had fallen the task of ascertaining and declaring the opinion of the country is no doubt more or less familiar to every one; but it is well worth while to reprint here the pages in which he described the *Times* as it was :—

It became the foremost journal of the world, and this was no sooner the case than the mere fact of its being thus foremost gave a great acceleration to its rise; for, simply because it was recognised as the most public of prints, it became the clue with which anxious man went seeking in the maze of the busy world for the lost and the unknown, and all that was beyond his own reach. The prince who was claiming a kingdom, the servant who wanted a place, the mother who had lost her boy, they all went thither; thither Folly ran hurrying, and was brought to a wholesome parley with Wisdom; thither went righteous anger; thither also went hatred and malice, and not in vain was all this concourse; either the troubled or angry men got the discipline of finding the world would not listen to their cries, or else they gained a vent for their passions, and brought all these theories to a test by calling a whole nation—nay, by calling the civilised world—to hearken and be their witness. Over all this throng of appellants men unknown sat in judgment and, violently, perhaps, but never corruptly, a rough sort of justice was done. The style which Oriental hyperbole used to give to the Sultan might be claimed with more colour of truth by the journal. In a sense it was the asylum of the world.

Still, up to this point, the company occupied ground in common with many other speculators; and if they had gone no further it would not have been my province to notice the result of their labours; but many years ago it had occurred to the managers of this company that there was one important article of news which had not been effectually supplied. It seemed likely that, without moving from his fireside, an Englishman would be glad to know what the bulk of his fellow-countrymen thought upon the uppermost questions of the day. The letters received from correspondents furnished some means of acquiring this knowledge; and it seemed to the managers of the company that, at some pains and at a moderate cost, it would be possible to ascertain the opinions which were coming into vogue, and see the direction in which the current would

flow. It is said that, with this intent, they many years ago employed a shrewd, idle clergyman, who made it his duty to loiter about in places of common resort and find out what people thought upon the principal subjects of the time. He was not to listen very much to extreme foolishness, and still less was he to hearken to clever people. His duty was to wait and wait until he observed that some common and obvious thought was repeated in many places, and by numbers of men who had probably never seen one another. That one common thought was the prize he sought for, and he carried it home to his employers. He became so skilled in his peculiar calling that, as long as he served them, the company was rarely misled; and although in later times they were frequently baffled in their pursuit of this kind of knowledge, they never neglected to do what they could to search the heart of the nation. It resulted, of course, that the opinion of the English public was generally in accord with the writings of the company, and the more the paper came to be regarded as a true exponent of the national mind, the more vast was the publicity which it obtained.

On the Sabbath, England had rest; but in the early morning of all other days the irrevocable words were poured forth and scattered abroad to the corners of the earth, measuring out honour to some, and upon others bringing scorn and disgrace. Where and with whom the real power lay, and what was its true source, and how it was to be propitiated—these were questions wrapped in more or less obscurity; for some had a theory that one man ruled, and some another, and some were sure that the great newspaper governed all England, and others that England governed the newspaper. Philosophic politicians traced events to what they called "public opinion."

With almost the same meaning, women and practical men simply spoke of the *Times*. But whether the power of the great journal was a power all its own, or whether it was only the vast shadow of the public mind, it was almost equally to be dreaded and revered by worldly men. For plainly, in the summer of 1854, it was one with England. Its words might be wrong, but it was certain that to tens of thousands of men they would seem to be right. They might be the collected voice of all these isles, or the mere utterance of some one unknown man, sitting pale by a midnight lamp—but there they were. They were the handwriting on the wall.

That is, on the whole, a fair representation of the glory that has departed from Printing-house Square. It supplies also a clue to the principles upon which the new morning paper must be founded, if a newspaper is to play again so great a rôle in English history.

THE SECRET OF ITS POWER.

The chief secret, according to Mr. Kinglake's description, of the sources of the powers of the conductors of the old *Times*, is that by the law of their being they were bound to keep themselves as closely as they could in accord with the nation at large. The paper was one with England. It enjoyed almost a monopoly of circulation. Mr. Cobden, writing in 1863, told Mr. Delane that the *Times* possessed almost a monopoly of publicity. "Four-fifths of the daily newspaper circulation issued from its press." That source of strength has, of course, disappeared. But the other sources of the strength remain. The expansion of the nation and the contraction of the world have revolutionised everything, and thrown the whole cosmogony of the Jupiter of Printing-house Square into chaos. How small, for instance, was the "England" for which the *Times* wrote at the time of the Crimean war! Not only was the franchise rigidly con-

finned to a minority of householders, but the price of newspapers was artificially enhanced by taxation, so as to make "the daily press the instrument and servant of the oligarchy." The legal nation, as the enfranchised voters may be styled, was a mere handful, and of that handful, only a fraction ever saw a daily paper. The great public was outside the pale. Hence it was a comparatively easy matter for Printing-house Square in the old days to keep in accord with the opinion of England. This appears very clearly from the extraordinary simplicity of the apparatus which they regarded as adequate for the gauging of public opinion. A single "shrewd, idle clergyman," loitering about in places of common resort, was thought to be a sufficient means for searching the heart of the nation! How innocently archaic is this! To search the heart of a nation one would have thought, even then, would have demanded other searching apparatus than the ears of a shrewd and idle cleric loitering in places of common resort, where of course he was more likely to meet idle men like himself than those by whom the work of England was being carried on. But to-day to adopt such a method of national heart-searching would be as grotesque as to attempt to survey the floor of the Atlantic with the plumbline of Columbus.

THE NEMESIS OF PAROCHIALISM.

"The nation at large" is no longer confined to Great Britain. It has expanded over the vast territories of Greater Britain. If the paper is to be truly national, it must be in the broadest sense Imperial; for Englishmen in Manitoba, and in the Cape, and in Australia are as much members of the nation as if they were still living in Kent or in Ulster. The utter incapacity of the *Times* to grasp this conception has been the cause of the blunder which has brought it to its present disaster. From the first to the last, the Irish have been beyond its pale. They never formed part of the public which it considered necessary to consider. If they did not altogether lie outside the category of the human, they were nevertheless quite unworthy of attention. At Printing-house Square they no more dreamed of regarding the convictions of the peasants of Galway as an integral factor in the determination of national policy, than those same peasants dreamed of consulting their pigs as to the way they should vote at a local election. That temper has brought its own Nemesis. The *Times*, not being born in democratic days, has never recognised frankly and loyally that the nation at large means Ireland as well as England, and that although it speaks of England and the English, the phrase should include in its sweep all English-speaking men, at least within the confines of the Empire.

Cobden said, "The daily press is written for its customers; the aristocracy, the millionaires, the clubs, and

the news-rooms" are the only purchasers of a threepenny daily paper. With the *Times*, as Mr. Morley remarked, it has always been "an avowed principle to keep very close to the political opinion of the day *in its unregenerate state*." It has been, therefore, on the whole a Conservative force, distrusting change, and pursuing all those who had clearest insight into the future with a steady, and, sometimes, a rancorous hostility. That was perhaps natural for the mouthpiece of a limited oligarchy embarked against its will upon the wide expanse of Democratic change.

As Emerson said long ago, even in the days of its might, "Its conductors watch the hard and bitter struggles of the authors of each Liberal movement, year by year,—watching them only to taunt and obstruct them, until at last, when they see that they have established the fact that power is on the point of passing to them, they strike in, with the voice of a monarch, astonish those whom they succour, as much as those whom they desert, and make victory sure."

CASTOR AND POLLUX IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

The old bitter, venomous hatred of the Irish, which has ever animated its leading columns, remains, but the intellect that used to direct the paper has disappeared. The apparition of Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Soames in the witness-box as the great twin brethren of Printing-house Square was enough to explain everything. Mr. Macdonald, an excellent and amiable man, learned in all manner of printing machinery, and in all details of business management, had gradually become the editor's editor. Mr. Buckle, a young and ineffective man, succeeded to the nominal editorship after the interregnum of Mr. Chenery, the Arabian; but there was no longer a Delane. Over all towered Mr. Macdonald, who seems to have had a worthy colleague in Mr. Soames, the paymaster-general and attorney-in-ordinary to Printing-house Square. When, under the auspices of these two worthies, the *Times* set out to bring home to Mr. Parnell a crime which had baffled all the resources of Scotland-yard and of Dublin Castle, it was as if the wise men of Gotham had solemnly undertaken the collection of pigeon's milk. No two men were more utterly unfit for the post for which they volunteered with gaiety of heart, dragging with them the *Times* and all its belongings. It was here that the malady of the *Times* showed itself. In employing Mr. Houston and other smart young fellows to attack its enemies, the *Times* was but acting in accordance with its traditions. But the point where a fatal departure was made was in allowing the ultimate supreme control to fall into the hands of Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Soames. Emerson, with his accustomed shrewdness, noted the

provision made against the impetuous recklessness of youth as the salient characteristic of the old *Times*. After referring to the youth of its writers and the fire and vigour of their attack, he says :—

But the steadiness of the aim suggests the belief that the fire is directed and fed by older engineers, as if persons of exact information, and with settled views of policy, supplied the writers with the basis of fact and the object to be obtained, and availed themselves of their younger energy and eloquence to plead the cause. Both the council and the executive departments gain by this division. Of two men of equal ability the one who does not write, but keeps his eye on public affairs, will have the higher judicial wisdom. It draws from any numbers of learned and skilful contributors, but a more learned and skilful person supervises, corrects, and co-ordinates. Of this closet the secret does not transpire.

In 1889, the secret was revealed, and when Mr. Macdonald stepped into the witness-box as the supremely "learned and skilful person"—then no other explanation was necessary to account for the decadence of the *Times*.

HOME RULE AT PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

It remains to be seen whether the *Times* has still the faculty of rehabilitation. There is a wonderful recuperative power in old-established institutions, and it may be that the *Times* may revive, and once more flourish like a green bay tree, beneath whose branches the English-speaking world may repose. Mr. Walter, jun., has after a somewhat severe struggle succeeded in compelling old Mr. Walter to appoint him to Mr. Macdonald's place. He is now actively engaged in cutting his coat according to his cloth. Retrenchment is the order of the day all round in Printing-house Square—retrenchment and decentralisation. It is a somewhat bitter satire upon the zeal of the *Times* against Home Rule, that the late disaster came upon it entirely through the excessive centralisation favoured by Mr. Macdonald. Mr. Walter is applying the fundamental principle of Home Rule to the administration of the *Times* itself. He is creating new departments, making new appointments, dismissing old supernumeraries, and generally putting his house in order. When he is at it, I venture to make him the present of a suggestion that he would do well gravely to consider whether he should not boldly take the plunge and produce the *Times* at a penny!

Such a change would involve a revolution, which, I hope, but hardly expect, might make the new penny *Times* altogether different from the threepenny *Times* that is now suffering under the burden of its blunders. Instead of the prejudice which makes the present organ the inveterate opponent of every good while it was in the making, the new *Times* will need to have instinctive intuition of coming truth which will enable all the heralds of the dawn in every department of human activity to count with certainty upon its energetic support. Instead of being the rallying-point for all the forces of prejudice, it will have

to be as the fiery pillar that guided the children of Israel in their journey to the Promised Land.

WANTED, A NEW "TIMES"!

Once more let me quote Emerson for the encouragement and inspiration of young Mr. Walter, who is bravely struggling to secure a new and brighter future for the paper which has come to him by inheritance :—

The *Times*, like every important institution, shows a way to a better. I wish I could add that this journal aspired to deserve the power it wields, by guidance of the public sentiment to the right. The *Times* shares all the limitations of the governing classes, and wishes never to be in the minority. If only it dared to cleave to the right, to show the right to be the only expedient, and feed its batteries from the central heart of humanity, it might not have so many men of rank among its contributors, but genius would be its cordial and invincible ally. It might now and then bear the brunt of formidable combinations, but no journal is ruined by courage. It would be the natural leader of British reform; its proud function, that of being the voice of Europe, the defender of the exile and patriot against despots, would be more effectually discharged; it would have the authority claimed for by that dream of good men not yet come to pass, an International Congress; and the least of its victories would be to give to England a new millennium of beneficent power.

As an appropriate appendix to the foregoing, I reprint here an article from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Jan. 16, 1889, in order that those who sympathise with the afflicted may know the persons to whom they should extend their commiseration :—

The names of the proprietors of the *Times* have hitherto been shrouded in mystery. Thanks to Mr. Parnell's Scotch action, the mystery is at an end. The *Scottish Leader* of to-day prints the names of all the proprietors of the *Times* in 1885. From this it will be seen that the proprietors number nearly 100 persons.

HOW IT IS MANAGED.

The founder of the *Times* realising that the property, being so widely distributed, might be endangered by dissension and difference of opinion, directed that his son John Walter should continue to have the sole management of the paper, and should receive from the proprietors a salary at the rate of £1,000 per annum for every year in which the said newspaper should produce over and above the said £1,000 a net profit of £5,000 per annum or upwards. When the net profits of the newspaper over and above £1,000 were less than £5,000 per annum, the salary was to be reduced by £20 for every £100 of reduction of net profits. John Walter, the founder of the *Times*, died in the month of November, 1812, without altering the disposition here recited, and upon his son devolved the sole management and conduct of the paper till the year 1819, when Thomas Barnes became editor, and John Walter partially withdrew from the management. He then ceased to take the salary to which he was entitled by his father's will, and in the year 1841 wholly withdrew from the management of the paper, until the death of Thomas Barnes, which happened in May, 1841. Thereupon he resumed the management so far as assisting and concurring in the appointment of editors, contributors, and others. At this date some of the original inheritors from the first John Walter

were dead, and the property of the *Times* had undergone family distribution. John Walter the second had become entitled to certain shares, and had himself assigned halves of sixteenths to his editors, Thomas Barnes and the more famous Edward Stirling, and various other persons. He was then desirous of appointing his son, the present John Walter, the younger (or third of the name), to act with him in the management during his life, and afterwards as sole manager. Therefore the signatures of the proprietors were obtained, thus constituting John Walter joint manager with the same powers and authorities as those given by the will of the founder, he being entitled to take for his own use the salary that had been directed to be paid to his father, and being enjoined to attend to the duties of manager of the said paper, and to conduct the same according to the best of his skill and ability for the benefit of all the proprietors.

WALTER IV.

A further document, signed June 22, 1885, modifies the foregoing as regards the proprietary, repeats the conditions of management in favour of Arthur Fraser Walter, the son of the present John Walter, who is constituted joint manager with his father and sole manager for his whole life after the death or resignation of his father. This document is signed by the proprietors of the *Times*. The management are required to pay over the net gains and profits of the paper to the interested parties half-yearly, retaining the sum of £55,000 (fifty-five thousand pounds) for the purposes of meeting the ordinary outgoings and incidental expenses. The conditions of the founder's will as to management are repeated in favour of Arthur Fraser Walter, who is entitled to take for his own use (if he thinks proper) the salary originally directed to be paid to John Walter, the elder.

The buildings of the *Times* and the appliances for producing the paper are Mr. John Walter's property, the other proprietors paying him for printing and publishing, but the arrangements as to this do not appear in the document.

THE WILL OF WALTER THE FIRST.

The list of the proprietors is very confused and confusing, and it reads like an extract from a book dealing with vulgar fractions. John Walter, of Teddington-grove, established the *Times* newspaper in the year 1785, and divided the said newspaper and copyright into sixteen equal parts. Of these he assigned as follows:—Three-sixteenths to John Walter the second; one-sixteenth to Mary Carden Walter, his daughter; one-sixteenth to Fanny Knox, or Wright, another daughter. The remaining eleven-sixteenths of the *Times* he disposed of by a will and testament, dated the 20th day of June, 1810. In this deed he bequeathed one-sixteenth of the *Times* to his son John Walter, for the benefit of his reputed or natural son, Walter Wilson; two other sixteenth parts were bequeathed to his nephew John Walter, and John Schubach or their executors, administrators, or assignees, for the benefit of his daughter, Mary Carden; two other similar sixteenths were bequeathed to the same parties for the benefit of Catherine Winsloe; and yet two other sixteenths were bequeathed for the benefit of his daughter, Anna Brodie; one-sixteenth was bequeathed for the benefit of his daughter, Fanny Wright; one-sixteenth for the benefit of Charles Bell and James Lawson; and, finally, the two remaining sixteenths were assigned upon certain trusts, and were to be offered for sale to John Walter at a sum therein mentioned.

THE LIST OF PROPRIETORS.

The property is now held as follows:—

Three-sixteenths of the property are held in various

shares by the following parties:—Sarah Mayor, Henry Carnegie Carden, Jemima Georgiana English, Frederick Walter Carden, Frederick Brodie and Ada Blanche Brodie, his wife, in her right, Septimus William Silbey and Clara Fanny Silbey, his wife, in her right, Edward Aurelius Adams and Alice Emily Adams, his wife, in her right, Edith Georgiana Carden.

One-sixteenth is held in various shares by Isabella Wozeld Winsloe, Richard William Charles Winsloe, Alfred Winsloe, Philip George Winsloe, Arthur Winsloe, Frederick Winsloe, Theodore von Arnim, and Catherine Hall von Arnim, his wife, in her right, Baron Constantin von Rothberg, and Eliza Matilda von Rothberg, his wife, in her right, Richard Winsloe, Emma Tinant.

One-sixteenth is owned by Matilda Patton.

Two-sixteenths in various shares are held by Sophia Martha Knox, Harry Walridge Gordon Stonhewer, Parker Freeman, Thos. Ezkyn, Henry Shuback Hood, Walter James Hood.

Eight-ninths of two-sixteenths in various shares belonging to Anna Brodie Hill, Wilhelmina Hall, Cecilia Chambers, Emma Grace, Maria Brodie, Lydia Brodie, William Brodie, Frederick Brodie.

One-sixteenth in equal shares is held by Henry Fraser Walter, one-sixteenth belongs to George Matthew Hicks.

A half of one-sixteenth is held in equal shares by Helena Sarah Scott, William Edmund Morrison Raugh, Arthur Thomas Raugh, Caroline Harriet Raugh, Ada Mary Raugh, Frederick Henry Raugh.

A half of one-sixteenth is held in equal shares by Margaret Ayrton, Elizabeth Echalaz, Caroline Powell, Sarah Joanna, Richard Elgood, Catharine Frances Plumtree, Ann Windsor, Caapel Alsager.

Eleven-twelfths of one share are held in various shares by Laura Elizabeth Bacon, Clarissa Milburn Agar, Charles Agar, Edward Agar (of Bromley), George Deans, Dunds Watt, Henry Agar, Lieutenant Edward Agar (of Sandhurst), Thomas Halle and Ellen Harriet, his wife, in her right, Edward Lawson Horne, Emma Horne, Charles Augustus Wright, Eliza Cornwallis Wright, Julia Lydia Mayhew, Vicenza Wright, Julian Wright, John Walters, and Emily Frances Walters, his wife, in her right, Henry Esson Murray and Julia Lydia Murray, his wife, in her right, Alfred Lawson Wright, James Burgess Hall, and Louisa Charlotte Hall, his wife, in her right, James Henry Innes, Alfred Shildrick and Alice Henrietta Shildrick, his wife, in her right, Fanny Stewart Innes, Mary Lawson Innes, Henry Mortimer Innes, Jeannie Mayhew Innes, Ella Clarke Innes.

A half of one-sixteenth has been assigned Arthur Fraser Walter, and, finally, one-sixteenth and a-half of a sixteenth belong to John Walter the third.

TRUSTEES.

Among the number of trustees or legal representatives holding shares under settlements, wills, or intestacies, there are Angus William Hall and W. E. Morrison Raugh, a half of sixteenth; John Barton Sterling, two-sixteenths of sixteenth; Sir Robert W. Carden, four-fifths of sixteenth; John Barton Sterling, Charles Campbell Ross, Samuel A. T. Yates and C. A. V. Conybeare, one-twelfth of sixteenth; Henry John Hood and Burnet Grive Hall, one-ninth of two-sixteenths; Clarissa Milburn Agar, one thirty-ninth of sixteenth; R. W. C. Winsloe, Alfred Winsloe and Philip George Winsloe, five-sixths of sixteenth; Frederick Brodie, William Brodie and John Barton Sterling, one-sixth of sixteenth; Eliza Cordelia Agar, Edward Agar, and Clarissa Milburn Agar, one-forty-ninth of sixteenth; Charles Augusta Wright, one-seventh of sixteenth.

OUR ASSOCIATION OF HELPERS.

NOTICE TO HELPERS.—SERVICE FOR MARCH.

EVERY citizen stands in more or less direct relationship of responsibility to the unfortunate derelicts of our social system who are boarded and lodged as the pensioners of the State in our workhouses. Those of us who have at least sufficient to avoid the painful necessity of joining the Have-nots rationed by the Poor Law cannot discharge the obligations of human brotherhood by mere payment of the poor-rate.

I appeal to each Helper to ascertain by inquiry from the workhouse master or mistress in his or her Union,—

- 1. Whether the inmates are adequately supplied with magazines and newspapers?*
- 2. Whether the children in the workhouse schools have a sufficient supply of toys and picture books?*
- 3. What, in the opinion of the responsible officials, is the kind of reading which the inmates most lack, and what is the simplest way of supplying it?*

Having ascertained the facts, forward me as early as possible a brief return of the information obtained, as follows :

Union of _____ Workhouse _____
 Inmates _____ Men _____ Women _____ Children _____
 Magazines received monthly _____ Papers, weekly, _____
 Observations and Suggestions _____

WHEN I inserted in the first number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS an appeal to those who were willing to help, I was hardly prepared for the general enthusiastic response which the appeal exhibited. During the whole of January letters came pouring in asking how to help, "Tell me how to help?" As it was impossible to answer these inquiries individually, I drew up a little pamphlet "How to Help," in which I set forth as briefly and lucidly as I knew the way in which the readers of this REVIEW could co-operate with me in the service of the State. In this pamphlet, which contains twenty-five pages, I incorporated the Address to the English-Speaking Folk which appeared in the first number, and the greatest part of an article which I wrote in 1885 when I was an inmate of Her Majesty's Prison at Holloway, which I called "Government by Journalism," and which was subsequently published in the *Contemporary Review*. A copy of this pamphlet was sent post free to any one who filled in the form of application which is issued with each number of the REVIEW. The last sheet of the pamphlet is as follows :—

Having read the foregoing hints to helpers, I am desirous of being enrolled as a member of the Association of Helpers for the district of _____

I will endeavour to co-operate with you and the other helpers to the best of my ability; and if at any time I am unable from difference of opinion or from any other cause

to render the service expected from me I will send a line explaining the reason why I cannot help.

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

It is as yet too soon to draw up a directory of the names and addresses of those who have applied for enrolment in our Association of Helpers; but the following list of the number of persons who, so far, in various districts of the country have applied for the pamphlet "How to Help," will give some idea as to our prospect of covering the whole of the three kingdoms with an organisation of those who, in the words of our preliminary article, "will work for the salvation of the State with the same spirit of self-sacrificing labour that so many thousands manifest in the ordinary drudgery of parochial and evangelistic work."

Aberdeen (3)	Bracknell	Chipping Norton
Aberystwith	Bradford (2)	Christchurch
Abingdon	Bridgend	Cirencester (2)
Aldershot	Bristol (2)	Cork (5)
Alyth	Broadstairs	
Antrim	Bromley (2)	Coventry
	Buckingham	Crawley
Bath	Bury	Croydon (2)
Beckenham	Bury St. Edmund's	
Belfast (2)	Burton-on-Trent	
Bexhill		Darwen
Bingham	Cambridge (4)	Derby (2)
Birkenhead	Canterbury	Donegal (2)
Birmingham (4)	Carnarvon	Dowlais
Bishop's Stortford	Carrickmacross	Driffild
Blackburn	Cheltenham	Dublin (13)
Bolton	Chesham	Dundee (2)
		Durham

East Malling
Ecclesha l
Edinburgh (7)
Edmonton
Epsom

Falkirk
Falmouth
Fermanagh
Folkestone
Framlingham

Galway (3)
Gateshead
Glamorgan
Glasgow (14)
Glossop
Great Malvern
Greenock
Guildford

Hailsham (2)
Halifax (3)
Hastings
Hawick
Hexham
Hindley Green
Horsham
Howden
Huddersfield (3)
Hull

Ilford
Invergordon
Inverness

Jedburgh

Keighley
Kerry
Kildare (2)
Kingston
Kirkcubright

Leeds (3)
Leicester
Leigh
Liverpool (6)

Llanrwst
Loughton
Lowestoft
Luton
Lutterworth

Maidstone
Manchester (5)
Manningham
Meath
Merthyr Tydvil
Middlesbrough
Mold
Molton
Monmouth
Motherwell
Musselburgh

Neath
Newcastle (2)
Newport (Mon.)
Newport (Hants)
New Southgate
Northwood
Norwich
Nottingham (4)

Oban
Oldham
Oldhill

Ormskirk
Oswestry
Oxford (2)

Parkstone
Pentre
Phillipstown
Portsmouth
Preston
Pwllheli

Queenstown

Reading
Redhill
Retford

Richmond
Rochester

Seascale
Selby
Sheffield (4)
Shrewsbury (2)
Sligo
Solva
S. Molton
S. Norwood
Southport
Southsea
St. Neots
Stockport
Stonehaven
Stoney Stratford
Sunderland

Tavistock
Teddington
Thornton Heath
Thurso
Tipperary
Tiverton
Torquay
Truro
Tunbridge Wells
Tunstall

Uppingham

Ventnor

Wakefield
Waltham
Wanstead
Waterford (2)
West Calder
Whitchurch (Hants)
Whitchurch (Salop)
Whitchurch (Ross)
Wick
Wilton
Winton
Wigan
Wigton
Woodford

LONDON.—N., 15; N.E., 2; N.W., 12; E., 3; E.C., 12; S.E., 19; S.W., 19; W., 14; W.C., 6:—Total for London, 102.

Comprehensive as this list is, many of our readers will see that the district in which they reside is unrepresented by any helper. In that case, should they feel desirous of helping, I shall be glad to forward them the pamphlet "How to Help."

The response, therefore, has been very widespread, and promises excellently for future action. But we should have at least one helper in every constituency in the three kingdoms—to begin with. I have to thank those who have enrolled themselves, for the cordiality of their response, and the sound good sense of many of their suggestions. The new Association has been begun under the fairest auspices, which augur well for its rapid and effective development.

Helpers will be glad to know that the subject of Penny Postage between all parts of the English-speaking world was discussed at the Society of Arts on the motion of Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., whose valuable paper appears in full in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* for February 21. (Bell & Sons, York-street. Price 6d.)

The Corporation of Londonderry has taken the initiative in promoting concerted municipal representations to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen in favour of a universal Penny Post throughout the English-speaking world.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

THERE is a good deal of verse in the current magazines, some of it more ambitious than usual. Emily H. Hickey contributes to *Longman's* "A Lay of London Town: What the Heart of the Old Man sayeth." Here is one stanza which will give an idea of the versification and spirit of the poem:—

Oh, the beat of eager hearts! Oh, the glory of life's great race!
Ever on and onward yet, with a never-slackening pace!
And the rushing sound is like swirl of some mysterious seas,
And one glows to feel one's heart just a-beat with hearts like these.

Oh, delight of strenuous life, past all speech and all renown,
In thy heart, great London Town!

Edgar Fawcett contributes a very ambitious poem, entitled "The Tears of Tullia" to *Lippincott*, based on an incident in the reign of Caligula. Young Livius was blind-folded, and ordered to pick out Tullia, with whom he was in love, from among twenty maidens. He was to be slain if he failed to identify her by touching her features, and he accomplished his task because Tullia alone wept as his hand was laid upon her cheek.

In *Harper*, Gerald Massey has some verse entitled "Root and Flower." The idea of the poem is that his life is as the root of the water-lily buried in the earth, while his lily of light, his love, who has passed away, is as the flower which blossoms above.

They dream my Darling cannot come
To visit me once more,
Who think the dead are deaf and dumb,
Who speak of life as o'er;
But 'twixt us, Root and Flower, we know
There is continual come and go.

In the *Century*, W. T. Meredith has a spirited poem in praise of Farragut fighting at Mobile:—

Lashed to the mast that sways
Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

In *Blackwood* in four pages of blank verse a poet who writes under the title of "Est Modus in Rebus" darkly sets forth the issues of ordered emigration versus anarchic revolutions. The moral is quite unquestionable, namely, that our children in public schools should have some instruction in the cultivation of the land.

Mr. Alfred Austin contributes two poems to the magazines of the month. "The Lovers' Song," four stanzas long, is in *Murray's Magazine*; and to the *New Review* Mr. Austin contributes "At Shelley's House at Lerici," a poem of twenty-two stanzas. The following stanza, describing the Bay of Spezia, which is now one vast arsenal and chief anchorage of the Italian squadron, is a fair sample of what is probably the best poem in the March magazines:—

From Salterbrand's unfreezing peaks
To sunny Manfredonia's creeks,
Have alien satraps gone;
But, guarding Italy the Free,
Her murderous mammoth-monsters, see,
Come grimly wallowing on.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE REPORT OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

BY MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Davitt writes, as he says, as dispassionately as is possible to one whose head should ornament Temple Bar, if some kindly disposed critics should have their way, to express his concurrence in the chorus of satisfaction with which the Report of the Parnell Commission has been received. Upon each of the fourteen charges which Sir Richard Webster undertook to prove to the hilt, he says the Report "completely and unequivocally acquits every one of the respondents." There is no necessity to follow Mr. Davitt in detail through each of the fourteen counts; but it is interesting to note what he has to say upon one or two of the more salient features of the Report. He magnanimously says that he is convinced that the judges did not mean to convey the impression that his high estimation of Patrick Ford's private character was founded upon the six columns from the *Irish World*, advocating dynamite and destruction, which they quoted immediately before printing Mr. Davitt's certificate of character. But Mr. Davitt sticks to his friend.

I know likewise that, morally and as a Christian, his character stands unimpeachable where and to whom he is best known, and I have said, and I repeat it again, he is misunderstood in England because he is yet made out to be an implacable enemy of this country and a revolutionist of the darkest dye, when it is within the knowledge of all America that he is now an earnest advocate of moral force only, and is held in the highest esteem by the President of the United States.

Discussing the evidence of Le Caron, Mr. Davitt is able to produce the "important sealed dispatch" which Le Caron brought from Devoy to Patrick Egan. So far from being an alarming document, it was simply a letter of introduction, saying that as Le Caron treated Davitt well at Chicago I wish you will show him any kindness in your power." As to the evidence of the Report concerning Davitt himself, he says:

Three of her Majesty's judges need never have been taken from their ordinary duties to investigate a circumstance which every one of the Queen's subjects knew as much about before the Commission as he knows now, and this observation can also be applied to the three other statements in the finding upon this special charge.

He sums up an article, which is necessarily one of close argumentative detail, in a few sentences, in which he eulogises the result of the so-called criminal conspiracy, which instead of resulting in the separation of Ireland from Great Britain—

Has been the indirect means of uniting, with bonds of mutual good-will, the masses of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland in one practically combined movement and struggle for Home Rule or the Federation of the Empire, the abolition of land monopoly in Great Britain and Ireland, and for the full vindication of the rights of labour.

In the *New Review*, Mr. Frederic Harrison says the *Times* of course will die hard, like the impenitent thief on the Cross, railing to its last gasp. But nothing can hide the utter collapse of the accuser. The Report is an absolute acquittal of anything like personal guilt or dishonour on all those points which courts and judges can try.

After passing in review the findings of the Commission, Mr. Harrison deploras that the judges should have been forced to give judgment on a political issue, in which they could only act upon their political views. But however much in the future "law and order" may suffer in England by the stain which has been put upon the impartiality which has been the glory of the English bench, that is a matter which concerns England.

"To Mr. Parnell and to his cause it matters nothing. 'We find that all the letters are forgeries.' This is the first and the last word of the Special Commission."

Blackwood, for once, has lost somewhat of its usual nerve. It declares that the Commission now terminates a great controversy, and that all should appreciate its evidence. This it does for its own part in an article summarising the evidence of the Commission from a point most hostile to the Irish, but when we come to the end of it gives an uncertain sound.

It has been shown that some of the Parnellites are or were members of a treasonable conspiracy, that most of them belonged to a criminal conspiracy intended to coerce and intimidate, that nearly all of them received the help of the dynamite party in America after the exposure of its wicked plots to lay London in ruins, and work havoc and desolation amongst the English people. If, in spite of all that has now been demonstrated, the Gladstonian party insist upon according to these men the position of fit allies and leading members of their organisation, they not merely accept themselves a grave and serious responsibility, but they cast upon the Parliament and people of this country the duty of considering whether precautionary measures are not under all the circumstances necessary to ensure the public safety.

What these precautionary measures are, *Blackwood* does not venture to inform us.

The *Westminster Review* says: "What the Judges have found to be true is not new, and what was brought forward as new was unquestionably not true. It was the new matter collected around the forged letters which was the only possible justification for the appointment of the Commission. All that which has been found to be true by the judges, and a great deal more, had been stated over and over again in the House of Commons by the late Mr. Forster, and Sir William Harcourt, when he was accustomed to trample upon John Devoy, and madden the Irish members by casting his name in their teeth; by Mr. Gladstone himself, when he stated that crime dogged the footsteps of the Land League, and boasted that the resources of civilisation were not yet exhausted, a few days before Mr. Parnell and his compatriots were cast into Kilmainham."

HOW TO INCREASE THE REVENUE WITHOUT TAXATION.
—The only article which calls for notice in the *English Illustrated Magazine* is Mr. William Gattie's paper, entitled, "How to Increase the Revenue without Taxation." He proposes "That the Bank of England should hand over to the Government *en bloc* the whole of its assets and liabilities connected with the issue of bank notes, as shown in the published weekly account at the date of transfer; and that the outstanding Bank of England notes in the hands of the public should be redeemed as occasions arise by a national note, the form of which would of course have to be determined." By this means, he says, the State would gain £200,000 per annum. He would entrust the issue of the national note to the Post Office.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN AT BRANTWOOD.

AN ESSAY BY MRS. RITCHIE.

MR. THACKERAY'S daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, contributes to *Harper's Monthly* a pleasant essay upon John Ruskin. Mrs. Ritchie gives several letters from Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Watts and her father, and constructs from "Præterita" something like a biography of Ruskin in his youth. Here is her account of her visit to Brantwood.

MR RUSKIN'S HOME.

The road to Brantwood runs beneath the old trees which shade the head of Coniston Water, and you leave the village and the inn behind, and the Thwaite, with its pretty old gardens and peacocks, and skirt the beautiful grounds of Monk Coniston. You go by Tent Lodge, where Tennyson once dwelt. Then comes Low Bank Ground, our own little farm among the chestnut-trees and meadows full of flowers. Low Bank Ground is but a very little way from Brantwood; you can go there by land or by water. "A dash of the oars, and you are there," as Ruskin said, and accordingly we started in the old punt for our first visit to Brantwood.

The house is white, plain, and comfortable, absolutely unpretending. It seemed to me to be a dwelling planned for sunshine, and sunshine on the lakes is of a quality so sweet and rare that it counts for more than in any other place. The brightness of it all, the squareness, and its unaffected comfortableness, were, I think, the chief characteristics. You had a general impression of solid, old-fashioned furniture, of amber-coloured damask curtains and coverings; there were Turners and other water-colour pictures in curly frames upon the drawing-room walls,—a Prout, I think, among them,—a noble Titian in the dining-room, and the full-length portrait of a child in a blue sash over the sideboard, which has become familiar since then to the readers of "Præterita"; and most certainly was there an absence of any of the art-diphthongs and peculiarities of modern taste: only the simplest and most natural arrangements for the comfort of the inmates and their guests. Turkey carpets, steady round-tables, and above all a sense of cheerful, hospitable kindness, which seems to be traditional at Brantwood.

RUSKIN AS TEACHER.

Writing on Mr. Ruskin's genius, Mrs. Ritchie says:—

Though his practice may be fanciful, his light is a beacon indeed; amid storms, and clouds, and metaphors, and contradictions you will find it steadily flashing from the rock upon which it is set. The rays fall upon uncertain waves, change their colour, turn and return, dazzle or escape you altogether; but the longer you look at them, the more you realise their truth and their beauty. You can't take up a book that you don't find conscience and good common sense wrapped up and hidden among the flowers. The shrewdness, the wisdom of it all strikes us as much as the variety of his interests.

Here is his definition of a true church: "Wherever one hand meets another hand helpfully—that is the Holy or Mother Church which ever is or ever shall be."

It is pretty to read of the way in which Ruskin adjusts the different offices of the husband and the wife. The woman's a guiding, not a determining function. The man is the doer, the creator; the woman's power is for rule and not for battle. Her great function is *praise*; she enters into no contest, but adjudges the crown.

I am told by Mr. Allen that Mr. Ruskin thinks that the book which will stand the longest is the "Crown of Wild Olive." "Sesame and Lilies" is, and most deservedly so, a favourite book with the public.

RUSKIN AND GOETHE.

I once heard a well-known man of science speaking of Ruskin; some one had asked him whether Ruskin or Goethe had done most for science. Sir John Lubbock replied that Ruskin undoubtedly had done very much more valuable work than Goethe; and that without any pretensions to profound

scientific knowledge, he had an extraordinary natural gift for observation, and seemed to know by instinct *what* to observe, what was important amidst so much that was fanciful and poetical; and he then went on to quote the description of the swallow from *Love's Meinie*, one of the loveliest things imaginable, and which it would not be difficult to apply to Ruskin's own genius—so swift, so unerring in its flights, so incalculable, so harmonious and fascinating always.

A RUSKIN LEGEND.

Mr. Ruskin is a figure standing out distinguished among the many figures and characters which make up the *dramatis personæ* of our time; and this being so, legends gather round as clouds gather round the peak of his own Coniston Old Man. One legend, which I cannot vouch for, but which seems suitable somehow, begins with a dream, in which Ruskin dreamt himself a Franciscan friar. Now I am told that when he was at Rome there was a beggar on the steps of the Pincio who begged of Mr. Ruskin every day as he passed, and who always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the outstretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, drew his hand hastily away, and then, with a sudden impulse, bending forward, kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him, bringing a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said, a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis. Mr. Ruskin remembered his dream when the poor beggar brought forth his relic, and thence, so I am told, came his pilgrimage to the convent of St. Francis of Assisi, where he beheld those frescos by Giotto which seemed to him more lovely than anything Tintoret himself had ever produced. I personally should like to believe that the mendicant was himself St. Francis appearing in the garb of a beggar to his great disciple.

HOW TO READ BOOKS.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

In the *Homiletic Review* a pastor, writing on "How may we best use books suggestively?" says:—Let me speak of one way of use in my own plan. Better not waste time over a volume which we find, after a few hours' use, will not yield seedling suggestions upon the line of our particular husbandry. Lay it aside and take up something else. Let your red lead pencil be at hand. Mark the passages which awaken attention, and double mark those which awaken thought and start your powers of invention.

Turn to the blank leaves at front of the volume and, with black pencil, write the suggested topics referring to the pages on which they occur. A book worthy of your study ought to make your pencil fill from one to three blank pages. When you have spoken, preached, or written upon any one of these topics, check it off by a red cross, then you will know that gun has been fired. My habit is to keep a series of blank books (arranged according to the general topics)—it is well to have a separate one for each of the larger and more important books of the Bible.

This method of marking is also a great means of saving time. Taking up a volume which has been carefully treated thus, the marks will at once guide our eyes to the portions worth a second reading. We at once alight on the grains of gold without the need of again sifting the sand and gravel.

More important passages may be underlined, and those which raise a doubt or excite a question, can be designated by an interrogation point or a written word on the margin.

HOW WE FOUGHT AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

A BATTLE PICTURE FROM THE RANKS.

OF all the articles in the magazines this month, that which is most picturesque and the most vividly interesting is the description of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is written by Sergeant A. Palmer, of the 79th Highlanders. There is no attempt at picturesque writing, but is a phonographic-photographic account of what actually happened. There are only a dozen pages, but each of them is worth a special correspondent's letter. His description abounds with realistic touches, such as that in which he describes the march across the desert the day before the battle:—"The heat was dreadful, we laid bare our chests in the vain hope of catching a little air. Hands, faces, and bodies were streaming with perspiration, and we were almost as wet as if we had been swimming in our clothes." At night they laid down at the canal, which was stiff with the dead bodies of horses and camels, and from this horrible compound they had to replenish their water-bottles. When paraded the night before the battle, the captain's address to the men, scarcely any of whom had ever seen a battle, was terse and vigorous, "You are to fight on so long as a man stands up. Remember the country and the regiment you belong to, and fight as fought the Highlanders of old." As they marched through the darkness, while Rawson guided the march by the north star, chums gave messages to each other for home in case of being killed. His companion said to Palmer, "If I'm put out the mess, chum, you will find two sticks of tobacco in my pocket that you may have." Here is a grim incident in that silent march, which we confess seems difficult to believe. Beyond an occasional neighing of a horse, no sound was heard but the slow trampling of many feet on the sand, resembling the fluttering of a flock of birds.

Once a man on whom the rum had taken effect, or whom the weird silence had made ungovernably nervous, suddenly broke out into wild yells. Sir Garnet immediately rode up and ordered the offender to be bayoneted, but the regimental surgeon interposed, and begged leave to chloroform him instead. This was granted—the man was drugged to insensibility and left lying on the sand.

Surely the man could have been gagged, or at least knocked on the head! At last the Egyptian line was reached and carried at the point of the bayonet, but just as they were clearing the trenches there were shouts raised of "Retire, retire," causing a momentary and general check which fortunately was immediately stopped by a staff officer. In explanation of this incident, Sergt. Palmer tells the following extraordinary and almost incredible story:—

Those cries of "Retire" had been treacherously raised by a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen," who had somehow evaded the precautions that were in force since the days of Fenianism to prevent the enlistment of disloyal characters. They had been proved cowards or something worse on two occasions when the regiment was before Kafr Dowar; and in virtue of instructions coming through the captain, the non-commissioned officers of the company appointed a sergeant and a corporal to watch the conduct of these two men in the battle. They were charged to use their own discretion, and if that step became necessary to put them summarily to death. When the treacherous dogs raised their shout of "Retire," the non-commissioned officers appointed to watch them promptly did their duty. I saw Sergeant — kill one of them with a thrust of his sword-bayonet; and also saw Corporal — fire at the other, who fell dead, but whether he was killed by the corporal's bullet or by one from the enemy I cannot undertake to say. The regi-

ment was unanimous that both richly deserved to die, in which conviction every honest soldier will concur.

His description of the scene after the battle is horrible. Some of the corpses were blown to fragments, and "in some cases dead Egyptians roasting slowly as they lay, their clothes being ignited, and were slowly smouldering." Perhaps the most gruesome story which he tells is of the burying of the wounded alive. Great hordes of prisoners were brought in, he says:—

Over the mass was placed a strong guard, and then burial parties were organised from among them, furnished with shovels, and marched under escort to the duty assigned them, —the interment of their own dead. There was neither decency nor humanity in their method. Dead and seeming dead were huddled anyhow into the trenches, and then the sand was shovelled over them. One could see limbs still moving and hands feebly raised in the effort to ward off the indiscriminate entombment, but the callous gravediggers took no notice of those dumb, pathetic remonstrances.

When the order to fix bayonets was given, and they advanced with arms sloped, against the storm of bullets flying overhead, the rattle of the bullets on the steel was like the sound of hailstones striking against glass. Sergt. Palmer had to bayonet no fewer than five wounded Egyptians who had fired at our soldiers after they had passed. Perhaps the most characteristic touch is that in which he describes how, after the battle was won, the cavalry came galloping up, shouting, with many oaths, "You — Jocks have not left us a chance for a fight!" and swept past in a cloud of dust glittering with lance-points.

The whole article, in its grim realism, with its oaths, its bloodshed, its brutality and savagery, makes a picture of the realities of war such as seldom appears in our literature.

CONDITION OF THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

To Englishmen fresh from their Irish experiences, the position of the negro in the Southern States seems to be much the most formidable danger menacing the future of the American Republic. The following programme of the Afro-American League, which we quote from *Our Day* for February, reads somewhat ominously like an exaggerated version of the first programme of the Land League:—

To protest against taxation without representation; to secure a more equitable distribution of school funds in those sections where separate schools exist; to insist upon a fair and impartial trial by a judge and a jury of peers in all causes at law; to resist by all legal and reasonable measures mob and lynch law, whereof we are made the victims, and to insist upon the arrest and punishment of all such offenders against our legal rights; to resist the tyrannical usages of railroad, steamboat, and other corporations, and the violent or unlawful conduct of their employees, in all cases where we are concerned, by prosecution of all such corporations and their employees in state and federal courts; to labour for the reformation of all penal institutions where barbarous and unchristian treatment of convicts is practised; and to assist healthy emigration from terror-ridden sections to other and more law-abiding sections of the country; to encourage all state and local leagues in their efforts to break down all colour bars in obtaining for the Afro-American an equal chance with others in the vocations of life, and to unite such branch leagues for organised and effective work in securing the full privileges accorded by the Constitution.

The Afro-American League has its chief seat in Chicago. In *Our Day* W. H. Thomas, writing upon "Unsolved Negro Problems," sets forth the condition of things which, if accurately described, fully justify the negroes in thinking that God and justice would be on their side in any revolt necessary to free them from such oppressive taskmasters.

SOME SAMPLES OF SCHOOLBOY HUMOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERY ORIGINAL ENGLISH."

WHEN Mr. Henry J. Barker published his entertaining essays on schoolboy wit, entitled "Very Original English," it was evident that a great fund of literary humour had been tapped, and we awaited with some interest a further supply of humorous contributions from our boys. As yet the essays of schoolgirls have not been laid under contribution. The literary fruitage of the feminine mind has yet to be collected for the entertainment of the world. Mr. Barker, however, supplies, in *Longman's Magazine*, some interesting samples of the productions of the unconscious humorists in our boys' schools, in an article entitled "Curiosities of Schoolboy Wit." The title is rather a misnomer, for the only witty remark that he quotes was that of a youth who, when asked by an inspector, "What is the gender of the noun egg?" replied, "Sir, you canna tell till it is hatched." The mistake made by scholars who imagined that "lead us not into temptation," was "lead us not into Thames Station," can hardly be classified as a specimen of schoolboy wit. Mr. Barker himself admits that there is more pathos than humour in the remark of a little fellow whose mother had died of a broken heart, when asked to explain the difference between the human heart and the heart of a sheep, replied, "A sheep's heart is soft, and you can bite it; a woman's is hard, and it breaks."

"THE BOY AS GOD MADE."

Every one is familiar with stories illustrative of the dire consequences resulting from learning your turn, and then finding the prearranged order thrown out of gear by some accident, and Mr. Barker contributes an excellent specimen of the kind. A village schoolmaster had coached his pupils in anticipation of inspection, but before the arrival of the visitor he sent one of the boys into the yard to wash some ink-bottles. Forgetting the effect which this would have on his catechism, he asked the boy who took the place of the absentee, "Who made you?" The boy made no answer.

"Will you be quick and tell me, sir?" the master cried out angrily, never dreaming, of course, that any hitch had occurred. No; the lad never opened his lips or twitched a muscle. Possibly he thought the master was "trying it on" with him.

"Come, my dear child," the visitor ventured to interject, seeing the painful chagrin of the dominie, "you should try to give your master some sort of answer. Surely you know, my lad, that it was *God* who made you?"

"No, sir, it wanna me!" the lad at last burst forth, "I'm sure it wanna, sir! The boy as God made is outside washin' t' ink-pots!"

THE SCHOOLBOY AS MORALIST.

Recollections of some of Mr. Barker's previous samples are revived by some extracts from an essay on the Moon. The boy who wrote the following passage must have been the own brother to Will Martin, whose Essay on Politeness was one of the best pieces in "Very Original English." "If they say to you as the moon is not all them thousands of miles off, else how could the cow jump over it, do not call these poor boys names, else you wood be a cowherd; but just tell them nicely and gently as you never did beleave about that there cow. Tell them as not even race horses could do it, but only hangils, and they will beleave you, and thank you for making them wiser every day."

Compare this with Will Martin's discourse on politeness from "Very Original English":—

If a girl scratches you on the cheek, or spits in your face,

don't pinch her, and don't tell her mother. That would be mean. Just hold her tight behind by her hands for a minute or two, till she feels you could give it her if you had a mind to. Then say to her kindly: "Don't you do it again, for it is wrong"; give her a shake or two, and then let her go. This is far better than being unkind to her, and she will thank you for your politeness, if she's anything of a girl.

THE SCHOOLBOY AS NATURALIST.

The following samples are among the best among Mr. Barker's new collection. After describing the flowers to be seen in any ordinary garden plot, the young essayist continues:—

Now, in the country the flowers grow wild in the fields, though not so close together, and not in squares and rounds. And nobody believes it till they go in the train; but certainly boys and girls can run amongst them, and pull up as many as they like, and fill their arms and baskets, and bring them home to their fathers and mothers. And the teacher said that if we could only go the next day, there would be just as many flowers again. Some boys would not believe what the teacher said, but I believe that it is true, for I believe that God can easy do miracles, because I believe that the flowers are not stuck in by men or polecemen after it is dark, else what about taking so much pulling out? When I am a man I shall go the next day.

The following effort is a selection from a Third Standard lad's composition exercise upon *The Donkey*:—

The Donkey is one of that tribe of beasts on which the cane has no effect, for the harder you hit it the slower it goes. Your fathers never use a whip for there donkeys, because they no it would not hurt them. For the Donkey rather likes to feel a whip, as it only tikles him and makes him feel joyfull and hungry. The best thing to punish a Donkey with is firstly a short thick cane for ears and belly; and secondly, a broom-stick cut in two for backbone and back legs. He will then go betwixt four and five miles an hour. The donkeys which you see painted yellow and blue on the school pictures are what are called jews asses. These tribes of donkeys go many miles an hour, and will follow there masters like dogs and lambs becose of kindness. The young ones are sometimes called kolts and foals of asses. Therefore, if you have a niced young donkey show mercy unto it, and it might grow into a kolt or the foal of an ass.

BIBLE STORIES—SCHOOLBOY VERSION.

In a recent number of the *Worker's Monthly* some further samples are published from the examination of a school.

Here is a youthful opinion as to the comparative merits of the Apostles Peter and Paul:—"Paul went about persecuting everybody, Peter he stayed at home. He was a fisherman, a hard-working, respectable man."

Next comes a life of the Psalmist King given by a bright lad of ten in full earnestness:—"Davies was a shepherd boy, he went against the Philistiners. While he was away, lo, a lion and a bear came and pounced the sheep, and carried away a lamb; but Davies came after them, and soon made them leave a-go of that. He was a giant-killer. When the giant seen him come over the wall, he said, 'Am I a dog that a boy comes after me with slings and sticks and things?' but Davies killed the giant, which made the king mad. He was son of Jessie, and father of Solomun and Absolomun. He had one hundred sweet singers of Israel. He took a census, and it did not rain for three days and three nights."

But the most charming instance of the results of combined inattention and treacherous memory is the following:—"Paul was one day on the road to Damascus, with a warrant to take up the Christians. He rode upon an ass. When he came to a lane, his ass it would not go; so he beat it, and it ran against the wall and bruised his foot, and he smote it very sore, and began to curse it, when an angel appeared to him in the way, saying, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.'"

MY IDEAL OF MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. MONA CAIRD.

MRS. MONA CAIRD'S article on "The Morality of Marriage," in the *Fortnightly Review*, would more correctly embody the views of the authoress if it had been entitled the "Immorality of Marriage." The article is able and thoughtful, and here and there brilliant, showing a great advance, from the literary point of view, on the article which gave rise to the controversy in the *Telegraph* on "Is Marriage a Failure?" The article is, however, very melancholy reading, for Mrs. Mona Caird is in revolt, and her article is a cry, not exactly of despair, but of passionate indignation against a system which she regards as answerable for much of the misery of the world. In her eyes life-long marriage, enforced by law, seems to have taken the place of slavery as the sum of all villainies. Pain, weariness, hard work, anxiety, are the lot of women condemned to incessant childbirth, with the result that their nerves are so broken, that if it were not for the children the overworked creatures would take a dose of chloroform to-morrow. Even a thoroughly prosperous marriage brings about a gradual process of brain-softening. In fact, to her somewhat morbid fancies, nothing is so horrible in the whole of society as that which has hitherto been regarded as its redeeming element. Mrs. Caird does not hesitate to assert that every fifth and sixth child is a "deeply injured being," and she is as equally unhesitating in declaring that she would prefer an interval of furious licence than another century of womanly duty and virtue as those have been interpreted hitherto. The world is wretched and diseased because our women have followed all too faithfully the hideous idea which has been set up for their guidance. "If woman's claim were granted, if she should secure liberty as great as that of man in all the relations of life, marriage, as we now understand it, would cease to exist, its main foundation would be undermined." Such, at least, is one of the many sentences in this article which will be employed for years to come as an effective weapon against every step that is demanded in the progressive emancipation of women. When married life, as we understand it, ceases to exist, what will take its place? In the ideal marriage in the future, husband and wife will show at least as much respect for their individual freedom as if they were a couple of friends who agreed to live together. A rich and full life, in which men had the society and influence of women, and women that of men without let or hindrance, would, she thinks, do much to exorcise licentiousness. But she admits frankly that if women were as free to say yes and no as men, the condition of society would be entirely transformed in such a way as to give Mrs. Grundy a serious shock to her nervous system, which we take it is another way of saying that women will become as generally immoral as men. This is, probably, true. We must level up or level down, either men must become as moral as women or women will become as immoral as men. Mrs. Caird truly says the result of the present system, by which self-control is exacted from women and not from men, is that "men hand on to the race exaggerated instincts to devastate other lives, and the brunt of those unsatisfied instincts must be allowed to destroy the health and sometimes the reason, because the sufferer belongs to the sex that has no choice in these matters. It is not true that we women reap what we sow: we reap what other people have sown for us!"

What then is to be the marriage of the future? Mrs. Caird describes it as follows:—

A couple would draw up their agreement, or depute the task to their friends, as is now generally done as [regards marriage

settlements. They agree to live together on such and such terms, making certain stipulations within the limits of the code. The breaking of any of these promises may or may not constitute a plea for separation for divorce—again according to agreement. The husband might bestow on the wife a certain sum as her exclusive property, this being her reward for her share in sustaining the household, and as the security for her independence. In case of the union proving unsuitable, a certain time shall be specified which shall elapse before application is made for divorce or separation, and the State would then demand a minimum interval between the notice and the divorce itself, if still desired after that interval is over. A more morally developed people would demand greater freedom.

What about the children will be asked? On this point Mrs. Caird declares that even for the sake of the children conventional marriage must be abolished. The very existence of many children is a wrong to themselves and mothers, and their education is as indefensible as their existence. She presses home with considerable force the argument that those who send their children to public schools, just when they are most susceptible to the beneficent influence of home life, have no right to indulge in platitudes concerning the necessity of parental influence. But, thank Heaven, the number of children sent to public schools comprises a very small percentage of the whole! Mrs. Caird's paper is full of good impulses and of aspirations after beautiful ideals, but she reminds us of the ancient philosopher who fixed his eyes so intently on a star in the heaven that he walked incontinently into a miry ditch. The immediate net result of her article can hardly fail to operate in two directions, both of which are contrary to the authoress's desires. It will strengthen the much too widely-held objection against the social and economic enfranchisement of women, and what is even more serious, it will be widely used as a kind of literary whitewash for adultery.

MR. GRANT ALLEN.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is the most indefatigable of all magmen. Articles from his pen appear in no fewer than four of the magazines of the month. In the *Universal* he raises a barbaric whoop over the approaching downfall of Mrs. Grundy, whom he criticises and insults under the title of Demos's Maiden Aunt. Demos he says is a hobbledohoy at present somewhat in awe of the moralist of the middle class. But in the good time which is coming, the vision of which makes glad the heart of Mr. Grant Allen, Demos will emancipate himself from the Puritanical regulations which prescribe some petticoats to ballet girls and place some slight impediment in the way of free marriage terminable by agreement with or without a moment's notice. In *Longman's* he sounds the praises of Cap. D'Antibes as a combination of the Riviera and the Bernese Oberland. In the *English Illustrated Magazine* he describes the Welsh Village of Llanwddyn which has been submerged by the reservoir by which Liverpool is to be supplied with water. Of all Mr. Grant Allen's papers in the current periodicals that on the "Origin of Animals," in the *New Review*, is the only one which is worthy of his reputation. The paper, although just a trifle too technical is nevertheless one of extraordinary interest. Mr. Grant Allen puts forward a hypothesis as to the way in which animals were evolved from plants. He states his hypothesis as follows:

Early animals may, perhaps, have arisen from locomotive spores of early plant organisms, which, instead of developing chlorophyll, and producing plant-material under the influence of sunlight, happened to strike out accidentally a new mode of life for themselves by absorbing external protoplasmic or carbonaceous material, and using it up in locomotive energy.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

VARIOUS ANSWERS BY VARIOUS PENS.

THE *Young Man* for March publishes some interesting answers to the above question from some of the leaders of Christian thought and action. I quote the following:—

The Head Master of Harrow (*Rev. J. E. C. Welldon*).—A Christian is one who, in his thought and life, seeks the same highest good as Christ sought, and who finds his chief motive for seeking it in the example and doctrine of Christ Himself. Such a definition seems to imply—(1) a constant preference of the spiritual interests of life to the material or secular; (2) a practical imitation of Christ; (3) a dogmatic allegiance to Christ's Divine authority.

The Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.—A Christian is one who not simply assents to the truth of certain statements concerning Christ, but who believes in Christ Himself—that is, accepts Him as Saviour and Lord, relies on Him for salvation, follows Him as guide, imitates Him as example, obeys Him as Master, and promotes His glory as King. The habitual prayer of a real Christian is "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?"

The Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge (*Rev. H. C. G. Moule*).—To be indeed a Christian is to be a living and loving disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is to be one who *believes* with all his heart in Jesus Christ as his Redeemer and Saviour. It is to be one who understands that having come to Christ, as a sinner to his Lord, he *belongs* altogether to Him, and exists for His purposes.

The Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A.—To be a Christian is to be a new creature in Christ Jesus. It is all a matter of the heart, of a new birth, of a changed will, and a pure, holy, and blameless life. No man ever was in Christ until he was thoroughly sick of himself, found that he was powerful to do wrong, and powerless to do right—a poor, weak, erring, unstable creature. But when a man, humbled, self-distrustful; guilty, and recognising his guilt; sinful, eager to escape his sin, comes to Christ to be saved, he is at once accepted; he takes his place as a sinner saved by grace. He is in Christ. A sinner saved by grace is a Christian.

The Rev. W. J. Dawson.—He who desires to be a Christian has to ask only two questions—What is the will of God? and, How am I to do it? Let any man try to do the will of God as Christ did it; let him try to be pure, loving, generous, sympathetic, self-sacrificing as Christ was; let him trust in the Father, follow duty, love righteousness, and fight for it as Christ did, and then, whether he have a creed or has none, he is a Christian, for the Christian is simply one who loves Christ and tries to be like Him.

The Rev. G. S. Reaney.—To be a Christian, is to trust and love the Lord Jesus Christ according to the knowledge we have of Him. There are some who find no help in miracles or inspiration, and are not quite sure as to the physical resurrection of the Lord Jesus; but their trust in Him is as perfect as the trust of a child, and their love for Him is something to be prayed for. They trust Him and love Him far beyond all they know of Him or believe about Him. They are Christians. Who shall say that they are not Christians? Some of these Christians worked with me in the East End. I have never met with men and women in any church in whose lives I have felt so much, of Christ, as I felt in the lives of those who, while imperfect in knowledge, seemed "full of faith."

Dr. Joseph Parker, in the *Homiletic Review*, for February, writing upon the "Religious Outlook," expresses himself as follows on the above question:—

There must be no incertitude as to the soul's relation to Christ. Certitude there means to my mind orthodoxy, Christianity, salvation. A negative relation to Christ has always ended in His crucifixion. He asks us for the loyalty of the heart's whole trust, He claims the throne of our undivided love. There—there—there we must be definite! We need not, indeed, have any theory or philosophy of His atonement, but for myself I must say that I should hold a merely negative view of Christ if I denied his Godhead. Christ would be to me but a man in whom I find no fault if He did not die, the just for the unjust, if He did not wash me from my sins in His own blood. Here my definiteness is absolute.

Mr. Jos. Jno. Dymond, in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, writing on the "Atonement," lays down the view of the orthodox Friends in the following passage:—

The true position is this: God has accomplished His work for our redemption as it has pleased Him in the counsels of His infinite wisdom. As a complete and finished work it is offered for our acceptance. With loving entreaty we are invited to take refuge in the Saviour whom God has provided, just as He has presented Him and not otherwise. With us rests the solemn responsibility of assent; but we are not permitted to discuss the terms with God.

The Rev. Dr. Clifford, writing in *Lippincott* on the subject "Who are Christian Ministers?" says that the question not only raises the problem, what is the essential element of the Church, but it goes deeper still.

It is a question of the real nature of religion. Is it spiritual and inward; a life of love and service of God and men, or is it external, mechanical, and sacramental? The conception of religion shapes and moulds the idea of the ministry. We go back, therefore, to the broad and simple teaching of Jesus concerning Religion, Society, and Service, and hear Him tell us that life is only lived according to God's ideal of it, when every man is free to make, and does make, the fullest use of every "talent" he has for the service of his fellows.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, in the *Sunday Magazine*, says:

We must not think that religion consists in immediate thoughts of God, in immediate addresses to Him, in emotions called forth by contemplation of Him. Certainly those who enter by faith into communion with the unseen would have joy unspeakable; but can this long be sustained? No! for this is not the ordinary state of even the most religious. We must seek for a more practical definition of religious working. Shall we say that it means doing everything we do as unto God, and not to ourselves or public opinion—doing everything as if we felt that His all-seeing eye were indeed upon it?

The Rev. Frederic Palmer, in a paper contributed to the *Andover Review*, entitled, "Some Criticisms on the Andover Movement," criticises the objection expressed in the volume entitled, "Progressive Orthodoxy," to the doctrine of what may be called unconscious Christianity. Mr. Palmer asserts:—

This harmony with Christ may be clearly apprehended by its possessor in its relation on the one hand to Jesus, the incarnate Son of God, and on the other to himself, through understanding and choice; or it may be unrecognised and unnamed; but in either form it may be genuine. And that in its latter form it can be efficacious is demonstrable from those many cases where there is to a great degree deliverance from sin and likeness to Christ, and yet no clear apprehension of a scheme of salvation. It is this latter, we suppose, which has been called harmony with the essential or spiritual Christ. But that one who has an eager love for whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely,—that he has, *ipso facto*, salvation, cannot be denied by any one who holds salvation to be deliverance from sin. And if he is so saved, it must be either that he is saved without the knowledge of Christ, or that in these very things he has the knowledge of Christ. For ourselves, we prefer the latter alternative.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN CENTRAL ASIA.

A BRITISH OFFICER'S REPORT.

QUITE the most remarkable ride of recent times, and one which throws poor Colonel Burnaby's entirely into the shade, was that which Colonel Mark S. Bell made from Peking to the Mediterranean, right across the heart of China and Central Asia. Colonel Bell, whom I remember interviewing some twelve months ago, is an unassuming officer, who has never mastered the art of self-advertisement; hence, there are but few in this country who are aware of the noteworthy exploit which he has accomplished. He has been reading papers before the geographical societies, which are published in their Proceedings. But to the general public his observations are practically unknown. In the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for February his paper on the great Central Asian Trade Route from Peking to Kashgaria is printed in full, with a valuable map showing his route. And in the Scotch Geographical Society's Proceedings for March is to be found his papers on "Around and About Armenia." From these valuable papers we extract the following passages, which may be commended as the mature opinion of a thoroughly competent British officer as to the chances of the rival empires of Russia and England in China and Turkey.

TRADE RIVALRY IN CHINA.

One cannot travel through Eastern Turkistan without forming a very high opinion of Russian enterprise. Russian goods, cottons, chintzes, candles, sugar, cutlery, &c., are found everywhere. Russian merchants, settled in Hami, and dressed as Chinamen, in Suchau and Lan-chau, press the sale of their goods. Their cottons and chintzes, as already noted, are strong, well dyed, and suited to the country; could the lighter Indian varieties reach Toksun and Hami they might sell. Throughout the journey I was struck with the want of British commercial enterprise in the interior of China, when compared with that exhibited by Russian Central Asian merchants.

Poverty instigates Russian commercial enterprise, and wealth causes ours to retrograde; and throughout China, clerks and agents of Continental birth are supplanting those of the British nation, even in British mercantile houses.

Commercial enterprise would seem to be a marked instinct of the Russian race, and the completion of the Siberian line of railway, and its connection with the Trans-Caspian line, will cause them to turn their attention to the construction of a feeder, to gain the trade of the north-west, mid, and centre China, and another further to the eastward to Peking, if the Chinese do not do so. These lines cannot be built without the conquest of trans-mural China.

All the Indians I met with praised the Chinese rule, and have settled permanently in the country, preferring it to India. Mongolia is entirely at Russia's mercy, granted that she pushes on her communications and China does not. Mongolia gives easy access to Chili and Shansi, and Kashgaria to Kansu, the rich Wei valley and Thibet. Good communications alone can make these provinces defensible in the future, and China is slow to perceive their necessity.

POLITICAL RIVALRY IN ARMENIA.

In Armenia Colonel Bell found that England was as badly handicapped in politics as she is in trade in Western China. Speaking of the prospects of further Russian advance on Constantinople, *viâ* Armenia, Colonel Bell says:—

The villagers were dumbfounded at the idea of another campaign, with Russia as a possible foe, and all agreed that they were no match for a first-class Christian Power. Many of the Redif expressed themselves as ready to be made prisoners of

war rather than to fight under such helpless conditions as those then existing. The humanity shown by Russia to her prisoners of war has made a lasting impression upon the Turkish soldiers; they contrast the plenty and comfort of their state as prisoners of war with the want, hardship, and neglect which they suffered at the hands of their officers. The officers, although they would like a chance of revenging themselves on their ancient foe, yet saw little hope of making a good resistance unless aided by England. A show of resistance they hoped to make, but they doubted and feared the result. Money, stores, baggage, organisation, equipment, etc., all were wanting to such a degree as to render the army little better than a military mob. The opinion we formed was that the rough material was excellent, and would be forthcoming, but that it must be placed under British superior officers, and paid from the British Treasury, for some months before it could be considered even to be a force sufficiently good to act in co-operation with British troops, and that it would take many months, under British officers and instructors, before it could be trusted, under their leading, to separate action with hope of good results. The Turkish officer is gallant, and a good leader, but is uninstructed. At Aleppo joy filled the barracks, it being reported that I had come to command the troops.

CAN ANYTHING BE DONE?

Colonel Bell makes a last despairing appeal to his countrymen to save Turkey from her impending doom:—

Russia would probably treat such questions very summarily. Her plan is to Russianise all conquered peoples. To all appearances Britain is absolutely doing nothing of any practical moment in this country to better it, or to strengthen it, or to aid it to better itself. In what is wanted to develop the resources of the country we have attempted nothing. Turkey will do nothing unless a model be put before her. The working of the Imperial Chinese Customs department shows what excellent results may arise from a little good administration. Private companies (British or Anglo-German), or, failing these, Imperial British-Turko-Armenia customs and public works departments, under guarantee of absolute ownership of railways, roads, canals, etc., under conceivable conditions, would resuscitate its finance and develop its latent wealth, with an outlay of 50 millions sterling. Without this help Turkey and Asia must continue in the downward course of decay till she rots to pieces and becomes absorbed by others. Is it not time that money be laid out in Turkey and Persia, etc., to be administered by ourselves, and not, as heretofore, by venal pashas, in order to aid them and better ourselves?

The difficulty in the way of carrying out Colonel Bell's propositions is that the pashas would prefer to await their inevitable fate at the hands of Russia than have the country taken from them in this unceremonious fashion. Colonel Bell's paper is important as expressing the opinion of a competent British officer on the worthlessness of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the utter impossibility of giving effect to the "insane covenant."

CHARLES MACKAY ON CHRISTIANITY.

A POEM written by the late Charles Mackay appears in *Temple Bar*. It is entitled "A True Christian." The following is the first stanza:—

If thou'rt a Christian
In deed and thought,
Loving thy neighbour
As Jesus taught,—
Living all days
In sight of Heaven,
And not *one* only
Out of seven,—
Sharing thy wealth
With the suffering poor,
Helping all sorrow
That Hope can cure,—

Making religion
A truth in the heart,
And not a cloak
To be worn in the mart,
Or in high cathedrals
And chapels and fanes,
Where priests are traders
And count the gains,—
All God's angels will say,
"Well done!"
Whenever thy mortal race is
run,

THE SECRET OF THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM.

BY MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

THERE is a long, thoughtful, and carefully written article on Hypnotism, by Mrs. Besant, in the *Universal Review*, in which she tells its history. She then describes the facts of animal magnetism classed under three heads: 1. Its use as a therapeutic agent. 2. The exaltation under it of the physical senses and mental capacities. 3. The control of the subject by the operator. And finally gives her explanation of the phenomena, which is somewhat difficult to condense. Animal magnetism, she says, is nearly related to mineral magnetism, and is visible to the sensitive as light. This human magnetism, which is called Odic force, has never been observed in connection with hypnotism. Mrs. Besant maintains that when the person is hypnotised the bodily functions are placed in a condition of quiescence, rendering it possible for the sleeping consciousness, which is to the waking consciousness what a giant is to a dwarf, to come into action. "This luminous Eidolon, which shines out the more brightly as the bodily frame is unconscious, is the Inner Self, the true individuality, the higher Ego, which dwells in the body as the flame in the lamp, sending into the outer world such shafts of its radiance as can pierce its covering. The physical organs of sense are, as has been well said, between the inner senses, the perceptive faculties of the Inner Self, and the objective world; that they are *organs*, not faculties; and it will be seen how their paralysis may make way for the inner senses to function. The third class of phenomena, control of the individual by the operator, turns once more, as to the hallucinations, on this movability of the threshold of sensation. Let us conceive of existence as one vast line, which has spirit or force for one end and grossest matter for the other end, all phenomena, 'material' and 'immaterial,' ranging between these, not differing in essence, but in degree of condensation—so that condensed force would present itself as matter, rarefied matter as force. Our conception of the universe depends on the impression made by it on us through our senses. Whether the mental presentment of a thing is material or immaterial will depend, then, on our sensibility and not on the thing itself. *The senses condition the nature of the perception.* Then, to abnormally sharpened senses, a thought may become a material object, force-vibrations becoming visible, *i.e.*, appearing as matter. But if this be so, the 'hallucination' of the somnambulist, who sees a bird or a lamp-shade at the suggestion of the hypnotiser, results from her threshold of sensibility being so shifted that the normally immaterial thought becomes to her material.

"This hypothesis does not explain the paralysis of vision as to objects, or parts of objects, which is one of the most startling of hypnotic phenomena. For elucidation of this, I am somewhat at a loss. But that objects *can* be made to disappear I know, having seen it done and having been made myself to disappear; for the explanation, I am still groping.

"The control of acts is easier to understand, for here one can see that the Ego of the hypnotised person may, as it were, be thrust aside and the Ego of the hypnotiser take its place, using the brains and limbs of the subject as its tool. Be this as it may, the recognition of this true Ego, this Inner Self, acting in and through the body, but its master, not its product, offers, at least, a hopeful path to the solution of the abstruse problems that face us."

A DEFENCE OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

BY SENOR CASTELAR.

IN the *Nouvelle Revue Internationale* Senor Castelar pleads for universal suffrage, chiefly on grounds of analogy with past action. "You have recognised," says he, "the equality of men in your religion, in your legal codes, in your general application of justice, you must now recognise it in the political sphere, and its expression there is universal suffrage. Of two things one, either the whole idea of the suffrage is a false one—as the absolutists assert—or, if true, it is evidently universal of application in its nature. For there is no conceivable material standard by which a just differential can be established between one man and another. But the great nations of the world have declared practically unanimously for the suffrage. It follows then that its limitations can only have resulted from the selfishness of law-makers or the ingrained stupidity of certain races."

M. Castelar also combats a phrase, used on the Continent with regard to universal suffrage, but little known in England. He denies that it is a "Pantlreism of the People." He maintains that its great value is in the emphasising, not in the effacing of the individual in the political world. There is, *apropos* of this, a passing allusion to the recent Boulangist fiasco, though it is not mentioned by name. He points out that after all the cry about the behaviour of democracy, the event has proved Cæsarism to be unnatural to a free people voting freely.

There are many really wonderful bits of imagery in the article, but his style is highly coloured. It is Spanish eloquence reading like scarlet flowers.

"We bow with respect before the tombs of the Escorial . . . as we seem to catch, through those sepulchral twilights, the vision of that Colossus of years, whose head lost itself in the heavens, whose crown set the sun like a gem, whose mantle—vaster than the very ocean itself—held in its folds whole continents and still undiscovered worlds. At the memory of so much greatness our knees bend, our hearts beat." This from a Spaniard with regard to his great empire of old. But he ends by saying that to try to raise the old corpse of feudalism is but to profane its tomb. Men do not dig up their dead again, nor do they worship their dead, but rather the memory of what they were in life. It is a most powerful article and a most eloquent one. And if eloquence may not be written down for fear of offending taste, why, so much the worse for taste.

The article is, of course, rather a rhetorical than an argumentative one; nevertheless some passages are put in a clever argumentative way: take, for instance this one about equality:—

"Nature," say our opponents, "has made nothing equal." What an error! When you know one insect you know all of its species; by one nightingale you learn the nature of the generality of the rest; by one plant all the other plants of the same family. Equality is the general law, inequality the particular exception. . . . The chemist, when he analyses one drop of sea water, can tell of what the whole great sea is made, so also Plato and Aristotle, in analysing individual thought in their own case, were also analysing the general nature of all mental process. Inequality is but an accidental, equality is of the very essence. Such is the truth. If you do not like it, do not upbraid the writer of these words, but rather God, who made all things, to their certain weight and measure, and launched them into space, to watch them as they formed one eternal harmony."

Note, however, that even both the arguments yield to the figure of speech—the rational to the splendid. What a great phrase is that, "To watch them as they formed one eternal harmony!"

BRITISH INVESTMENTS IN THE STATES.

THE WEDDING RING OF THE EMPIRE AND THE REPUBLIC.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN, in the *North American Review* for February, contributes a very solid article concerning the investment of British capital in American industries, which is saved from being a merely financial treatise by the bearing which such a practical union of material interests will have on the ultimate union of the two great English-speaking nations of the world. British investments in American securities are now taking a new shape; instead of being merely a fixed interest charged on Government loans, it is now a huge international partnership, in which individuals on both sides equally profit. Mr. Wiman thinks that in 1900 the amount subscribed towards floating new companies will reach £600,000 sterling per business day in the year. He passes in array the enormous extent of contributory tribute paid by the nations of the world to John Bull in his capacity of money-lender to the universe, and points out the obvious conclusion that as John Bull will every year have more money to invest he will be driven irresistibly to seek fields for investment in the American Republic, where only the elements of safety and profit are assured. In the last two years we have been investing in industrial enterprises in the United States at the rate of £200,000 a week. These investments are made on the following three great principles:—

First, that the greatest possible pains is exercised to secure the most exhaustive investigation of the properties to be taken over; second, that the control of the organisation is irrevocably placed in the hands of the English parties who represent the new money put into the business; third, that the utmost precaution is taken to secure the continuance of the services of the vendor and his staff for the perpetuation of the success of the business, by not only insisting upon a contract for their continuous employment, but by their retention of a large proportionate interest. These three most important elements are as essential to success in floating a property in London as the sun is to daylight.

One result of this continual growing investment of British capital in American enterprises is to enormously stimulate the formation of trade combinations or trusts by the illimination of the personal element, which often stands in the way of the union of interests.

Indeed, it would seem as if the very facilities which the Englishmen require to have put in motion for their information and safety are the very first elements essential to combinations among competing establishments.

He expects that the pressure will go on increasing until it reaches an investment of £200,000 a day. In twenty years this will place Great Britain in control of one-half of the industrial enterprises of the United States. Already the amount of interest remitted by the United States to Europe amounts to twenty million sterling per annum. If the amount invested should increase threefold in the next two decades, twenty years hence would witness the increase of the New World's tribute to the Old to sixty million sterling per annum, at the rate of £200,000 per day. Mr. Wiman thinks—

It is not difficult to estimate the ultimate influences set in motion by such a practical union of material interests between the two great English-speaking nations of the world.

He quotes Mr. Gladstone's words when he, alluding to the United States and Great Britain, says that "there was no cause upon earth that should now or hereafter divide one from the other"; and declares, in concluding, that—

Nothing will contribute more certainly to the harmony between the mutuality of interests which is certain to be created by the investment of British capital in American industrial enterprises.

WILL ROME LOSE AMERICA?

PROBABLY. BY MR. HENRY CHARLES LEA.

MR. LEA, in the *Forum* for February, in an article entitled "Key Notes from Rome," discusses the question of the relations between the Church of Rome and the Republic of America, from a non-Catholic point of view. The trouble lies, he says, in the fact that the Catholic Church is not American or independent; it looks abroad, not at home, for its guidance. Thus in such a trivial matter as the introduction of electric light in the Catholic churches the question had to be referred for decision to the Propaganda, on which no American has a seat. The Americans think that as the State under its constitution resigns all control over religion, religion, out of reciprocity, should make no attempt to control the State. This doctrine the Pope has always repudiated; it is an article of faith with Rome that the duty to obey the Pope is absolute over the duty to obey the laws. Between Ultramontanism and American ideas there can be nothing but war, and Mr. Lea calls attention to the following cases in which the Pope has directly interfered in the internal affairs of modern states:—

When, in May, 1851, New Granada proclaimed religious toleration and subjected the clergy to the secular courts, Pius IX., in the allocution "*Acerbissimum*," of September 27, 1852, pronounced the laws to be null and void, and threatened heavy ecclesiastical penalties on all who should dare to enforce them—a declaration which he repeated in the allocution "*Incredibili*," of September 17, 1863. When, in 1855, Mexico adopted a Constitution embodying the same principle, Pius, in the allocution "*Nunquam fore*," December 15, 1856, annulled the Constitution and forbade obedience to it. When, about the same time, Spain made an effort in the same direction, the allocution "*Nemo Vestrum*," of July 24, 1855, similarly abrogated the obnoxious provisions. Even a powerful empire like that of Austria fared no better when, in December, 1867, it decreed liberty of conscience and of the press, and in May, 1868, adopted a law of civil marriage; for the allocution "*Nunquam certe*," of June 22, 1868, denounced all these as atrocious laws, and declared them to be void and of no effect.

He dreads the influence that may be wielded in American politics by prelates who have behind them a population of ten millions, from whom they raise a compact and disciplined body who are ready to vote for whichever side will give the Church the best terms. Rome, says Mr. Lea, is making persistent efforts at Washington to induce the Government to accredit a Minister at the Vatican, a step which he strongly opposes on the ground that it would be a recognition of the authority of the Pope over the Catholics, which is contrary to the American theory of the Constitution. So serious does Mr. Lea think the situation that he concludes his article with a suggestion that the only solution of the conflicting claims of Roman authority and American ideas is by a new declaration of independence, and a fresh revolt of the New World against the Old.

The triumph of Ultramontanism in the Church has been too thorough, the national Churches have been too completely crushed out, and papal autocracy has been established too unreservedly. All this is so repugnant to the American habit of thought that already there are occasional symptoms of unconscious rebellion, which in time may ripen to overt revolution, resulting in the organisation of a national American Catholic Church, faithful to all the dogmas of Catholicism save the central one of the supremacy of the co-called successor of St. Peter. Because Old Catholicism has not prevailed in Europe, it does not follow that it might not succeed in the less conservative and freer atmosphere of America.

NEWSPAPERS VERSUS BOOKS.

BY MR. E. L. GODKIN.

MR. E. L. GODKIN, the thoughtful editor of the *New York Nation*, who spent several months in Europe last year studying journalism in the Old World after practising it in the New, contributes a thoughtful and suggestive paper to the *North American Review* for February upon "Newspapers Here and Abroad." After pointing out the difference between the journalistic ideal in Europe, which centres round the smartly-written editorial, and that of America, which regards the prompt collection of news as the prime object of the journalist, he passes on to discuss the grave question what effect will the newspaper have upon civilisation. Mr. Godkin does not express himself as strongly in print as he did when here in London in conversation, but his observations are sufficiently gloomy to suggest more than he says. The newspaper in America has developed into the news-sheet in direct ratio with the spread of the reading art and the extension of the suffrage.

Newspapers may be bad literature, but literature they are. The hold they have taken, and are taking, as the reading matter of the bulk of the population in all the more highly civilised countries of the world, is one of the most serious facts of our time. It is not too much to say that they are, and have been for the last half-century, exerting more influence on the popular mind and the popular morals than either the pulpit or the book press has exerted in five hundred years. They are now shaping the social and political world of the twentieth century. The new generation which the public schools are pouring out in tens of millions is getting its tastes, opinions, and standards from them, and what sort of world this will produce a hundred years hence nobody knows.

One of the most important peculiarities of newspapers is that but very few who read them much ever read anything else. Now, nothing can be more damaging to the habit of continuous attention than newspaper-reading. One of its attractions to the indolent man or woman, or the man or woman who has had little or no mental training, is that it never requires the mind to be fixed on any topic more than three or four minutes, and that every topic furnishes a complete change of scene. The result of this perpetual newspaper-reading is that the number of book-readers form a continually decreasing proportion of all the great nations. Their immediate influence upon politics and society is undergoing the same decline. The ideas of book-writers have to filter through the newspaper press before they affect the popular thought and action.

Side by side with this segregation of the newspaper-reader from the book-reader, there has grown up a deep and increasing scorn on the part of the book-reader and book-maker for the man who reads nothing but the newspapers, and gets his facts and opinions from them. This is true to-day of every civilised country. Go into a circle of scientific or cultivated men in any field,—in America, or France, or Germany, or Italy,—and you will have the mental food which the newspapers supply to the bulk of the population treated with ridicule and contempt, the authority of a newspaper as a joke, and journalism used as a synonym for shallowness, ignorance, and blundering. But this mutual hostility of the two agencies which most powerfully affect popular thought, and shape the conduct of both nations and men, cannot but be regarded with great concern. Their reconciliation—that is, the conversion of the newspaper into a better channel of communication to the masses of the best thought and most accurate knowledge of the time—is one of the problems, and perhaps the most serious one, that the coming century will have to solve.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THE official opening of the Forth Bridge has produced, as might have been expected, a considerable number of articles in the periodicals. Mr. Knowles writes in the *English Illustrated* a descriptive paper, from which we make the following extract—

One span of the bridge would reach from Charing Cross across the Horse Guards' Parade to the centre of the courtyard of the Foreign Office, or from Vauxhall Station to the middle of Kennington Oval, or from Primrose Hill to the entrance to the Zoological Gardens. The trains will run at a level of 160 feet above high water—higher than the top of the Albert Hall. The bridge is constructed entirely of steel, the total quantity being over 50,000 tons, which is close upon four times the weight of one of the new battle ships, with guns and armour complete, now being built for the British navy. A good idea of the great height of these main piers is given by the accompanying sketch, showing one of them towering up behind St. Paul's Cathedral, the level of the ground corresponding to the level of high-water at the bridge.

In *Chambers's Journal* one of the assistant-engineers also describes the construction of this great engineering work, and from his papers we take the following facts:—

The changes resulting from variations of temperature have of necessity to be allowed for, and in so large a structure they are considerable—an inch for every hundred feet being arranged for in expansion and contraction, the space over the whole length of structure gives for this purpose no less than seven feet.

Upwards of 21,000 tons of cement, 707,000 cubic feet of granite, and 117,000 cubic feet of masonry and concrete were employed in the foundations and piers; while no less than one million cubic feet of timber were used for temporary purposes.

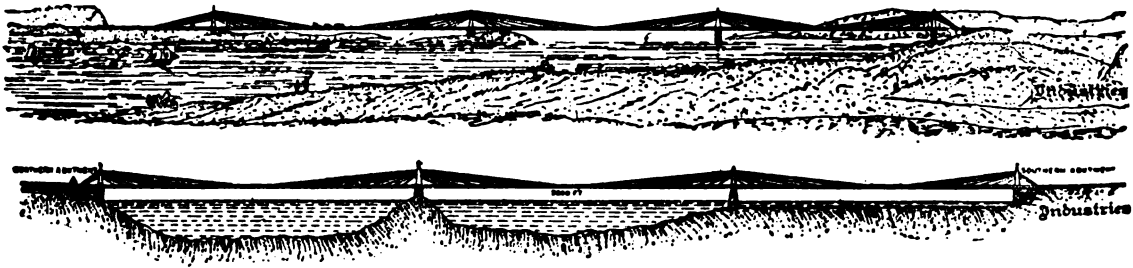
The surface of the bridge requiring to be kept painted is no less than twenty acres; whilst the eight million rivets employed, if laid end to end, would cover about 380 miles in length; and the plates used in the construction would extend a distance of over forty-four miles.

To *Blackwood* the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley contributes a sonnet on the bridge.

When the wild men from Pentland's shaggy side
Stared at the Fife-shire woodlands, did they dream
This fiery dragon with its lungs of steam
Would make the heaven its pathway, and would glide
With cloud and sound above the wondering tide?
Could they have hoped hot Haste would drive its team
Straight for the gulf, and leap yon ocean stream,
High o'er Inchgarvie's isle, with double stride?
Nay, but the heart of iron was in the land,
The soul of fire, the strength of lifted arm;
The breath of wind was theirs; y one thing alone
They knew not—this—how God Himself had planned
Mortals should conquer Earth, and bind in one
Our broken world, with commerce for a charm.

Those, however, who wish to have a really complete and exhaustive account of the great bridge will do well to obtain *Industries Forth Bridge Special*, which not only contains a complete technical account of the bridge, but has more than a hundred illustrations. Our illustration on the next page of the various stages through which the idea of the bridge passed is reduced from *Industries*. It is in itself a complete guide to the bridge, and a valuable memento of the greatest engineering achievement of our time.

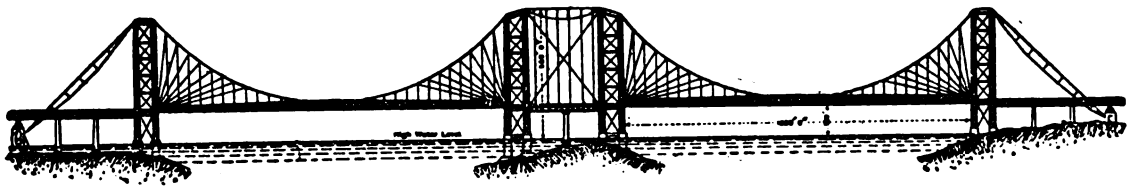
VARIOUS DESIGNS FOR BRIDGING THE FORTH.



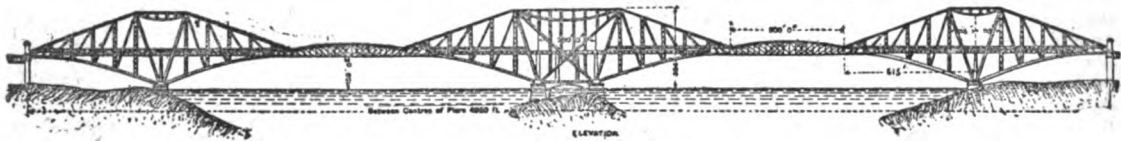
PERSPECTIVE VIEW AND LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF A DESIGN MADE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.



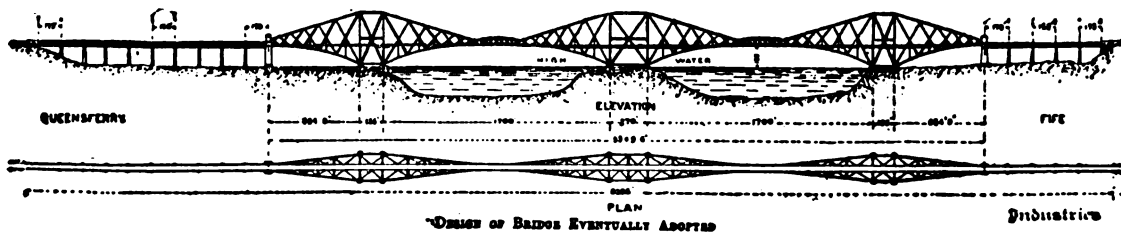
ALTERNATIVE DESIGN MADE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.



SIR THOMAS BOUCH'S DESIGN.



PRELIMINARY DESIGN OF PRESENT STRUCTURE.



DESIGN OF BRIDGE EVENTUALLY ADOPTED

IS ENGLAND FATAL TO GENIUS?

YES. BY "OUIDA."

"OUIDA," who spends most of her life in Italy, evolves in the *North American Review* for February a theory that the secret of Shelley's genius is largely to be found in the fact that he was more entirely a son of Italy than any of the Italian poets, and that the atmosphere of Italy has ever been the greatest fertilizer of poetical genius. "Ouida's" article, which is entitled "A New View of Shelley," is a very characteristic deliverance, as may be inferred by a passage in which, after scornfully deriding all condemnation of his conduct "within the bonds of marriage or without them," she asks:—

Who would not give the lives of a hundred thousand ordinary women to make happy for an hour such a singer as he?

and then declares

Society is arriving at the consciousness that for an ordinary woman to expect the monopoly of the existence of a man of genius is a crime of vanity and of egotism so enormous that it cannot be accepted in its pretensions or imposed upon him in its tyranny.

Genius, therefore, must be polygamous, and, we suppose,—for "Ouida," is above all prejudices,—also polyandrous. But this by the way. The chief interest of the article is its thesis that the land which produced Shakespeare is fatal to poetical genius.

There is something fatal to genius in modern English life: its conditions are oppressive; its air is heavy; its habits are altogether opposed to the life of the imagination. Out-of-door life in England is only associated with what is called "the pleasure of killing things," and is only possible to those who are very robust of frame and hard of feeling. The intellectual life in England is only developed in gaslight and lamplight, over dinner-tables and in club-rooms, and although the country houses in some instances might be made centres of intellectual life, they never are so by any chance, and remain only the sanctuaries of fashion, of gastronomy, and of sport. The innumerable demands on time, the routine of social engagements, the pressure of conventional opinion, are all too strong in England to allow the man of genius to be happy there, or to reach there his highest and best development. The many artificial restraints of life in England are, of all things, the most injurious to the poetic temperament, which at all times is quickly irritated and easily depressed by its surroundings. There is not enough leisure or space for meditation, nor freedom to live as the affections or the fancy or the mind desires; and the absence of beauty—of beauty artistic, architectural, natural, and physical—oppresses and dulls the poetic imagination without its being sensible of what it is from the lack of which it suffers.

What may be termed the material side of the intellect receives assistance in England—that is to say, in the aristocratic and political world of England; wit and perception and knowledge of character are quickened and multiplied by it. But the brilliancy, liberty, and spirituality of the imagination are in it dulled and lowered. If a poet can find fine and fair thoughts in the atmosphere of a London square, he would be visited by far finer and fairer thoughts were he standing by the edge of the Adrian or Tyrrhene Sea, or looking down, eagle-like, from some high spur of wind-vexed Apennine. The poet should not live for ever away from the world, but he should oftentimes do so.

Keats, Shelley, Savage Landor, Byron, Milton, Browning, and Robert Lord Lytton have been each and all profoundly penetrated by and deeply imbued with the influence of Italy; and it may be said of each and all of them that their genius has been at its highest when under Italian influences, and has been injured and checked and depressed in its development by all English influences brought to bear upon it. Shelley most completely of all escapes the latter, not only because he

died so early, but because his whole temperament resisted conventional pressure as a climbing plant resists being fastened to the earth.

In England there is, more than anywhere else, the most fatal tendency to drag genius down into the heavy shackles of commonplace existence, and to make Pegasus plough the common fields of earth. English genius has suffered greatly from the pressure of middle-class English opinion. It made George Eliot a hypocrite; it has made Tennyson a chanter of Jubilee Odes; it has put in chains even the bold spirit of Browning; and it has kept mute within the soul much noble verse which would have had rapture and passion in its cadences. The tone of hypocrisy, of Puritanism, of conventionality, has deeply entered into the English character, and how much and how great has been the loss it has caused to literature none will ever be able to measure.

Shelley enfranchised himself in its despite, and for so doing he suffered in his life and suffers in his memory.

IN PRAISE OF MRS. GRUNDY.

BY MRS. LYNN LINTON.

In the *Forum* for February Mrs. Lynn Linton indulges in a long diatribe of the familiar type against Mrs. Grundy, whom she treats as a kind of incarnation of diabolical Conservatism. All that has been done in opposition to progress either in politics or science or religion is calmly set down to the debit of poor Mrs. Grundy, whom she regards as the "tutelary deity of opposition and negation." Mrs. Linton even goes so far as to state that Mrs. Grundy burnt Giordano Bruno! But in the midst of this sweeping denunciation of the poor lady, Mrs. Linton is compelled to admit that though in some things Mrs. Grundy is an "obstructive disaster, in others she is a saving grace." This she illustrates by the following passage:—

"Without Mrs. Grundy to keep things taut and ship-shape, society would have a tendency to sprawl and slop over not conducive to true beauty of form. If there were no standard there would be no order; and, like an army composed wholly of captainless Bashî Bazouks, society without a standard would be a mass of dissociated atoms in which no two would coalesce. It would be a rabble rout and not an orderly assembly. It would be also without rest. Endless experiments would take the place of fixed rules, and no two Edwins and Angelinas would have quite the same pattern in the tie that made them one. There would be, too, no standard for good breeding, and politeness would be according to each man's conception and desires. It is only the fear that Mrs. Grundy inculcated and called education, that prevents a lazy man from going to a smart evening reception in his morning smoking suit; just as it is Mrs. Grundy herself who insists on the nakedness of undress for a Court afternoon in March. If there were no Mrs. Grundy, we should have our returned adventures and explorers turning up at my lady's receptions in shirt sleeves and belted waists, boots up to the knee, and a rakish *sombrero* set well over the eyes—more picturesque than many of the figures at a fancy ball, but not exactly in line with one's inherited ideas of fitness. Were it not for Mrs. Grundy, fathers and mothers would be at a greater discount than they are even now; and experience would be still more inoperative than it is at present to check the wild desires of inexperience. As the social ship would have never an appointed steersman nor a recognised captain, if she were deposed, so would each little individual canoe have to encounter both surf and shallows without the help of a pilot, a chart, or a compass. Decidedly she has her uses, though like fire and water and other things necessary for the life of man, she is better as a force to be used than as a power to command."

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM IN PRACTICE.

THE EXAMPLE OF GLASGOW. BY AN AMERICAN OBSERVER.

MR. ALBERT SHAW, the editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, devoted twelve months in 1888-89, to a close study of the working of municipal institutions in the Old World. Mr. Shaw is one of the most promising and thoughtful of the younger American students of social economy, and his article in the *Century*, entitled "Glasgow: a Municipal Study," fully maintains the high reputation which he has already secured on both sides of the Atlantic, for painstaking accuracy and comprehensive grasp of the subject with which he deals. It would be well if every member of the London County Council were to buy the *Century*, and to read every page of Mr. Albert Shaw's paper. In Glasgow, if the papers are wise, they will reprint the article as fully as the ethics of journalism will permit.

GLASGOW LEADS THE WORLD.

Mr. Albert Shaw begins his article by declaring that if, by the word "city," there is meant, not merely the aggregation of houses and people, but distinct and complete municipal organisation, the people of Glasgow may claim, not the second, but the first place among the communities of Great Britain, and not of Great Britain only, for well I remember Mr. Shaw telling me when he was in this country, that there was nothing in the United States to compare with the excellence of the municipal government of Glasgow. In his paper he selects Glasgow from all the cities of the world as the type of the modern city, one of the most characteristic of the great urban communities of the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century. To study Glasgow is to study the progress of municipal institutions in every stage.

MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.

Most important and interesting is the experience of Glasgow in providing common lodging-houses. It is a pleasure to visit these municipal hosteleries and see for one's self how cleanly, comfortable, and decent they are. Every lodger is given a separate apartment, or stall, in one of the high and well-ventilated flats, and has the use of a large common sitting-room, of a locker for provisions, and of the long kitchen range for cooking his own food. The charge per night is 3½d. or 4½d., according to the lodger's choice of a bed with one sheet or with two. (In any case he rests on a woven-wire mattress). Six of these houses are for men, and one is for women, the charge in the latter being only 3d. The success of the Corporation's houses has had the good effect of leading private enterprise to open a few similarly improved establishments, with the same scale of prices and conducted on the same strict rules as regards good order and cleanliness. After paying all running expenses and a due amount for deterioration of property, the municipal lodging houses yield a net return of from four to five per cent. on the investment. So far as I am aware, no other city has made an experiment of this kind, at least, upon so large a scale, and Glasgow's experience has peculiar interest.

PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.

As a part of that large scheme of sanitary and social amelioration that I have thus far been describing, are to be regarded the great public baths and wash-houses of Glasgow. They have now five large establishments in different parts of the city, the first of which was opened in 1878 and the last in 1884.

The swimming-baths are kept open through the entire

year, at a uniform temperature. The number of bathers exceeds 400,000 a year. The charges are twopence for use of swimming-bath, and a little more for the private baths. In the wash-houses, for the trifling sum of twopence an hour a woman is allowed the use of a stall containing an improved steam-boiling arrangement, and fixed tubs with hot and cold water faucets. The washing being quickly done, the clothes are deposited for two or three minutes in one of a row of centrifugal machine driers, after which they are hung on one of a series of sliding frames, which retreat into a hot-air apartment. If she wishes, the housewife may then use a large roller mangle, operated, like all the rest of the machinery, by steam power; and she may at the end of the hour go home with her basket of clothes, washed, dried, and ironed.

The baths and wash-houses, while paying running expenses, do not as yet, at their low rates of charge, pay interest upon the investment.

THE CORPORATION GAS-WORKS.

Twenty years of management by the authorities of the gas supply has given unmitigated satisfaction to all the citizens of Glasgow. The quantity of gas sold has increased 140 per cent., while the population has grown only 20 per cent. Careful management has reduced the amount of leakage from 20 to about 10 per cent. From 1.14 dollars per 1000 feet, which was charged consumers in 1869-70, the Corporation has been able to make reductions until for 1888-89 the price was fixed at 66 cents.

Yet the department has been able to construct new works,—it now owns three large establishments,—pay its interest charges and running expenses, write off large sums every year for depreciation of works, pipes, and meters, and accumulate a sinking fund which now exceeds £200,000. Its total indebtedness was at the highest point in 1875, when it reached £1,000,000. The net debt is now reduced to about £480,000, which is very much more than covered by the value of the plant.

It remains to speak of the recent experiment of the Glasgow gas department in supplying gas cooking-stoves, either selling them at about cost price, or renting them at a moderate charge by the year, half-year, or quarter. For more than three years this business has gone on briskly, the city having £12,000 invested in stoves. During the years 1887-88 there were sold 1193 heating and cooking appliances, and 1465 were rented.

THE TRAMWAYS.

Glasgow's municipal experiences may well make American cities blush for their own short-sightedness. In 1869-70 two syndicates, one or both being of American origin, again promoted bills in Parliament for power to invade the Glasgow streets with a horse-railway system. The authorities were aroused, and the result was a compromise all around. It was agreed that the city should keep the control of its streets, any part of which it was so averse to surrendering; and that it should construct and own the tram lines, while the two syndicates were to unite into one company and work the lines on a lease. The first lines were opened in 1872, and the lease then made it terminable in 1894. By its terms the company was required to pay to the corporation (1) the annual interest charge on the full amount of the city's investments; (2) a yearly sum for sinking fund large enough to clear the entire cost of the lines at the expiration of the lease; (3) a renewal fund of 4 per cent. per annum on the cost of the lines, out of which they were to be kept in condition and restored to the city, in perfect order and entirely as good as new, in 1894; (4) a mileage

rental of £150 per street mile. Such were the conditions of the lease; and certainly the city's interests were well looked after. But meanwhile the interests of the public as passengers were equally well secured. First, it was provided that in no case the charges should exceed a penny per mile. This, it should be remembered, was at a time when fares were nowhere less than 2d. Further, the parliamentary act described a number of important "runs,"—those most likely to be used by labouring men and large masses of population, and several of them considerably exceeding a mile,—and specified that one penny should be the charge for these, and that morning and evening cars should be run for working men at half-price, equal to one American cent.

Not until 1875-76 did the Tramway Company begin to pay its stockholders dividends. Since 1880, however, the business has flourished, and dividends of from 9 to 11 per cent. have been paid, after writing off each year a due proportion of the unfortunate premium charge.

After 1894, therefore, the tramways of Glasgow will yield the municipal treasury a large income and will not require a penny of public expenditure.

PUBLIC LIGHTING OF PRIVATE STAIRS.

Glasgow has had an interesting experience in the matter of public illumination. The authorities some years ago entered upon the policy of lighting private courts and passages as well as public streets, and further undertook the lighting of all common stairs in tenement-houses. The stair-lighting alone costs the city more than the lighting of all the streets, counting wages and gas. But the measure is one of great humanity as well as a police precaution of the highest value. A light is equal to a constable. The illumination of the dark passages has had a most marked effect in diminishing crime. No other large city in the world, so far as I am aware, lights the staircases. Edinburgh has, however, lately resolved to follow Glasgow's example in this respect. It should be said that the expense of stair-lighting is partly met by a special assessment.

CULTURE.

Of parks, picture galleries, and libraries also much might be said; but summary statements may suffice. Within the period of the recent improvements that have been fully described a park system has been formed, and its cost has in large part been defrayed by the re-sale at advanced prices of portions of the tracts originally purchased for park purposes. Bequests of important collections of paintings, chiefly by the old masters, have given Glasgow a municipal gallery of importance, and it is expected that the early future will witness the completion of an adequate art building, and the rapid accession of modern works of art.

A magnificent array of public school buildings has appeared in Glasgow since 1873, and admirable provision is made for technical education.

The general financial position of the municipality is excellent. Its debt is not formidably large, and most of it is potentially covered by the growing sinking funds of prosperous and productive departments. The numerous undertakings of the municipality, far from imposing heavier burdens upon the ratepayers, promise in the years to come to yield an aggregate net income of growing proportions, to the relief of direct taxation. Glasgow has shown that a broad, bold, and enlightened policy as regards all things pertaining to the health, comfort, and advancement of the masses of the citizens may be compatible with sound economy and perfect solvency.

A SPIRITUALIST'S LIBRARY.

HINTS AS TO THE SELECTION OF BOOKS.

THE spiritualist who writes under the *nom de plume* of "M.A. (Oxon.)," publishes in *Light* of February 22 a list of books representing the chief forms of thought respecting Spiritualism and kindred subjects. Space does not permit of the reproduction of the whole list, but the following selection may be found useful to those who are interested in the investigation of the occult sciences:—

- Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. R. Dale Owen, 1860.
The Debateable Land between this World and the Next. R. Dale Owen, 1871.
Two charming books, many years old, but always fresh and new.
- Spiritualism in the Light of Modern Science. W. Crookes, F.R.S.
Science on Spiritualism; facts and no theories.
- Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. A. Russel Wallace.
A Defence of Spiritualism. A. Russel Wallace.
Able and very cogent treatises for those making acquaintance with Spiritualism.
- Experimental Investigations of the Spiritual Manifestations. Professor Hare.
- On Spiritualism. Judge Edmonds and Dexter.
A record of personal experience. 2 vols.
- Zöllner's Transcendental Physics. Translated by C. C. Massey.
A record of personal investigation adapted to the scientific mind that is not afraid of metaphysics.
- From Matter to Spirit. Mrs. de Morgan.
An early work strongly to be recommended; with a most valuable preface by the late Professor de Morgan.
- Planchette. Epes Sargent.
Perhaps the best book to be read first of all by a student.
- Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. Epes Sargent.
Sargent's last and most elaborate work. All he says is worth attention.
- Spirit Teachings, Spirit Identity, Psychography, and Higher Aspects of Spiritualism. By "M.A. (Oxon.)."
- Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. Morell Theobald.
A record of home experiences during many years with several mediums, some being children of the family, and all non-professional.
- Phantasms of the Living. (Society for Psychical Research.) E. Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, and F. Podmore.
- Incidents in my Life. (2 vols.) D. D. Home.
Vol. I. contains facts in the life of a remarkable medium.
- Modern American Spiritualism. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten.
A history of Spiritualism in its earliest home and during its first two decades.
- The Perfect Way; or, the Finding of Christ.
Mystical, and very suggestive from the standpoint of the Christian mystic. Edited by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Ed. Maitland.
- Old Truths in a New Light and Mystery of the Ages. By Countess of Caithness.
A study of Theosophy: the secret doctrine of all religions.
- Nightside of Nature. Mrs. Crowe.
One of the earliest books; with some good stories.
- What am I? Serjeant Cox.
Psychological: an inquiry into the constitution of man in relation to manifestations of spirit. A little out of date now.
- History of the Supernatural. W. Howitt.
Mr. Howitt's chief work on spiritualism.
- Isis Unveiled. Vol. I., Science; Vol. II., Theology. Madame H. P. Blavatsky.
Madame Blavatsky's *Magnum opus*: two thick volumes full of argument and dissertation on occult subjects. Not from the Spiritualists' point of view.
- The Occult World and Esoteric Buddhism. By A. P. Sinnett.
- People from the Other World. Colonel Olcott.
A personal narrative of experience in the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, principally Materialisation.
- Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
- London Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism.
Worth study, perhaps, in connection with the Seybert Commission's Report.
- "M.A., Oxon.," gives a list of some dozen journals appearing regularly in all parts of the world to chronicle the phenomena and defend the doctrines of spiritualism. Of those which we have seen *Light* is the best.

HOW I AWOKE IN HELL.

A LEAF FROM A DEAD MAN'S DIARY.

THE anonymous author of "A Dead Man's Diary" continues his reminiscences in the new number of *Lippincott's*. When he first returned to life the subject seemed too solemn to turn to account for copy, and each of the several years which have elapsed since he died have taken away some part of the recollections. He asserts, however, that his reminiscences, vague and fragmentary as they are, have been scrupulously kept within the accurate limits of his recollection. He has never filled in a missing outline but has given the picture exactly as he sees it. Resuming his narrative he tells us that although he remained in the spirit-realm only two days, it seemed to him weeks and months and years since his real death, and the hour that he became conscious of that death.

THE VISION OF MY PAST LIFE.

Whether my death was succeeded by a season of slumber, in which certain appointed and divinely-ordered dreams were caused to be dreamed by me, or whether God caused the hands on the dial of Time to be put back for a space in order that I might see the past as He sees it, I neither knew nor know, but I distinctly remember that the first thing of which I was conscious after my dissolution was that the events of my past life were rising before me. Yes, it was my past life which I saw in that awful moment, my past life standing out in its own naked and intolerable horror, an abomination in the sight of God and of my own conscience. The hands on the dial of Time went back half a score, a score, and finally a score and a half of years, and once more I was a young man of twenty-one. The chambers in which I was then living were situated in one of the well-known Inns off Holborn, and the housekeeper of the wing where I was quartered was a widow, who, with her daughter Dorothy, a girl of seventeen, resided on the premises.

The tragedy of poor Dorothy can be imagined without being told. Both were young, impressionable, and opportunity was not lacking for an acquaintance which a thunderstorm ripened in a moment into ungovernable passion. She occupied the room over his chamber, and after long struggling with temptation he fell.

My passion had but simulated defeat, as passion often does, in order that it might turn in an unguarded moment, and rend me with redoubled fury. The next moment I saw my last gasping effort to will what was right and true sink amid the tempestuous sea of sinful wishes, as a drowning man sinks after he has risen for the third time; and deliberately thrusting away, in the very doggedness of despair, the invisible hand which yet strove to stay me, I rose and sought the room which I had prayed I might never enter.

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF HELL.

You may wonder perhaps how it is that I am able to recall so vividly the circumstances of an event which happened many years ago. You would cease so to wonder had you seen, as I have seen, the ghost of your dead self rise up to cry for vengeance against you, and to condemn you before the judgment-seat of God and of your own conscience. For this was my first glimpse of Hell; this was my Day of Judgment. The recording angel of my own indestructible and now God-awakened memory showed me my past life as God saw it, and as it appeared when robbed of the loathsome disguises with which I had so long contrived to hide my own moral nakedness.

WHAT KEEPS HELL HELL.

The one thing of all others which added to the un-

utterable horror of that moment was the memory of the false and lying excuses with which I had striven to palliate my sin to myself.

This is the way in which I had repeatedly striven to silence my conscience, and it is but one instance of the way in which many others on this earth are now striving to silence theirs. "For God's sake," I would say to them, "beware!" Such hardening of the heart against the Holy Spirit, such God-murdering (for it is the wish to kill God, and to silence His voice for ever) is the one unpardonable sin which is a thousandfold more awful in its consequences than is the crime which it seeks to conceal. It was the foulest stain on the soul of him who hung by the dying Saviour, and it is I believe at this moment the one and only thing which still keeps Hell Hell, and Satan Satan.

THE AGONY OF THE DAMNED.

I remember that when the realisation of what I was, and what I had done, was first borne in upon me, I fell to the ground and writhed in convulsive agony. The tortures of a material hell—of a thousand material hells—I would have endured with joyfulness could such tortures have drowned for one moment the thought-agony that tore me. Mere physical suffering in which, though it were powerless to expiate, I could at least participate by enduring, I would have welcomed with delirious gladness, but of such relief or diversion of thought there was none. To annihilation, had such been then within my reach, I would have fought my way through a thousand devils. But in hell there is no escape.

I remember that I rose up in my despair, and stretching vain hands to the impotent heavens, shrieked out as only one can shriek who is torn by hell-torture and despair. I fell to the ground and writhed and foamed in convulsive and bloody agony. But not thus could I rid myself of the sights of hell, nor could mere physical pain wipe out from my brain the picture of the ruin I had wrought. And then—but no, I am sick, I am ill, I am fainting, I cannot, I cannot write more.

ARTICLES IN THE POLISH REVIEWS.

Przegląd Powszechny, ("Universal Review"), Cracow, for February, contains, among others:—

"Recollections of the American Civil War," from the private Diary of the Rev. Michel Nash, S.J. Translated by M. (Mr. Nash's Diary is unknown in the States.)

Biblioteka Warszawska ("The Warsaw Library") for February:—

"Stanley and Emin," by Eugen Lipnicki.

Przewodnik Literacki i Naukowy ("The Literary and Scientific Guide"), Lemberg, a monthly review issued by the *Lemberg Gazette*, contains:—

"The History of the Art of Painting in Italy," by Count Wojciech Dzieduszycki.

Niwa ("The Field"), published at Warsaw:—

"The Social Question of To-Day," by W. Kuszell.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

Monthly Observer, 1d. "A 1" Magazine, 6d. Bible Advocate 2d. Hospital, 1d. Imperial Federation, 4d. Life-Lore: a Magazine of Natural History, 5d. Methodist New Connexion. Scottish Geographical Magazine. Teacher's Assistant and Bible Class Magazine. Child's Friend, 4d. Juvenile Magazine. Springtime. Christian Messenger. Irish Monthly. Primitive Methodist Magazine. Monthly Observer. Science Gossip. The Lyceum. The Steamship. South American Journal. Scottish Congregationalist. Temperance Witness (Quarterly Record). Journal of British and Foreign Health Resorts. The Tocsin. Christian Socialist. Naturalists' Gazette. The News Agent (Volkswohl).

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S RESCRIPTS.

THE VIEW OF A FRENCH SOCIALIST.

M. G. ROUANET contributes an interesting article to the *Revue Socialiste* for February, on the subject of the German Emperor's Rescripts, which he declares justly enough form the great event of the month. M. Rouanet severely condemns the tone of the French press in treating these rescripts as merely an electoral manoeuvre. While admitting that the Kaiser may have calculated on obtaining electoral advantages by his manifestoes, their real significance is not ephemeral. He points out that the German socialists, from Liebknecht downwards, have accepted the Imperial programme as an official proclamation of the need for coping with the social evils of our time, the defeat and abandonment of Prince Bismarck's policy, and the triumph of socialism. "Our co-religionaries," for so the French socialist speaks of the Social Democrats in Berlin, take the proclamation seriously. The socialists in Buda-Pesth have sent a deputation to the Consul asking him to transmit to the Emperor their gratitude for his promises. M. Rouanet says that the Emperor, disdaining all equivocal utterances, has proclaimed his adhesion to the doctrines of the International. The Imperial Rescript is almost identical with the resolutions passed by the socialist delegates at the Workman's Congress in 1889. No wonder that the French socialists see in this an event of the greatest importance, which may perhaps be the prelude of a new international policy, to which all nations will do well to pay attention. William the Second, he maintains, is not a maniac corporal, eaten up with militarism and hungry for war. He is an Emperor, no doubt, who believes in his emperorship, but his tutor, M. Hinzpeter, is a Socialist of the Chair, who has trained his pupil in the belief that he must discharge the duties of his position by using his imperial power in order to bring about a reconstitution of society adapted to the necessities of modern industrial production. M. Rouanet deplors that the French Government has been reduced either humbly to follow the German lead, or to allow the German Government to pose before the workers of Europe as the champion of social reform, and of the amelioration of the condition of the labourer. What the Republic ought to have done was to have launched a manifesto with a more liberal and more advanced socialistic programme than that of the German Emperor, and to have declined his invitation, on the ground that France was already pledged to attend the conference at Berne. M. Rouanet adds a postscript to his article. He says that he has received information, at the last moment, that Prince Bismarck acquiesces in the policy which gives the socialist movement the support of a veteran statesman who has spent most of his life in opposing a policy the justice of which he now admits.

Mr. Burnstein, the editor of the *Social Democrat*, a socialist organ published at 114, Kentish Town Road, publishes in *Time* his ideas of the Imperial Rescripts. He says:—

The Chancellor is an old sceptic, the Emperor an enterprising young fellow, full of the desire to do something very stupendous. The Chancellor, besides his official position, is a big employer and factory owner, and a very greedy one at that. The Emperor is surrounded by military men and people who are not directly interested in industrial enterprises. So he has not Prince Bismarck's hatred for factory legislation and factory inspection, and no direct interest opposes itself to his desire to allow the State officials to play at being public benefactors.

Such are the reasons for the Imperial Rescripts which have caused such a sensation. To criticise them is not my object. I would only point out that it is a mistake to suppose they will take the wind out of the sails of Social Democracy.

GIORDANO BRUNO AND HIS DOCTRINES.

HIS TRIAL BEFORE THE INQUISITION.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. W. R. Thayer prints a full translation of the trial of Giordano Bruno, from the minutes of the Inquisition of Venice, and accompanies it with a critical estimate of the writings of the heretic whose statue now stands on the site of his stake. Mr. Thayer's estimate of Bruno's teachings may be gathered from the following passage:—

The final question which mankind asks of prophet, philosopher, poet, preacher, or scientist is "What can you tell us concerning our origin and our destiny?" Be warned at the outset that Bruno furnished no complete, systematic reply to this question. He did not, like Spinoza, reduce his system to the precision of a geometrical text-book, all theorems and corollaries; nor, like Herbert Spencer, did he stow the universe away in a cabinet of pigeon holes. He is often inconsistent, often contradicts himself. Perhaps his chief merit is that he stimulated thought on every subject he touched, and that he made sublime guesses which experiment, toiling patiently after him, has established as truths. Like all searchers after truth, his purpose was to discover the all-embracing Unity.

Mr. Thayer contemptuously dismisses the insinuation of an English writer, that Bruno's purpose was, by a theatrical death, to startle the world which had begun to forget him in his confinement.

"To impute a low motive to a noble deed is surely as base as to extenuate a crime. Bruno had no sentimental respect for martyrs; but on the day when he resolved to die for his convictions, he proved his kinship with the noblest martyrs and heroes of the race."

Mr. Thayer recalls how conflicting are the verdicts passed upon Bruno.

"Sir Philip Sidney and that fine group of men who preceded the great Shakespearean company were his friends, and listened eagerly to his speculations. Hegel says: "His constancy has no other motive than his great-hearted enthusiasm. The vulgar, the little, the finite, satisfied him not; he soared to the sublime idea of the Universal Substance." The French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century debated whether he were an atheist; the critics of the nineteenth century declare him to be a pantheist. Hallam thought that, at the most, he was but a "meteor of philosophy." Berti ranks him above all the Italian philosophers of his epoch, and above all who have since lived in Italy except Rosmini, and perhaps Gioberti. Some have called him a charlatan; some a prophet. As we read the denunciations of Leo XIII., and his further denunciation of those who, like Bruno, ally themselves to the devil by using their reason, we reflect that, were Popes now as powerful as they were three centuries ago, they would have found reason enough to burn Mill and Darwin, and many another modern benefactor.

Bruno's character, like his philosophy, offers so many points for dispute that it cannot cease to interest men. His vitality, his surprises, stimulate and excite us. In an age when the growing bulk of rationalism casts a pessimistic shadow over so many hopes, it is encouraging to know that the rationalist Bruno saw no reason for despair; and when some persons are seriously asking whether life be worth living, it is inspiring to point to a man to whom the boon of life was so precious and its delights were so inexhaustible. At any period, when many minds, after exploring all the avenues of science, report that they perceive only dead unintelligent matter everywhere, it must help some of them to learn that Bruno beheld throughout the whole creation and in every creature the presence of an infinite and endless Unity, of a Soul of the world, whose attributes are power, wisdom, and love. He was indeed "a God-intoxicated man."

This is a very different version indeed from that which passes current at the Vatican, where Bruno, so far from being held to be "God-intoxicated," is regarded as devil-possessed.

HOW CAN I BEST INFLUENCE MY PARTY?

BY LEAVING IT! BY DR. L. W. BACON.

EVERY reflecting man must at one time or another have asked himself the question at the head of this article, which Dr. Bacon discusses in the February number of the *Forum*. Can I best help my party in carrying out my ideas of good by throwing myself into its organisation, or by standing outside offering it my support, or threatening it with my opposition, in so far as it supports or opposes my ideals? Dr. Bacon, who styles his article "A Political Paradox," is strongly of opinion that the best way to influence your party is to get outside it. He points out that when election time comes close, and everything is subordinated to the necessity of getting votes, the policy of the party is inevitably adjusted, not to obtain the votes which they are sure of already, but to obtain the votes which they have not got. Two classes of voters are considered with respectful attention by the party engineers in the councils for adjusting the platform and the candidates to each other, and both to the exigencies of the approaching campaign: first, the voters they hope to win; secondly, the voters they are afraid they may lose. There is no one whose views and preferences are so utterly unimportant, at such a time, as the man who "belongs to the party," and whose vote is a dead certainty any way. In spite of his fidelity at primaries and his constancy at the polls in supporting the regular ticket, or rather *because* of these, he does not count. Let it be understood that he, with his friends, has once bolted—not merely threatened to bolt—and that there is serious danger of his bolting again, and he will have his full share of influence in the party councils. Given a "party of moral ideas" that holds the assured allegiance of the great mass of good citizens, and retains by a precarious tenure a tail of vicious and mercenary camp-followers, and "the tail will wag the dog," until the managers have notice in some practical form from the good citizens that they also mean to be uncertain in their allegiance. Until that time, the course of the party will be determined by its vicious element, and the outside world will look on and try to guess how it is that a party made up, in the main, of such excellent and honest people, can have such a scoundrel policy. On the other hand, a party of vicious and corrupt antecedents, strong in the drilled obedience of great blocks of illiterate voters, sure of the unswerving allegiance of "the Kuklux and the criminal, the saloon-keeper and the ballot-box stuffer," and that needs nothing to put itself into power but to win over a few thousand conscientious voters, will put up faithful and upright men as candidates, and give the country an honest administration, while all the world looks on and wonders why. Hence, so far from its being the duty of good men, in order to keep politics sweet and healthy, always to attend the primary meetings, and to keep their place in the party ranks, that is the way to have no influence whatever with either party. One party has no hopes of you, and the other has no fears.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.—General Booth informs me that last year the Salvation Armies, what with their thirty-two *War Cries* and other periodicals, distributed no fewer than thirty millions of publications throughout the world, most of which were paid for by those whom they sought to reach. To distribute thirty million religious tracts is no mean task, but to make their recipients pay for them is not the least of the miracles which the Army has achieved. Their monthly, *All the World*, both in get-up and in contents, is a magazine quite in the first line of its class. Those who wish to understand the Army had better begin by reading *All the World*.

A DUTCH VIEW OF THE TRANSVAAL.

A PLEA FOR EMIGRATION FROM HOLLAND.

THE February number of *De Gids* (Amsterdam) contains an article on "The Future of Our Nation," by J. H. Hooyer, which is of special interest to Englishmen, as it deals with the South African question from the Dutch point of view. He says:—

"In Africa, as well as in America, the Dutch have been the pioneers of civilisation. In America the Anglo-Saxon race has superseded the Dutch long ago. Will it be the same in South Africa? Englishmen will try. But it is the duty of the Dutch to prevent this."

He laments that the Netherlands did not care as much about their South African colonies as they ought to have done; and condemns the attitude assumed by the Dutch towards the deputation which visited Europe after Majuba. There was too much idle talk, too much sentimentality, and not enough business about it.

"At present the time of lyrical delusion belongs to the past. We see we need each other, and this has established our relations on a business-like basis. The Boers want us, not our capital; England and Germany are willing to supply that. But they want ourselves. The struggle for supremacy has not ended yet. The British Lion, after the retreat, has not given up yet longing for his prey." To prove this, Mr. Hooyer refers to an article in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, and to Mr. Rider Haggard's essay in the *New Review* (the latter being made the subject of a strong criticism). In Mr. Haggard's expression, "the Boers are destined to be peaceably submerged, with all that is theirs," the writer finds that Mr. Haggard exactly translates English opinion, and he thinks no further explanation is needed to prove that the Boers need the Dutch to supply them with Dutchmen, their own kith and kin, in order to counter-balance the growing British element. "The Boers do, perhaps, not prefer the Dutch individually above Englishmen, but as a nation they do, from selfish reasons. The Netherlands ought to take advantage of this. Dutch youth is longing for a wider field of activity. Dutch emigration is transplanting itself to regions where its nationality is lost. All Dutch emigrants ought to go to the Transvaal, to the Dutch Republic, not to make money and return, but like Englishmen with money, to remain there. They would carry Dutch trade and Dutch influence to these regions, the former to the benefit of their fatherland, the latter to the benefit of the Boers."

AN INDEX TO SERMONS.—Knowing what a boon a good index is to anything, I must say a special word in praise of the Index to Modern Sermons, now in course of publication in the *Expository Times*, a threepenny monthly, published by T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh. The plan followed is to take the Bible, and beginning with the first chapter of Genesis, to give verse-by-verse references to all the notable modern sermons preached on each verse. The March number brings us down as far as Gen. xxvii. 46. The *Expository Times* contains also Canon Westcott's sermon on Bishop Lightfoot, and a lucid analysis of the theory of inspiration in Mr. Gore's Essay in "Lux Mundi," of which the public is likely to hear more than enough before the year is out.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

PRACTICAL STATE SOCIALISM.

THE German Elections and the Imperial Rescripts are attracting so much attention to the social state of Germany, that our readers will be glad to have the following summary of a paper on National Insurance in Germany, which appears in *Chambers's Journal*, written by one who evidently sympathises deeply with the scheme he describes.

In 1881, the late Emperor William I. unfolded a plan for a national scheme of insurance against sickness, against accident, against incapacitation, and against old age.

AGAINST SICKNESS.

The first instalment was introduced in the following year, and became law in 1883. This was for insurance against sickness. A payment is exacted from the workmen of a sum equivalent to between one and a-half and two per cent. of the average local wage, as ascertained by appointed officials in combination with the local authorities. In return for this payment, the insured receives medical advice and attendance, medicine and medical appliances, during sickness. He also receives, while laid aside from work, and for a period not exceeding thirteen weeks, an allowance equal to one-half the normal local weekly wage. If he has to be removed to a hospital, his family receive one-half of this fixed allowance. The contributions under this law are compulsory, and are deducted from the wages by the employers, who have themselves to pay one-third of the amount required by the State. The insurance under this law, however, does not apply to the agricultural industry, to domestic servants, or to the servants of commercial establishments.

AGAINST ACCIDENTS.

The second instalment became law in 1884, when the Act for compulsory insurance against accidents passed the Reichstag. The contributions towards the Accident Insurance fund are levied upon the employers, who pay in proportion to the number of average wages of their men, and according to the risks of their particular industry. In case of complete disablement, an equitable proportion; while in case of death by accident, an amount equal to twenty days' wage is granted for burial expenses, and an allowance equal to twenty per cent. of the wage is granted to the widow as pension. There is also an allowance of fifteen per. cent. in respect of each child, while the total for widow and children must not exceed sixty per cent. of the earnings of the deceased. Allowances are also granted to other dependents upon a less liberal scale. The masters who supply the funds under this law also conduct its administration; but the workmen are represented on the Board of Control.

AGAINST OLD AGE.

The third instalment includes, without any exception, all persons above the age of sixteen, male and female, who work for regular wages, and will thus apply to not less than eleven millions of hired workers.

All workers are divided into four classes according to their earnings. The first class pays twelve pfennigs; the second, eighteen; the third, twenty-four; and the

* A mark is equal to a shilling; and eight and one-third pfennigs are equal to one penny.

fourth, thirty pfennigs, per week. That is to say, the masters are to deduct one-half of these sums from the weekly wage, and to pay the other half themselves.

Each worker will receive a register card with forty-seven spaces, corresponding to the forty-seven weeks of a regulation insurance year. In each of these spaces a stamp must be affixed, authenticating the corresponding weekly payments. These stamps will be sold by the Post Office, issued by the Insurance Board of the district, and affixed to the cards by the masters. The cost of administration is estimated at one mark (1s.) per head per annum; and a proportion of twenty per cent. of the receipts will be set apart for a Reserve Fund.

In case of incapacitation the workman is entitled to a pension for life, or until recovery, complete or partial. On reaching the age of seventy, he is qualified to receive a pension whether he be incapacitated or not. To qualify for an invalid pension the worker must contribute for two hundred and thirty-five weeks, and for an old-age pension for fourteen hundred and ten weeks. The pensions are to rise from a fixed minimum on a grade proportioned to the payments made.

That minimum is, for invalid pay, sixty marks (or shillings) per year, rising with each completed week of payment: in class one by two pfennigs, in class two by four pfennigs, in class three by nine pfennigs, and in class four by thirteen pfennigs.

To every pension granted from the insurance fund, graded in accordance with these principles, there will be added a *uniform* Imperial contribution from the national exchequer of fifty marks per annum. This will be added alike to old-age and invalid pensions.

The old-age pensions from the fund will be allocated on a plan by which a man who has served all his life, say thirty years, in the same wage-class, will receive an old-age pension as follows: in class one, 106 marks 40 pfennigs a year; in class two, 136'60; in class three, 162'80; in class four, 181'00.

No provision is made for workers whose earnings when in health and full employment exceed nine hundred and sixty marks, or forty-eight pounds per annum, an income far below that of the skilled English operative.

WHO PAYS.

Meanwhile, the individual himself is to be compelled henceforth by law to provide against contingencies in the following proportions of his earnings: for Sickness insurance, one and a-half per cent.; for Accident insurance, two per cent.; for Old Age and Incapacitation, two per cent., rising ultimately to four per cent.; say, in all, between five and a half and seven and a half per cent. But of these contributions, the master pays one-third of the Sickness premium, the whole of the Accident premium, and one-half of the Old-age and Incapacitation premium.

It but remains to explain that the organisation for this enlarged act of State Socialism—which by-and-by will doubtless extend to the insurance of widows and orphans—is territorial. For the Sickness insurance, local unions are established; for the accident insurance, trade associations or composite boards; but for the Old Age and Incapacitation insurance, the various Federal States will map out districts and territories, in each of which an Insurance Institute will be formed with permanent officials. Each Institute will also be administered by delegates of the masters and men, whose services will be gratuitous. Tribunals of arbitration will also be appointed in each district, and there will be an Imperial Insurance Board to supervise and control the whole machinery.

ON LOVE-LETTERS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE fresh instalment of "Over the Teacups," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is chiefly devoted to a humorous dissertation on the making of poetry, in which he offers the suggestion that a school should be set up for instruction in the art, with the announcement that "poetry shall be taught in twelve lessons." There is plenty of good banter in the article, but nothing comparable with the sustained flight of imagination in the preceding number, with its subtle sarcasm and with its one pathetic tragic touch, in which he says that the note which from a distance above the earth alone was audible above the roar of the babel of the world, was the long-sustained wail of suffering womanhood. The following passage is the discourse of the counsellor, in reply to the question, "Is not poetry the natural argument of lovers?"

"There is hardly one man in a thousand who knows from actual experience a fraction of what I have learned of the lovers' vocabulary in my professional experience. I have, I am sorry to say, had to take an important part in a great number of divorce cases. These have brought before me scores and hundreds of letters, in which every shade of the great passion has been represented. What has most struck me in these amatory correspondences has been their remarkable sameness. It seems as if writing love-letters reduced all sorts of people to the same level. I don't remember whether Lord Bacon has left us anything in that line,—unless, indeed, he wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Sonnets*; but if he has, I don't believe they differ so very much from those of his valet or his groom to their respective lady-loves. It is always, My darling! my darling! The words of endearment are the only ones the lover wants to employ, and he finds the vocabulary too limited for his vast desires. So his letters are apt to be rather tedious, except to the personage to whom they are addressed. As to poetry, it is very common to find it in love-letters, especially in those that have no love in them. The letters of bigamists and polygamists are rich in poetical extracts. Occasionally, an original spurt in rhyme adds variety to an otherwise monotonous performance. I don't think there is much passion in men's poetry addressed to women. I agree with the Dictator that poetry is little more than the ashes of passion; still it may show that the flame has had its sweep where you find it, unless, indeed, it is shovelled in from another man's fireplace."

"What do you say to the love poetry of women?" asked the Professor. "Did ever passion heat words to incandescence as it did those of Sappho?"

The Counsellor to the Mistress.

"Madam," he said, "your sex is adorable in many ways, but in the *abandon* of a genuine love-letter it is incomparable. I have seen a string of women's love-letters, in which the creature enlaced herself about the object of her worship as that South American parasite which clasps the tree to which it has attached itself, begins with a slender succulent network, feeds on the trunk, spreads its fingers out to hold firmly to one branch after another, thickens, hardens, stretches in every direction, following the boughs, at length gets strong enough to tug at the tree itself, and ends by tearing it up by the roots, and holding it in its murderous arms, high up in air, the stump and shaft of the once sturdy growth that was its support and subsistence."

THE PRISONER AT THE VATICAN.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

IN the *North American Review* for February, Gail Hamilton contributes a characteristic article upon Italy and the Pope. Her sympathies are entirely with the Italian kingdom, but her picture of the Pope is interesting.

The Pope is a beautiful-looking old man. White intellectual face, beaming benevolence; such sharp, thin, bold, clear-cut features as the medallions of the Cæsars and the Ciceros show; a tall, spare figure; classic Greek, Hebrew prophet, old Roman, in the splendid flowing robes,—he advances slowly through the kneeling congregation: as the holy father passes silently up the aisle through the hushed and reverent throng, with slender hand uplifted, bowing to right of him, bowing to left of him, bestowing upon all alike, Catholic and Protestant, his paternal blessing, he seems a holy father indeed, the very picture and personation of our blessed religion, such an one as Paul the Aged, true vicar of Jesus Christ.

Her admiration, however, for the person of the Pontiff does not stand in the way of her Protestant democratic sympathies. Commenting on the pastorals of the American Catholic prelates on the Bruno celebration, she says:—

It may be doubted whether it is quite in accordance with the comity of nations for powerful and prominent American citizens publicly and officially to advocate secession in a friendly foreign nation. Yet that is what the archbishops and cardinals are doing. Publicly, in their official capacity, they urge the discontented citizens of Italy to rebel against their country and rive the union in twain.

She likes it the less because she sees no reason for it.

I cannot see that the Pope is restrained from the exercise of any important function of the holy office, except that of burning Bruno. He has perfect spiritual freedom, practical temporal independence, singular immunity from municipal and national burdens, royal honours and privileges. All in vain. He refuses to be placated for his lost dominion.

If the church were so clear-sighted as we have been taught to believe her, if she could discern the trend and strength of the modern movement, there would seem to be nothing in the way of her continuance. Men are far enough yet from being able to stand alone, and like to lean more or less hard against organisation. Italy wishes only to go her own political way unhampered. She is willing and sufficiently eager that the Pope should go his spiritual way equally untrammelled. If the Pope would not lay hands on her territorial rights, she would permit him to save her soul with the greatest good-will. His spiritual supremacy would not only be awarded but secured him. The Pope is of another mind. If the Pope was as clever and the organisation as perfect as they are said to be, would they not recognise that the Italian nation is Catholic, and that it is not Humbert or Crispi or Berti that is building statues to Bruno and making laws for Italy, but the Italian nation? The Pope is fighting a losing battle, because the Time-Spirit is against him. Organisation is strong, but reason is stronger. A pale shade hovers still amid the familiar haunts, knocks forever, with piteous passion, menace, and weakness, at the gates of living Italy, mistakes its ghostly restlessness for the warm currents of vital blood, believes that permission would give it power to resume substance and sway. The task of Italy is to convince that ghost that it is a ghost.

"INDIA."—The agitation set on foot at the National Conference in favour of conceding more self-government to the native population of India is steadily kept up, and Mr. W. Digby has undertaken the editing in this country of a weekly journal, *India*, which can hardly fail to render the aspirations of our fellow subjects audible in Great Britain

HOW TO HELP THE POOR.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

In *The Westminster Review*, J. C. J., writing on "The London Poor, and Suggestions How to Help Them," says:—

It is, of course, just as difficult to be original in philanthropy as in other things, but, new or not, one would be glad to know that proposals like the following had, at any rate, received full consideration.

Could not an attempt be made to unify relief and charitable distributions, and direct them? Let the State appoint one head, be he a member of the Cabinet, a permanent Under-Secretary, a Minister of the Crown, or what not, and let that head of the Poor Department, the Sociological Section, or the Relief Organisation Office (it matters little what name is selected for his bureau), be made directly responsible to government for the organisation in districts and (if necessary) sub-districts of the East-End or the whole of London for purposes of relief, charity, collection and distribution, census-taking, and so forth.

Our land, leasehold, and ground laws, undoubtedly require to be thoroughly overhauled and reconsidered, and, if necessary, remodelled.

Cannot some system, moreover, be adopted by which the poor from crowded cities could be "ladled out," and transported to colonies where they are sadly wanted as farm labourers, domestic servants, &c.? Not the unwilling adult poor without energy or enterprise, but the young and enterprising healthy poor, who would have no chance in this country if allowed to remain.

To facilitate the means and opportunity of obtaining work, and to prevent in some measure "tramping" in search of it, a large bureau or office might be opened in the heart of London, where information as to capital, labour, and all such subjects could be obtained from and about every part of Great Britain and her colonies: this bureau to be open to all, and managed by Government as Lloyd's Shipping Agency is managed by a company—that is, well managed—and all necessary information given on the payment of small fees, as well as published in the columns of its own print.

Again, why should not the pawnbrokers' shops be turned to account, instead of being allowed to remain as they do a sort of "term of reproach" in polite society? If they were bought outright or taken over by Government and placed under Government superintendence and management, fair prices for pawned articles would be obtained at an easy rate of interest and perfect security for pawnor and pawnee ensured. In a very short space of time the Pawnbroking Office would become as remunerative a business as the Post Office is now. What a boon to the poor!

Street begging should cease. England is a free country, but some kinds of freedom are as hard to endure as the most tyrannical forms of slavery. Hundreds, nay, perhaps thousands, of little children are sent out into the street in all weathers to beg, steal, and whine under the pretence of selling matches, apples, or flowers. Is this civilisation? Is this practical protection? If not, let the State stand towards these unfortunate little children *in loco parentis*. If such a system of organisation as above suggested were adopted, all such cases could be stopped and inquired into; children, whose parents ill-used them, starved them, or even neglected them, and allowed them

to wander about the streets all day and half the night, could be removed from their homes (which to them are homes in nothing but the name), and adopted by the State. The State could educate them, feed them, and clothe them; and the repayments of such benefits should be the services of these children, rendered in after life. In this way girls might be made servants to State institutions; boys recruits in the State services; and the sound principle, if a man won't work who can, neither shall he eat, should be enforced.

Five years' honest trial of some of the measures that have been suggested might probably do more to relieve distress, sweeten the breath of society, and bring about the prophecy of no more complaining in our streets, than anything that has yet been attained by efforts of ecclesiastics.

WHY I AM AGAINST AN EIGHT HOURS BILL

BY MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P.

MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P., publishes a manifesto of his views on "What should be done to help the Worker," in the *Fortnightly Review*. He sums up as follows, in a passage which we presume is intended for general reproduction and discussion throughout the country:—

(a) That Parliament should only interfere in industrial pursuits of adults where necessary to protect life or limb (including in this sanitary legislation); (b) That no such general necessity exists in connection with the hours of adult labour; (c) That though the shortest hours of labour consistent with profit are in all cases desirable, Parliament is not the fittest tribunal to ascertain what number of hours is most desirable in any given industry; (d) No general hard-and-fast line can be applied alike to all industries, or even to one and the same industry, under different conditions; (e) That the shortening of the hours of labour should be effected in each industry by mutual arrangement between the employers and the employed; (f) That a dissentient minority of workers ought not to be subjected to legal penalty for refusing to accept the decision of the majority; (g) That when the workmen are well organised no statute is needed to fix their hours of labour; (h) That where the workmen are not organised they do not deserve statutory aid, nor will it really help them; (i) That the imposition of a statutory limit may be fatal to many home industries; (j) That the industrial wealth of this country has been in the main part created, and the condition of our workers ameliorated, since the repeal of the old statutes fixing hours of labour and imposing restrictions on the labourer; (k) That the grandeur of our country in the line of industry, has been achieved without the statutory regulation now sought; (l) That this demand for an eight hours Bill is only part of a growing tendency to look to the Legislature or to the Executive Government to supply immediate remedies for evils which can only be alleviated by persistent individual exertion; (m) That such legislation is weakening to, if not destructive of, the self-reliance for which this country has been famous. I shall therefore by pen, speech, and vote oppose any eight hours Bill for adults.

Appended to Mr. Bradlaugh's manifesto are letters from the Agents-General of Victoria, South Australia, and New South Wales, all saying that in Australia the eight hours day is secured by custom and not legislation. Sir Thomas Farrer and Mr. George Livesey write to protest against any attempt to secure the eight hours day by law, while Mr. Mann, Mr. Mark Beaufoy, and Mr. Burroughs write in favour of the eight hours day, although the latter two do not express an opinion as to whether it should be enforced by statute.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

IN the preceding pages I have given some account of the more important articles in the English and American periodicals. Under this heading I proceed to describe, with the brevity necessitated by limited space, the remainder of the contents of the magazines and reviews.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* this month is just a trifle too solid. The only bright and lively article in it is Mrs. Steadman Aldis's delightful reminiscences of a Church-rate Struggle, a water-colour sketch by the daughter of a Nonconformist minister of the prolonged struggle which preceded the repeal of Church-rates. Mrs. Aldis's nineteen pages will do more to enable an intelligent foreigner to realise the relations between English Nonconformity and modern politics, than all the publications of the Liberationist Society and the Church Defence Association put together. Mrs. Aldis has a charmingly light touch, and her picture of Kettering—where, in revenge for the election of the Nonconformist's candidate as church-warden, the churchmen, for one year, voted that no money should be spent in lighting the town, so that Kettering streets were as black as midnight after sunset—is one of the most vivid yet graceful sketches of English life that we have read for some time. "If you will be consistent Nonconformists," said the Baptist minister to his children, after his goods had been distrained for Church-rates, "if you will be consistent Nonconformists, you must expect to suffer in purse and position, and be wronged in every relation of life." It is the memory of such teaching as this to which Mrs. Aldis refers, and of the cruel injustice which was the parent of that teaching which gives all the point to two other articles in the Review—one by Mr. J. Allanson Picton on "Tithes," and the other by Mr. Lyulph Stanley on "Free Schools and Public Management." Mr. Picton denounces all juggling with the bargain of the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836, and exults in the prospect, which the re-opening of the tithe question affords, of attacking the Church Establishment, which he declares is an anachronism as well as a gross failure and a caricature of Galilean Christianity. The employment of four millions a year at present spent on bishops and chapters and priests would do much for the refinement and culture and comfort of common life if spent on schools, people's palaces, and places for popular recreation. Mr. Lyulph Stanley is equally outspoken. Free Education he declares must come, and Free Education will bring with it disestablishment and disendowment. Lord Salisbury has flinched from the abolition of the fee, because of the opposition of the clergy. Every Liberationist lecturer, therefore, will make capital out of that fact. The Liberationist ticket will be "Free Schools maintained, not out of the rates, but out of the revenues at the present moment devoted to the maintenance of a single religious sect." Mr. Stanley's paper is interesting, as it explains the nature of the difference made by Mr. Morley, on the debate on free education, between Catholic schools and those of the Church of England. Catholics only plead for religious liberty to educate Catholics, and ask for public help to supplement their private resources. The Catholic school is never the only school in the locality. The Church of England, on the other hand, monopolises the only school which exists in the rural districts. It places

the schoolmaster, even in places where the great bulk of the population is Nonconformist, under the thumb of the clergyman, and subordinates the interests of education to the exaction of the Levitical services of the establishment.

It is a relief to turn from the somewhat vehement polemic of the militant Nonconformist to Dr. Fairbairn's grave and philosophical survey of "Anglo-Catholicism—Old and New," which occupies twenty-five pages of the Review. Elaborate as the article is, it is only half of the treatise which Dr. Fairbairn has prepared. In the next number he promises to discuss, by the aid of "professing servants of the Catholic Creed and Church," the following questions:—

Is this Anglo-Catholicism a sufficient and a veracious interpretation of the religion of Christ? Is it a system to which we can trust with a convinced reason and a clear conscience the future at once of our English people and our Christian faith? Does it present that faith in the form most calculated to satisfy the intellect and heart of our critical age, to deal with its social and economical problems, to unite its divided classes, to restrain and conquer its sin, to foster its virtues, and be the mother of all its beneficences?

Canon MacColl upon Dr. Döllinger is somewhat disappointing. From one who knew the great doctor so well we might have expected a somewhat better article than this. The following item of the daily life of Dr. Döllinger is, however, of interest:—

He was a very early riser—at five a.m. till the last few years. He breakfasted at eight, and dined at one; after which he touched nothing. He was hard at work in his study, when not receiving visitors, till about four or five in the afternoon, when he took a long walk, and charmed any one who had the privilege of being his companion with his conversation. He seldom studied after his return from his walk, and went to bed early.

We regret that we have not the space to reproduce the outline of the book which Dr. Döllinger suggested that Canon MacColl should write, with its seven successive surveys of the state of dogma from the fourth century down to the period of Jesuitical domination.

Mr. Andrew Lang replies to Mr. Grant Allen's daring attempt to deduce the ancestry of Jehovah to the grave-stone of an Arab sheikh. Dr. Jessopp puts in a few kindly words in defence of the much berated publisher. Mr. Moulton, Q.C., defends his plea for the taxation of ground-rents against Mr. Sargent's criticisms. Professor Thorold Rogers publishes a letter in which he vindicates the accuracy of his statements concerning the examiners in Oxford.

M. de Laveleye, who is evidently much preoccupied with the study of socialism, takes up his parable against Communism. He says:—

The problem set by socialism—that is to say, by the science of society and civilisation—is the following:—Since men are

equal by right, and possess divers aptitudes and inclinations, how shall the right of each to his means of production be secured to him, and how, at the same time, shall labour be stimulated by responsibility? In other words, in what manner should the association of mankind be so organised that equity may govern all social relations? Communism has not answered this question, because it has never even asked it. Its aspiration is generous, but it in no way solves the difficulty before us. Since Campanella, Communism has not made one step forwards, and, since More, it has gone backward. Dissolute brutes under an iron yoke is the ideal communism which materialism dreams of. Herein is summarised the entire doctrine.

The only remaining article in the Review is Mr. Joseph Thomson's sombre paper on the "Results of European Intercourse with the African." He unhesitatingly affirms in the plainest language that we have been an unmitigated curse to the native of Africa.

To the slave trade, the gin trade, and that in gunpowder and guns may be ascribed the frightful evils we have brought upon the negro race, besides which the good we have tried to achieve is hardly discernible.

The most characteristic European imports are gin, rum, gunpowder, and guns. The result is that the West Coast negro has been transformed into the most villainous, treacherous, and vicious native in the whole of Africa. Mr. Thomson exhorts us, therefore, to put ourselves into sackcloth and ashes, and to sweep our commerce and politics from the iniquities by which they have hitherto been characterised. Not by withdrawal from Africa, but by the utilising of our Christian civilising resources to undo the mischief which we have done so long is our plain and manifest duty. Mr. Thomson believes if Christian missionaries will take a hint from the Mohammedans, the negro, who is naturally a religious animal, may yet find salvation. It is surely not before time. At the present moment we seem to have made him seven times more the child of hell than he was before.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly* is this month the best of the reviews. Mr. Merriman has the place of honour with his paper on Some South African Questions, "the chief note of which is one of alarm at the pressure of the coloured men on the whites. It is often said in this country that the question is whether South Africa should be Dutch or English, but Mr. Merriman thinks the real question is whether South Africa is to be white or black; and he has so keen a sense of the danger from the black majority that he is indignant with those who draw a distinction between Boer and Britain. He would utilise the Boer as the advance guard of the whites, and of course would make over Swaziland to the Transvaal as a gift. The newest thing in his paper is the statement that the coolie is squeezing out the European labourer in Natal, and that the Arab bids fair to drive out the retailer and monopolise the business even in Cape Colony itself.—Mr. Symonds publishes a paper on the "Lyricism of the English Romantic Drama," which was written to be read on the 5th of March, before the Elizabethan Society of Toynbee Hall.—Mr. W. Day follows up his previous paper on the "Reform of the Turf," by a second paper, in which he tells us how to eradicate the evil of betting. Nothing can be done unless the civil authorities can be induced to institute repressive measures. Ready-money betting is the pest of society, a growing and a monstrous mischief the extirpation of which must be effected unless racing is to be doomed. Not for the last fifty years has our turf been in such an unsatisfactory state as regards this disgraceful nuisance as it is at present. Down therefore with the ready-money better, with the public-house,

gambling shops, and with the book-maker. The elimination of the latter can be secured by the adoption of what the Australians call the totalizator. Mr. Day thinks that racing is a blessing to thousands, and as a means of protecting it from destruction he cries aloud for the blessed totalizator which holds the field in India, Germany, France, Africa, America, and Australia.—Mr. Spearman states once more the familiar arguments in favour of the adoption of the more scientific French system in recording the personal characteristics of criminals. The adoption of the new Police Anthropometry in use in Paris is the next step to be taken by civilisation. It is a small one, but that is all the more reason for taking it at once.—Vernon Lee's story of Madame Krasinska makes an interesting little tale that contributes to enliven the diversified contents of this entertaining number.—Colonel W. W. Knollys sums up the personal and military character of Lord Napier of Magdala in a few judicial pages. Lord Napier was a perfect specimen of a knight, an able general of division, but it is an abuse of terms to speak of him as a great commander.—Mr. R. S. Gundry describes the system of judicial torture in use in China.—Mr. James Runciman, who wields one of the most vigorous pens of modern journalism, exposes some curious instances of plagiarism, in which Mr. Rider Haggard, as usual, is the chief offender. But Mr. Runciman remarks, although Mr. Haggard is the chief of the royal school of Plagiarists, Mrs. Burnett is not far behind as purveyor of other people's goods. Mr. Anstey also quarried the Giant's Robe from "Tom Singleton." The most amusing instance is that in which a clergyman published a review article of Mr. Runciman as his own, and sold it as a pamphlet. When the tenth thousand was announced this plagiarist had at least the grace to send Mr. Runciman five pounds as an acknowledgment of his indebtedness. Mr. Rider Haggard and Mrs. Burnett should take the hint and follow suit.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THIS month again the *National* has little to offer us more "actual" and up to date than some teacup-twaddle on "Domestic Servants," and some lucubrations by a lord on Talleyrand, except a bundle of rambling observations on "Africa, South of the Equator," by "Anglo-African." Anglo-African begins by wandering over the map with a foot-rule; but stop, it is better not to gird at any African geography lesson offered in good part to the English public, however prosy the pedagogue. As to Swaziland, Anglo-African says he sees "no reason in the world why that country should be incorporated with the Transvaal." Here he does himself an injustice. One reason he evidently does see—to wit, the necessity that it must be incorporated somewhere. For he presently suggests that it should be swallowed by Natal, which already has more black people than it knows what to do with. As for the advice on the subject tendered by the Premier of Cape Colony, Anglo-African peremptorily tells Sir Gordon Sprigg that "the genuine interests of South Africa are too big to be jockeyed at Cape Town."—"Can there be a Science of Character?" asks Mr. W. L. Courtney; and after skimming La Bruyère, Theophrastus, phrenology, the old-time doctrine of Temperaments (which classed men according to the preponderance in them of (1) blood, (2) phlegm, (3) yellow bile or choler, and (4) black bile, and which has crystallised itself in many phrases of modern speech), he decides that we can only have a science of character in a vague fashion, making use of the larger psychological divisions, and filling up from concrete experience and observation. A rather obvious

goal after such abstruse wanderings; but there is one interesting bit where Mr. Courtney boldly generalises on the old theme of Character and Sex. This is sharply said, for instance: "There is no subject which a woman could not understand; but there are many in which she could never learn to be interested."

Two interesting points are suggested, though not worked out, in the review of Mr. Wallace's "Darwinism," which Mr. A. J. Mott entitles "Darwinism Revised." (1.) The first is as to the contest between Darwinism and the religious spirit. At the point where the extension of his theory began to trench on the domain spiritual, Darwin himself was content to leave the problem fronting him an open question. Not so his more materialistic disciples. They pressed it to a conclusion where "the larger hope," and indeed any other hope, large or small, which had to do with immortality, became impossible. To them the human soul is only some sort of oyster-innate, perfected by a long series of Nature's patents. Mr. Wallace, on the other hand,—co-discoverer and interpreter of Darwin,—essays a reconcilable religious interpretation of the facts. To Mr. Wallace's last chapter, then, let the clergyman who, in pulpit as well as in study, accepts evolution, repair to establish himself. (2.) It happens that the human mind goes with a brain and general formation which is mammalian. This we are wont to speak of as the highest form. But what, from the purely animal standpoint, do we mean by "high" or "low" as applied to forms? Is a sheep higher than an ant? The ant has no brain; yet it is mentally the equal of any other animal save man. The writer argues, in fine, that no particular bodily form can be identified as the essential organ of mental powers; and this opens up a huge vista of possibility. We may fancy people existing on the earth, ages before us, who were altogether unlike men in everything but their intelligence. It may have been a sheep's head which thus boasted a garnish of brains. It may have been a snake (like the serpent of the Garden of Eden), or an elephant, or a butterfly, or some chimæra combination other than we know, that carried the precious freight of a thinking intelligence. But these people,—how strange the word sounds in this connection!—whatever shape was theirs? They, too, looked before and after, and pined for what was not; they, too, may have claimed to be made in God's image. The premises lead to strange conclusions.

In "Tithes," considered by a tithepayer (E. Leigh Pemberton), the "Tithe-payer" considers in so desultory a fashion that no very clear impression remains after sharing his considerations. He writes, apparently, as a Tory and a Churchman; and he does not want tithes to be abolished or diverted to national purposes. His point seems to be that the assessment is obsolete, and, in the present condition of land, irregular and often excessive. In many parishes in Kent, for instance, the tithe is 6s. 3d. an acre, and the rent only 5s. He wants a law providing that on any future valuation the amount to be paid shall equal a tenth part of the clear profit that the land would, "if properly cultivated," produce. This with power to demand re-assessment every five years. Arthur Gaye, *apropos* of the "Centenary of White's Selborne," finds in the English people a congenital leaning towards natural history. We are a people of towns who yet love the country. This, he thinks, has "helped to make us the nation that we are." The "Mother of the Strozzi" is copy made out of some family letters, giving a glimpse of fifteenth-century Florentine commonplace. "Wat Tyler and his Cause" is copy made out of history handbooks by turning up the times of Wat and Jack Straw, and the meeting of King and Commons at Mile-end,—a desperate attempt being made to catch on to something modern by

allusions to the working-classes and the agricultural labourers. The drawback of "Some Irish Traits of Thought and Speech" is that it gives no Irish thoughts worth thinking about, and no Irish speech worth entering in a commonplace-book.

THE NEW REVIEW.

MR. GROVE has succeeded in making up a very light and dainty number for March. The *New Review* this month is a 6d. *Nineteenth Century* when the *Nineteenth Century* is at its best. From Mr. Alfred Austin's poem to Lord Durham's paper on Turf Reform, there is not a dull page, and there are some articles which are distinctly above the average.

The most puzzling and perhaps the most thoughtful paper is that which Mr. Greenwood has entitled the "Evolution of Goodness." It is a new thing to find Mr. Greenwood in the character of an optimist, yet here he is, encouraging "a hope so magnificent that," he says, "it can hardly be treated without trepidation." That hope is that while man has in intellect and intelligence almost reached the highest point of perfection, yet many of his moral qualities are but seeds and saplings to this day. Music, for instance, flowered only the other day, the passion for natural beauty in its wildness is not more than 200 years old, and since we know of some comparatively new virtues, why may not others spring from sentiments still confused and feeble? May we not believe that some of these are even now gathering consolidation into forms of the most beautiful and beneficent kind? If only war could be averted! A great "if" no doubt, but even that we should have believed was less miraculous than that Mr. Greenwood should, after a life spent in the propagation of a somewhat cynical pessimism, have blossomed forth into this beautiful growth of optimism. So wonderful is the change that if war broke out, Mr. Greenwood consoles himself by the thought that we shall have our compensation in a new and great display of mind in Europe, consequent upon the triumph of Russia, and the development of the genius of the Slavonic race, the only original and distinctive genius out of Africa, which has yet to come to growth. Surely Mr. Greenwood is nigh unto salvation! Vernon Lee's "Sketches of Tangier" is all too short. In a few pages she contrives to give a very wonderful picture of the domestic interiors of Moorish life in Morocco.

Mr. Bradlaugh contributes a solid paper on the International Congress, which he sums up as follows:—

(a) That the Indian National Congress movement is a perfectly constitutional one, in which several millions of the population already take earnest interest; (b) that the number of those favouring the Congress movement is daily increasing; and (c) that its demands are reasonable, are on the whole urged with great moderation, and ought to be at least carefully examined in Parliament by the representatives of the British nation.

Lord Durham keeps pegging away with commendable pertinacity at the reform of the turf, and, as a necessary preliminary, the reform of the Jockey Club. Among the other urgent reforms which he suggests is, first, that assumed names should be abolished; secondly, that the meetings of the Jockey Club should be fully reported; thirdly, that all investigations conducted by the stewards should be reported in shorthand; fourthly, that the number of short races should be reduced, and the long-distanced ones encouraged.—Mr. Tighe Hopkins contributes a second paper, made up of the opinions of journalists, on "Anonymity in Journalism," and Mr. Hopkin's comments thereupon. Mr. Hopkins is a strong advocate for signing articles, but any one who reads the

opinions which he has collected must come to the conclusion that the right decision is in favour of a judicious mixture.

The most practical article in the *Review* is Lady Frederick Cavendish's appeal for £5,000 to establish a steam laundry for the purpose of employing girls of the class whom she describes as being "morally deficient." She says, on the authority of an experienced matron, that the number of girls who seem to be moral imbeciles is increasing. Ten years ago, the average of these unfortunates was about 15 per 100 of fallen women; it has now risen to 30 per 100. Their characteristic is an utter inability to resist temptation. They are born of parents of low moral stamina and they have not sufficient will-power or sufficient moral strength to stand for a moment when they are brought into contact with the actual realities of life. No matter how carefully they may be trained in an institution, the moment they leave the shelter of its walls they collapse, with the result that another wretched rickety infant is added to the total of the moral imbeciles of the world, which will in its turn propagate its kind. Lady Frederick proposes to gather in these poor weaklings, and provide them with means of making a livelihood under conditions in which they might find it possible to live an honest decent life without adding to the population of this planet.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE note of the *Nineteenth Century* is strenuousness. From Michael Davitt to Professor Huxley every contributor has something to say about something he wants done. Never was such a collection of preaching friars collected together between the covers of a single *Review*.

Professor Huxley is one of the hottest gossellers of the company, and in his paper on "Capital, the Mother of Labour," he belabours poor Henry George more lustily than ever. The thesis which he maintains against "Progress and Poverty" is that—

Capital and labour are, necessarily, close allies; capital is never a product of human labour alone; it exists apart from human labour; it is the necessary antecedent of labour; and it furnishes the materials on which labour is employed. The only indispensable form of capital—vital capital—cannot be produced by human labour. All that man can do is to favour its formation by the real producers. There is no intrinsic relation between the amount of labour bestowed on an article and its value in exchange. The claim of labour to the total result of operations which are rendered possible only by capital is simply an *a priori* iniquity.

The article is characterised by great wealth of effective illustration. As a controversialist Professor Huxley is one of the most formidable of modern writers.

The contrast between his trenchant style and that of a very competent and more desultory polemist is strongly marked when you turn from "Capital, the Mother of Labour," to Lord Bramwell's discourse on "Property," in which he preaches a sermon upon the following *ipse dixit* of his own :—

I say, then, that the institution of private property is good for the community; that it should exist in everything which is the product of or procured by labour; that it should be absolute and entire, subject to the State's right of expropriation for public purposes; that whether the institution is good is the sole question, and that the trash about the rights of puny infants and all other matters may be disregarded with a good conscience and regard for good sense and reason.

Mr. Knowles can hardly be congratulated upon his selection of Mr. J. D. Christie, pastry-cook, as the champion who is to take up the cudgels on behalf of Henry George. No doubt it was somewhat neat to

choose a pastry-cook to reply to the author of the phrase "the cook and the loblolly boys." But in controversy so keen as that which Professor Huxley is waging, the unfortunate pastry-cook plays about as effective a part as the old clubman would have done had he ventured into the field against an antagonist armed with modern weapons of precision.

Dr. Fleming, who writes on "The Suppression of Rabies in the United Kingdom," is zealous even to slaying and advocating rigorous measures for the extirpation of hydrophobia. Zeal of another sort, but quite as earnest, illuminates Prince Kropotkin's admirable paper on "Brain Work and Manual Work," in which he pleads, with a great store of apposite illustration and suggestive facts, for the combination of scientific teaching with manual training. His comments upon the success which has been attained at Moscow in this direction are very encouraging. It is impossible to read his paper, with its masterly marshalling of facts, its lofty conception of life, and its intelligent philosophical grasp of the principles of progress, without lamenting that such a man should be an exile from his own country. Russia has sore need of such men, and it is a bitter satire upon our civilisation when we can make no better use of such thinkers than to clap them into gaol or banish them to foreign lands.

Lord Brassey's paper on our Merchant Service is not quite up to his usual style. That much has been done towards improving the safety of life at sea justifies the hope that more may be done. The deaths by wreck and casualty were reduced from 1 in 79 in 1881, to 1 in 157 in 1888. Lord Brassey favours the establishment of a pension fund and of legislation to reform the law relating to insurance. But his paper does not ring as clear as some of his previous deliverances have done.

The Bishop of Carlisle, in his review of Wallace on Darwinism, strongly argues in favour of the hypothesis that—

Whatever may be the actual historical genesis of Nature, we seem to need a quasi-Platonic doctrine of antecedent ideas in the divine mind as the basis, the underlying condition, of the existence of things as we see them.

He tells an interesting story about Tennyson. When the late Doctor of Trinity was walking with Tennyson, they crossed a brook near Cambridge, and after passing the bridge—

It was perceived that Tennyson had lagged behind. He had paused by the side of the brook, brought his eyes as near as he could to the surface of the water, and was examining with intense interest the subaqueous life which the little stream contained. After a time he rejoined his companions, and this was his utterance when he joined them: "What an imagination God has!"

The Bishop maintains that the natural origin of natural things is to be sought in no region lower than that which may, with all reverence, be described as the mind or as the imagination of God.

A paper on Bishop Ken break the somewhat too sustained strain of the intense vehemence of the practical preacher which dominates the *Review*, while the first of Herbert Spencer's papers upon Justice furnishes the meditative reader with abundance of matter for thought. He deals with animal ethics, sub-human justice, and of human justice; but Herbert Spencer defies condensation, so we refer the reader to the article itself.

Mr. Gladstone's interesting article on "Books, and the Housings of Them," is a fresh illustration of the marvellous versatility of mind which the octogenarian statesman contrives to preserve. He writes upon the construction of libraries and the shelving of books as if he were

a librarian by profession. The article is full of interesting side points, but its main purpose is to point out that the best way of storing books is to arrange the books in projections three feet long, twelve inches deep, and nine feet high, ranged at right angles to the wall. By this means the cost of making a book-case need not exceed one penny per volume, and 20,000 volumes of all sizes can be stored in a library forty feet long by twenty feet broad without converting it into a mere warehouse. He also makes suggestions for storing books as in a warehouse—mounting the book-cases on trays; but this, although necessary for men like Lord Acton, who have collected libraries of 100,000 volumes for their own private use, will hardly be necessary for the practical needs of the readers of this REVIEW.

THE FORUM.

In the *Forum* for February there are no exceptionally brilliant articles, but a great deal of useful and instructive reading. The first article is another of Mr. Lilly's ethical papers. This time he deals with the Ethics of Property. He condemns the régime of competition and individualism now passing away; but he equally denounces socialism, which he thinks involves a return to barbarism. He proclaims the reorganisation of industry upon an ethical basis. The fellowship of labour is the hope of the future, and co-operation the key to the solution of the great problem. The coming new industrial organisation will be a natural growth, rooted in ethical principles and ethical hopes. The most pregnant message in the article is that in which he refers to the fact that in the middle ages, when land was almost the only form of wealth, duties were strictly attached to its possession, and rigorously enacted. "These principles must be recognised in relation to wealth,—generally recognised,—and, if need be, legally enforced."

General Walker advocates the holding of a Pan-American Exhibition at Washington, from October 1892 to April 1893, to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. Speaking of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, he says it was one of the greatest forces ever introduced into the life of the United States, and, as a mere matter of money, it has repaid its cost a hundredfold in thirteen years.

Major Powell, in an eloquent and fervent paper, pleads for the study of American archæology, the materials of which are wasting away every year. In a short time the Indians will be extinct: a race which from an archæological point of view is invaluable will be irrecoverable. It is now or never. Major Powell says, with a wise "perhaps,"—"Perhaps the Zuni can contribute almost as much as the Latin for the science of anthropology; perhaps the forty languages of the Algonquin stock constitute as rich a mine as all the languages of the Semites." Even when making all allowance for the "perhaps," it is very absurd that American scholars, in his phrase,—

"are threshing again the straw of the Orient for the stray grains that may be beaten out, while the sheaves of anthropology are stacked all over this continent; and they have no care for the grain which wastes while they journey beyond the seas."

English readers will be particularly interested in Mr. Drone's paper on the power of the Supreme Court. It is entirely foreign to the whole of our ideas. In view of

the constitution-making that is going on in Australasia, the appearance of such an article as this is very timely. The real ultimate governing body of the United States is not the President, nor is it Congress. It is the nine black-robed judges, whose names are known to no one outside America, who sit in a small room in Washington.

The 400 representatives of the people in the two branches of Congress may enact a law and the president may approve it; five justices of the Supreme Court may set it aside. The 160 representatives of New York in the Legislature may pass a statute and the governor sign it; five justices at Washington, if they think it conflicts with the federal Constitution, may declare it void. Three-fourths of the States and two thirds of Congress, yes, all of the States and all of Congress, may insert a vital principle in the Constitution of the United States; five judges may "interpret" it out.

President C. K. Adams, of Cornell University, discusses "Moral Aspects of College Life" in a solidly sensible paper, which, however, has not much bite in it. He is unhesitatingly of opinion that in Universities, where all religious exercises are purely optional, the forces that make for righteousness are much more potent and active than they are in the community at large. The other important point in the paper is that in which he insists on the moral power of regularly proscribed gymnastic exercises and athletic sports. An hour and a half spent every afternoon, about four or five, in the gymnasium would break the force of temptation by furnishing an outlet for superabundant energy. The improved order in colleges during the last twenty-five years is largely due to athletic sports. The President concludes his article with an eulogy on football as a moral discipline.

Judge Altgeld, who, as his name implies, is of German origin, sets forth briefly and cogently the immigrant's answer to those who would raise a cry of "America for the Americans," and deny the rights of naturalisation as American citizens to foreign immigrants. He proves that but for the foreign immigrants, Lincoln would never have been elected to the presidency; the North could not have resisted Southern aggression, much less could they have put down the Rebellion. But for the immigrants and their children, who composed one half of the Northern armies, some Southern colonel would to-day have been calling the roll of his slaves in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument. Further, it was the immigrants who built the railways, without which the war could never have been waged and the resources of the republic developed. The most intelligent States are those where most immigrants have settled; whereas the slaveholders in the South, and those who mobbed William Lloyd Garrison in Boston, were Americans, and sons of Americans. It is the immigrants who keep the republican party in power, the party which seeks to reward them by refusing that citizenship while allowing the native-born and naturalised labourer to be almost driven out of the State of Pennsylvania by the importation of barbarous hordes of Poles and Hungarians. The cry of "America for the Americans" is on a par with that of "China for the Chinese." His paper is very interesting, and suggests the reflection that the Americans would have ruined America but for the help of the foreigner. After all, is this not pretty much what happened to the country when it was in the hands of the Red Indians?

Professor Hennequin, of Michigan University, discusses on the principles to be borne in mind by those who attempt to write for the stage; but our playwrights are not very likely to go to Michigan to learn the secrets of their craft when they can steal their dramas ready-made from France.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE Hon. Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, who was the author of the Tariff Reduction Bill passed by the House of Representatives in 1888, replies to Mr. Blaine from the point of view of the American Free-Trader. Senator Morrill will next month reply to Mr. Gladstone. The controversy is chiefly interesting to Americans, but the concluding passage, in which Mr. Mills pays tribute to Mr. Gladstone, will be read with interest in the Old Country :—

Eighty summers have passed over the head of the great English statesman who has spoken for the emancipation of our labour and our trade. A long life, pure and stainless as the snow that falls on his own highland hills, lies behind him—a life that has been accompanied all along its lengthened way by a great intellect and a pure heart—a life that has been conspicuous for its devotion to the best interests of his own countrymen and of mankind. The closing years of his life are consecrated to the emancipation of Ireland. In this last, noblest, and best work of a long and useful career, let him feel assured that the people of America extend him their heartfelt sympathies, and indulge the fond hope that his days may be lengthened many years, not for the weal of Ireland alone, but for that of England and the world.

Sir William Thomson, writing upon electric light and public safety, summarises the laws of Paris, Berlin, Belgium, and England for the protection of the community against the perils of the new illuminant. He protests against laying wires underground in the country or covering the wires with insulating materials even when the strongest currents are passed along the overhead wires.—He admits that it would be instant death to any bird alighting on the copper conductors, but excepting for birds, he thinks that, outside towns, it will be sufficient to provide for the security of the poles and wires. Jefferson Davis's posthumous paper restates once more the doctrine of State rights, which the war settled so decisively as to deprive his article of all but historical interest. The Rev. Julius H. Ward evidently thinks that the seventy bishops of the American Episcopal Church neither live up to their privileges nor understand their mission. He therefore is good enough to tell it them in a paper entitled "The American Bishop of To-day." The bishops, it seems, are not sufficiently alive to the possibilities before them in the shape of leadership and direction of the American people :—

The mission of the American Episcopal Church lies in the possibility of its contribution of a better working system and a larger liberty under competent direction than has heretofore seemed possible in the whole field of American Christianity.

"Final Words on Divorce" do not carry us much further. Margaret Lee, whose somewhat dull novel Mr. Gladstone reviewed into prominence some time ago, declares authoritatively in favour of the abolition of divorce. A Baptist minister says the last of the "final words."

SOME AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

Our Day for February is hardly up to its usual mark. The reprint of the papers by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine from the *North American Review*, and the report from the *Times* of the Mansion House meeting in favour of Imperial Federation, November 15, occupy leading places in the number. We have summarised elsewhere Mr. W. H. Thomas's paper on "Unsolved Negro Problems," which should be read together with the discussion of the "Blair Bill for National Education in the South," which appears under the head of "Questions to Specialists." The vexed question whether or not young men should be ordained as missionaries who believe in a future state of probation is discussed by Dr. Storrs and

Dr. Thompson. The only other article in the number which calls for notice is Mr. Gordon's careful review of books dealing with faith-healing. He strongly leans towards the acceptance of the phenomena, and suggests that a more child-like belief on the part of the learned defenders of Christianity might be adopted with advantage on their part.

Mr. Howells, in *Harper*, speaks of the decaying literature of the British Isles, and there is no doubt, whether it is owing to the postal facilities in America enjoyed by the publishers, or to their superior enterprise, the American magazine seems destined to carry all before it throughout the English-speaking world. This month the *Andover* and the *Homiletic Review* are both published simultaneously in London and New York. They are solid enough to satisfy any one, the *Andover* especially being as weighty as "the chunk of old red sandstone." The only article in the *Andover* of popular interest is an article dealing with the "Education of the Roman Youth." But theologians will turn to the discussion on the great controversy which is raging in the evangelical missionary circles in America as to whether it is right to send out missionaries to the heathen who believe that the human soul has another chance in the next world.

The *Homiletic Review* for March is almost as subdivided into sections as were the sermons of the old Puritans. Dr. Parker contributes papers on "Current English Thought" to the *Homiletic*. There are any number of short papers by well-known American divines upon biblical and ecclesiastical subjects of all kinds. The clergy of all descriptions will probably find more suggestions likely to help them in their sermons in the *Homiletic Review* than in any monthly on our table.

The *Presbyterian Reform Review*, the first number of which appeared in January, is a New York review, a little larger than the *Nineteenth Century*, dealing almost entirely with theological and philosophical subjects.

Judging from the inquiries reaching us with regard to *Our Day*, that periodical will also soon be domiciled in London. The appearance of the *Cosmopolitan*, a high-class journal, may also be anticipated with confidence. What with theological and illustrated magazines, the British publisher will be hard put to it to hold his own.

THE CENTURY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S autobiographical theatrical gossip is more interesting and is better illustrated than it has been for some months past. Gloucester Cathedral is the latest selection for description by Mrs. S. van Rensselaer, whose letterpress is illustrated by the delightful sketches of Mr. Pennell. Many of the views of the interior are executed with that delicacy and finish so characteristic of the American illustrated magazines. The *Travel Papers* in this number deal with Japan and Palestine. A little paper, excellently illustrated, describes "The Sun-dance of the Sioux," which is horrible enough to serve as a relish even to those who have supped their full upon the horrors of the paper upon "Judicial Tortures" in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. H. C. Wood has a short but suggestive paper on "Memory," in which is popularly explained the theory of memory. The mind is described as a kind of automatic phonograph, on which every impression and consciousness is indelibly inscribed. The only distinction between those who have good memories and those who have bad ones is that those who have good memories know where to lay their hand upon their cerebral-phonograms, whereas those who have bad memories don't. As life goes on, the impressions

multiply and increase to such an extent that many of the earlier ones are completely overlaid. Then comes a flood of disease, or some radical upset, when spontaneously the old phonograms come to the surface, and we remember what we believed we had entirely forgotten.

HARPER'S.

GENERAL MERRITT describes the army of the United States, which, fortunately, is so small as to require to be studied under a microscope. Mr. Krehbiel tells us how to listen to Wagner's music in a paper which is illustrated by phrases from the music of Wagner's operas; he considers that Wagner is a true comedian of the ancient kind, who administers chastisement with a smile. A curious little article, by Prof. Hensoldt, solves the mystery of the Cobra Stone. About one cobra in twenty carries about with it a small luminous stone, of the size of a pea, which emits a faint but distinct glow in the dark. The explanation of the mystery is that this little pebble of fluor-spar is mistaken for a female fire-fly by the male of that species, hence the cobra has simply to place one of these artificial fire-flies by his side in the grass, and the male-flies simply pour down his throat all night long. The instinct which leads the cobra to possess itself of this curious lure for unsuspecting insects is probably the result of experiences gained thousands of years ago by the cobra's ancestors.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell combine to give a pleasant picture of Venice and its Boats.—Dr. Kneeland describes the little known but interesting Philippine Islands in his paper, on "Manila and its Surroundings." The one thing which the Government cannot do is to suppress cock-fights; it has endeavoured to do so several times, but always with the result of creating a social revolution.

Mr. Howells in his paper discusses *more suo*, Mr. Phelps' recent discourse on the Decadence of Modern Literature. Mr. Howells graciously admits that it may no doubt be that Mr. Phelps' jeremiad is true as applied to the decaying literary productions of Great Britain; but if he turns to the greatest republic on earth, he will there find genius as plentiful as corn stalks, and classical works, all but worthy to stand in line with those produced by Homer and Shakespeare, as plentiful as pigs in the Chicago market. This is only a slight exaggeration of Mr. Howell's complacent survey of American literature.

SCRIBNER'S.

MR. BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN contributes a copiously illustrated article, "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," which is full of interesting anecdote of the genial Elia, whose various wanderings and movements in London he has followed with the faithfulness of a pilgrim and the patience of a hero-worshipper. A portrait of Lamb forms the frontispiece of the magazine.

Readers of one of Captain Mayne Reid's novels will turn with interest to a description of the Seminoles in "A Forgotten Remnant," by Kirk Munroe. It is a melancholy reflection upon our semi-Christianised civilisation that the author should have to declare that unless some attention is given to their condition, another chapter in the history of the American Indians will be sealed with injustice and murder. The land-grabbers and cow-boys of South Florida are endeavouring to force the unfortunate remnant out of their possessions, and if the crowding and persecution is continued, the Seminoles will probably choose to die fighting. In that case, feeble as they are, they could hold their swamps long enough to entail a loss of millions of dollars. Under these circumstances, surely considerations of economy, as well as of morality, urgently

demand the policing of the cow-boys. It is to be hoped that the fate of the Seminoles will not form a melancholy appendix to the doom of the Cherokees, which is described in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title of "A Forgotten Episode."

The concluding chapter on "John Ericsson the Engineer," hardly fulfil the expectations which were raised by the first instalment; the most interesting feature of the article are Ericsson's original pencil-sketches of the "Monitor," by which he revolutionised naval warfare.

The all-prevailing mania of Hypnotism breaks out in Mr. William James's paper on "The Hidden Self," which is a popularisation of Prof. Janet's "Psychological Automatism." Mr. James thinks that a comparative study of trances and sub-conscious states is of the most urgent importance for the comprehension of our nature. Already the study has demonstrated that our secondary self co-exists with the primary one.

A brief, but lucidly illustrated paper, by Horace Baker, describes "The Blackfellow and his Boomerang." The diagrams illustrating the flight of the boomerang are very extraordinary. He thinks that the secret of its peculiar flight is not to be found so much in its general form as in its slightly wavy surface, broken up by various angles, balancing and counter-balancing each other; which, by causing differences of pressure of air on certain parts, gives steadiness of flight and firmness, while others give buoyancy. The boomerang itself seems to be made in all kinds of shapes.

BLACKWOOD.

In Blackwood we have another instalment of the late Lord Lamington's papers "In the Days of the Dandies," which is an inane title at the best. Number three is devoted to a very interesting account of Young England, with whose leader, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Lamington, then Mr. Cochrane, was on intimate terms. Blackwood contains two desperately solid articles; one, called "Improvident Thrift," is a summary of Blue-book statistics, in which the Rev. Canon Blackley's scheme of Compulsory Insurance is discussed. The writer's practical conclusion is as follows:—

With all their faults and failures in the past, the great Affiliated Orders of Friendly Societies are useful and commendable institutions; experience is teaching their managers the better way, and they are showing that they have the necessary courage to take it. The smaller and isolated village societies remain, and are likely to remain, liable to the disasters inseparable from unskilful management, inadequate tables, and other consequences upon well-meaning ignorance—much cannot be expected from their future; while as to the Collecting Societies and Companies, they must be regarded, in the words of the Chief Registrar, as necessary evils, which must be endured until the working classes awake to the superior advantages offered by the Post Office.

Mr. J. S. Wood fills twenty-three pages with the first part of a paper, explanatory of the financial problems raised by the difference of exchange with India caused by the depreciation of silver. The writer sets forth what he calls a "gap in the hedge of the Financial Orchard of India," and promises in the next number to explain how that "gap" has been utilised for assailing the public and private interests of the country, with an impunity and a success which have no parallel in the monetary vicissitudes of any civilised people."

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

In *Murray's Magazine* the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff prints the inaugural address which he delivered at the Athenæum on the Writings of Matthew Arnold. In speaking of Matthew Arnold's criticism of Henrich Heine,

the lecturer gives us the following characteristic anecdote of Mr. Carlyle :—

I remember being present at the house of the sage of Chelsea when the conversation turned upon Mr. Arnold, who, by the bye, in the very paper I am dealing with, has spoken very justly and wisely of him. First, he tore Mr. Arnold to pieces for his unfortunate phrase about Heine being the continuator of the work of Goethe ; then, having excited himself sufficiently, he turned upon Heine and wound up his tirade by declaring that gifted but wayward child of Israel to be a "filthy, fetid sausage of spoil victuals."

From Capt. Shaw's paper on "Theatre Fires in 1889," we take the following table of statistics of fires for the last three years :—

	THEATRE.			PERSONS.		
	Destroyed.	Damaged.	Total.	Killed.	Injured.	Total.
1886.....	8	2	10	108	Unknown.	108
1887.....	14	3	17	238	9	247
1888.....	17	5	22	125	106	231
Total.....	39	10	49	471	115	586-
Average..	13	3	16	157	38	195-
1889.....	16	13	29	19	91	110-

The paper on the Cabs and Cabmen is good, in the course of which it is mentioned that in London 228 persons were killed and 585 were injured by being run over in the streets of London. The Rev. J. Vaughan's paper on "Selborne, Past and Present," possesses some interest, as does anything associated, however remotely, with the Rev. Gilbert White.

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

THE *Cornhill Magazine* keeps up its reputation for handling everything it touches with an airy lightness, which is the despair of other magazines. The geological, scientific article upon "Mountain Stumps" is a fascinating example of how an amount of dry matter can be served up in such a fashion as to tempt the appetite of the most indifferent reader. The thesis of the author is that all the higher mountain peaks are upstarts and usurpers ; the real aristocrats are the little hills which were once mountains towering as high as the Alps or Himalaya. The author's description on the rise and fall of the earth's crust is very interesting. In a few million years the Swiss of the future will be driving his plough, he thinks, over the plain where the Matterhorn once stood. And the mountaineers will go to climb the mountains which will have sprung up in the Baltic or on the coast of Labrador. Another article, treated in the same way, is the "St. George and the Dragon," whom he traces to the hawk-headed Horus who was worshipped by the villagers of Egypt for having killed a crocodile. The gradual transition of this Egyptian Horus to the champion of England is told with considerable spirit.

TEMPLE BAR.

In *Temple Bar* the notes on Stockholm are very bright and interesting. The writer gives a very satisfactory report of the position of the women in Sweden :—

I must tender the homage of my very genuine admiration for the spirit and pluck exhibited by the young women of this country, in stepping down from their reserved place in the gallery and challenging the supremacy of the monopolising male. In no other country, with the exception of America, are so many fields of employment thrown open to women. They become clerks, cashiers, book-keepers, in houses of business, journalists, and even doctors. Women are almost exclusively employed by the telegraph and telephone companies, and very efficient they are said to have proved themselves in all these departments of bread-winning. The employes in the hair-dressers' shops are for the most part young women, the division of labour usually observed in these establishments (called *rak-salongs*) being for the hair-cutting to be done by men, the shaving by women. In every way the position of the young unmarried lady is much more independent than in other countries, always excepting America ; chaperons are very generally dispensed with, and I even heard of instances of young ladies going off to Paris by themselves, staying at hotels, seeing what they wish to see, and returning home entirely without protection, after (what must be to them) a delightfully independent and unconventional fashion.

The paper on "Ways of the East," although slight, is rather above the average as a picture of Indian life and thought.

THE PARENT'S REVIEW.

MISS CHARLOTTE MASON edits, and W. H. Allen & Co. publish, a new magazine, the first number of which was issued in the middle of February, entitled the "Parent's Review." It is a sixpenny literary magazine, covering the whole range of human culture, the object of which is to keep parents in touch with the best and latest thought in all matters in connection with the training and culture of children which does not fall within the curriculum of the schools. The first number contains a variety of articles, giving a fair promise of the realisation of the editor's ideal. Every month is to contain a map of the sky, of the stars which are above the horizon, and an explanation of how to find them, a very excellent idea which seems to be well carried out. The natural history article out of doors in February is brightly written. Among the contributors to the magazine are Mr. Oscar Browning and Mr. Haeussler. The paper on the Parents' Educational Union describes the aims and methods of a vigorous society which deserves to be more widely known than it is at present. Prizes are offered for drawings, paintings, clay models, and collections of spring flowers.

MISSIONARY MAGAZINES.

WOULD some of my friends send me a comprehensive list of Missionary Magazines ? I receive at present only a few. The *Illustrated Missionary News* (S. W. Partridge & Co.) is an excellent unsectarian twopenny, but there is nothing in London to correspond to the *American Missionary Magazine* sent me last month by Messrs. Funk and Wagnells. *Catholic Missions* (Donovan, 19, Henrietta Street, London) deserves to be better known, especially among Protestants. But it is a question which we would gravely put to the Missionary public.—Has the time not come for a kind of Missionary Eclectic, a Missionary Review of Reviews, that would keep the Universal Church informed of all the campaigning operations of all its branches ?

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

ENGLAND'S IMPENDING DOOM.

A VISION BY A FRENCH SEER.

THE Afghan question, as treated by M. Jean U. Hutin in the *Nouvelle Revue*, has at any rate the advantage of being comprehensible to "every schoolboy." Whether the English schoolboy, representing typically the future generation, will be disposed to accept M. Hutin's conclusions is another matter. M. Hutin can hardly have had that end in view in holding up the picture of the dissolution of the British empire.

The Transcaspian railway is the beginning of our troubles. M. Hutin defines the military position which it gives to Russia. "Its principal point from the Oasis of Akhal to the Amu Daria presents the form of a 'demi-redoubt,' of which the 'face' is reached in the centre by the entrenched camp of Merv, while the left flank rests upon Tchardjoui, and the right upon the Persian frontier and the entrenched camp of Askabad. Its communications with the Caspian in the rear are assured by a series of strong points—Geok Tépé, Kizil Arvat, Mikailovsk. In front of this demi-redoubt the Russians possess advanced works at Sarrahks and Zulfagar on the Heri-rud, and those of Ak Tépé and Penjeh in the Mourgab basin." We have to remember further that the line of Zulfagar Penjeh is only 130 kilometers from Herat; that Herat once taken, the road to Candahar is free and the way to Cabul is open. Under these circumstances M. Hutin considers it wise to estimate the forces that England and Russia could respectively bring into the field. The result of his calculations, of which the figures are given in detail, is that Russia, upon calling up her reserves, can put 185,000 fighting men of her own army in the field, in addition to about 20,000 Turcoman reserves, while England can count upon 35,000 fighting men at the outside. "As for the troops of the independent Indian princes, they cannot be seriously counted with—except against the English." These troops being arrayed against each other, and the further advantage granted to Russia of a devoted and sympathetic Central Asia at her back, while England is hampered by an insurgent India, it is not surprising to find that M. Hutin's imagination arrives quickly at the inevitable result. England is beaten, and her empire in India falls like a pack of cards. This is by no means all. The Indian Empire being dissolved, it is to be supposed that the Sublime Porte will not long resist the victorious Czar, who, if Turkey does not voluntarily yield, will only have to add Constantinople to his Asiatic conquests. And then, "Is it not probable that, seeing England in the unfortunate situation which has been described, Burmah, Egypt, the Cape Colony, and other British dependencies will endeavour to recover their autonomy. Australia will hasten to break the thread which binds her to her step-mother, Canada will slip her cable, Ireland will break her chains,—and England, after having invaded the world, will be confined to the limits of her island, like Napoleon in St. Helena." If it be suggested that France need not be too jubilant over the prospect, as a Russia which has devoured the East must afterwards turn its attention to the West, and perhaps repeat the process, M. Hutin replies, with national *insouciance*, True! but before he reaches us there is some one else for whom we have very little sympathy, whom he will have to swallow, and the joy of that disappearance will console us for our own absorption. To such a policy there is evidently no answer to be made.

A MILLIONAIRE DUCHESS.

THE GOOD WORKS OF THE DUCHESS OF GALLIERIA.

It is interesting, while we read sympathetically Mr. Carnegie's doctrine of wealth, and celebrate our new year with legitimate pride in the anonymous donation of a hundred thousand pounds, for which Sir William Savory and his colleagues become the trustees, to read of another, more than a millionaire, who has for years past been occupied in putting similar theories in practice. In an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, written with all his usual attractiveness, M. Maxime Du Camp gives an account of three of the charitable foundations of the Duchess of Galliera. The title which he gives to his article is "A Good Woman." He precedes it by a slight sketch of the Duchess and her ancestry, and we are inclined to accept as a happy illustration of the difference prevailing between old and new conceptions of the duties of wealth, the contrast between the legend related of her husband's grandfather and the accounts given of her work.

"Very rich, but still more avaricious, he had caused a cellar to be constructed with an iron door and a complicated iron lock, of which he only knew the secret. In this cellar he heaped up his treasure—metallic treasure—which he loved to handle, the rattle of it sounding as the most harmonious music in his ears. One day, when he and his wealth were *tête-à-tête*, the door shut upon them. It took time to find the workman who had made the mysterious lock. When at last he came, the cellar was a sepulchre. He who lay there in the deformity of a last convulsion had been dead for several days."

The contents of this cellar formed the nucleus of the immense wealth of the Galliera family, which, after the death of her only son and of her husband, passed into the hands of the Duchess. The grandfather had saved, the father had not too scrupulously speculated, the son added to his father's investments. When the turn of the Duchess came to use the money, we may imagine that she regretted that her husband had not been inspired by the saying of the Queen Marie Leczinska, "It is better to listen to those who cry from afar, Comfort our misery, than to those who whisper in our ear, Add to your wealth. She gave away her wealth passionately." M. du Camp then proceeds to give a circumstantial account of the Hospice Terrari, at Clamart, built for the reception of a hundred old men and women; of the Refuge at Meudon, intended exclusively for indigent members of the Order of the Christian Brothers, designed also to receive a hundred pensioners, though large enough to hold three hundred; and of the Orphanage, also at Meudon, where three hundred and fifty children are taken in and provided for. In their magnificence and completeness the institutions appear to realise the dreams which almost every kind-hearted person has at one time or other indulged, what he could do with money if he had it. The idea has been not to keep the pensioners alive, but to make them happy. The Duchess of Galliera has shared her luxury rather than doled out her charity. To many women the description of the orphanage will be better than a fairy tale. Admission is absolutely free. The newcomer may arrive naked, the linen-room, the shoe-room, the mother-room will provide for all his wants. The children are allowed to play, without constraint, in the park and grounds, which are bounded by the Meudon Woods. Toys of all kinds are plentifully supplied, and there is an excellent gymnasium. At the proper age lessons begin, and after the primary school technical

schools teach horticulture and agriculture. These services are taught practically out of doors, as well as theoretically within. In the gardens there are eight large greenhouses, two orangeries, six hot beds, and the lists of fruits and flowers are entrancing. The three establishments cost the Duchess of Galliera forty-seven million of francs, and gave her the joy of her last years. She used to go constantly to watch the building in course of construction. One day some one said to her, "But you are building a veritable palace." She replied, "Since I was born I have lived in palaces myself. Now I want the poor to have one, and I have the pleasure of giving it to them." M. du Camp described her in her ball-going days as the wearer of historic emeralds and priceless pearls. This coquetry of wealth followed her into her benevolence, and she went, he says, to her charities as to a fête. Nothing was too much for her to give. This is what the optimistic hope for as the attitude of future wealth—that it shall go to charity as to a fête, not grudging, but delighting.

A FRENCH VIEW OF MR. STANLEY.

M. CHERBULIEZ, in his capacity of G. Valbert, writes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a paper on the "Voyage of Capt. Binger in the Niger Valley," which is absolutely devoid of the point of malice and sparkle of half-amused irony that we have accustomed ourselves to look for. We do not often catch M. Valbert in so simple and serious a mood of admiration. "The first question," he says, which should be addressed to the explorers of Africa is this one: "Can you return to the places in which you have been? Do the roads through which you passed remain open to you? Is there not in any village you have crossed a pool of blood which lifts its voice against you?" In this respect he contrasts Capt. Binger very favourably with Stanley. "There are two very distinct varieties of African travellers. There are chiefs of military expeditions. Nobody understands better than Stanley how to prepare and conduct this kind of enterprise. He performed prodigies formerly in crossing the Black Continent in all its breadth. He has lately achieved even more astonishing feats in going up the Congo and the Aruwimini to seek Emin Pasha at Wadelai. It has often been predicted that the unknown lands into which he plunged with the audacity of a Fernand Cortes would be his grave, and he has, nevertheless, come back alive, like Jonah from the belly of the whale. But when one travels through a wild country with a thousand soldiers, it is only possible to feed them by means of requisitions or forced purchase; that is, ransom and robbery. Frequently the natives only cultivate the soil up to the strict limits of their necessity. Requisitions condemn them to famine, and these famished creatures revenge themselves. The van of the army with its chief forces a passage for itself. The lieutenants of the rear-guard are killed. The roads which Stanley opened by violence, violence alone can open again. Wherever he went he fought. Everywhere he has left behind him a long track of blood, and districts closed henceforth to every European who does not take with him an army to force an entrance."

On the other hand, Capt. Binger, "during the twenty-eight months which he passed in the Niger Valley had no other escort but ten natives from the coast and eighteen donkeys, and a few of the blacks were armed, but he took the precaution of keeping their cartridges himself, and during the course of his long and perilous journey, he spilt no blood but that of the game which came within range." Speech and patience were his two weapons, and one indeed involved the other; for, in the course of his journey, he learned no less than seven languages, and he seems to have had full occasion to use them all. In this contrast between the two men, and the description which

he enters into of Capt. Binger's powerful and happy relations to the natives, M. Valbert makes a strong and interesting point. Capt. Binger's opinions on the slavery question are worth consideration, and the book of which M. Valbert announces for him the approaching publication, will, if the foretaste given in this article may be taken as a sample, throw fresh light on many matters of West African importance.

A STUDY OF M. BOURGET.

BY M. RENARD.

WE recommend to the admirers of M. Bourget, M. Renard's study of that apostle of modern æstheticism in the *Nouvelle Revue* for February 1. We will not attempt for our own part to analyse this analysis of an analyst, but extract one or two typical passages, first saying mostly that M. Renard classes Bourget as a critic whether of life or art in the school which opposes sympathy to judgment as a guiding principle; and as a novelist he puts him, of course, in the school of reaction from gross naturalism, which M. Edouard Rod has taught us to call by the name of the intuitive. The following extracts explain to some extent the meaning of the name hardly familiar yet to English ears.

To observe and compare all the facts of contemporary existence would have been long and difficult. "He abridged and simplified the task by operating only upon himself. He considered himself as an example of contemporary youth; he supposed that the influences which affected him must have acted upon many others, and he took as the subject of his studies the writer who had most profoundly impressed him." The inherent vice of this method, M. Renard observes a little farther on, is that "in measuring the action of literary work upon himself, M. Bourget obtains results which are only true for him and for a group of similar temperaments." A very natural optical delusion makes the group appear larger than it is, and "as for those who are outside the group I do not hesitate to affirm that they have often in the presence of the same work experienced a directly contrary emotion. Bandelaire, who enchants M. Bourget and his followers, has the privilege of exasperating other people." This, whether in application to life or literature, is no doubt the vice of the intuitive school. M. Renard fully appreciates also the advantages of the old-fashioned quality of judgment in a critic. Here are some of the results of what we may call unselected sympathy. "The psychologist," says M. Bourget, and it is an important avowal on his lips, "delighted in the description of those dangerous conditions of the soul which revolt the moralist, he revels in the comprehension of rascally actions, if those actions reveal national energy, and if the deep working of them appears singular to him." It is no doubt on this account that he calls himself elsewhere a moralist of decadence; meaning by the word moralist a painter of manners. Is not this perhaps the secret of his predilection for the high honours of Bandelaire and the sickliness of Amiel? M. Bourget indulges sometimes in the naïve ecstasies of a doctor, who becomes possessed with admiration and affection for a patient who is afflicted with a malady unique of its kind. He is capable of exclaiming "What a magnificent cancer! what a superb inflammation of the lungs!"

The reaction from this is to be sought and found in the superlative sensitiveness of the æsthete. M. Renard presents M. Bourget throughout the article in the triple character of idealist dreamer, realist thinker, and invalid suffering from the morbid malady of the age, the "impotence to love." The interesting question is whether in the public, which eagerly reads his books, there is any large section of people who resembles him enough to make him a representative writer?

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

WE have become so accustomed to ducal society in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that we should feel ourselves defrauded of our social rights if, when the Duc de Broglie were absent, no one of equal rank replaced him. This month we have no cause for complaint. The first article of the first number bears the signature of Henri d'Orléans at the foot of a humorous account of the oft-told struggle between Condé and Turenne, and the Duc de Broglie does not fail in the second to furnish an instalment of his "Études Diplomatiques" of a later century, dealing this time with the end of the d'Argenson Ministry, the Embassy of the Marshal de Noailles in Spain, and the Neutrality of the Empire.

There is in the first number of the *Revue* a musical criticism by M. Camille Bellaigue, of which the music of M. Grieg is the subject.

A literary criticism by M. Brunetière ought never to be missed, and only the exigencies of limited space compel us to pass it by, with nothing more than an indication of its existence—the Study of Rousseau, in which he traces the close alliance of madness and genius. He allots, it must be admitted, a liberal share of madness to the author of the "Confessions." Even the "Nouvelle Héloïse" and "Emile" he does not hold to be altogether exempt from traces of actual mental disease, and his treatment of Rousseau is not gentle. M. Brunetière's tone of thought is far more in harmony with the vigorous moderation of the English mind than the tone of French critics generally.

It is curious to note the interest with which English literature is regarded in France. If we may compare the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as an example, with any of our best periodicals, the difference between the acquaintance with English literature displayed in its pages and the acquaintance displayed with French literature displayed in any English magazine is very marked. Who thinks on this side of the Channel of writing articles on Racine or Molière? What do the majority of us know of contemporary schools of French thought? But in the course of three months alone the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has contained a long syncretical review of "Robert Elsmere," a review of "Marius the Epicurean," and "John Inglesant," a study of Shakespeare by Brunetière, and in the current number no fewer than twenty-three pages are devoted to a review of the works of Christopher Marlowe. What is even more significant is that M. Texte, who treats Marlowe as a "Shakespeare in his first manner," takes the attitude less of a critic than of an advocate and interpreter. The neglect of artistic rules, the contempt of the unities, the absence of the fine sense of taste, which is generally so offensive to the better-educated French critic, are accepted by him as the conditions of the time; and he finds in Marlowe, side by side with all this, a reflection of that other and infinitely more important feature of the same time—"the need to learn, to extend the frontiers of science in the present and in the past; that taste, on the one hand, for the new, or, as we would call it, 'the exotic,' combined with a taste, on the other hand, for the lately revealed antique, which is a desire to enlarge the domain of the intelligence and the kingdom of the mind." "There is no play," continues M. Texte, "which marks a more decisive step in English drama than 'Dr. Faustus,' and this not of course by its form, but by its substance." With the exception of the theologian, Marlowe is the first modern writer who has described the hardness of soul, the sterility of heart, the thirst for pleasure, which fling themselves against ideas of morality as against an invisible obstacle, and with them the despair and bewilderment of a sinning soul which struggles against an invisible curb that it never succeeds in shaking off. Marlowe's claim

to immortality rests, according to M. Texte, on this, that notwithstanding the gross licence and extravagance with which he has been reproached, "he found time to state the problem of the destiny of man, and to ennoble the theatre of his day by putting it upon the stage." We recommend the article to all lovers of Elizabethan literature.

Mr. Maurice Black makes himself, in an article on the progress of Economic Science since Adam Smith, the advocate of what he calls the classic school of economists against the new school of socialists. Here are two passages, one of which forms practically his indictment against the new school, and the other his defence of the old position. "The new school has an ideal. It has indeed a good many; it desires that political economy shall become 'ethical' or moral, that it shall favour the lower classes, that it shall be specialised according to countries, and that it shall take count of individual peculiarities. 'The new school desires that political economy shall be ethical.' Does it also desire that chemistry should be great and physics small, astronomy broad and history narrow, or does it prefer other adjectives for these sciences? A science is neither moral nor immoral, since it is limited simply to the formulation of truth," etc. Mr. Black denounces the followers of this school as being on that road which we all know to be paved with good intentions. This is the other passage: "People say that the land which one man appropriates cannot be made use of by any other man; but that God has given the land to all men. As for what God intended you know nothing about it; but if you accept the Bible as a religious document expressing the Divine thought, you will find numerous passages in it which confirm the right of property. Of these the Decalogue is one. Besides it is not true that land appropriated by one is not of use to others. The cultivator who reaps more corn than he can consume, exchanges his surplus for your produce, and thus you obtain a part of his corn. Were it otherwise, the same may be said of everything which you consume. That which you habitually use cannot serve at the same time for any one else. You are the prefect of a department, the colonel of a regiment, the head of an office, you are seated on a particular chair in the Champs Elysées in order to look at the passers by. Wherever you are another cannot put himself in your place without first turning you out." Mr. Black appears purposely to elude the best point of contention, which is that one man should not sit on two chairs while his neighbours stand; but for further development of the position the reader must go to the article itself.

There are two long articles which we leave unnoticed, "Rarities in the Acropolis at Athens," by M. Maxime Collignon, and a contribution to the Historic Landscapes of France in the form of "An Excursion to the Great Chartreuse." They are both, nevertheless, worth reading.

There is also the second part of an important article on the "French Faculties in 1889," by M. Louis Liard, who thus sums up the progress of which his articles express the cause and development: "Our faculties (Law, Medicine, Science, Letters) have therefore become what all lovers of their country had imagined for them of best national centres of science and thought. Masters and pupils have each on their side become conscious of their position and of their duties, and this double consciousness, at once united and distinct, serves for mutual enlightenment and elevation. Does this mean that the development of our higher instruction has reached its final expression? Assuredly not! One more decisive phase remains for it to reach. But the goal begins now to appear clearly before us, and so does the road by which that goal is to be reached." The final phase will be described in a third and last paper on the same subject.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE Commandant Z—, whose article on the "French Navy" attracted considerable attention a few months ago, has a short article, *apropos* of the first voyage of the cruiser *Dubourdieu*, on the question of maintaining naval stations at a distance. The summary of his arguments is that "No matter from what point of view we regard our distant stations, we are forced to recognise the necessity of suppressing them, and of replacing them by circulation. In the present state of our fighting navy, where coast defences do not exist, to devote money and men to distant stations is like the luxury of a would-be dandy who buys gloves when he has no socks, or the madness of people who build fancy villas while their paternal home is falling in ruin about their ears." It is since the writing of this article that the breakdown of the machinery of the *Dubourdieu*, of which we heard only the other day, has doubled the apprehensions of naval pessimists in France, and in a second article in the later number of the *Revue* the Commandant Z— discusses the much debated question of the Reserve. Both articles deserve the attention of naval men.

There are many other articles in the *Nouvelle Revue* which we should like to speak of, notably the "Letters on Foreign Politics" of Madame Adam herself. But the limits of space are rigid.

REVUE DE FAMILLE.

THE "Bache de Noel" of M. Jules Simon in his own magazine, the *Revue de Famille*, is at a disadvantage in appearing at the same time as Pierre Loti's "Roman d'un Enfant," in the *Nouvelle*. The peculiar gifts of M. Pierre Loti fit him so eminently for writing an autobiography of the kind that no one could very happily compete with him in the same field. The paper which will attract most general attention in the *Revue de Famille* will probably be Dr. Bollinger's article on the "Influence of Women in France." Madame de Maintenon is the subject of the sketch, and the portrait that he draws of her presents her in a light which will be probably new to many readers. No other woman in history, he says, has been as much admired and as much loved; neither has any other been so well hated. The idea which has been formed of Françoise d'Aubigne, as a woman who was above all things exceptionally intelligent, calm, cold, calculating, is almost absolutely mistaken. She possessed, on the contrary, great vivacity and tenderness of heart, with a strong need of loving, and a desire, which was almost a passion, to render herself useful to others by means of her unselfishness and her services. The growth of the king's interest in her was not sudden, but a mixture of natural inclination and of admiration for her mind, and the charm of her conversation attached him to her more and more. He saw her forgetful of herself without ambition or personal desires, ready to entertain him, full of solicitude for his health, but, above all, anxious for his spiritual well-being. With her conscientious piety, she seemed to him like a guardian angel placed at his side to counsel and warn him, to console and to cheer. Soon the hours which he spent with her seemed to him the pleasantest of the day. Filled with distrust, and accustomed to see round him nothing but eager countenances, which were expressed in the looks, the sighs, the words of all those who approached him, he tasted for the first time in his relations with the sweetness of absolute confidence. He knew at least the value of a pure affection to which selfish aims were unknown." It sounds uncommonly like love, and as Dr. Bollinger selects this special relation as an

instance of the influence of women in France, we are inclined to think that he leaves it very much where it was in the garden of Eden.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE.

THE *Revue Philosophique*, issued by the same publisher as the *Revue Historique*, is one of the excellent scientific journals of France in which an attempt is made to keep pace with the most important work which is being done, not only in France, but in other countries. It is not so voluminous as the *Revue Historique*, nor perhaps so exhaustive in its record. On the other hand, it appears twelve times a year instead of six, and this keeps its readers more closely in touch with new ideas. Besides a certain number of serious articles, it contains notices of the more important new philosophical works which appear in France or abroad. It also gives what is extremely useful to the student,—an account, which it endeavours to make as nearly complete as possible, of the philosophical articles which appear in foreign periodicals; and it contains a sort of symposium of notes, letters, &c., in which subjects of interest are discussed. The principal articles this month are:—"The Evolution of Active Ideas" (*Idées Forcées*), by M. A. Fouillée, whose book on the same subject is already in the press; "The Coincidence of Psychological Conditions" (A. Binet), which contains some curious and interesting accounts of experiments made in the attempt to perform two conflicting mental operations at the same time; "The Imagination in relation to Scientific Discovery," by M. Adam. Professor Laurie's "Return to Dualism" is noticed at some length among the reviews of scientific works; and the *American Journal of Psychology* has also a couple of pages devoted to its contents.

REVUE OCCIDENTALE.

THE first thing that strikes us on taking up the *Positivist* organ is the constant recurrence of the same names in the list of contributions. If Pierre Lafitte and Frederic Harrison were eliminated, the remainder would not be very considerable. Let them take Dr. Robinet and Dr. Anton Nystrom with them, and practically nothing would be left. They may very justly reply that quantity does necessarily involve quality, nor its absence the reverse. It is better that we should at once confess ourselves unregenerate; so unregenerate as to be grateful for the indication given on the cover that the 1st of Moses 102 means in our common language the 1st of January, 1889. We will content ourselves this month with mentioning, that in addition to the very interesting records of work done in the Positivist interest in England, France, and Sweden since the last issue of the reviews, there are articles by Dr. Robinet, M. Pierre Lafitte, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, on "The Republic in Brazil," "The United States of Brazil," "A Criticism of a First Course of Philosophy" (including "The Social Role of War"), an article on "Cromwell and Bonaparte, and a criticism of Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Oliver Cromwell."

THE BELGIAN REVIEWS.

AMONG the numerous newest Belgian reviews it is not our intention to glean. What they contain is to be found, in general, better expressed and better edited in the three typical Belgian Reviews: The *Revue de Belgique*, the *Revue Générale*, and the *Société Nouvelle*. Nor is it our intention, for the present, to notice the serials written in Flemish (or Dutch), as for a long time to come they are not likely to contain anything that would not be found, at least as well written and certainly more deeply thought out, in the Dutch reviews of Holland.

Belgium, as every one acquainted with the country knows, takes most of its mental food either from France or from Holland. Further, the Belgian public is not a reading public, which explains the great carelessness exhibited by the publishers of Belgian reviews. The *Société Nouvelle* of January 31, 1890, did not come out till nearly a fortnight after date. For those readers who hear of the existence of Belgian reviews for the first time, it may be as well to explain that the *Revue de Belgique* is Liberal, the *Revue Générale* Roman Catholic and Conservative, and that the *Société Nouvelle* has Socialistic tendencies.

BELGIUM AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

For the third time since its first publication, the *Revue Générale* announces that it is going to change its editor. An old minister of Napoleon the Third, M. Léon Faucher, founder and editor of newspapers and reviews in his youth, was wont to say: "To found a newspaper, to edit a review, is more than founding or guiding an empire." Certainly, the hyperbole is rather forced, but it contains, nevertheless, a somewhat bitter truth. M. de Haulleville has found this out. There have even been periods, says the editor in his valedictory notice, when the *Revue* has attained the highest total it can possibly reach in Belgium,—to wit, 3,700 copies. For if we take an average of readers capable of understanding a review, and if we take this average as being larger than that of the most learned country in the world, *i.e.*, Germany, we find that nearly the whole *élite* of the country, the *élite* that reads, studies, and thinks, has supported the *Revue Générale*, and supports it still. This is a result of which its founders may well be proud, for it is unique in Belgium.

"Little Belgium," from within its diminutive frontiers, ought to wield an immense influence abroad. Placed at the meeting point of the Germanic and Latin worlds, she has an exceptional geographical position in Europe. All the great international means of communication cross it; it enjoys the greatest political freedom, the freedom of thinking, of writing, of printing, without censorship, without control. And yet, sad to say, it is just this country, this favoured nation, which, considered as a whole, is the least intellectually developed, if its social position be taken into account. However much the avowal may cost us, we are bound to state that, intellectually, Belgium is an almost complete failure.

Each time that there has appeared either a statesman, a writer, a scientist studying questions in a disinterested manner, without seeking for an immediate advantage, he has been crushed down, and there is no protection, nor consideration that has been able to save him from ruin. This situation is disastrous. It restrains all generous intellectual efforts; it is partly the cause that the country only develops itself in a material sense, and that those who would devote themselves to its moral interests are discouraged. This picture is dark, no doubt, but not

darker than the reality. To those who would object to us the names of Emile de Laveleye and Brialmont, for instance, we would beg to make this simple remark,— "That neither the *economist* nor the *military engineer* have, in their own country, the authority they possess abroad." Further, their works were first pointed out to fame, not in Belgium, but in the rest of Europe. Belgium accepts its great men sadly, as a dangerous gift, and makes them pay dearly, in bickerings and cavilings, for the honours it is, at last, grudgingly forced to award them.

THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION.

As a proof that the picture of the *Revue Générale* is not overdrawn, we may mention that there is only in the three Belgian reviews one article that is in any way original either in conception or execution, and it is to be found in the *Société Nouvelle*, under the title of the "Christian Revolution." The object of the author is to show to students of sociology, that, contrary to the opinions generally received among them, it is possible "to demonstrate that the Christian monotheism was the unavoidable consequence of the evolution of the pagan world (*monde antique*); that its social influence, far from being disturbing and retrograde, was, on the contrary, beneficent and progressive."

This he proves fairly well, though we cannot help thinking that had he consulted Anglo-Saxon authors, as well as French and German ones, he would have had a few more conclusive facts to build his demonstration upon. The writer, Mr. Em. Vandervelde, has, in any case, shown courage in pleading for Christianity in such a "milieu."

OTHER ARTICLES OF THE MONTH.

The *Revue de Belgique* for February has one article worth mentioning. *Souvenirs d'Égypte*, by E. Minnaert, is an article giving a phase of Egyptian life during British occupation, as seen through the jaundiced eyes of a man who fully shows that he does not believe anything good can come out of England. The *Revue Générale* publishes an article on "Compulsory Assurance of Workmen," by Amédée de Ryckel, but it is not up to German articles on same subject. There is an article on *Marie Stuart* by Ad. Delvigne—a long-winded review of a work by the Baron Kervyn von Lettenhove, but it contains nothing new or specially interesting. M. de Haulleville makes an unworthy attack on *M. de Laveleye et Dr. Doellinger*, and Mad. de Marcey, in *Catharine d'Aragon*, gives us a cleverly written abstract of the results of researches by T. S. Brewer in the Record Office, and the already well-known work of Mr. Albert du Roys. In *La Société Nouvelle*, Louis Bertrand, in an article on Accidents to Workmen, finds fault with King Leopold and his ministers for trying to help the workman in their own way without reference to the views of the author. M. Ed. Picard, in a paper on *El Moghreb al Aksa*, the Belgian Mission to Morocco, gives a fairly well-written review and abstract of a most fascinating book for those who have not read the late series of three books published by three different authors on Morocco. *Bulletin du Mouvement Social*, C. de Paepé. The best conducted part of the whole periodical. A survey comprising this month, England, France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Austria, and Spain. M. Jules Brouz examines fairly enough the Rescripts of the Kaiser, and concludes by stating his belief in their uselessness.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

A NOTABLE feature of the German magazines is the absence of heavy political articles, but this may to some extent be owing to German anti-Socialistic legislation, which may make free criticism by the press of matters political difficult and dangerous, just as the system of police espionage sometimes renders life in Germany to its best and truest citizens rather a sorrow than a pleasure. However this may be, the *Gesellschaft* is the only monthly among those to hand which contains articles of a political nature. The burden of its article on Socialistic Germany is the great hardships to which the Social Democrats are subjected, and the injustice which forces them to conceal their work from publicity, and thus renders them liable to imprisonment should their activity be discovered. The same magazine has a few notes in reference to the Triple Alliance.

Travel papers we have in abundance. Stanley and Emin, and their travels, naturally still occupy a prominent place among the questions of the hour, and *Velhagen* adds to the mass of matter that has already been devoted to their labours an interesting notice, with portraits of the travellers.

Nor has Brazil yet fallen into the background. One of the best papers dealing with this country, which so suddenly brought itself into notice a month or two ago, is that in *Velhagen*; text and illustrations both by H. Bohrdt. A delightful miniature sketch of a tramcar driving along the streets of Para, and another sketch representing native soldiers presenting arms, should not be missed. We also get more glimpses, illustrated, of Jamaica in *Westermann*, and of Hayti in *Velhagen*. The temporary lull in the scramble for Africa does not deter us from directing our attention eastward either, and in *Velhagen* we find other travellers describing Mecca and Medina, and life in the Caucasus, both illustrated.

Another feature in which German periodicals excel is the frequent critical and biographical notices, with portraits, of the German living poets and authors, rather than in numerous tardy eulogies of them after death. Among the German writers thus figuring in the magazines this month are Emil Ritterhaus, of Barmen, poet (*Nord und Süd*); Eduard Grisebach, poet (*Gesellschaft*); and Ernst von Wildenbruch, dramatist (*Rundschau*). Nor are these notices of living writers entirely confined to Germans. In *Nord und Süd* we get an appreciative article on Pierre Loti, the French sailor-poet-novelist, while the late Dr. Döllinger is scarcely mentioned except by the *Rundschau*. *Velhagen*, however, gives an interesting sketch of the late Dr. Richard Volkmann, the eminent surgeon and poet, better known in the capacity of poet as Richard Leander.

The autobiography of a Crab, illustrated, by Karl Vogt, is by far the best article in *Westermann*.

In the *Grenzböten* for February 13 there is an article on "French Antipathy to England," couched in the spirit of the old saying, when two are quarrelling the third rejoices.

The *Preussische Jahrbücher* publishes an appreciative description of Australia, under the title, "Australia Felix," by a writer who can hardly repress his regret that it is not a German colony.

In the *Deutsche Revue* Vice-Admiral Batsch says a word about the proposed sea-canal to Berlin.

In *Unsere Zeit* Friedrich von Aschen writes on the "Classical University in England," and Dr. Heyfelder, of St. Pererg, on the "Influenza at St. Petersburg, 1889-90."

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE *Nuova Antologia* for February 1st does not offer any subject of special interest to the general reader, except in the first article, which extends to nearly fifty pages. This is a very carefully written and impartial review of Italian prospects in Abyssinia, by Sidney Sourrino, who has recently returned from a visit to that country. He frankly admits that, so far, Italy has not gained much, either commercially or colonially, by her occupation of Massowah. He believes, however, firmly in the future of Abyssinia as an agricultural colony for Italy, on condition of the Government establishing a proper system of land tenure.

The number of the *Antologia* for February 16th is a specially good one. The leading article consists of a sympathetic and ably-written sketch of the late Dr. Döllinger, by Signor Bonghi, the radical deputy, whose well-known anti-clerical views furnish an easy index of the tenour of his remarks. Signor Bonghi gives a long quotation from a private letter (in French) from Lord Acton to himself, speaking of Döllinger's great attainments as a scholar and a theologian. We get but few new personal details from the article; the writer speaks especially of the extreme simplicity of the doctor's life, and quotes his favourite saying: "L'homme ne meurt pas; il se tue"; adding, "The assassin, according to him, was intemperance. The most rigid of penitents could not restrict himself to a greater degree of temperance than he did. In the morning, a cup of coffee with a little bread; a simple dinner at mid-day, then a second cup of coffee, and a glass of water in the evening." Wine he only took in his old age, on the doctor's orders; beer and spirits he abjured utterly. He had a constitution of iron, and nerves of steel. In the way of languages, he spoke and wrote Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; English he knew like his mother tongue. Speaking of his prodigious memory, Signor Bonghi relates how a friend of his was one day speaking to the doctor of a pamphlet written in the sixteenth century, which had not been quoted for a very long time by modern authors. "Yes, yes," said Döllinger, it is a most interesting book. I read it thirty years ago." And he proceeded to give a complete *résumé* of the contents.

English literature is immensely appreciated by the cultivated Italian, and it comes in for plenty of laudatory notice in this number of the Review. There is a long article in praise of Mr. Addington Symonds' recent translation of the Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzi, who is so little read nowadays in Italy that his would-be translator spent some months in trying to secure a complete copy from which to work. The Foreign Literary Review also is entirely devoted to English authors, the reviewer, E. Nencioni, being evidently an enthusiastic Anglophil. *Appropos* of Walter Pater's "Appreciations," he compares English critical writing in point of style to the Italian, very much to the detriment of his countrymen. He selects "Demeter" and "Crossing the Bar" for special commendation in Lord Tennyson's new volume, and devotes a most sympathetic notice to Amy Levy, whose acquaintance he made in Rome some years ago.

Of the remaining articles the most noteworthy is a somewhat ponderous one on the German Imperial Rescripts, in which Signor Cavaliere expresses approbation of the German Emperor's new departure, and points out that the Socialist question in Germany is in a far more advanced stage than in Italy, as in the former country the socialists have a well-defined programme, while in the latter they restrict themselves to mere destructive anarchism and visionary dreams for the future.

THE RUSSIAN REVIEWS.

LETTERS FROM COUNT TOLSTOI.

FROM the *Russian Review* I take Count Leo Tolstoi's unpublished estimate of Turgenieff's novel, *Nakanoon-ay* ("On the Eve"), written exactly thirty years ago:—

TOLSTOI ON TURGENIEFF.

"Generally speaking, it is useless to write novels, and especially so for authors who are of a melancholy turn, and do not properly know their own minds. For the rest, "*Nakanoon-ay*" is better than "*A Nest of Nobles*." Some of the negative characters are admirable: the artist and the father. Others are not only not types, but even their conception, their position presents nothing typical, or else they are hopelessly commonplace. But this is the blunder into which Turgenieff perpetually falls. The young girl is ineffably weak:—'Ah! how I love you . . . her eyelashes were long.' I have often wondered that Turgenieff, with his intellect and poetic instinct, should be incapable of avoiding the commonplace in his method. . . . He displays no humanity, no warm interest for his characters,—generally ugly abortions,—who are unsparingly vituperated by their creator. . . . Now, if an author does not commiserate his most insignificant characters, there should be no limits to his abuse, or else he should laugh at them till his sides ache, and not treat them like one possessed by the demons of Melancholy and Dyspepsia as Turgenieff is."

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

The following letter, written by Count L. Tolstoi in 1860, is a most valuable contribution to the history of the psychological development of the artist and mystic, and it is also interesting as containing the original of the chief death-bed scenes of his novels. The subject matter of the letter was the death of his beloved brother:—"I dare say you know already what has happened. On the 20th of September he died, literally in my arms. Nothing in life ever produced such an impression upon me. He spoke the truth when he said that there is nothing worse than death. And if you reflect seriously that it is the end of everything, there is nothing worse than life. Why strive and be solicitous, since of all that was once N. N. Tolstoi nothing now remains to him? He did not say that he felt the approach of death; but I know that he watched it step by step, and was conscious of how much of life remained. A few minutes before death he fell asleep, but suddenly started up and whispered with horror: 'What is this?' He had evidently beheld it,—this submersion of himself in nothingness. And if he found nothing to catch at, what shall I find? Still less. And it is certain that neither I nor any one else will grapple with it to the last moment as he did. Two days previously I had remarked to him: 'You should have your room provided with certain comforts.' 'No,' he answered, 'I am weak, but not yet so weak as that would imply. I will still hold on.' And up to the last minute he refused to surrender. He did everything himself; tried to study, wrote, questioned me about my writings, offered me advice. But all this, as it seemed to me, he did, not in virtue of an interior impulse, but on principle. One thing and one thing only—Nature—remained to the end. The day before this he went into his bedroom, and from weakness fell on the bed near the open window. I came in; he spoke to me with tears in his eyes: 'What delight I have been experiencing during a whole hour now!' Taken from earth, to earth shalt thou return. One thing only is left: the vague hope that there, in Nature, a part

of which you will become in the earth, there will be something left which will abide. All who knew him, and witnessed his last moments, exclaim: 'How wonderfully calm and tranquil he died.' But I know in what terrible agony he expired, because not one feeling of his escaped me."

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE AND DEATH.

A thousand times I say to myself: "Let the dead bury their dead," but the energies that exist must be made use of in some way. One cannot persuade a stone to fall upwards instead of downwards, whither it is drawn. One cannot laugh at a joke that bores one. You cannot eat when you have no appetite. To what purpose are all things, seeing that to-morrow the death agonies begin with the concomitant abominations of unveracity, self-deception, and everything ends in nothingness, in zero for oneself. It is an amusing joke. Be helpful, be virtuous, be happy as long as you live, people say to each other; and you think that happiness and virtue and helpfulness consist in truth. Well, the truth that I have learned from thirty-two years' experience is this, that the position in which we are placed is a terrible one. 'Take life as it is; you have put yourself into that position.' But so I do! I do take life as it is. No sooner does a man reach the highest level of development than he perceives clearly that everything is trash, deception, and that the truth which he still loves beyond all things else, that this truth is terrible; that when he sees it aright, clearly, he will wake up startled and exclaim with horror, as my brother did: 'What is this?' But, of course, as long as there is a desire to know, and to speak the truth, one tries to know and to speak it. This is the sole thing that I have retained from the moral world, and beyond which I cannot go. This one thing I will execute, only not in the form of your art. Art is a lie, and I cannot love a beautiful lie. . . . I shall pass the winter here, for the simple reason that it is all the same whether I live here or elsewhere. Please write to me. I love you as my brother loved and remembered you to the last moment of his life.—L. TOLSTOI."

A NEW RUSSIAN REVIEW.

JUDGING by the long array of eminent writers, native and foreign, whose contributions make up the first number of the *Russian Review*, the editor must have been painfully conscious of the almost insurmountable difficulty of making a new monthly pay in a country which is flooded with magazines already. Thus, Bret Harte has written a story specially for the new review, called "*Sappho at the Green Springs*," three chapters of which have appeared in the first number; the German philosopher Hartmann discourses on "*Pessimism and Pedagogy*;" the Grand Duke Constantine is the author of some pretty verses. The most entertaining paper in the collection, however, entitled "*Recollections*," and written by the poet Feyt, contains valuable materials for the biography of several Russian men of letters.

THE TEUTON AND THE SLAV IN A NEW LIGHT.

It is no secret that the rage for colonising, which is one of the prominent characteristics of modern Germans, is far in advance of their qualifications. Still it must be admitted that they have made the best of their opportunities in Syria, Turkey, and generally in the East. It is not generally known that South Russia is honeycombed with German colonies, most of which date from the end of last century, and that new ones are being

created even now, villages and towns springing up with German names, German schools, and generally all the civilising apparatus of the Fatherland. An interesting article on this subject, containing a striking array of figures, has just appeared in the pages of the *Russian Messenger*. The author of the paper, M. Velitzyn, is justly angry with the Russian Government for the suicidal policy it has been pursuing for generations, seeking to attract German colonists by the offer of exceptional privileges to the detriment of its own subjects. Thus in 1874, when fear of being called upon for military service was driving the German Memnonites to the United States, Count Todleben was delegated by the Russian Government to endeavour to keep them in the country by promising to substitute for military duties, service in the governmental woods and forests, naval workshops, fire brigades, and hospitals, and to employ them, not in twos or threes, so as to isolate them from their co-religionists, but in large groups, and as near as possible to their own districts. Many of them left Russia in spite of these conditions, owing to the rumours circulated to the effect that the Government contemplated uniting the German with Russian villages in one *volost*, and introducing the Russian tongue as the medium of instruction in the schools.

At present the German colonists of Southern Russia alone own movable property, which is subject to obligatory insurance, of the value of fifty million roubles (about £5,300,000), while the land which they possess there represents, on the most moderate calculation, a money value of 357½ million roubles (about £37,600,000), no mean acquisition for foreigners who wandered into Russia without purse, or scrip, or shoes, provided only with staves and wallets. And yet these are the men who scoff and sneer at the people whose land they occupy and whose bread they eat, looking down upon them with unutterable scorn, as upon creatures of a lower plane of existence than themselves. The whole story, which is told with a little too much acrimony by M. Velitzyn, reminds one forcibly of the squeamishness of the American tramp who, having been taken in, housed, boarded, and cared for by the hospitable family for several months, was nearly killed by the moral shock which he received when he discovered that his entertainer had been once a very poor man, a mere *bagman* in fact.

COUNT TOLSTOI AND TURGENIEFF.

The following story of Count L. Tolstoj, related by Turgenieff to the author of an interesting paper in this month's *Historical Messenger*, cannot fail to interest the admirers of the gifted novelist and mystic in England. "One evening we were walking along the common not far from the manor-house, when we suddenly saw an old horse, perfectly jaded and worn out, its legs doubled up, its body so emaciated that the bones outlined themselves with painful distinctness—in a word, an animal that age and hard work had entirely crushed. It did not even nibble at the grass, but stood still, merely beating off with its tail the flies that pestered it. As soon as we had come up to this wretched hack, Tolstoj began to stroke it down, and to express among other things what, in his opinion, the animal must have felt and thought. And not only did he put himself in the position of this unfortunate brute, but he caused us to enter into it thoroughly. I could not help exclaiming, 'Look here! Leff Nikolaievitch, at some period or other you must have been a horse.' Just fancy him depicting the internal condition of a horse, him who was so intimately acquainted with the physical side of highly developed man, and so familiar with the most abstract philosophic thought!"

SOME SPANISH REVIEWS.

In the second number for January of the *Revista*, Don Rafail Alvarez Sereix continues his long account of the Portuguese premier, Serpa Pimentel, his character and opinions. Speaking of the Spaniards and Portuguese, it is the opinion of Pimentel "that although both occupy together the same Peninsula, and live under the influence of the same climate, yet they are separated by an abyss." Again, "There are not in Europe two nations so close together in race who are so far divided in character." "As much in their good as their bad qualities, it is impossible to exaggerate the difference between them at the first glance. When one enters a Spanish town, one sees the streets full of men and women, talking, laughing, and disputing; but, on the contrary, on entering a Portuguese town, one is inclined to believe that he is in some part of Northern Europe, so staid are the people. If in Spain one addresses one of the people, even if he be a beggar, he replies, if he replies at all, with his hat on his head and his face muffled in his cloak, full of bravado as if he were the Cid, or Gonzalo de Córdova; the Portuguese man of the people answers you always with courtesy and civility." The Portuguese, however, can be very rude at times; nor are they deficient in bragging insolence.

The first part of the February number contains the first instalment of what bids fair to be a prolonged account of the late illustrious Conde de Toreno,—a young man of many names, of an ancient family, a pillar of the Spanish Tory party, and founder of the *Tiempo*, first printed in Madrid in 1870. As a deputy, "he always said what he had to say without mouthings or mannerisms. A lover of truth, he was little pre-occupied with beauty. He preferred a solid foundation to the fligree externals of art." The Spaniards will miss him. To this succeeds an unfinished article of twenty-eight pages on "The Sovereign Power," more of "Serpa Pimentel," and the "Princes of Spanish Poetry." There is a bright, short article on the Spanish "Novels of 1889," followed by the continuous "Evils of the Country," by Señor Mallada. Be a little more brief, my Spanish friends, and you shall have more wit, and an increase of readers.

The article on the "Princes of Spanish Poetry" will please many Spanish readers. Señor Mallada continues his laments over the evils of his country. "There are provinces," he says, "most stupidly careless in the matter of education, while some look after it with care and anxiety. Some provinces are destitute of roads; others are tolerably well provided with them. Some set a high value on mines, others despise industry of all kinds." The article is full of wholesome, sour truths, and will not, therefore, be liked, at least by the foolish virgins. "Six Days in Zaragoza" is concluded, in which we are told some interesting things about its public library, where may be found a copy of the first book printed in the city, which still calls itself the *throne of the Blessed Virgin*; but "the jewel of the library is the precious MS. of the Catalan *Cansionero*." There is, however, it appears, another "precious MS. of the fifteenth century, called *De Exemplis Sacra Scriptura*, with beautifully illuminated capital letters." In the Chit Chat department (*Palabras-y-Plumas*) we are sorry to learn that Spanish literature is falling off, and that while "there is no lack of writers in Spain, the art of criticism does not exist."

LOOKING FORWARD.

A ROMANCE OF THE ELECTRIC AGE.

THE great success which has attended Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a prophetic-realistic romance of an American idealist, is a welcome sign of the times. "Looking Backward" as a story is as dull as ditchwater. It is only because it is a kind of an apocalyptic vision, if not of the new heaven, then of the new earth, for which the hearts of men and women are longing all over the world, that 200,000 copies have been sold in America, and that the sale in this country in the last few months has mounted up to 100,000. The success of "Looking Backward" has naturally stimulated the tendency on the part of a certain class of theorists to resort to the historico-prophetic form of romance as a popular vehicle for infusing these ideas into the public mind. Already two "Looking Forward" are in preparation in this country, each of which looks forward to an exactly opposite conclusion; for on the infinite but impalpable canvass of the future the imagination has ample room and verge enough to give scope to all divergencies of tendency and of speculation.

The fact that the prophetic romance has been eagerly seized by the rival polemicists of individualism and socialism as their most effective means of propaganda is of less importance than the evidence which such a fact supplies that the imagination of our race is once more awake—awake, that is to say, not merely in the elect souls with whom it never sleeps, but in the common man, the rank and file—the hodman and the seampstress and the stockbroker. The full significance of this revival is appreciated by none, and dimly discerned only by a few. But whether we realise it or not, we are entering upon another spring-time, in which, under the radiance of a new hope and the warmth of a new faith, our race will renew its youth. The old poets are one by one dying out. Their message has been delivered. Their song has been sung. The new era awaits expectant a new race of bards, who will give poetic expression to its aspirations and sing the psalm of its coming deliverance.

We have yet to open our eyes to the extent to which Electricity has re-energised the world. What the revival of learning was to the Renaissance, what the discovery of the new world was to the Elizabethan, what the steam-engine was to the century of the Revolution, the application of Electricity is to the New Generation.

We are standing at the day-dawn of the Electric Age. The thunderbolt of Jove has become the most puissant of all the servants of man. It has annihilated

time, abolished space, and it will yet unify the world. By making all the nations in all the continents next-door neighbours, it has already revived the ideal of human brotherhood, and it is the destined agent by which Europe will be freed from militarism and war banished from the world. All the thoroughfares in London are scarred this winter with the track of the electric mains. There is an electric thrill in the air which is affecting the nerves of civilisation, and galvanising into new and serviceable activity the sluggish imagination of our people. Hence I have selected for presentation in a condensed form in this REVIEW the work of an American author, republished in the last days of 1889 by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. "A Far Look Ahead," by Ismar Thiusen, was originally published in 1883, when electrical science was but beginning to display the budding promise of that development which is the most startling achievement of our day. Its interest as a romance of merit or as a work of art is not of the highest, and whatever merit it possesses in those respects is completely overshadowed by its value as an ingenious speculation by an original thinker upon the probable political and social results which may be expected to follow the general utilisation of this universal force. Its author has somewhat wantonly diminished the interest of his speculation by relegating their realisation to the ninety-sixth century. It is probable that the twentieth century will witness changes quite as great as some of those which are described in "A Far Look Ahead." It is not to be expected that any one will agree in all the speculations of the author of this ingenious story, and probably if Ismar Thiusen were to re-write his romance to-day, the progress of electrical science since 1883 would lead him to modify some of his anticipations, as it would certainly enable him to add many more startling developments to those which may be anticipated in the near future. But take it all in all, "A Far Look Ahead" is one of the best romances of the electrical age which has yet appeared. As its author remarks in his new preface:—

"The extraordinary advances made during the past century in science and mechanical invention have naturally raised hopes of a corresponding advance during the coming centuries and stimulated the impulse to forecast the hoped-for glorious future. Such a forecast need not necessarily be a mere exercise of fancy, adapted to amuse an idle hour. It may serve a useful purpose, both in showing by contrast the evils of our present social organisation and by acting as an incentive for each to do his best towards the attainment of a loftier social ideal. The aim of the present work is to give such a forecast of the

future of our race as may be inferred with some reasonable probability from present conditions and tendencies. The author has earnestly endeavoured to keep within the bounds of sober reason, and some of the changes or events suggested are such as are not unlikely to result from tendencies now in operation."

With these few words by way of introduction, I will without further preface publish the outline of this new apocalypse, referring all those who wish to read the author at length to Messrs. Putnam's new edition.

LOOKING FORWARD? *

PREFATORY BY THE AUTHOR.

I consented to make the experiment suggested by my friend. Standing before me he made the peculiar passes employed by mesmerists.

Gradually the objects before me grew indistinct: the multitudinous noises of the busy street below died away to a gentle murmur, like the sound of distant waves. That, too, ceased. I was wrapped in a profound and dreamless sleep.

Suddenly I awoke. My friend was standing in the same position as before. Full of disappointment, I supposed the experiment to have failed. For there I was, as wide awake, apparently, as ever I had been, with no sign of anything unusual in my surroundings.

Evidently reading my feelings in my countenance, he said, pointing towards the door,—

"Beyond that slight partition you will find that future society upon which you have so often curiously speculated. It is now in your power to see and judge for yourself."

While speaking he had approached the door. I passed through. We stood on a seemingly endless gallery, the door vanished away. You have passed, said my friend, at a step, from the 19th to the 96th century. The New York that you dwell in crumbled to dust eighty centuries ago. This present city stands upon an accumulation of detritus beneath which the fragments of the old city are buried five fathoms deep.

THE CITY OF THE FUTURE.

I stepped over to the balustrade that bounded the farther side of the arcade, and found that I was by no means on the level of the street, but in a sort of balcony two stories above it. The room I had left but a moment before was fully sixty feet above the sidewalk. New York had truly risen, in the course of ages, upon the ruins of its former self. I was struck with amazement at the spectacle.

The buildings were not much taller than those to which I had been accustomed; but their effect was indescribably grand and strange. Imagine the present sidewalk covered by an arcade supported on arches and pillars of polished granite. Above the lower arcade rose others, one for each story, each slightly receding within the other, and of correspondingly lighter construction. The material of only the lowest arcade was of stone; that of the upper ones was a metal, incrustated with a peculiar oxide of stone colour. So similar was it, indeed, to stone, that it was only by accident I discovered the real material of the delicate carved work, surpassing in airy grace and exuberant variety of detail the far-famed wonders of the Alhambra.

No intersecting streets were apparent, but their position was indicated by the wide and massive archways that pierced at intervals the otherwise unbroken lines of colonnade stretching toward the distant horizon. Over each archway, semi-recessed in a niche, stood a statue, each a work of genius.

Obedient to a gesture from my companion, I followed him a short distance along the arcade. He led me to the middle of one of the light bridges, that afforded passage from one side to the other.

From this spot I could pursue with my eyes the far-reaching ranges of building. These long arcades, I was informed, as also the interior corridors, extended the whole length of the avenue for six miles without a break. As a natural consequence of this peculiar style of building, the respective location of shops and offices was exactly the reverse of that now seen. The lower story was assigned to offices and warerooms: the shops were in the upper stories.

Manhattan Island had, long ages before, become, so to say, one enormous warehouse,—the chief port of entry for a population of more than a thousand million.

I readily assented to my companion's proposal to descend to the busiest arcade, that a story below. A short walk along the colonnade on which we had first emerged brought us to a contrivance subserving the same purpose as our elevators. This, like all the similar contrivances throughout the city—and they were found everywhere at short intervals—worked automatically, by an ingenious application of force derived from the rise and fall of the tide in the harbour.

On reaching the main arcade, I found ample occupation for eye and mind in noting the person and costume of the handsome race.

A noble race, truly, they appeared to me, this people of the far-distant future,—the men well made and vigorous, though somewhat sun-browned; the women beautiful and graceful beyond any of their distant ancestresses of the present.

A THREE HOURS' DAY.

"How is it," I inquired at last, "that we meet but one class of the population? These, I suppose, belong to the aristocracy of your city—but where are the working classes?"

"We have no aristocracy," was the reply, "if by that you mean a class living in idleness by the toil of others. Nor have we any working class, if you mean a class that spends its life in toil that leaves no leisure for their development as intellectual beings. Such as these you so greatly admire compose the only class among us. It has been ascertained, by careful computation and by experiment, that if every able-bodied person in a community works between three and four hours every day, at some productive employment, the result will supply all with every necessary and comfort of life, with something to spare. Allowing other ten hours for sleep and refreshment, there remain still other ten for mental improvement, and such unproductive pursuits as individual taste may prefer.

"If any live in idleness, it is evident that others must toil to support them. All, therefore, whether possessing much or little, men and women, young and old, spend a certain number of hours each day in some productive employment, and no more dream of having their work done by others than of having eating, sleeping, or digestion performed by deputy. In universal industry has been found a panacea for the worst of the evils that for long ages were the curse of society and the despair of legislators. Our labour, however, is not drudgery; we merely guide the machinery."

* "The Diothas; or, a Far Look Ahead." By Ismar Thiusen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York.)

MALLEABLE GLASS.

As my companion ceased speaking, he brought me to a stand before a large window, formed, like the rest, of what appeared to be one immense sheet of plate-glass.

Within was displayed machinery, which appeared to be of polished silver; but what seemed to me silver was, in reality, a peculiar variety of steel, coated with an extremely hard alloy of aluminum.

"But why is so much glass employed in these machines?" said I. "The mere vibration should be sufficient to utterly destroy it."

"Here is the explanation," he replied, and struck, with all the power of his arm, a heavy blow against the immense window-pane.

I started in consternation, expecting to see the splendid sheet of glass shattered, with all sorts of unpleasant consequences. The only sound, however, was a dull, muffled sound, as if he had struck the side of a boiler.

"You might strike this with all the force you can put into a hammer. Dent it you possibly might, but shatter it you cannot."

"In the name of wonder!" exclaimed I, "what substance is this that appears to combine such incongruous properties? Is it glass, or iron?"

"This is malleable glass," was the reply; "perhaps the most useful invention of the last fifty centuries. As now made, this material possesses most of the useful properties of a metal, combined with the important advantages of being transparent and practically indestructible. We could spare almost any of our other inventions better than this. Our present civilisation is founded to such an extent upon our possession of this material, that you cannot better begin your study of the one than by noting the manifold applications of the other."

"It is about time to leave the city," said my companion when we again found ourselves outdoors. "My home is fully thirty miles outside the city, and we must not be late for dinner."

THE ELECTRIC CURRICLE.

Following my guide, I entered a vehicle standing near the curbstone on a sort of siding. The car was of light build and elegant appearance; the extensive use of aluminum and tinted *uolin* rendering it possible, in their construction, to combine great beauty of form with extraordinary lightness and strength.

Each of these cars had its own motor. This was placed under the body of the car, between the wheels, and was so compact as to escape notice at a first glance.

The great discovery of the principle that enables us to store a large amount of electric force in a small space completed, in some cases, what steam had begun. Such, for example, was the gradual disuse of animal power, first for draught, at last for any purpose whatever. In other cases, electricity reversed the effect of steam. Such was the utter abolition of the factory system, with all its attendant evils.

We had been the first to enter the car, which, during the short time since our entrance, had been rapidly filling. Just before the car started, another passenger entered—a lovely girl. Many beautiful faces had come under my observation, but none had for me such an inexplicable attraction as that of the fair girl now appearing at the entrance.

As these preoccupations were so filling my mind the car began to move slowly along the siding, till, just as a train of cars had passed on the inner track, our car glided out on that same track, and, accelerating its speed, soon reached the hinder car of the train before it. Beneath the platforms of the cars were powerful electromagnets, which could be made to act either as buffers or

couplers. As soon as connection was formed, most of the passengers in our car rose, and passed into the former cars; while others passed from those into the hind-car. As we approached the next station, this hind-most car detached itself, lingered behind, and ran into the siding to discharge passengers; while, at the same time, a car that had been filling up at the station began to move, and presently joined on to the train, as ours had done before. By this system of taking up and discharging passengers, the train, once started from the terminus, did not need to halt or slacken speed till it reached the end of its route.

Presently, as we drew near the upper terminus, and rose preparatory to leaving the car, my friend, in a few courteous words, introduced me to the fair maiden that had so highly excited my interest.

She was introduced under the name of Reva Diotha; I, as Ismar Thiuseu. This name, which I did not recognise at the time as having any similitude to that I had hitherto borne, was really its legitimate descendant, according to the same law of phonetic change that had transformed my friend's name to Utis Estai.

On being introduced to Reva as Ismar Thiuseu, I could plainly perceive that the name was not that of a stranger, but seemingly of one well known by report, at least, though never before seen.

THE INTER-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

At the moment, however, there was no time for conversation. Before us, across a broad, open space of smooth concrete, rose the grand terminus. Toward this converged, not only all the city railroads, but also roads from every part of the Northern Hemisphere. Behring's Strait, long since bridged over, no longer opposed an obstacle to the passage of the rolling car. Lines of road from every part of the American continent converged toward that bridge, and carried on communication between ancient and famous cities, having, as yet, neither name nor existence. From the spot where I stood I could be carried without a break, to any part of the New World or the Old.

The terminus of such a traffic was, as may be imagined, of immense extent, the concourse prodigious.

Within a few minutes we were again speeding on our way. The carriages differed, in many respects, from those now in use. For one thing, they were much wider, reminding me somewhat of the saloon of a river-boat. Yet these enormous cars were not of such unwieldy weight as might have been inferred from their dimensions.

The wonderful smoothness of the motion was largely due to the peculiar construction and arrangement of the wheels. These ran four abreast, the inner pair on a track somewhat lower than the broad metallic plates on which the outer pair ran. Derailment was thus rendered impossible. Collision from behind was obviated by means of an automatic telegraph, which kept the engineer exactly informed of the distance ahead of the preceding train.

THE SUPERSESSION OF THE HORSE.

Having gained some insight into the changes effected by time in the city, I felt some curiosity to discover whether corresponding changes had taken place in the slow-moving country. I was soon to learn, that the alterations in the aspect of the city were but slight compared with the utter change in the conditions of rural life.

We left the train at what appeared to be a small village.

My attention was specially drawn towards the house-tops. On these could be seen masses of dense foliage, which, seeming to overflow, draped the battlement-shaped

cornices. Whether in city or country, the houses are so solidly constructed, that, on their flat roofs covered with malleable glass, they are able to support a thickness of several feet of soil. On this are grown flowers, and various species of shrubs.

I was in the midst of these observations when Utis reappeared. He was seated on a vehicle, which, under his guidance, glided noiselessly as a canoe over the smooth concrete. The vehicle in which Utis now approached was, in form and construction, not unlike a two-seated tricycle. The motive power, however, was not supplied by the muscles of the rider, but by a compact electric motor, placed beneath the seat.

First starting at a moderate speed, the entire roadway being laid with a concrete as smooth and hard as stone, our curriole—as I may freely render the native appellation of our vehicle—sped on its course as noiselessly as a shadow.

Like all the main roads, this roadway was divided into three nearly equal divisions by four rows of trees. The outer divisions were assigned to the vehicles that carried on the heavy traffic. Their low wheels were provided with exceedingly broad tires, so as not to injure the roadway. About six miles an hour was their permitted limit of speed, and they were not allowed to cross the central road without special precautions.

Human life was not held so cheap as now, when a brakeman or two a day is considered a slight sacrifice to economise a few dollars.

"How do you like this?" said Utis, when our speed rose first to fifteen, then to twenty, miles an hour.

"What speed can these machines attain?" I inquired.

"On a level they easily maintain a speed of twenty miles an hour; on a long descent they are never allowed to attain the velocity they might reach."

Wagons rumbled along steadily, or turned off on the road leading to the owner's abode. Glimpses I caught of them between the trees, as they moved along on the roads parallel with ours, made me wish for a nearer view. It was a strange spectacle to see wagons running up acclivities without any visible motive-power.

"You now have seen our country roads," was his first remark, "and all our means of conveyance."

"Have you no horses, then?" said I.

"None," was the reply, "except in zoological collections."

"How, then," said I, "are agricultural operations carried on?"

"By means of caloric engines, worked by the regulated escape of highly condensed gases. They are much used for such purposes, being somewhat more economical than electric power. Seated on a machine of appropriate construction, the farmer ploughs, sows, reaps, performs, in fine, all the labour of the farm, without more muscular effort than is required for guidance. Agriculture is now a matter of brain-work, fully as much as the labours of the physician or analyst in your days."

Meanwhile we had turned into a by-road. Yet another turn, and after into a pathway little more than wide enough for the passage of our vehicle, and we come to a halt beneath a porch projecting from the spacious veranda that surrounded the house.

THE DOMESTICITIES OF UTOPIA.

"This is my home," said Utis, as we alighted, "and yours, too, till you weary of it."

At the sound of the dog's bark, two lovely children came rushing forth to welcome their father.

Two ladies met us as we entered the house. These were my host's wife and her sister. The ladies, introduced to me as Ulmene and Ialma, received me with

cordiality as a kinsman for some time expected, but seen for the first time.

Some chance expressions let fall by them informed me that I was supposed to have arrived that day by the Australian mail-ship; and, strangest of all, I received the information that my baggage had already arrived, and awaited me in my room. Somewhat bewildered by this astounding information, I followed my host to the apartment assigned me. There, sure enough, were two sizeable portmanteaus, marked, in the plain lettering of the period, the name, Ismar Thiussen, under which I had now been introduced to a number of persons.

My host, seeing me still hesitate, unpacked some of the clothing, saying as he did so,—

"As there are no servants, every family now does its own work, each member, from infancy, learning to take a due share. This is the suit you will put on after bathing," he continued, while he laid out some underclothing, and an outer suit of much the same style as that I had on, but of finer material and richer colouring. "Here is the bath," he next said, leading to where a low partition cut off about a third of the apartment. He turned on the water, pointed out the rose of the shower-bath, promising to return in twenty minutes.

Braced and invigorated by the bath, I hastened to don the simple evening suit. Seeking for a mirror, I perceived a door. Passing through it, I found myself in what was evidently the sitting-room. Besides chairs, a table, book-case, and other articles; there were many the purpose of which I could only guess.

That object resembling a small harmonium was an electric tachygraph, by which I afterwards learned to commit my thoughts to paper with the rapidity of a shorthand writer. Those other objects were, as I correctly guessed, a telephone and a telegraph apparatus. In another corner was a calculating-machine, an instrument in general use. Opposite the window hung what I sought,—a mirror,—apparently placed there rather for ornament than for use. A hasty survey of my person proved satisfactory. Accordingly, when my host appeared, to conduct me to the dining-room, I followed without diffidence.

We took our seats at a round table, the centre of which resembled a parterre, so copiously was it adorned with flowers of various kinds, mostly unknown to me.

After the utterance of a short prayer by the head of the household, he pressed on a small knob before him. The parterre in the centre of the table rose slowly before my eyes, in obedience to some concealed mechanism, and proved to be the top of a sort of dumb-waiter. I imitated the rest by taking from the compartment before me a snowy napkin, a roll, and also several forks and spoons. These were not of silver, but—imagine my surprise—of solid gold. Ulmene produced, besides, from her compartment, a tureen and set of plates. When she had placed these things before her, the *cabin*, as the dumb-waiter was called, immediately descended to its former position.

So it was with all the courses, knives were never used at table, all viands being so well cooked as to require no such aid for their division.

"All cooking," said Utis, "is done on the co-operative plan. About the centre of this district is a building, carefully fitted up with every appliance and convenience for the preparation of food that science or experience has suggested."

"Bills of fare for each day are carefully drawn up, for some time in advance, by a special committee. For we justly regard the skilful preparation of food as a fine art, contributing in no small degree to the health and happi-

ness of our race. The telephone sends in the orders of each household on the preceding evening, so that the quantity required of each dish can be estimated with scientific exactitude.

"Punctually at the appointed hour each day, dinner-trains leave the culinary depot to carry to each household the meal ordered on the preceding day.

Idma was soon to be a bride,—as soon, indeed, as she should reach the legal age,—twenty-three. She was now receiving from her sister some final instruction in the practical details of housekeeping. Though within a few weeks of her wedding-day, she was entirely free from the petty cares now attending a position such as hers. Her simple *trousseau*, though comprising nearly all the clothing she would require during the rest of her life, had long since been prepared by her own fair hands. By a pretty custom, each girl-friend contributed a piece of porcelain decorated by her own hands.

It was growing dark when we rose from table. A mere turn to a handle, and the apartment was illuminated by a flood of soft electric light, affording light for the task now before us. All set to work, each taking an allotted part in setting things to rights. One remained to sweep the table-cloth and clear the floor from crumbs. The rest of us descended to an apartment beneath the dining-room, to which the *cebin* descended. All employing themselves deftly and intelligently, everything was in order in about twenty minutes.

This short interlude over, we betook ourselves to the parlour.

"I would show you the record now," she continued, "but we are about to have some music."

When the ladies left us, Utis and I passed out on the broad veranda, and looked for a while on the moon-lit scene. As we re-entered the house, I reminded him that all the doors and windows were wide open.

"Now that it is so warm," he replied, "we leave the house as open as possible."

"But," said I, "what about thieves?"

"Oh! thieves. There are no such creatures among us, or, at least, they are as phenomenal as cannibals were in your time. No: we need close our doors against nothing more formidable than cold or wet."

While thus talking, we had reached the roof. It was covered with a dense, closely shaven sward. Closely shaven, at least, it appeared to me. But, in reality, the grass was of a species that never grew beyond little more than an inch in length, the result of long-continued selection.

AN ELECTRIC COUCH.

Utis, after some conversation, reconducted me to my sleeping apartment, and turned on the electric light. Going forward, he drew my attention to a magnetic needle suspended below the ceiling, and over the hammock already mentioned. It might, perhaps, be more correctly designated as a suspended bed. I had supposed the material to be silk; but it was, in reality, derived from a certain vegetable fibre that emulated silk in many of its properties. The whole was suspended from a circular metallic plate resting on supports in the ceiling that allowed of its being adjusted in any direction. The friction of the points of suspension was reduced to a minimum by ingenious mechanical devices. By pressing on a small knob, placed within convenient reach, the occupant of the hammock could cause a gentle swing to be communicated to his couch, which motion, moreover, could be made to continue for a regulated time. A sort of punka, set in motion and controlled in the same manner, could be made to gently fan the sleeping

occupant of the hammock. On warm nights I found this highly acceptable. Another knob, also within easy reach, enabled me at will to control the electric light, so as to flood the room with a light rivalling that of day, or produce total darkness.

"This hammock," said Utis, after he had explained the use of the different knobs, "is suspended, as you see, in the line of the magnetic meridian. This is for physiological reasons that I will explain some other time. Let us take another look into your trunk," he added, leading the way to the other room. "It seems to me that I noticed something resembling a diary among your other effects."

Musing on the strange mutations produced by time, I soon slept the dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

THE MORNING TASK.

The early dawn afforded barely sufficient light to render objects distinguishable when I awoke. According to the curious dial, it was nearly half-past four. My eyes, still wandering round the room, next caught sight of Utis standing in the doorway.

"We have three hours of hard work before us," said Utis.

The sound of a power-loom was heard in the next apartment. Mingled with this could be distinguished the peculiar hum of some other machine; while at intervals the pleasant sound of female voices, and an occasional burst of half-unconscious song, informed me of the personality of the operators.

The ladies' workroom was as diverse from the aspect of the typical factory-room as is the *boudoir* of a princess from the kennel of a Caffre's female drudge.

The loom, as well as the other machine, which proved to be a sort of stocking-frame, was finished in the style of the machinery I had seen in the city, and was worked by electric power.

One workshop, toward which I followed my host, was well lighted, both walls and roof being of *ualin*. Near the centre was what I correctly surmised to be a forge, or blast-furnace. Close by stood anvils, and various contrivances for working in metal.

First, by the mere turning of a handle, Utis produced a roaring gas-flame,—an oxyhydrogen blast, indeed,—capable of reducing the most refractory metals to a liquid state in an incredibly short time. Under his direction I was soon busily engaged in feeding and controlling the movements of a machine for turning out large screw-bolts of a peculiar pattern. The work itself was done by the machine, yet each bolt required the exertion of a certain amount of muscular and mental effort.

"You are doing well," said Utis, after observing my work for a while. "If you find this work too monotonous, you may learn to manage the lathe."

He then left me, and busied himself in turning out and fitting the nuts for the bolts. For my part, I grew so engrossed with my work, viewing with gratification the gradual diminution of the pile of material near my hand, that it was almost with regret I found the power suddenly shut off, and heard the cheery voice of Utis,—

"Half an hour for bath and toilet, then breakfast."

The breakfast to which we sat down it is not necessary to characterise more fully than by saying that it fairly matched the dinner of the previous evening.

The ladies, bright-eyed and cheerful from exercise, and rosy from the morning bath, lent sparkle to the conversation. No one, seeing their fresh and elegant costumes, would have imagined them to have spent three active hours in the labour of factory-hands. Nor must it be

thought that these labours had been performed in a perfunctory manner. Whatever these people did, they did with all their might. The labour of the early morning was entered into with all the zest inspired among us by athletic exercises alone.

FARMING IN THE FUTURE.

Breakfast over, and everything restored to proper order, the children departed for school. Utis took me under his charge.

Our heads protected by a sort of sun-helmet, we issued forth to view the fields. What first drew my attention in the landscape was the general absence of fences, pasture, or masses of woodland.

Land was far too valuable to be left under forest. But the borders of all roads were planted with approved varieties of trees. These both afforded a pleasant shade to the roads, and, by the cutting down of every thirtieth tree or so each year, yielded a sufficient supply of timber for the few purposes to which it was applied.

I was filled with surprise to see the high state of cultivation to which had been brought the whole country around where Utis had his home. Yet this was nothing exceptional. Everywhere this same state of things was to be seen. Not a waste corner, not a weed, was visible.

"We need no fences," said Utis, in reply to an observation of mine, "since there are no cattle to keep, either out or in."

"No cattle!" I exclaimed. "Whence, then, that rich milk, that excellent beef-steak, that made its appearance on the breakfast table this morning?"

"Our milk," replied Utis, "is an artificial product prepared from maize; so, to a large extent, is our beef, as you call it, and similar articles of food. Our experts are able, not only to imitate any definite compound known to exist in nature, but even to invent others, some of the greatest value."

"We could—it has been done—compound food directly from mineral substances. That, however, is difficult and costly. We prefer to let nature do most of the work to our hand. From the vegetable world we obtain certain stock compounds, from which, by suitable modifications, we form all we need. From maize alone, as a basis, every variety of food could be prepared."

"Besides cats and dogs, these are the only domestic animals usually kept among us," said Utis, as we arrived at an extensive enclosure surrounded by a lofty wire netting, containing a variety of domestic fowl.

Eggs and fish were the only animal products used as food. Sheep were raised, in like manner, solely for the sake of their fleece. The breed, accordingly, would not among us create great demand for their mutton.

These sheep were kept in immense flocks, the manner of herding them presenting an interesting example of that reversion to primitive customs which I had so frequently to remark. At intervals of a few years it had been found advantageous to allow the land to rest from constant cropping. By general agreement, a whole region—the northern part of the Atlantic slope, for example—would have its entire area of arable land put under grass for a year. To the enormous grazing-ground thus provided would be driven the millions of sheep pastured the preceding year on the contiguous region. Beginning at one extremity of the region, the countless flocks would gradually pass on, feeding their way, toward the next region. In this way the grazing-area would gradually shift from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, and thence return by another course. The soil, rested and enriched, is ploughed over immediately after the passage of the last flock.

"Our system of cultivation is peculiar," said my host. "The amount of land held by each family is small—about ten acres, perhaps. By the labours of ages the soil has been enriched and thoroughly pulverised, besides being completely underlaid with pipes for drainage and for irrigation."

"But," said I, "since you have no cattle, whence do you obtain your fertilisers?"

"By allowing nothing to go to waste," was the reply. "Our sewage, instead of poisoning rivers, is made to fertilise the land. The rocks, too, and the ocean are made to render aid. But our most effectual means of ensuring fertility is a thorough system of irrigation. Not a drop of water, for example, is allowed to run to waste from our numerous bath-rooms. It all runs to a reservoir, whence, by appropriate means, it is distributed over the soil. But come," said he, rising, "I have something interesting to show you."

THE FAIR LADY AND HER CURRICLE.

In obedience to this summons, I followed to a glass-framed shed near the house. There, beside the curricule on which we had come the day before, stood another, all resplendent in the unsoiled gloss of novelty. This vehicle had been procured for me, and Utis anticipated my wish by proposing a trial on the road.

"It seems to be seated for only one," said I. "But will it be safe for a novice to venture alone?"

"This is the way to expand the seat," was the reply. "I will steer till we reach the main road."

Ere we reached there I had mastered the few simple motions that controlled the machine; then, taking the tiller, I put my metallic steed to its paces. Presently, seeing me sufficiently master of the machine, Utis requested me to set him down at a house where he had some business. As he desired me to call again in about an hour, I reminded him that I had no watch. He then drew my attention to three small dials inserted near the foot-rest. One was the dial of a cyclometer, recording the distance run; a second was a watch-dial, divided as already explained; on a third, an index, moving like that of a steam-gauge, indicated the rate of speed at any moment.

Never shall I forget the exhilaration of that ride! At a rate of speed such as can be maintained by a horse for a brief period only, on I dashed, without let or pause. Onward sped my silent steed, with unabated force, till the dial showed that half my time was expired.

On my return, I had reached within a mile or two of where I expected to find Utis, when I observed, some distance ahead, a curricule standing on the turnout of the road. The rider's back was toward me, but her stooping position—by this time I had recognised the dress as that of a young girl—showed her to be busied at something beneath the body of the vehicle.

I was in some doubt as to what would be proper for me to do, to offer assistance or pass on, when the young lady, rising to an erect position, and turning toward me, revealed the face of Reva Diotha. The stooping position from which she had just risen had heightened the colour of her complexion, and somewhat disordered her abundant locks. Throwing back her hair over her shoulder, she frankly expressed her delight at my opportune arrival.

[The whole of the love-story which follows, and which forms the gist of the romance, must be remorselessly suppressed. Suffice it to say that he falls in love with the fair Reva Diotha, and, after discovering that she is a

remote descendant of Edith Alston, whom he had loved and jilted eighty thousand years before he was to have married her when the story comes to a tragic end. All this must be read in "The Diothas," space forbids its reproduction here.]

After I returned home I learned that Olav was to set out on the following day from Valparaiso on his return journey. Ialma presently retired to her room to hold some telephonic communication on her own account. Reva made a calculation, that by taking a certain route, and travelling in his curricule at the rate of two hundred and forty miles a day, her brother would reach home in four weeks.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS REVOLUTIONIST.

Utis and I did not sit out on the roof this evening He proposed, instead, to help me unpack my trunks, and arrange the contents. He produced from the second trunk, and placed on the table, an article having some resemblance, both in size and shape, to a writing-desk that was once mine. On being opened, however, the interior presented a most unfamiliar appearance. It was a phonograph of the latest construction.

In its present form it serves almost as a second memory. Its introduction into legislative halls, and similar places, in the course of the twentieth century, led to many and beneficent changes. There ensued an enormous curtailment in the length of speeches, simultaneously with great improvement both in matter and manner. Orators found in this a reporter that could neither be bullied nor bribed. Bad grammar, vulgar pronunciation, disjointed logic,—all were reproduced with pitiless accuracy.

The attempt to remove the phonograph led to the political extinction of the party that tried to interfere with free audience. The instrument, and the metallic sheets containing the records, were placed under special constitutional safeguards.

"The effect upon oratory at first resembled, in some degree, that produced upon epistolary correspondence by the general use of the telegraph. To the one extreme of careless verbosity succeeded the opposite one of a dry concision bordering on obscurity. Audibility of tone was cultivated at the expense of all other vocal qualities. In course of time, however, it was rediscovered, that, though a trope is not an argument, it may be efficiently employed to illustrate an argument, or even be used as an elegant substitute for one."

"What was the effect upon the press?" inquired I, greatly interested.

"Upon the press,—that is, the press militant,—the effect produced was analogous to that of electric power upon the factory system,—not so much extinction as organic change. By means of the phonograph, the orator was, to a great extent, restored to the position once occupied by a great speaker in Greece or Rome. The greatest speeches were no longer delivered in public. The phonograph recorded his words, which were presently borne on the wings of lightning to every part of the world."

While yet speaking, he had approached the phonograph, and made some adjustment, besides connecting it with the tachygraph.

"Now listen," he said, at the same time pulling a knob. To my astonishment, the early part of the conversation just related was repeated with a precision of intonation almost ludicrous. The effect upon me of becoming, as it were, a listener to myself, was not unlike that said to be

produced upon a savage by the first view of himself in a mirror.

"Come near," said Utis.

I approached, and found the tachygraph in busy operation. Utis stopped the machine, drew out a sheet of paper, and showed it to me covered with printed characters. These, I understood, represented the words just repeated by the phonograph; though I was not able to decipher the peculiar short-hand in which they were reproduced.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, as all the advantages of this invention rushed upon my mind. Here, indeed, was every man his own stenographer and printer!

THE DEATH OF DEMOCRACY.

What I learned in regard to the origin of the social condition and government of his period was communicated to me by Utis in a series of conversations.

"The more or less democratical forms of Government," he began, "that rose on the ruins of the decayed monarchical and aristocratical systems of your time, soon showed symptoms of decay. Loudly claiming to be the embodiment of justice and natural right, they soon rivalled the worst of former despotisms in corruption, and high-handed disregard of individual rights.

"Governors, legislators, and judges, appointed under the dictation of colossal sharpers and political quacks, were naturally the pliant tools of those that made them. Learning, honesty, industry, died out, or took refuge in other lands. Society relapsed to a form of barbarism more frightful even than that of primitive ages, man being now armed for evil with a terrible control over the forces of nature.

"From this seething and fermenting mass were gradually evolved new political organisations. From the extremes of democracy and lawlessness, government, in these lands, naturally reverted to various systems of despotism and repression.

"Certain nations served as frightful examples to others. On these latter the warning was not always lost. The better disposed of their citizens had time to take alarm, on seeing the downward course of their neighbours. They saw the folly of being led by party cries into the support of knaves. They resolved no longer to be oppressed under the forms of liberty, and robbed in the name of law.

"In the political upheaval that ensued, the phonograph played much the same important part once filled by the printing-press during the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Charlatans no longer found it so easy to palm themselves off as statesmen, when their every legislative utterance was spoken, as it were, in the ears of their assembled constituents.

"By an important law, rigidly enforced by a special tribunal, every public officer became responsible, in means and person, for the due fulfilment of his duties. He that neglected the recovery of a fine due the State, was made to pay it from his own property: he that allowed a prisoner to escape, was made to suffer the full penalty in his stead. Trial by jury, having fallen into utter contempt, was abolished, except in political trials.

"In proportion as the consequences of the general relaxation of the bonds of law and morality among certain nations became evident, the temper of the people over here became stern, almost savage. Offences against the person were punished according to the *lex talionis*. The murderer was put to death as nearly as possible in the manner he had slain his victim. In atrocious cases he was handed over to the mercies of physiological experimentalists, to endure what they saw fit in the interests of the humanity he had violated.

"An earnest attempt, finally successful, was made to stamp out the criminal classes. The thief found guilty for the third time was put to death as incorrigible, painlessly as might be, but inexorably. The lazy and shiftless were gathered into what they soon found were workhouses in more than name, means being taken that effectually put it out of their power to curse society with a progeny similar to themselves. Offences against the family relation, justly regarded as the foundation of the State, were visited with such punishment as, in conjunction with other causes, soon rendered offences of that nature among the rarest.

THE GREAT WAR: DESTRUCTION OF LONDON.

"The two sets of nations developing thus on such divergent lines became known, finally, as Absolutists and Liberals. The Absolutists believed, or pretended to believe, that the rule of an intelligent despot is the highest type of government. This theory found eloquent advocates, whose zeal was not allowed to go unrewarded. The Liberals held the opposite view, but never found it worth while arguing the matter.

"For centuries Absolutists and Liberals, in spite of occasional bickerings, and a few trials of strength, continued to develop, each in their own way attaining a high degree of material prosperity. But at last arose a great military genius. By a series of successful campaigns, he reduced all the Absolutist monarchies under one huge empire. He next attacked and overwhelmed, in spite of a desperate resistance, the Liberal nations of the Old World. It was during this conflict that London was reduced to a heap of ruins.

"Fired with the hope of universal empire, he next resolved on the subjugation of America. His fleets, armed with the tremendous inventions of scientific warfare, overbore all opposition, and landed an immense army upon our shores. Never was the cause of liberty in greater peril. For almost a full year he held the whole Atlantic region; but finally, at a cost still frightful to recall, the invader was first checked, then driven back toward the coast, and at last captured with what remained of his army. The vanquished monarch would fain have prated of generosity to a fallen foe; but the gray-haired farmer, whom the course of events had raised to the dictatorship, took no such view. He sternly replied:—

"This has been no childish game. Two millions of our people have perished. Your success meant death to us: ours means death to you and the system you represent."

"The dictator kept his word. Within six months he carried out his threat by hanging, in his own capital, the 'Last of the Despots,' in company with all his ministers and chief officers. There had been but slight resistance. The nations joyfully accepted the free institutions for which they had long secretly pined. Despotism had received its final blow. A sort of federal union of nations was then formed, by which all became pledged to preserve a republican form of government throughout the world, and to guarantee to each nation the integrity of its territory, even amicable arrangements for transfer or union being subject to the approval of all.

"Since then, the progress of mankind in good government has been peaceful and continuous.

EDUCATION AND INHERITANCE.

"Our main reliance, after all, is upon education. The training of the young is regarded as the one great duty, both of the family and of the State. We impart to our

youth of both sexes a twofold physical training. The æsthetic training includes such exercises, by means of formal gymnastics, games, and a species of complicated dance somewhat resembling the military evolutions of ancient times, as tend to impart activity and grace. Morals, including politeness, self-government, the acquisition of lofty ideals of conduct, we regard as specially, though not exclusively the province of family training.

"At school much of the time is occupied in industrial training and in the practical application of the mechanical and scientific principles that underlie our industrial system. At special schools, when arrived at a suitable age, the young receive instruction in the handicraft they intend to practise during life."

"Do all learn a mechanical occupation?" I inquired.

"All, without exception."

"But the children of wealthy parents?" I asked.

"They too," was the reply. "At a very early period it was found that the excessive accumulation of wealth in certain families led to very serious evils. The power of bequest was accordingly limited by law. This, in the values of your period, might be estimated at about twenty thousand dollars."

Utis bade me good-night, and left me to dream of Reva Diotha.

SEVEN YEARS' PUBLIC SERVICE.

Although, as before stated, there was neither army nor navy to maintain, there was, nevertheless, a sort of conscription in force that exacted for public purposes the service of all young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. By these conscripts, called *zerdars*, were performed those labours which, however useful or indispensable, are not attractive as life employments to those not compelled to follow them.

At seventeen each young man was expected to report for duty at a certain place. There, unless allowed to return home for another year, he was at once assigned to some duty, always at a distance from home. According as exigency required, any *zerdar* might become a sailor, a miner, a member of the sanitary police, and so on.

The younger were first assigned to comparatively light tasks. I had already remarked, with some surprise, that the conductors of the city railroads, and other similar officials, were all very young. After a year or more at such light tasks, they were drafted to heavier labours in some other division of the world; regard being had, as far as possible, to the preferences of the young men. In order to give the *zerdars* the educational advantage of becoming familiar, in turn, with every great division of the world, its climate, and its productions, the various nations had established a sort of universal labour exchange, somewhat on the plan of the postal unions of the present. In this way, during his seven or eight years of service, each *zerdar* would visit every part of the world, and certainly gain an extensive knowledge of mankind; no impediment existing in the way of difference of language, or class feeling, to prevent free social or intellectual intercourse.

All this time, too, he was receiving good pay, and his education was carefully attended to. This, indeed, was the busiest and most hard-worked part of a man's life, the dangers of idleness being guarded against by almost constant occupation.

The great majority of betrothals took place, either just before the youthful *zerdar* departed on his first year of service, or during the furlough at the end of that year. The enormously improved telephone enabled the *zerdar*, no matter how distant, to converse as freely with his betrothed as if in the same apartment. Imagine such an

intercourse continuing for years, an interchange of ideas combining the charms of conversation with those of correspondence.

Our ideal of marriage is, no doubt, greatly in advance of that of any former age. Friendship among men, in the ancient acceptation of the term, is practically extinct. Among several causes for this, the chief one is, that men have, to a great degree, learned to look to their wives for that sympathy and confidential advice once sought from some chosen friend.

All wore a handsome uniform; the years of service, and hence the official rank, being indicated by the different colours of the edging of the tunic. Those under betrothal were easily distinguished by the engagement ring, which they were expected to wear on all occasions.

If an incipient flirtation was suspected between a maiden of the place and an ineligible, that is, a betrothed, *serdar*, he was apt to be suddenly assigned to a distant field of duty.

Though subject to an organization and discipline resembling, in some degree, that of our armies, the *serdars* were not quartered in barracks, but were assigned to homes among the households of the place where duty detained them.

HOLIDAY TRIPS TO THE POLE.

At the season when transferred from one post of duty to another, each *serdar* was allowed a furlough of a month or six weeks, in which to transport himself to his new sphere of duty. The transfers took place for one-half the number in spring, for the other half in autumn. In this way was secured the most desirable season of the year for travelling.

As he was not allowed, however, to spend more than two days at home, a large part of the journey, if not all, was performed by currie. Mounted on these, and careering over the splendid roads that penetrated every corner of the terrestrial globe, the young men could accomplish with ease a distance of two hundred and forty miles a day, or four hundred miles when pressed for time.

With literally "the world before them where to choose," they yet preferred, as a rule, so to map out their route, that it would gradually bring them to the place where, on a certain day, they should report for duty. Thus, at one time they would course for days over the seemingly endless pampas of South America: on another occasion they spent weeks of wonder and delight in the region of the Amazon, skirting the shores of its mighty flood, and viewing with the intelligent curiosity of cultivated minds the most remarkable vegetation to be seen on earth. On another excursion they sped across Africa, no longer the sable and unknown, to visit the renowned cataracts of the Zambesi, still distinguished by the name of a good queen of ancient renown. Thence they turned to descend the course of the once mysterious Nile, viewed with awe the pyramids, most venerable of earth's monuments, thence hastened along the southern shores of the Mediterranean to their appointed station in what is now called Morocco.

What did engage my deepest attention was his account of an excursion by balloon to the North Pole. To Utis, however, this journey proved of much inferior interest to others attended with less discomfort. He showed me, in his album, photographs of scenery immediately around the Pole. They struck me as remarkably similar to the well-known scenes found in every record of Polar travel of the present day. Icebergs, walruses, seals, all were there: only the familiar Esquimaux and his dog were missing—vanished into the limbo of the long-forgotten past.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PHONOGRAPHY.

Of these I will mention only two, both in photography, or, rather, in the extensive field of applied science of which photography is merely the humble beginning. These remarkable inventions, called respectively the *varzeo* and the *lizeo*, were, indeed, characteristically feminine in their purpose and application, as were the great majority of woman's inventions. By means of the one she was enabled, as in a magic mirror, and almost as well as if there present, to behold those distant scenes to which she had less free access than man—before marriage, at least. By means of the other was presented to her eyes, endowed with the movement of life, the loved form separated by distance or death.

I have already mentioned that Ialma made photography her speciality. One day, by special invitation, I was admitted to her studio. She engaged me in an animated discussion on some topics—what, I do not remember—while she appeared to be busied in making some adjustments in the curious instrument beside which she stood. Presently she produced for my inspection an extensive collection of sun-pictures, and, while I was occupied with these, went on with her preparations, as I thought, for taking my portrait, to obtain which was one object of my visit.

"Look here," she replied, pointing to the table before her.

On approaching, I found the entire table covered with a number of portraits of myself. How they had been taken, I could not at first imagine; for I had not, to my knowledge, been "posing," in any sense of the term. A closer examination somewhat explained the seeming mystery. I had been "taken" on the wing, as it were. Each portrait showed a slight change of position from that shown in the preceding one of the series.

In all this, however, there was nothing specially wonderful. It was not till a few hours after that I discovered the full scope of the invention.

"You will be better able to judge of the result," said Ialma, "when you see them in the *lizeo*."

In the evening, after dinner, a small piece of furniture was rolled forward on casters from the corner where I had frequently noticed it, and supposed to be some kind of sewing-machine. A knob being pressed by Ialma, a small electric light within lighted up a sort of niche, in which was seen one of the portraits taken in the morning. It was, however, increased in size, had its colouring fully developed, and showed a peculiar stereoscopic effect for which I could not account.

Ialma pressed another knob, and the picture seemed endowed with life and voice. I,—for it was indeed myself, reduced to one-twelfth of my natural dimensions,—I seemed to turn from regarding some object to my left, towards which I had been pointing. The movement of eyes, lips, of every feature, was in exact unison. I recognised what was seemingly uttered by my miniature double, as an inquiry put by me in the morning. The whole action and speech, occupied, perhaps, thirty seconds, then could be repeated, with or without the voice, as often as desired.

The voice was due of course, to a concealed phonograph, which, as well as the fact that I was focussed in the camera, had purposely been kept out of sight, so as not to interfere with that naturalness of expression otherwise so difficult to obtain. An ingenious piece of mechanism caused the series of pictures to pass rapidly before the niche, at such a rate as to cause the visual impressions so to overlap as to produce the illusion that the figure seen was actually in motion.

The *liseo*, as I discovered, was an instrument found in every household. By means of it, not only the absent living could be made to speak before our eyes, but also the dead, even of remote ages. Every family possessed a very complete series of family portraits adapted to this instrument. These were taken and perpetuated by a process that rendered them practically indestructible.

THE GUEST-CHAMBER OF THE DEAD.

The four early working hours of the following morning were devoted by my host and me to the various labours necessary for the maintenance of the garden, and other surroundings of the house, in their customary high conditions of neatness. On my expressing some surprise at the comparative absence of weeds, Utis explained,—

"By care continued through long ages, mankind have succeeded in extirpating the most noxious weeds.

On a subsequent occasion, when expressing some apprehension in respect to the probable appearance of the mosquito to interfere with our enjoyment of the summer evenings, he had been somewhat amused at the idea. It was much as if some visitor among us from the Orient should take it for granted that fleas and similar insects are as naturally to be expected as denizens of our sleeping apartments, as they are in those of his native land. The appearance of mosquitoes in a district would have been regarded as reflecting quite as great discredit on the population, as would among us the appearance of the above-mentioned denizens in a house.

"We regard them as a not unuseful little pest," said he; "since they indicate the existence of some undesirable sanitary conditions, that must be discovered and put an end to."

On descending to breakfast I found that Reva had returned home, summoned by her father, who announced the reported approach of a great storm from the West.

"I wish I had known this earlier," remarked Utis. "We need not have worked quite so vigorously as we did, seeing that we have a day of vigorous exertion before us."

It was even so. The storm-signals were out, and every male inhabitant was expected to turn out and aid in saving the splendid crop of wheat with which the district was covered. All that day we laboured, with an intermission of an hour in the midst of the day. Little was heard but the few words of direction from the overseers of the work, and the sharp click of the machines that, following in due order, cut, thrashed, and winnowed the grain. This, without being bagged, was conveyed at once to the elevator. Other machines cut up the straw into inch lengths, so as to admit of its being stowed away in less bulk, it being a valued basis for many manufactures.

Ere darkness came on, the land had been stripped of its golden covering as by magic; and all returned home, weary, indeed, but conscious of having performed a good day's work. Little was said during the belated meal, except in reference to the approaching storm, of whose violence accounts were already coming in.

We did not, after all, lie in the direct path of the storm. A few miles farther north, almost every tree was prostrated throughout the district, while we escaped with comparatively slight damage, though the storm was supposed to be the severest that had occurred for several generations. This evening is signalled in my memory, however, chiefly by a peculiar adventure that occurred to me.

During the height of the storm, I had occasion to go to my room for a certain book. Just as I closed the

door to return, there came a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder that seemed to make the building shake to its foundation. At the same moment the electric light that illuminated the corridor gave a fitful flash, then left me in total darkness. Confused, I took the wrong direction, going right on instead of to the left. Before traversing the whole corridor, I knew I had made a mistake.

While pausing, trying to orient myself, by the flash that seemed to issue from it I became aware of a half-open door just facing me. I entered. By looking from the window I might gain some idea of where I was. I found myself in a lofty circular apartment, of fair size and lighted by a round window in the midst of the vaulted roof. This I could see by the now almost incessant glare of lightning. Ceiling, floor, and walls were cased in marble. Of marble, also, were the rows of carved consoles that occupied the walls from ceiling to floor. On each console stood an urn of beautiful but severe design. The materials were various: many were of marble of different kinds, the majority of some transparent material. As the thunder rolled above my head, and the lightning-gleam reflected from the polished surfaces revealed the medallions cut in relief, I began to understand, and was filled with a solemn awe.

With some difficulty I found my way back. When the ladies had retired, I told Utis of what I had seen. He simply remarked,—

"Though that is called the 'Guest-Chamber,' I ought not to have left you to stumble on it by yourself, and that, too, under such peculiar surroundings. It must have been left open by some chance to-day."

He then proceeded to explain to me their manner of disposing of the dead. For nearly seventy centuries cremation had been practically the only method in use, it having more and more commended itself to the common sense of mankind.

By this time the storm had ceased, except an occasional subdued rumble in the distance. He led the way in silence to the marble chamber, and turned on the subdued radiance of an electric light.

"Here," said he, "are the ashes of a hundred and twenty generations. We call it the 'Guest-Chamber;' because we enter the house as the guests of our parents, and finally remain here as the guests of our children.

"Each of these urns contains all that remains of a family,—husband and wife, and unmarried children; and, of course, all the married daughters of the house, who repose in the guest-chambers of the families into which they married."

I gazed around me with awe. Never had human existence seemed to me so transitory. Yet here the aspect of death was nothing horrible, but something inexpressibly solemn.

THE POPE IN BOSTON.

That Boston, the liberal, the cultured, the nursing mother of American literature,—that Boston should become the focus of Romanism, not for America only, but for the world,—should, in fine, become associated in the minds of men with all now associated with the name of Rome, will, no doubt, overwhelm others with the same incredulous astonishment the story at first evoked in me. But so it was. Driven from Italy, the Papacy found a welcome and a refuge in New England. Boston became, and remained during long ages, the chosen seat of that church of which its founders had a special abhorrence.

The strange mutation was rendered possible by a simple cause. In accordance with the same economic

law by which the baser coin drives out the better, a lower class of labour drives out a superior. Thus the free population of Italy disappeared before the hordes of imported slaves, the superior population of New England before the crowds of imported labourers of an inferior class. In all probability, Papacy could not have developed amid the original population of free Italy: it certainly could never have gained a foothold amid the original white population of New England.

All this, and more, I learned during an excursion in Hulmar's company, to Thiveät (corrupted from Civitas Beata), the latter name of Boston. The journey there and back occupied, in all, about five hours. The city itself was as changed in appearance as in name. The old familiar landmarks had disappeared. The bay, the islands, the general outline of the shore were still recognizable; but all else was strange.

We had taken our stand upon one of the remaining towers of the cathedral, a once magnificent structure, erected on the site now occupied by the State House. Planned to surpass St. Peter's, and requiring for its completion a whole century of energetic effort and unstinted outlay, it had been justly regarded as one of the architectural wonders of the world. Now it was mostly crumbled into ruin.

From this lofty position my companion was able to point out to me the ruins of the dungeon-like walls of the Palace of the Inquisition on Governor's Island: the whole surface was so covered with ruined masonry that it had never been thought worth while to clear it away. On Deer Island a massive arch alone marked the site of what had once been a famous monastery. A monolith, surmounted by a statue in honour of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, had taken the place of the pillar consecrated by the eloquence of Webster.

He next pointed out to me a broad *plaza*, surrounded by an apparently well-preserved colonnade. In the midst a fountain of magnificent proportions tossed on high its waters, sparkling in the rays of the summer sun. All this had formed an appurtenance to the papal palace, now entirely vanished, except a small portion converted into a museum and library.

On our way home, Hulmar recounted to me the steps in the political and intellectual decadence of New England. These were the accession to political supremacy of an ignorant and superstitious foreign element; the accelerated emigration of the original stock; the establishment of a State church, in fact though not in name, by improving on the example of the Mormon church; decisions by obsequious courts that placed the education fund practically under the control of the priesthood; the removal of the seat of the Papacy to Boston; attainment, by the Jesuits, of a controlling power in many States, by adroit manipulation of parties; rapid decline and ultimate extinction of the Papacy, after its alliance with the invaders during the "Great Invasion."

WEDDED AND DROWNED.

Omitting all detail, let me say that at last the time came when Reva and I were to be married. On the morning of their wedding they went out in an electric boat on the stream above the Rapids of the Niagara.

As we approached the northern extremity of the island, the current became ever swifter.

I, too, had to acknowledge a similar feeling, one of awed wonder as it were, at the completeness of our happiness. So rare are the gleams of perfect sunshine on the pathway of life, that we are almost afraid to enjoy the unwon splendour; as in certain climes a sunrise of unsullied brightness is regarded as the sure precursor of a stormy day.

This passing mood may have been partly influenced by the increasing volume of sound that betokened our approach toward the grandest spectacle on our continent. A change of wind, indeed, was now causing the muffled thunder of the falls to reach our ears in one continuous though distant roar, fit herald of our passage from the beautiful to the sublime.

With some relief, that, following the directions conspicuously displayed at certain places, I found myself in comparatively still water near the apex of the island.

After learning the bearings and distances, I was somewhat doubtful of our ability to reach the best spot for seeing the fall in the time at our disposal, even for a fugitive glance. The look of disappointment in Reva's eyes, when I expressed this opinion, put all hesitation to flight; and soon we were steering for the western shore.

"I had set my heart greatly on standing here in your company," said Reva, as we stood together before the wondrous spectacle, to her altogether new, to me, some way, strangely familiar. "This will be a moment to think of during the long interval before we can have such another day."

We could remain but a few minutes. During these, however, Reva found opportunity to telephone home our whereabouts in case we should be late. On the course I was now obliged to adopt, so as to save time, the rapidly descending sun shone full in our faces. It was probably for that reason that I did not observe what, observed sooner, might yet have afforded us a chance. It was Reva first observed it. She had been turning, at intervals, to view the splendid spectacle behind us; while I was obliged to keep my eyes ahead.

"Ismar," she almost whispered, "is the current too much for us? We seem to be making scarcely any headway."

At this time we were perhaps a mile north of Grand Isle. Even when I saw for myself that Reva's observation was correct, I was not so much startled as surprised. The current must be indeed strong to nearly neutralise the speed of a boat able to make fifteen miles an hour in still water. Turning out of this current would cause some slight delay, that was all.

I accordingly slightly altered our course, and was now for the first time really alarmed. The boat seemed to have hardly steerage way. Hastily I examined the gauge that served to indicate the amount of available electric force in the reservoir. With difficulty I repressed a groan. The gauge indicated almost zero. The stored-up energy had been dissipated during the long courses made by the boat that day, mostly at a high rate of speed. One more experienced in the use of such machines would have thought of this, and seen to the reservoir being recharged. What was I but an ignorant savage, was my bitter reflection, unfit to be trusted with the appliances of a superior civilisation?

Reva, too, had read the terrible indication, and apprehended its full significance. The noble girl grew pale, but quailed not. Neither spoke. It was no time for words. There seemed but one chance left,—to turn the boat, and trust that our small remnant of motive-power would enable us to keep a course oblique to the current so as to reach the shore somewhere above the falls.

I headed for the eastern shore, as the nearer, and also, because I had noticed that the current on the eastern side of Grand Isle was much less rapid than that on the western side. For a time it seemed as if this plan would succeed. We reached within little more than a quarter of a mile of the shore. But at the same moment our remnant of motive-power became exhausted; and, seized by a powerful eddy, we were swept out to near the

middle of the river, this time more than a mile farther down. We were now utterly helpless. Even the power of steering had ceased with the exhaustion of the motive-power.

I looked around to see whence aid could come, and waved a scarf at the end of a rod. Its being so near the dinner-hour, made it a bad hour of the day for us. Had our plight been perceived in time, efficient aid might possibly have reached us. As it was, I saw more than one boat dart forth, in eager answer to my signals of distress. One boat especially, boldly and skillfully steered, was headed so as to cut our course. Beside the steerer sat a female form, with garments fluttering in the wind caused by their rapid motion. We watched them, helpless to further their efforts even by changing the course of our boat. I did what I could by trailing one of the Afghans over the stern.

"I am afraid it is all of no use," said Reva calmly, after attentively watching them for some time. "They cannot reach us before we pass those rocks."

"And then?" said I.

"Then, Ismar, we are beyond human aid."

We sat for some time after this in silence, I holding her unresisting hand in mine.

"This, then, is death," said I, after we had passed the rocks. Oh, with what regretful yearning did I gaze at the young and beautiful life beside me! how bitterly did I feel my impotence to save!

"Yes," said Reva, seeming to read my thought. "But you have done all you can." Here she took my hand in hers, and caressed it with a gesture that almost unmanned me, so forcibly did it remind me of that father whose grief I dared not think of. "One heedless request of mine has brought us both to this. Are you willing to grant me one more?"

"Can you doubt it?" was my almost reproachful response. "But what now lies in my power to grant?"

"You can give me the privilege to call you husband before I die."

I understood at once. In presence of a great danger to one or both, a betrothed pair might, in this way, anticipate the usual date for their union. All that was necessary was, to make the customary change of rings, in the presence of witnesses. Reva rose, and, turning toward the nearer shore, made gestures as if changing her ring. Those on shore showed their comprehension by raising their right hands in solemn attestation.

Pronouncing the customary formula, I changed the ring from the finger where I had so lately placed it, to that where its presence proclaimed her a wedded wife. She performed a like office for me. At this moment the sun went down, and ceased to illumine with a mocking splendour the mists that rose from the awful gulf, which we were now nearing with a frightful velocity.

"Kiss me, my dear husband," she said, received from my lips the sacred title of wife, gave me one more look of unutterable love, then closed her eyes, and nestled closely to my side, within my encircling arm. A very slight trembling of her slender frame, a somewhat tightened clasp of my hand, alone gave token of her consciousness of our swiftly approaching doom. I kept my eyes fixed upon her face. I really dared no longer look before, lest I might see the horrible abyss just beneath us. I saw her lips move. The awful thunders that seemed to rush to meet us obliged me to place my ear close to her lips.

"God is good," were the words I faintly distinguished. "We shall m——"

At this moment the boat seemed to give a wild leap into the air; then followed a horrible sensation of falling from a great height, amid a deafening roar, as of a universe crashing into ruin; then oblivion.

CONCLUSION.

It was with a sort of confused surprise, that, on recovering the consciousness of existence, I found myself alive at all. Instead, too, of battling for life amid a chaos of whirling waters, I found myself seated in a commodious arm-chair, in a dimly lighted apartment. With difficulty I rallied my scattered thoughts so far as to recognise the fact that I was in my own room.

An equally self-evident fact was, that some one had entered the room since I had fallen asleep, and had remained, too, for some time. The flickering wood-fire had been recently replenished with fuel. A strong scent of fragrant Havanas, a pile of white ash in the ash-receiver, indicated how the visitor, whoever he was, had passed his time. My eyes next lighted upon a letter lying beside the lamp, and, as I found, addressed to myself in a well-known handwriting. In some surprise I tore open the envelope, my wonder increasing as I read. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR —,—As you are fast asleep, and seem likely to remain so during the time I can remain here, I must needs put in writing what I came here to say.

"While I sat smoking, and patiently awaiting your awakening, an idea occurred to me, for which you will possibly not thank me. You remember our visit to Dr. K——'s, and our long discussion thereafter anent the experiments we had just witnessed. It was your idea, remember, that the scientific possibilities of mesmerism were still undeveloped, chiefly owing to the difficulty of inducing suitable subjects to submit to experiment under proper conditions.

"Lo, here lay before me the proper subject! and that, too, under apparently the most favourable conditions, as laid down by yourself. *Fiat experimentum*, &c.

"Thus far, all has succeeded admirably. I had only to give your thoughts the desired direction, having purposely chosen a subject on which you are prone to speculate. From what I have been able to extract from you,—though I refrain from much questioning, as it seems in some way to disturb you,—you appear to be passing through strange experiences, of which I claim, and hope some day to receive, a full and particular recital.

"You are sleeping soundly and peacefully, so I will not disturb you to say good-bye. Besides, have I not said all I have to say,—perhaps more? I cannot remain longer, since this very evening I must leave to join the other members of the expedition at N——. You need not write till you hear of the safe arrival of the party at Weissnichtwo. I leave you here a sprig of eglantine, of which I managed surreptitiously to possess myself to-day. I need not say for whose sake I would fain have retained it. I leave it for you with my best wishes. It is not easy to do, but it is best so. *Vive et vale*. "U. E."

There remains little more to tell. The sprig of eglantine proved of good omen on this occasion also. I went, made due acknowledgment of my fault, was met halfway by the dearest and noblest of girls. Our present happiness is but enhanced by the remembrance of that period of estrangement and separation, which really taught us how deeply and truly we prized what seemed irrevocably lost.

Some predictions tend to bring about their own fulfilment. On my assurance that the request had an adequate reason, afterwards to be explained, Edith consented to change the date first mentioned to one slightly earlier,—the same, indeed, I had seen in that time-stained chronicle in the library at Salu. We shall visit together the site of that gently sloping lawn on the shores of Grand Isle, where I caught my last glimpse of Olav, Hulmar, and Utis, of Ialma and Ulmene. Together we shall stand on the spot whence, as the sun went down, the awe-stricken multitude witnessed the strange espousals of the fated pair, as they rushed to their doom over the verge of the mist-covered abyss.

THE NEW BOOKS AND BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

OF the books of the month there are two that call for special mention. One, "The Problems of Greater Britain," in two volumes, by Sir Charles Dilke, might have been a great book if it had possessed a living and informing soul. It is a voluminous work without perspective, written by an author without faith, Imperial or Democratic, or the courage that comes from faith. The other is Mr. Loring Brace's volume, "The Unknown God." Mr. Brace is favourably known as a practical philanthropist in New York, and by his book, "Gesta Christi." His new book, apart from its other merits, is notable as an illustration of the tendency of humanitarianism in theology. Mr. Brace passes in review all the religions of the world; finds in each of them some footprints of the Divine Being on the shifting sands of human history. He maintains that "the Great Pharos, whose rays make a brilliant path over the black waves of the ocean of humanity, is the light that lighteth every man, the Spirit of God, revealed, more or less imperfectly, in every religious system, but incarnate in Jesus Christ." A notable book indeed. The only other book that needs mention here is Mr. Montagu Williams's *Reminiscences*. It has probably sold better than any other, and although without permanent value, is a pleasant collection of gossip about great criminal cases.

ART.

THE "VANITY FAIR" ALBUM, 1889. (*Vanity Fair Office*.)

A collection of the caricatures which appeared from week to week in *Vanity Fair* during the year 1889, with the accompanying character sketches. The selection includes Sir Henry Isaacs, Blowitz, Monsieur Eiffel, the Duke of Fife, Pigott, Barnum, Mr. Murphy, Q.C., Col. North, and others.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMORIALS OF EDWIN HATCH (Hodder & Stoughton.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xliii. 336. Price 7s. 6d.

A collection of reprinted memoirs and posthumous tributes to the memory of Dr. Hatch; together with twenty-five of his sermons. Edited by his Brother.

TOLSTOI, LEON. *Boyhood, Adolescence, and Youth*. (Elliot Stock.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 480.

A new translation from the *Russian*, by Constantine Popoff.

WILLIAMS, MONTAGU, Q.C. *Leaves of a Life*. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two volumes.

Mr. Montagu Williams—for years one of the most famous of advocates, and now a Metropolitan magistrate—has in his time "played many parts," and his "recollections," or the first instalment of them, fills the two sensational volumes before us.

GEOGRAPHY, ETHNOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

"A LATE SECRETARY OF THE LEGATION." *Nocturnal London*. (Staneshy: Brompton-road.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 301.

An account of London and the sights of London by night, from the pen of a foreigner. Some of the descriptions—that, for example, of the inside of the clock of the House of Commons—are new, and prove interesting reading.

OATES, FRANK. *Matabeleland and the Victoria Falls*. (Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co.) Pp. 413.

"Matabeleland and the Victoria Falls" is a new edition of "A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Interior of South Africa." Edited by C. G. Oates, from the letters and journals of Frank Oates, with index and illustrations. There are also several original maps, with appendices on ethnology, ornithology, herpetology, entomology, and botany. This book is likely to be in much demand when the Chartered Company begins to open up Mashonaland.

DRUMMOND, HENRY. *Nyassaland: Our New Protectorate*. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Pp. 119. Price 1s.

This is a reprint of selections from Professor Drummond's "Tropical Africa," and very interesting reading it is. It ought to have had a map, but even without that it is a useful guide to our new protectorate of Makolololand.

KROUPA, B. *An Artist's Tour*. (Ward & Downey.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv. 340. Illustrations.

Described in an alternative title as "Gleanings and Impressions of Travel in North and Central America and the Sandwich Islands."

Travel, Adventure, and Sport. (Blackwood & Sons.) 8vo. Paper covers. Price 1s.

Two articles—entitled respectively "Among the Afghans" and "The Americans and the Aborigines"—reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*.

WOODFORD, CHARLES MORRIS. *Among the Head-Hunters*. (George Philip & Son.) 8vo. Pp. xii. 250. 16 Illustrations and 3 Maps. Price 8s. 6d.

An account of three visits to the Solomon Islands in the years 1886, 1887, and 1888. Mr. Morris thinks that the Solomon Islands will one day become of great importance to the Australian Colonies. He sketches their history, discusses their natural history, and describes his manner of life among the natives.

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

BAINES, EDWARD. *The History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster*. (Manchester: John Heywood.) La. 4to. Cloth. Pp. 428.

Volume III. of a new, revised and enlarged edition, with the pedigrees (omitted in the second volume), corrected throughout. Edited by Mr. James Croston, F.S.A. This volume deals with a portion of the Hundred of Salford (including the parishes of Rochdale, Bury, Dean, Bolton, Eccles, and Flexton) and with the Hundred of Blackburn.

MACAULAY, G. C., M.A. *The History of Herodotus*. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two volumes. Pp. 378 and 432.)

A new translation, with introduction and notes.

NEILSON, GEORGE. *Trial by Combat*. (Glasgow: William Hodge.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 348.

An account, historical and descriptive, of a very interesting feature of ancient Scottish and English jurisprudence.

OMAN, C. W. E. *A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Macedonian Conquest*. (Rivingtons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x., 536. Price 4s. 6d.

This is a school history, the distinctive feature of which is that it embodies the results of recent research.

PALGRAVE, REGINALD, F.D., C.B. *Oliver Cromwell, the Protector*. (Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxix. 320.

The sub-title, "An Appreciation based on contemporary evidence," speaks for itself. Mr. Palgrave is senior Clerk to the House of Commons.

STEBBING, WILLIAM. *"Peterborough."* (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 228. Price 2s. 6d.

A volume of the "English Men of Action" series. Hitherto no convenient account of the life and deeds of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, has existed. Warburton's "Life," in two volumes, having been out of print for some years. Mr. Stebbing's summary, therefore, is very welcome.

The Antiquary. Vol. XX. (Elliot Stock.) 4to. Half-bound. Pp. 284.

The half-yearly volume, extending from July to December. *The Antiquary* is devoted to "the study of the past."

LAW, POLITICS, AND SOCIETY.

"A BARRISTER." Every Man's Own Lawyer. (Crosby, Lockwood & Son.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 688. Price 6s. 8d.

This well-known book of reference has now reached its twenty-seventh edition. The present issue includes the legislation of the Session 1889.

DILKE, SIR C. W. Problems of Greater Britain. (Macmillan & Co.) 2 vols.

JAMES, THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY, Q.C., M.P. The Work of the Irish Leagues. (Cassell & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiii. 862. Price 6s.

A revised report of the speech of Sir Henry James before the Special Commission. Published for the Liberal Unionist Association.

MANNING, HENRY EDWARD (Cardinal Archbishop). National Education. (Burns & Oates.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 48.

Reprinted magazine and review articles. Cardinal Manning desires a comprehensive Law which should give ample and efficient education to our children; at the same time firmly guarding both liberty of conscience and the vital heirloom of Christianity.

Parnell Commission Report. (Irish & Patriotic Union.) Cloth. Pp. 159. Price 6d.

A verbatim copy of the Report, edited by a Vehement Unionist. Supplied with complete index and notes. With cross heads and page of reference in the Report itself appended to each paragraph.

LITERATURE.

I.—POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

ARCHER, WILLIAM (Editor and Translator). Ibsen's Prose Dramas. (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiii. 390. Price 3s. 6d.

The first instalment of an authorised English translation, which is to be completed in four volumes. Contains "The League of Youth," the "Pillars of Society," and "A Doll's House." The translation is in each case made by Mr. William Archer, who contributes a short biographical and critical introduction. A portrait of Henrik Ibsen is prefixed.

BELL, WILLIAM, M.A. (Editor). Milton's "Comus." (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xx. 118. Price 1s. 6d.

The new volume of a series of English classics prepared for the special use of Indian students. The text is edited with an introduction and notes.

II.—FICTION.

It is not possible to describe at any length the scores of novels which issue monthly from the press. The following list gives the authors' names and the titles of most of the important works of fiction published in February:—

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

LYSAGHT, ELIZABETH J. The Gold of Ophir. (Ward & Downey.)

MURRAY DAVID CHRISTIE. John Vale's Guardian. (Macmillan & Co.)

WERNER, E. A Heavy Reckoning. (Bentley & Son.)

TWO-VOLUME NOVELS.

HUDSON, FRANK. Running Double: a Story of the Stable and the Stage. (Ward & Downey.)

TYTLER, SARAH. Duchess Frances. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

ONE-VOLUME NOVELS.

CRAWFORD, F. MARION. Marzio's Crucifix. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 250. Price 3s. 6d. A cheap edition.

CRAWFORD, F. MARION. Zoroaster. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 270. Price 3s. 6d. A cheap edition.

CUNNINGHAM, H. S. The Cœruleans: A Vacation Idyll. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 368. Price 3s. 6d. A cheap edition.

FENDALL, PERCY. The Celebrated Janet Homfrey: a Story. (Gardner & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. xii. 112. Price 1s.

GREY, CYRIL. Glenathole. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 364. Price 6s.

"H. R. H." Prince Maurice of Statland. (Remington & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 226.

IHERBERT, MRS. MARK. Mrs. Danby Kaufmann, of Bayswater. (Digby & Long.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 274.

JAMES, CHARLES T. C. The Blindness of Memory Earle. (Remington & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 426.

MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE. Aunt Rachel: a Rustic Sentimental Comedy. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 216. Price 3s. 6d. Cheap edition.

TAYLOR, MARY. Miss Miles: or, a Tale of Yorkshire Life Sixty Years Ago. (Remington & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 438.

III.—BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH. (Dean & Son.) 8vo. Blue cloth. Pp. xii. 424.

The twenty-fourth annual edition of a well-established year-book. The armorial bearings are in most cases given.

ELECTRICAL TRADES DIRECTORY. 1890. (Electrician Office.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 704. lxxxiv. Price 5s.

Lists of persons engaged in the electrical and allied trades; tables and biographical sketches.

NUTTALL'S STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. (Warne & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 816. Price 3s. 6d.

A new edition, revised, extended, and improved throughout By the Rev. James Wood.

THE ARGUS ANNUAL AND SOUTH AFRICAN DIRECTORY. 1890. (London: Argus Co., 25, Cornhill.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 15s.

THE INDIAN LIST, CIVIL AND MILITARY. January, 1890. (W. H. Allen & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xcix. 636. Price 10s. 6d.

THE METROPOLITAN YEAR BOOK. 1890. (Cassell & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xii. 320.

London is here treated in its various aspects—the municipal and local, the commercial, the Imperial, the ecclesiastical, the educational, and the social and miscellaneous.

IV.—MISCELLANEA.

BOYLE, MARY. Æsop Redivivus. (Field & Tuer.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 152. Price 1s.

A collection of new fables in the manner of Æsop, with numerous quaint eighteenth century woodcuts. The morals are occasionally trite, and some of the stories lack force; but the book on the whole forms interesting reading.

FITZGERALD, PERCY, F.S.A. The Story of "Bradshaw's Guide." (Field & Tuer.) Sm. 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 76. Price 1s.

Everybody knows Bradshaw's Guide, though not everybody is acquainted with its curious history. Mr. Fitzgerald tells the story of the book briefly and well, and his little pamphlet will be read with interest.

GOVETT, L.A., M.A. **The King's Book of Sports.** (Elliot Stock.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 140. Price 4s. 6d.

A sub-title describes this book as "A History of the Declarations of King James I. and King Charles I. as to the use of lawful sports on Sundays, with a Reprint of the Declarations, and a Description of the Sports then popular." Further description seems unnecessary.

HEATHER, W. **Simple Shorthand: Taylor's Original System.** (Groombridge & Sons.) Pp. 1. Price 1s.

Giving hints to students, teachers, and young reporters. With several tables.

RELIGION, TEMPERANCE, &c.

BRACE, C. LORING. **The Unknown God.** (Hodder & Stoughton.) Cloth. Pp. 319.

The thoughtful work of an American Christian philanthropist, who seeks to trace the revelations of the Invisible Divine in all the religious and philosophical systems of the past. He is especially impressed with the divine wisdom of Buddhism.

CHARLES, JOSEPH F. **Modern Thought and Modern Thinkers.** (Relfe, Brothers.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. ix. 136. Price 2s. 6d.

This little volume comprises explanatory sketches of Spiritualism, the Society for Psychical Research, the Gift of India, Positivism and Evolution; together with chapters on the Church of England: its relations with Nonconformity and Rome; Biblical Criticism, the Evidence of Miracles, Phases of Faith, Evolution, and Theology, &c. The sketches are concise and fair, and the book as a whole can scarcely fail to stimulate inquiry.

PALMER, JOHN. **The Sunday School Manual.** (C. E. Sunday School Institute.) 12mo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 426. Portraits. Price 2s. 6d.

Chapters on the rise and progress of Sunday Schools, on Sunday School literature, discipline, management, &c., on teachers' examinations, rewards and treats, on the training of children, preparation of lessons, &c., &c.

STEAD, W. T. **The Pope and the New Era.** (Cassell & Co.) Cloth 6s.

A reprint with additions of "Letters from the Vatican in 1889."

WESTCOTT, BROOKE FOSS, D.D. **From Strength to Strength: Three Sermons on Stages in a Consecrated Life.** (Macmillan & Co.) Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 58.

Inscribed to the memory of Dr. Lightfoot, late Bishop of Durham.

WRIGHT, The Rev. ARTHUR, M.A. **The Composition of the Four Gospels.** (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. ix. 170.

A "critical inquiry" in which the question is discussed from an advanced orthodox standpoint.

SCIENCE.

THORPE, T. E. **A Dictionary of Applied Chemistry.** (Longmans, Green & Co.) 8vo. Half-bound. Pp. viii., 718. Price 42s.

The first volume of what promises to be a very complete and elaborate work of reference. It extends from "Aal" to "Dysodil," and is uniform with the new edition of Watt's "Dictionary of Chemistry," issued by the same publishers.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

I.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

NOLHAC DE PIERRE. **La Reine Marie Antoinette.** (Paris: Boussod, Valadon et Cie.) Vellum binding. Price 60 fr. Edition de Luxe. 200 fr.

The most artistic publication ever published about Marie Antoinette. Enriched with reproductions of every contemporary portrait of the Queen, comprising a coloured *fac simile* of Janiset's well-known picture.

MEIGNAN, MGR. **David.** (Librairie Victor Lecoffre.) Pp. 586. Price 7 fr. 50 c.

History of King David as King, Psalmist, and Prophet, by the Archbishop of Tours.

CARETTE, MADAME. **Souvenirs Intimes de la Cour des Tuileries.** (Paris: Paul Ollendorff.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 80 c.

Second series of the Recollections, published by one of the Empress Eugenie's ladies-in-waiting. Contains much that is curious and interesting in the period which immediately preceded the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

D'ARMAILLÉ, COMTESSE. **La Comtesse d'Egmont.** (Paris: Perrin et Cie.) Price 3 fr. 50 c.

This life of the Marechal de Richelieu's daughter has been compiled with the help of the hitherto unpublished correspondence between herself and Gustavus III. of Sweden. These letters give a lively picture of eighteenth-century life in France. A fine portrait of the Comtesse d'Egmont adds value to a book which has been most admirably compiled and edited by the writer, whose work on the Princess Elizabeth, Louis XVI.'s sister, was lately commended by the French Academy.

GEBHART, EMILE. **L'Italie Mystique.** (Paris, Londres: Librairie Hachette et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

History of the religious Renaissance which took place in Italy during the Middle Ages, comprising the period immediately anterior to Joachim of Fiore to that traversed by Dante.

DRUMONT, EDOUARD. **La Dernière Bataille.** (Paris: Librairie Dentu.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New work by the author of "La France Juive," consisting of a violent attack on the Jewish race and its supposed influences on modern life and thought.

PARIS, GASTON. **Les Chants Populaires du Piedmont.** (Paris: Emile Bouillon.) Price 2 fr. 50 c.

A collection of Piedmontese songs and ballads, by well-known members of the French Institute. This little book will form a valuable addition to Italian folk-lore literature.

SAINT-AMAUD DE IMBERT. **La Captivité de la Duchesse de Berry.** 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Interesting and impartial account of the captivity undergone by the mother of the Comte de Chambord, as a consequence of her unsuccessful though heroic attempt to destroy the 1830 monarchy in favour of her son. Several facts reflecting but little credit on Louis Philippe in the rôle of jailor are brought to light in this historical study, which cannot fail to prove of interest to every student of French history.

II.—FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

ZOLA, EMILE. **La Bête Humaine.** (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

The latest and in some respects the worst of Zola's series of physiological studies, illustrating the various careers of members of one family, the Rougon Macquarts. "La Bête Humaine" deals with railway life. First published as a serial in *La Vie Populaire*.

COPPÉE, FRANÇOIS. **Toute une Jeunesse.** (Paris: Lemerre.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Novel by the well-known poet and Academician. First appeared as a serial in *L'Illustration*.

DELPIIT, ALBERT. **Comme dans la Vie.** Paris: Paul Ollendorff.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New novel by the author of "Le Fils de Coralie," forming one of the series, "Un monde qui s'en va."

MALOT, HECTOR. **Mère.** (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New novel by the author of "Sans Famille." First appeared as feuilleton to the *Figaro*.

TONDOUZE, GUSTAVE. **Peri en Mer.** (Paris: Victor Havard.) 8vo. 3 fr. 50 c.

Powerful and pathetic study of French fisher life. This story has already achieved wide popularity in France.

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Collection of short, witty, satirical sketches in "Gyp's" (Comtesse de Martel) well-known style, on provincial life and idiosyncrasies.

LOTI, PIERRE. Au Maroc. (Paris: Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New volume of descriptive travel by the author of "Pêcheurs d'Islande," "Le Roman d'un Spahis," "Japonneries d'Automne," &c. This book, the result of a recent journey through Morocco, whilst professing to be entirely non-political, throws some vivid side-lights on modern Mahometanism and its effect upon the native races. The descriptions of Eastern life and scenery are full of the brilliant colouring for which Pierre Loti is famous.

SAND, MAURICE. Le Théâtre des Marionnettes. (Paris: Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Collection of short plays, &c., by the son of Georges Sand.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A complete list of these is published by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, East Harding-street, and may be obtained on application.

HOUSE OF COMMONS REPORTS, &c.

NAVY (HEALTH).

Statistical Report of the Health of the Navy for the year 1888. Pp. xv. 93. Price 1s. 10d.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, &c.

Report. Friendly Societies, Industrial and Provident Societies, and Trades' Unions, 1888.—Part B. (Appendix M.), Industrial and Provident Societies. (According to County, with elaborate statistics.) Pp. 145. Price 7½d.

ARMY (ORDNANCE FACTORIES).

Annual Account of the Ordnance Factories for the year 1888-9, with the Report of the Comptroller and Auditor-General thereon. Pp. 180. Price 1s. 6d.

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Estimate showing the several services for which a vote "on account" is required for the year ending 31st March, 1891. The total amounts to £3,725,103. Pp. 6. Price 1d.

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Account of the amount of Exchequer Bills and other Government securities, purchased by the Bank of England. Pp. 3. Price 1d.

TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

Accounts of Import and Export Trade, and of Shipping for January, 1890. Pp. 80. Price 4½d.

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Abstract accounts of the Commissioners for the year ended 31st March, 1889 (with Report). Pp. 22. Price 2½d.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

Account showing gross amount received and expended on account of Telegraph Service during the year ended 31st March, 1889. Pp. 3. Price 4d.

ARMY (CLOTHING FACTORY).

Annual Accounts for the years 1888-89 (with Report). Pp. 101. Price 11d.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Copy of the "Electoral Act, 1889." Pp. 28. Price 3d.

INTOXICATION ON SUNDAY (SCOTLAND).

Return giving number of persons apprehended for Sunday drunkenness in each county and burgh of Scotland in February and June, 1889. Pp. 9. Price 2d.

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Appropriation Account, 1888-89 (with Reports on same and Report on Store Accounts). Pp. 216. Price 1s. 9d.

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Supplementary Estimates for Year ending 31st March, 1890. Amount: £175,129. Pp. 24. Price 3d.

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Comparative Returns for December, 1889.

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Returns for the Year ended 25th March, 1889, of the Gas Undertakings of Local Authorities. Pp. 40. Price 4d.

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Similar Report of Gas Undertakings other than those of Local Authorities. Pp. 83. Price 8d.

LOCAL TAXATION.

Annual Returns for year 1887-88. Parts III., IV., V., VI., and VII. Prices, 3s. 3d., 7d., 5½d., 7½d., and 9d. respectively.

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NARRATIVE OF THE 1889 MANŒUVRES.

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SPECIAL COMMISSION ACT, 1888.

Report. Pp. 160. Price 1s. 4d. The Blue Book of the Month.

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Correspondence respecting the condition of the populations in Asiatic Turkey and the Trial of Moussa Bey. No. 1 (1890). Pp. 130. Price 1s. 1d.

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Venetian Boats. Elizabeth Robins Pennell. (Illustrations drawn by Joseph Pennell.)
The Winged Victory of Samothrace. Theodore Child.
John Ruskin: An Essay. Anne Thackeray Ritchie.
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- Our Day.** Boston. Feb. 25 cents.
Unsolved Negro Problems. William H. Thomas.
- Outing.** 6d.
Hunting and Fishing in the North-West. (Illus.)
The Art of Boxing. (Illus.) A. Austin.
The Waterloo Cup. Hugh Dalziel.
Athletics at Cornell University. G. H. Lohmes.
- The Quiver.** 6d.
Northward Ho! A Visit to Iceland. (Illustrated.)
What the Jews Believe about the Future Life. Rev. W. Burnet.
- Scots Magazine.** Edinburgh. 6d.
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Proposals for the Solution of Church Difficulties. By Presbyter.
- Scribner.** 1s.
In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. I. B. E. Martin.
John Ericsson, the Engineer. II. W. C. Church. (Illustrated.) (Concluded.)
The Blackfellow and his Boomerang. (Illustrated.) Horace Baker.

<p>The Shipping World. 6d. Professor Elihu Thomson's Method of Electric Welding. Life Salvage on the Coast of the United Kingdom. (Illustrated.) The Position of British Sailors. Salvage and Wreck Raising. V. (Illustrated.)</p> <p>Sunday at Home. 6d. On Faith Healing. Alfred Schofield. Three Months in Babylonia. III. Theo. Fisher. Workhouse Life in Town and Country. A Visit to Lambeth. Mrs. Brewer. Bohemian Protestantism.</p> <p>Sunday Magazine. 6d. A Christian Hospital. Rev. Dr. Butler. Wells and its Cathedral. Mrs. Pereira. A Visit to the Pasteur Institute. Mrs. Brewer. St. Anselm. Archdeacon Farrar.</p>	<p>Temple Bar. 1s. Edward Fitzgerald. Notes on Stockholm. The True Christian. Dryden.</p> <p>The Theatre. 1s. Early English Actresses. S. J. Fitz-Gerald. Photograph of Miss Olga Brandon.</p> <p>Woman's World. 1s. Lady Sandhurst at Home. (Illustrated.) Frederick Dolman. The Ladies of the Imperial Seraglio. Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett. Women as Horticulturists. Mrs. E. L. Chamberlain. Mary Tudor: Child, Wife, and Queen. Miss E. T. Bradley.</p> <p>Worker's Monthly. Edinburgh: Gall & Inglis. 2d. A Plea for the Citizen Christ. W. T. Stead.</p>	<p>WELSH MAGAZINES. Cymru Fydd ("Wales shall be"). Saint David. The Old Chapels of Wales. The Church in Wales.</p> <p>Cyvaill yr Aelwyd (<i>The Friend of the Hearth</i>). The Progress of Welsh Nationalism. Welsh Bibliography. By T. C. Evans. The Cardinal Numbers. By J. Bevan.</p> <p>WELSH QUARTERLIES. Y Geninen (<i>The Leek</i>). Biographical and Critical Sketches of Eminent Welshmen. Y Traethodydd (<i>The Essayist</i>). The Church in Wales. By Archdeacon Howell. The Quarterly Review and the <i>Newbery House Magazine</i> on Nonconformity in Wales. By the Rev. Joseph Evans. Home Rule for Wales. By W. J. Parry.</p>
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ART IN THE MAGAZINES.

GAZETTE DES BEAUX ARTS.

It is, as usual, a real pleasure to take up the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. We have nothing like it for beauty in England. The illustrations, this month, are chiefly from Rembrandt and Watteau, whose two lives are being told in the *Gazette* in a series of articles by M. Emile Michel and M. Paul Mantz. Some of the illustrations of Watteau seem to us a little less happy than usual; but the "Diana in the Bath" and the "Occupation according to Age," are both interesting and beautiful, and it is a great advantage, as well as pleasure, for lovers of art to be able to compare, through the medium of good illustrations, the styles of two masters as different as Rembrandt and Watteau. We have not space to notice more than one article. It is understood that the articles of which the series is about to appear, together with the article upon "Dutch Life of the Seventeenth Century," which appeared in the *Revue des Beaux Mondes* of December, are preliminary fragments of a great work which M. Michel is preparing upon Rembrandt. No one is better fitted for the post of biographer to the great painter. The present article is little more than an introduction, and deals mainly with the childhood of the artist and the influences of nature which were brought to bear upon him in the daily life of his father's mill. His technical artistic education—begun at the age of fifteen, when the love of sea and sky drew him irresistibly from the superior studies of the University, to which his parents were affectionately willing to devote their earnings for him,—lasted only for three years and a half. His masters, Swanenburgh and Lastman, mediocre painters, who had yielded to the demoralising fashion of Italian influence, taught him rapidly all that he had to learn from them. He escaped from their "methods" to the study of life; he could not accept their theories. "His love of truth, his instinct revolted from them. He loved nature with more simplicity. He found beauties in it which were both deeper and more complicated. He wished to study it more closely, in itself, without any of the pretended intermediaries which interposed between it and him, and warped the directness of his impressions." So we leave him in his father's mill, finding it well, at the age of eighteen, "to study and to practise painting alone and in his own fashion."

In *Harper* Mr. Theodore Child contributes a brief paper, which has the frontispiece as an illustration of the Winged Victory of Samothrace. In the same magazine Dr. Chas. Waldstein describes the restored Head of Irijs in the Parthenon Frieze, the identification of which is now placed beyond all possible doubt, as the cast of the fragment recently discovered fits exactly in the broken surface of the Frieze in the British Museum.

Art is generally well represented in the German magazines, but this month we have only "Night and Morning in Michael Angelo," in the *Rundschau*. A very exhaustive article on the Berlin Royal Porcelain Factory in *Velhagen* may, however, be noticed here. Among the exquisite illustrations with which the text is richly supplemented are rococo jardinières, vases, and a clock; fruit dishes and groups of figures. In the *Grenzboten* for February 13 and 20 there is an article on "Humour of the Comic in Greek Art."

In the *Universal Review* there is a paper on W. Blake as an impressionist with illustrations.

A new magazine, *The Art World*, is announced to be issued solely in the interest of artists.

Furniture and Decoration is another new periodical that touches upon artistic subjects.

The Art Journal. 1s. 6d.
Artists' Studies: Lady Colin Campbell.
Batholomäus Bruyn Painter of Cologne. By F. R. McClintock.
The Royal Palaces: Eltham and Greenwich.
Church Furnishing and Decoration. By Aymer Vallise.
Two Sicilian Cities. By W. Wallis.

Art and Literature.
Henry Irving. (With Portrait.)
Stained Glass.
The Rise of Art in Scotland. W. D. Mackay.
Jean Francois Millet. I.
Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.
The French Illustrated Papers.

Art Review. 1s.
To the Almond. By Edmund Gosse.
Northern Gothic Sketches. By Vernon Lee.
The Rembrandts at Burlington House, 1890.
By Dr. John Forbes White.
Sport and Art. By the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge.
Gesso. By George T. Robinson.
Francesco Vineca. By J. Walter Savage Landor. (Portrait and Illustrations.)
Note on Barye and Paris Causerie. By Cecil Nicholson.
Some Remarks on Ancient Engraved Gems. II. By Dr. S. Fraser Corkran.
Some Personal Reminiscences of the late Ferdinand Hiller. By F. Corder.
Italian Girl. By Sir John E. Millais, Bart.
Tiger. From Bronze by Barye.
Alla Piu Bella. II Rapimento. By F. Vineca.

Magazine of Art. 1s.
"Saved." After the Picture by Frank Bramley. (Photogravure.)
Old Masters and Deceased British Artists at the Royal Academy. By Frederick Wedmore.
A Lesson in Ornament: The Vine and its Modification. II. By Lewis F. Day.
Art Patrons: Pope Leo X. By Miss F. Mabel Robinson. (With a Portrait of Leo X., by Raphael.)
"Miss Macdonald." From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
Winter in the Country. By Edward F. Brentnall, R.W.S. (Five Illustrations by Author.)
The Imperial Institute. By Sir Somers Vane, M. L. Solon. By Cosmo Monkhouse. (With Nine Reproductions of Works.)
The Chronicle of Art: Art in February.

Portfolio. 2s. 6d.
The Later Designs of Walter Crane. F. G. Stephens.
The British Seas. III. Down Channel. W. Clark Russell.
Art During the Renaissance. P. G. Hamerton.
The Highlands of West Somerset. II. Exmoor. J. L. W. Page.
The Exhibition of the Royal House of Tudor. Art Chronicle.
Full-Page Illustrations.
The Water-Lily. Walter Crane.
Hastings. J. J. Chalon.
View of Exmoor from the Quantocks. Etched by Mr. A. Dawson.
Badgworthy Valley. Etched by Mr. A. Dawson.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. L., Art and Literature	C. S., Cassell's Saturday Journal	K., Knowledge	P. M. Q., Primitive Methodist
A. M., Atlantic Monthly	D. R., Dublin Review	K. O., King's Own	Quarterly
A. Q., Asiatic Quarterly	E. H., English Historical Review	L. H., Leisure Hour	Q. R., Quarterly Review
A. R., Andover Review	E. I., English Illustrated Magazine	Lip., Lippincott's Monthly	Q., Quiver
Arg., Argosy	E. R., Edinburgh Review	L. M., Longman's Magazine	R. G. S., Proceedings of the Royal
Art J., Art Journal	E. T., Expository Times	L. Q., London Quarterly	Geographical Society
Art. R., Art Review	F., Forum	L. S., London Society	S., Sun
Ata., Atlanta	Fi., Fireside	Luc., Lucifer	Scots, Scots Magazine
B., Baily's Magazine	F. R., Fortnightly Review	M., Month	Scrib., Scribner's Magazine
Bcl., Belgravia	F. Q. E., Friends' Quarterly Examiner	Mac., Macmillan's Magazine	S. G. S., Proceedings of the Scotch
B. M., Blackwood's Magazine	G. M., Gentleman's Magazine	M. Art., Magazine of Art	Geographical Society.
B. O. P., Boy's Own Paper	G. O. P., Girls' Own Paper	M. E., Merry England	S. H., Sunday at Home
C., Cornhill	G. W., Good Words	M. M., Murray's Magazine	S. M., Sunday Magazine
Cen., Centennial Magazine	H. M., Harper's Magazine	M. Q., Manchester Quarterly	S. R., Scottish Review
C. F. M., Cassell's Family Magazine	H. R., Homiletic Review	N. A. R., North American Review	St. N., St. Nicholas
C. J., Chambers's Journal	I. M., Irish Monthly	N. C., Nineteenth Century	S. W., Shipping World
C. L. G., County and Local Government Magazine	I. N. M., Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine	Nat. R., National Review	T., Time
C. M., Century Magazine	I. S., Industries Special	N. H., Newbery House Magazine	Th., Theatre
C. Q., Church Quarterly	In. M., Indian Magazine	N. R., New Review	Tin., Tinsley
C. R., Contemporary Review	Jg., Jgdrasil	O., Outing	U. R., Universal Review
		O. D., Our Day	W. M., Worker's Monthly
		P., Portfolio	W. R., Westminster Review
			W. W., Woman's World

It has been found necessary to restrict this index to periodicals published in the English language. All the articles in the leading Quarterlies and Reviews are indexed, but only the more important articles in the other magazines. Many more articles are indexed than can be noticed in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, but when they are noticed, the number of the page is added on which the notice will be found.

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GEN. VON CAPRIVI.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SUCCESSOR AS IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

London, March 31st, 1890.

THERE has been more history made this month than in any six that preceded it. The great event which overshadows all other events, which makes even the fateful meeting of the Labour Parliament of Europe appear temporarily insignificant, is the removal of Prince Bismarck from the position which he has held for twenty years as at once the pillar and prop of the politics of the Old World. Since 1862 Bismarck has been the man at the helm in the maelstrom of European life. Since 1871 he has been dictator of the Continent. To-day he is simply a Prussian Prince without office, the most distinguished subject of his impetuous young monarch. General von Caprivi, a German of Italian origin, now in his 59th year, who has quitted the command of the Hanoverian Army Corps to direct the foreign policy of the German Empire as promptly as he exchanged the command of an army corps for the Ministry of Marine, has been installed in Prince Bismarck's place; but he cannot be described in any sense as Prince Bismarck's successor. There is no living man who can wear the cast-off sandals of that modern Olympian, nor can the bow of the Prussian Ulysses be strung but by one master-hand.

This generation has never turned its face eastward across the German Sea without seeing the stalwart form of Bismarck on the far horizon. The watchful eyes that gleamed below shaggy brows, as the round-mouthed cannon at the embrasures of a massive keep, seemed never to sleep; nor have we for one moment for nearly thirty years ceased to hear the steady foot-fall of Bismarck, sentinel first of Prussia, then of Germany, and afterwards of Europe, as he paced his

weariless round, keeping watch and ward over the affairs entrusted to his care. It is difficult, almost impossible, to realize that he has gone,—that the Bismarck Dynasty has vanished literally in a night, and that in the centre of Europe new and unknown men are playing with the sceptre which but yesterday trembled in the Reichskanzler's rough but nervous grasp. Switzerland without the Alps—that is what Germany seems without Bismarck.

It is less than two years ago that the young Emperor wrote to his faithful

"Full Steam Ahead." Chancellor: "The thought that you still stand faithfully at my side and enter the new year in vigorous strength fills me with joy and comfort. I pray Heaven I may long be permitted to work with you for the welfare and greatness of our Fatherland." Again he said, "I pray God to preserve to me for many years to come your faithful and tried counsel in my difficult and responsible vocation as ruler of this empire." The prayer has not been answered, for its author has frustrated the fulfilment of his own petition. On the 22nd inst. the Emperor telegraphed to a friend:—

Many thanks for your friendly letter. I have indeed gone through bitter experiences, and have passed many painful hours. My heart is as sorrowful as if I had again lost my grandfather, but it is so appointed to me by God, and it has to be borne, even though I should fall under the burden. The post of officer of the watch on the ship of State has fallen to my lot. Her course remains the same. So now full steam ahead.

WILLIAM.

The exact cause of the resignation is involved in some doubt, but it is tolerably clear that Prince Bismarck claimed a right of independent action as to his interviews with politicians and his relations to his colleagues which the Emperor resented. Hence the

rupture. The fact appears to be that the young Emperor, having felt his feet, is determined to walk alone. His ideas are not those of Prince Bismarck. He is young, ardent, impulsive, and a Hohenzollern. His late Chancellor is 76, experienced, wary, imperious, and a Bismarck. The latter long ago predicted that the Kaiser would ere long be his own Chancellor. The event has come sooner than was anticipated. The Tzar is not more absolute in St. Petersburg than the Kaiser in Berlin. As M. de Giers explained to me two years ago, he was only the Tzar's pen, so General Caprivi is merely the official mouthpiece of the young Kaiser. The Tzar is a steady, cautious man, with a passionate horror of war, and a supreme sense of his responsibility for the maintenance of peace. The Kaiser is ambitious, impulsive, and fiery. We seem to be entering upon stirring times. It will be well if we emerge without a spill, for the German coach has lost its brake.

The German Emperor has won golden opinions from those who attended the meetings of the Council of State summoned to consider the Labour Question. From ten till half-past six he presided over the deliberations of the Council, doing his duty as diligently as if he were Lord Rosebery at the London County Council, and adding to the usual duties of a chairman that of lunching with the Councillors. According to the locksmith Deppe:—

The Emperor opened, adjourned, and closed the meetings, called on speakers, spoke himself, or stopped a speaker when he made a mistake, as the case might be. First to come, and last to go, he followed the proceedings with eager attention. During lunch, where we sat in careless rows, and at which the Minister of the Interior was our host, the most dutiful of Monarchs became the most gracious. When speaking singly or in small groups and discussing various questions, we quite forgot that it was the German Emperor before whom we sat.

In these informal conversations the Kaiser, laughing with a Social Democrat, is said to have expressed a wish that he could test the Socialists with the responsibility of government. "But I cannot hand over the throne to Bebel." Of course not; but even to talk of such things raises hopes, and more than forty years ago Bismarck told us pretty plainly what he thought of such things. Speaking as a deputy at Frankfort he said: "One cannot make use with impunity of the enchanted bullets of Revolution,

and one cannot conclude a compact with the demon of popularity without giving up some shreds of one's soul. Sooner or later the evil genius whose help you have invoked, the Robin of the woods and streets, will rise up and, claiming your salvation, will tell you that he is not in the habit of working for nothing." If nothing comes of all the fine talk at Berlin about the amelioration of the condition of labour, the Kaiser may soon have reason to recall Prince Bismarck's warning.

Whatever else may be said about him, no one can complain that the

personality of the young Kaiser is not being sharply defined. On the broad canvas of contemporary history there seems likely to be no figure in such clear and conspicuous relief. He at least is not a dumb, drab lay figure, but rather a loud-speaking, vividly coloured personality, whose character, although at the first repellent, may end by fascinating even his enemies. Early in March he made a speech to his Brandenburgers, which contained two sentences that will sink into the public mind. Speaking of the importance of foreign travel, he said: "I have seen the starry firmament at night on the high seas, and ever after I have been able to look at political questions from the outside." The Kaiser acquiring detachment of mind under the starlit expanse of the midnight sky while his yacht steamed unresting through the surge of the Northern Sea, is a figure which may dwell in popular memory beside that of Napoleon, who, on another ship on far other seas, confounded the glib and shallow sophisms of his atheistic staff by pointing to the stars and saying, "What you say is all very fine, but who made all these?"

Less pleasing, but equally characteristic, was the other sentence in the same speech. After referring to the work entrusted to him by the Almighty in the position which he inherited from his ancestors, he said: "All who will assist me in my great task I shall heartily welcome, but those who oppose me in this work I shall crush." There is the iron hand without even the semblance of the velvet glove. But that is the note of the Kaiser. He is as magnificently nude as an antique statue. Nor does it detract from the sincerity of his declaration that the first to be crushed was Prince Bismarck himself.

Sensational as is the resignation of Prince Bismarck, it marks only the close of an old era. The assembling of the Labour Conference in the Congress Hall of Bismarck's palace is more important, for it marks the opening of a new epoch.

The powers represented were :—

Austria-Hungary.	Italy.
Belgium.	Luxemburg.
Denmark.	Norway and Sweden.
France.	Portugal.
England.	Spain.
Germany.	Switzerland.
Holland.	

These delegates sat in the alphabetical order of their countries, and each country had only one vote. They sat from 11 to 1, and from 2 to 4. French was used as the official language. Baron von Berlepsch, Prussian Minister of Commerce, who presided, opened the Conference on the 16th of March, and business proceeded day by day till the end of the month. The Conference divided itself into three Committees :—

1. Mining industries.
2. Sunday labour.
3. Labour of women and children.

As the Conference constitutes a landmark in the history of humanity, I venture to place on record in some detail how it came to be.

From the text of the official despatches relating to the Labour Conference at Berlin, it appears that the

German Government frankly admitted that in their action they followed the initiative of the International, although of course they do not name the once dreaded association. Prince Bismarck, writing Feb. 8th, 1890, says :—

The competition of nations in the trade of the world, and the community of interests proceeding therefrom, make it impossible to create successful institutions for the benefit of working men of one country without curtailing that country's power of competing with other countries. Such institutions can only be established on a basis adopted in common in all countries concerned. The working classes of the different countries have, in due appreciation of this fact, established international relations aiming at the improvement of their condition. But efforts in this direction cannot meet with success unless the Governments interested endeavour to come to an agreement on the more important questions concerning the welfare of the working classes by means of international discussion.

Therefore the German Government, twenty-six

years after the International was constituted in London, proposed to hold a conference in Berlin. In accepting the invitation, Lord Salisbury, on behalf of the English Government, made the following reservation :—

If the words "Vereinbarungen über eine Grenze der täglichen Arbeitszeit" ("arrangements in regard to a limit for the length of the working day") imply a policy of direct legislative restrictions upon the liberty of adult male workmen to work as long as they please, it is right to say that the principles of legislation accepted in this country would preclude her Majesty's Government from making such a proposal to Parliament. If, however, they only suggest provisions for facilitating the conclusion of free agreements upon the matter between employers and employed, her Majesty's Government have no exception to take to its inclusion among the subjects on which the Conference will deliberate.

The German Government accepted the reservation, and the question of a regulation by law of the length of the working day of the male adult forms no part of the discussions of the Conference.

When the subject was debated in the French Chamber on the interpellation of M. Laur on March 6th, the Boulangist deputy took exception to the action of the Government in accepting the invitation on the twofold ground—(1) that it would offend Russia, and be an act of courtesy to Germany, and (2) that the invitation covered a trap on the part of Germany by binding the labour of French miners, so as to render it impossible for France to command the 500,000 tons of coal she would require on mobilization, surely one of the most fantastic and far-fetched pretexts ever invented for opposing a beneficent measure of international progress. In reply, M. Spuller said that the German Government had withdrawn the proposal to limit the hours of the working day of adult males from the programme of the Conference. M. Jules Simon, an economist and statesman of seventy-six, who is of the old school of Free-Traders, was selected as the leading French delegate. According to his statement to an American interviewer, he set out for Berlin with a heavy heart, full of dismal forebodings. Seldom has the representative of any Government accredited to an International Conference criticised with such cruel candour the policy and programme of his host. He is represented as having remarked to his interviewer :—

To be perfectly frank, I consider the action of the German Emperor in calling the Congress ill-advised.

What can this Labour Conference hope to accomplish? Absolutely nothing, unless it be to pave the way for a subsequent Conference of a diplomatic character. When that second Conference is called, as I think it will be some months later, what can it accomplish? Very little; perhaps to make some agreement as to the employment of women or children, perhaps little more. For myself, I have no faith in the Congress being able to come to any agreement whatsoever regarding the hours of daily labour or any of the most important features of the labour question. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the proposed programme should be actually carried out as William II. hopes. Will that have done away with the danger? He fancies in his inexperience that by showing himself conciliatory and philanthropic he will win the Socialists from their discontent. But he is mistaken. He will find the Socialists are so constituted that the more you concede the more they demand. He will find himself less and less capable to check the avalanche which he has himself in part set in motion. I look forward, therefore, with grave apprehension to the effect upon Europe of this present labour agitation.

But M. Simon, who represents M.

**A Prophecy by
M. Jules Simon.** Money Bags of the International

Finance, is prejudiced by his intense antipathy to the Socialist movement. Here is the old man's prophecy of coming woe:—

Already I can hear mutterings of what must be the struggle of the future, a bitter struggle between the many and the few, between capital and labour, between luxury and starvation, between misery and wealth. No human power can avert that struggle, but human folly may do much to hasten its approach. I shall not see the day, and you may not see it, but the day is coming when the autocratic Powers of Europe will be forced to unite against the united Socialistic army, and to stand or fall together. The task of uniting the existing Continental Powers is hardly greater than was the task of uniting Normandie, Bretagne, and the other Gallic provinces. The United States of Europe! The idea is received with an incredulous smile by the thoughtless mind. But think. History shows many a strange friendship brought about by a common peril. A common peril is threatening Europe now, is growing greater with every decade. It is the common peril of Socialism. Let Europe beware!

To this it is only necessary to remark that it sounds somewhat strange to have the representative of the French Republic invoking a condition of autocratic Governments to found the United States of Europe against Socialism. It would be more in accord with French traditions if her representative were to invoke the great Ideal of a United States of Europe in the name of Labour to secure the triumph of Rational International Socialism.

**The Pope
and the
Conference.** The Pope, who is indirectly represented at the Conference by the Prince Bishop of Breslau, who was nominated by the Kaiser to a seat in the International Assembly, wrote to the Emperor:—

We cannot but support in every way the deliberations of a Conference which will tend to relieve the condition

of the workers by a division of labour better adapted to the strength, age, and sex of each, to the observance of the Lord's Day, and the abolition of all that which keeps the worker back by using him as a common tool, without regard for his dignity as a man, his morality, and his domestic happiness.

It was the mission of the Church to exercise a large and fruitful influence on the solution of the social problem—especially on behalf of the working classes—a pregnant saying, of which it is to be hoped the Bishops everywhere and their friends will take good heed. The Bishop was selected to preside over the Committee on Sunday labour.

It is impossible for any Briton
Ditto to England. not to read with a certain complacent satisfaction of the result of the Conference.

The powers have assembled, and in their collective wisdom they have decided that they cannot do better than follow humbly in the footsteps of England. Britain has long led the world in humanitarian legislation for the protection of labour. But it is the first time the world has formally admitted that fact. The principles which have been affirmed at Berlin were embodied Acts of Parliament fifty years before in London. The decisions of the Conference may be summarised as follows:—

1. No children under ten to be employed at all. No children under twelve to be employed except under severe restrictions, and no children under fourteen to be employed in dangerous occupations, or more than six hours a day in any labour.
2. No women or children under fourteen to be employed underground or at night, or more than eleven hours a day with one and a half hours rest.
3. Hours of labour to be shortened as much as possible in mines and dangerous trades.
4. One day every week to be observed as a day of rest.

**The Pitman and
the Emperor.** Mr. Burt, the pitman who sits for Morpeth, as one of the British delegates had a pleasant little conversation with the Emperor at one of the State receptions when the delegates were received in the Royal Palace. The Kaiser asked the pitman whether he found that trades unionism in this country frequently brought about breaches of contract or rioting. Mr. Burt assured him that such a thing as breach of contract was practically unknown, and that rioting seldom or never occurred. He

quietly assured His Majesty that they had solved that problem by freedom ; that when the combination laws existed there was some violence, but since the men had been left free to combine and do their business in their own way there had been none, while great improvement, he said, had been secured in the social condition of the workmen. It was worth while holding the Labour Conference, if only that Thomas Burt might have the opportunity of speaking in the name of English labour such words of sound sense in the ear of the Emperor of Germany.

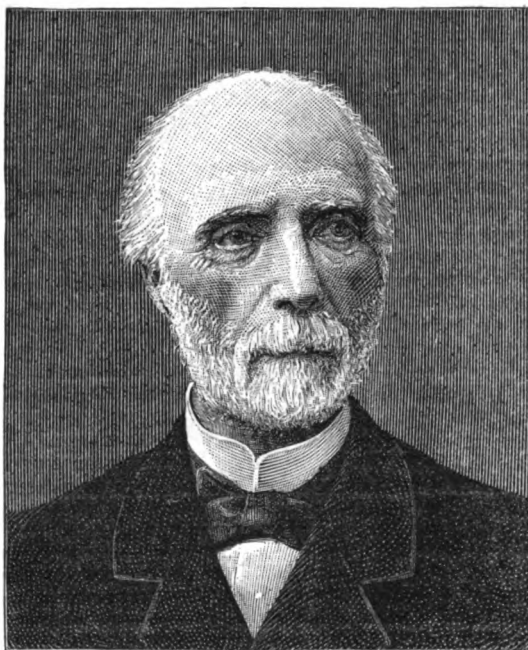
At the same time, let it never be forgotten

that although the Conference has agreed to accept England as a model, there is still much lacking in our own country. We are far from having secured every working man his one day's rest in seven. At a recent demonstration in favour of the Sunday opening of museums the resolutions stipulated that the attendants should not be worked seven days a week. As a matter of fact, at Kew and at other places, Sunday opening has not been accompanied by this salutary and necessary restriction. On our railways, notably on the Metropolitan, the ideal of the six days week is unattainable by the workmen. I shall be very much disappointed if the Berlin Conference is not followed up by great demonstrations in all parts of Britain, demanding the immediate concession of the Conference terms, so far at least as relates to one day's rest in seven. That is the birthright, the inalienable birthright, of every man, and the more energetically it is asserted the sooner it will be conceded.

The New French Ministry.

The chief event on the Continent, after the momentous incidents at Berlin, are the fall of the Tirard Cabinet in France, and the substitution of Count Szapary for M. Tisza as Prime Minister of Hungary. The latter appears to be without any bearing upon English policy. As much cannot be said of the substitution of M. de Freycinet for M. Tirard as Prime Minister of France. No one can tell how soon the composition of a French Ministry may not be a matter of the first importance to Great Britain. The Newfoundland Fishery dispute may at any moment become acute, and although we have settled our

boundary disputes in West Africa, the French are already engaged in a war against Dahomey, which may entail serious complications. For the moment they are standing on the defensive at Kotonou, the frontier town of their protectorate of Port Novo ; but if the attacks of the Amazons are repeated, it may be necessary to order an expedition on Abomey, which cannot be regarded without anxiety by Britain and Portugal. The significance of M. Tirard's fall lies chiefly in the fact that M. Constans has thereby been re-established at the



M. DE FREYCINET.

Ministry of the Interior. M. Constans was ejected a few days before the fall of M. Tirard. He avenged himself by securing the overthrow of the Cabinet. He resigned on March 2nd. He was re-established in office on March 17th.

M. Constans is the only man of note who has emerged from the rank of the Republican deputies of late years. It was he who managed the elections last year, and struck down Boulangism, and it is significant that his departure from office was

coincident with the triumphant return of M. Naquet as Boulangist Deputy for a Paris constituency. M. Drumont, the brilliant but violent apostle of anti-Semitism, in his newly-published book, "The Last Battle," attacks M. Constans in terms which indicate very clearly the degree of prestige that Minister has acquired. He tells us that he swindled his employer in Spain, and then caused the man he injured to disappear. The suggestion is that he had been murdered, and that the body was burnt. Subsequently, when representing France in the Far East in an official capacity his conduct was impeached for gross irregularities. His assailant died suddenly and mysteriously on the way home. The moral is, that all those who cross the path of M. Constans disappear. A secret host of Freemasons and Jews do his bidding, as the Jesuits are supposed to obey the orders of their general. Nor is M. Constans a whit more scrupulous than the spiritual autocrat who sits in the seat of Loyola. Such a man, so feared and so abused, is one to be kept in view in the shifting kaleidoscope of French politics.

State Socialism
in excelsis.

Nothing, how-
ever, that has
been done at

Berlin, or in the industrial market
at home, marks so much the

progress of the Socialist idea as the legislation proposed by the Conservative Administration for the amelioration of the condition of the Irish tenants. Broadly speaking, there are 600,000 tenant-farmers in Ireland, of whom 500,000 pay an average of six pounds per annum rent.

They have long been uncomfortable, owing to their dependence on their landlords, but of late years this dependence has been very much diminished. The habit of acting together politically, acquired in their period of adversity, has given them a hold over the Government which has this month had this extraordinary result, that an Administration, with a *laissez-faire* economist like Mr. Goschen at the Exchequer, and a political economist of the old school like

Mr. Balfour at the Irish Office, has proposed to pledge the credit of Great Britain to the extent of £43,000,000—£33,000,000 in excess of that already advanced—in order to improve the circumstances and reduce the rent of the Irish cottiers, and ultimately to set them up in business as landlords on their own account. I remember talking it over with a leading member of the present Administration before even Mr. Gladstone's last Administration was formed. When he avowed his determination to go in for a drastic Land Purchase Bill, I asked him two questions: "First, how many thousand millions he expected the national indebtedness to amount to at the end of the century? and, secondly, how long it

would be before I could hope to enjoy the advantages conceded to the Irish tenant? My rent," I said, "at present is £135 per annum. Buy out my landlord at even twenty years' purchase, charge me four per cent. interest and repayment of the capital, and you immediately reduce my rent by £27 per annum, and at the end of forty-nine years my house becomes my own freehold possession. How long have I to wait for that boon, or must I qualify for its concession by taking a pot-shot at my landlord from behind a hedge?" I got no answer. Nor, indeed, is



M. CONSTANS.

any answer possible. The Irish Land Purchase Bill opens the door wide to the largest possible extension of financial operations conducted by the State, by using its credit for the profit of individuals.

Mr. Balfour's Bill for creating 600,000 little landlords in Ireland, each of whom will possess full power to rack rent, evict, and generally behave as the larger landlords have done before them, provides that whenever landlord and tenant can agree as to the sale of a holding to the occupier, the State shall advance the purchase money under certain conditions, and collect the same from the tenant in forty-nine yearly instalments of 4 per cent. There is a special provision that for the first five years the repayment shall

How Mr. Balfour's
Bill will work.

not fall more than 20 per cent. below the present rent, but after that the tenant gets the full benefit of the difference between 4 per cent. and his rent. How much that will be depends upon the number of years' purchase given for the farm. If the farm is bought at twenty years' purchase, the reduction will be 20 per cent.; if at ten years, 60 per cent. As in the majority of small holdings, twelve years' purchase is probably an outside price, Mr. Balfour's bribe to the tenants will work out as follows :—

500,000 holdings, average £6 rent = £3,000,000 a year; in forty-nine years, if there is no legislation, this will yield a total rent of £147,000,000 to the landlords, who, at the end of that time, will continue to have an undisputed legal right to £3,000,000 a year in perpetuity.

But if Mr. Balfour's Bill passes, and all of these 500,000 Irish tenants buy at an average of twelve years' purchase, they will be charged, in interest and repayment, £2,400,000 for the first five years, and £1,440,000 for the next forty-four; that is to say, they will pay a total sum in the forty-nine years of £75,360,000, instead of £147,000,000, and at the end of this period they will receive their farms rent free as a freehold possession for ever.

To give half a million persons £71,640,000 in forty-nine years, and then transfer to them in addition a fee simple valued at £36,000,000, is the last word of Unionist policy on the Irish land question. Gigantic as is the bribe, it will probably fail to divert the Irish peasant from his aspirations after national self-government.

The Growth of Internationalism.

The Labour Parliament at Berlin is by no means the only assembly that has reminded us this month of the shrinkage of the world and the growth of internationalism. Besides the Labour Conference at Berlin, the Anti-Slave Trade Conference has been holding its sittings in Brussels; an International Conference upon the Diseases of the Vine has been sitting at Rome, while another International Conference has been assembled at Lugnano for the purpose of drawing up an international timetable for the railways of the Continent and a uniform tariff. On the 1st of April an International Congress is to assemble at Madrid for the purpose of completing and revising the Convention for the Protec-

tion of Industrial Property. When all the nations of Europe are thus drawing together, is it to be wondered at that we eagerly note every indication of a growing solidarity between the English-speaking races, even if at first it should seem to threaten not union, but separation.

There are two items of news Canada and the United States. this month which indicate the possibility that the centre of gravity

of the English-speaking race may yet be found not in London, but in Washington. The British Government, having arranged, as a temporary *modus vivendi*, to concede the utterly unjustifiable French contention, first, that a lobster is a fish, and secondly, that "stages made of boards usual and necessary for drying fish," covers permanent lobster factories, the Newfoundlanders are up in vigorous protest. They denounce the concession to the French of the right to catch their lobsters as a surrender of the rights of the colony, and they cheer the American flag with enthusiasm. Mr. Blaine, they seem to think, would be less complaisant than Lord Salisbury in trading away the privileges of Newfoundlanders, if they were American citizens. Certainly, if we may judge from the tenacity with which the American Secretary hangs on to the preposterous claims of his Government to close the Behring Sea against Canadian sealers, the Newfoundlanders are not far wrong in believing that they might find more support against France at Washington than in Downing-street. Washington, on its part, is not slow to intimate a readiness to welcome the Dominion into a closer union. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has reported a resolution to the House empowering the President to take immediate action on behalf of the States whenever Canada declares its desire to enter into such commercial arrangements as would result in the complete removal of all duties on trade between Canada and the United States. The movement towards a Pan-American Customs Union is distinctly perceptible and may soon become irresistible.

The Workman helping Himself.

While Kaiser and Conferences are considering how to help the working man, that gentleman is energetically helping himself. The great industrial event of this month has been the signal victory which the colliers of the Midlands, Wales, Yorkshire, and Lancashire gained

over the federated colliery proprietors. The miners claimed 5 per cent. advance now and 5 per cent. on the 1st of July. These demands were refused. The men turned out and in less than a week the masters capitulated, conceding the 5 per cent. asked for at once, and promising the second 5 per cent. on August 1. Another great strike which laid idle all the engineering shops on the Tyne and the Wear by a demand for 12 o'clock closing on Saturday, was settled after a week's struggle by a concession of the stipulated hour, subject to conditions for overtime and annual holidays. In the United States it is reported that concerted action is to be taken to secure the eight-hour day. One trade after another is to strike for the eight hours, and will be supported in the campaign by the joint purse of all the associated unions. Meanwhile the workmen in the Transvaal have by union succeeded in establishing, not by law, but by arrangement, the principle that in Africa the labour day should be eight hours, and the labour week six days.

After a long
The Latest Successor of St.
Cuthbert.

and unexplained delay the bishopric of Durham has been conferred upon Canon Westcott. The appointment has been universally approved. An Amurath an Amurath succeeds, and the first biblical scholar sits on the throne vacated by Dr. Lightfoot, who, while he lived, was *facile princeps* among learned Anglicans. It seems but the other day that I heard Canon Westcott preach the sermon at the Abbey when Dr. Lightfoot was consecrated to the see of Durham. It was an eloquent, earnest discourse, which laid down with uncompromising severity an exalted ideal of epis-

copal duty. A few hours after I met Bishop Lightfoot at the deanery of St. Paul's. Dr. Church, in his pleasant, genial fashion, insisted on introducing me as the secular bishop of the diocese to my ecclesiastical colleague. (I was then editor of the *Northern Echo*, the only morning daily published in Durham county.) Bishop Lightfoot was in very good spirits. "Were you not rather appalled?" I asked, as Canon West-

cott went piling up the duties and responsibilities of the bishopric. "Yes," said Dr. Lightfoot, "it was one or those occasions on which the weight and burden of a new responsibility weigh heavily upon a man, and Canon Westcott took full advantage of it, and," he added pleasantly, "as if his own turn would never come." "When it does," I replied, "his punishment lies ready at hand. All that you need to do is to present him with a copy of his own discourse, saying, 'Thus hast thou said; so do.' " Twelve years have passed since then, but at last Canon Westcott's turn has come. Possibly enough reluctance to face the duty of realising the ideal which he painted in such glowing colours was one of the causes of the delay in filling the see of St. Cuthbert. If so, that is but another reason for rejoicing over his ultimate acceptance of the mitre.

Full details have been received from the East Coast of Africa as to the progress of Major Wiss-

man's campaign against Bwana Heri, the Osman Digma of the German Suakin. His stronghold, Mlembale, was stormed on the 4th January after a very determined resistance, but Bwana Heri simply retired inland, where, according to the latest intelligence, the Germans are anxious to come to terms with him. Bwana Heri, as the accompanying por-



BWANA HERI.

trait from *Velhagens* magazine shows, is a tall and stately Arab.

When I was in Russia I was assured repeatedly that every Russian subject, even the condemned murderer, had the right of personally addressing any letter or petition or remonstrance to the Tzar. It would seem, however, from the experience of Madame Tshebrikova, that this liberty of correspondence is subject to a serious limitation. Madame addressed a long letter to the Tzar, in which she appealed to the Ruler of all the Russias to utter the fateful word which would inaugurate a pacific revolution, and constitute a luminous page in history. She may have been right or she may have been wrong in the suggestions, which, as she says, "her conscience, her right, and her duty as a Russian woman compel her to make." That is beside the question. If the right to write to the Tzar exists, it is one which carries with it the right to write things which to the Tzar and his advisers may seem mistaken. The important thing to note is that

A Russian
Woman's Letter
to the Tzar.

Madame Tshebrikova has been arrested, and I believe is now in prison for sending her letter to the Emperor. The Tzar, it is said (and I can well believe it), was at first inclined to refuse to sanction this administrative act. He suffered himself, however, to be overruled. Madame Tshebrikova is in prison. Her arrest was a great and a grievous mistake from the point of view of the autocracy. If the Father of his people cannot even be addressed by a woman's letter without clapping that woman into gaol, the theory of the Imperial tribune, it must be admitted, is worn very thin.

It is impossible to pass in review the minor events of the month. The opening of the Forth Bridge, the close of the debate on the Parnell Commission, the great tornado in the Western and Southern States of America, the Portuguese General Election, and many other items of interest, must be summarily dismissed in the accompanying diary, which may perhaps not be one of the least useful features of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

PARLIAMENTARY DIARY FOR MARCH.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

3. Statement of Lord Salisbury in reply to Mr. Labouchere *in re* Lord A. Somerset's escape.
6. Indian Council Bill, 2nd reading, Lords Northbrook, Ripon, and Cross.
11. Bill for Flogging Armed Burglars rejected without a division.
14. Use of Firearms Bill read 3rd time.
17. Trust Bill in Committee.
20. Select Committee promised on Metropolitan Medical Charities.
21. Debate on Parnell Commission. Lords Salisbury, Herschell, Selborne, Spencer, Rosebery, Halsbury, and Granville.
24. Discussion about Volunteer Equipment, and question about Berlin Conference.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

3. Debate on Parnell Commission Report. Speeches by Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Gladstone, Sir M. H. Beach.
4. Ditto, Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. T. Harrington. (Tithe Bill introduced.)
5. Ditto, Sir Charles Lewis and Mr. Bryce.
6. Ditto, Sir C. Russell, Sir R. Webster, and Col. Saunderson.
7. Ditto, Sir H. James and Mr. Asquith (count out).
10. Ditto, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Balfour, and Sir W. Harcourt. Mr. Gladstone's amendment condemning *Times* rejected, 339 to 268.

11. Debate on Parnell Commission Report. Speeches by Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Morley. Mr. Caine's (vice Jennings) amendment rejected, 321 to 259.
12. Dr. Connor's Irish Land Bill rejected by 231 to 179 (although supported by Mr. T. W. Russell and other Liberal Unionists).
13. Sir E. Hamley's motion for increased Volunteer grants carried against the Government by 135 to 102.
- Army Estimates.
14. Sir G. Trevelyan's motion for ending the Session in July rejected by 173 to 169.
17. Navy Estimates.
- Infant Life Protection Bill referred to Select Committee.
18. London County Council Bill read a second time. Mr. Buchanan's Right of Way Bill in Scotland carried against the Government by 110 to 97. Count out.
19. Sir A. Rolitt's Bankruptcy Bill referred to Select Committee.
20. Civil Service Estimates—London Parochial Charities, and Administration of Crimes Act.
21. Mr. Labouchere's resolution against Hereditary Legislation rejected by 201 to 139.
(*Select Committee on Western Australia begins sitting.*)
24. Mr. Balfour introduces Irish Land Purchase Bill. Mr. Ritchie's Allotment Bill read 2nd time.
25. Mr. Mundella's censure of Education Dept. *in re* York and Salisbury rejected, 167 to 115. Count out.

26. Dr. Clarke's Bill saddling rates in Scotland with Returning Officers costs rejected by 136 to 123.
Mr. Russell's Local Option (Ireland) Bill rejected, 131 to 124.

BYE-ELECTIONS.

	1885.	1886.	1890.
North St. Pancras.			
March 4.	L. 2,380	C. 2,074	L. 2,657
T. H. Bolton (L)	C. 1,915	L. 1,813	U. 2,549
H. Graham (U)			
Stamford.			
March 7.	C. 4,631	—	C. 4,236
H. Cust (C)	L. 3,530	—	L. 3,954
A. Priestley (L)			
Stoke-upon-Trent.			
March 14.			
G. Leveson-Gower (L)	L. 4,790	L. 3,255	L. 4,157
W. S. Allen (U)	C. 2,800	U. 2,093	U. 2,926

	1885.	1886.	1888.	1890.
Ayr Burghs.				
March 25.	L. 2,460	L. 1,498	L. 2,321	L. 2,480
Somervell (U)	C. 2,118	U. 2,673	U. 2,268	U. 2,610
Routledge (L)				

Down. March 25.—Mr. Rentoul (C.) returned unopposed.

West Cavan. March 26.—Mr. Percy Knox (H. R.) returned unopposed.

DIARY FOR MARCH.

- Second Ballots in German Elections.
- Fall of M. Constans, Minister of Interior. M. Louis Bourgeois succeeds. Chamber approves, 319 to 210.
- Fourth Bridge opened by the Prince of Wales. Railway Collision at Carlisle, London and North-Western Railway, 4 killed.
- Kaiser's speech, dinner Brandenburg Diet: "Those who oppose me I shall crush."
- Despatch arrives from Major Wissman describing capture of Mlembale in East Africa from Bwana Heri, January 14.
Despatch—Dahoman attack on French at Kotonou repulsed, 400 killed.
Debate in French Chamber on Berlin Labour Conference.
M. Laur interpellated; M. Spuller replies. Order of day. Only 4 dissent.
Railway accident, Lakeshore, near Buffalo, 7 killed, 15 injured.
- Construction of Blackwall Tunnel, costing £1,600,000, discussed by London County Council.
Hastings rejects Free Library, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. rate, and gift of £1,000, by 1,950 votes to 600.
Liverpool Dock Strike, 50,000 men out, monster processions.
Reported resignation of M. Tisza.
- Threatened resignation of Signor Crispi.
Interpellation French Chamber about Dahomey.
- Explosion Morfa Colliery, Glamorgan; 87 lives lost.
- Mdme. Tshebrikova's letter to the Tzar appears in the *Times*.
London County Council decide officials must retire at 65 years of age.
Reconstruction of Servian Ministry.
Dissolution of Lisbon Municipal Chamber.
Final Dispersal of Bwana Heri's bands in East Africa.
- Rev. A. R. Tucker, Curate, Durham, appointed Bishop North-East Equatorial Africa.

- Rev. Canon Westcott, aged 65, appointed Bishop of Durham, as successor to Bishop Lightfoot.
- Unconditional surrender of the Tashons, pay fine 5,000 rupees.
Resignation of M. Tirard's Ministry.
- Coal Strike for 5 per cent. now and 5 per cent. July 1 begins in Lancashire, York, Derby, and North Wales.
- Labour Conference opened at Berlin.
Newfoundland Legislature protests against Lobster concessions to France.
- Resignation of Prince Bismarck.
Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne received by the Pope.
Formation of M. de Freycinet's Cabinet.
Count Szapary, new Hungarian Premier, explains policy of his Government.
Convention signed between England and China about Sikkim at Calcutta.
- 500 troops ordered to Liverpool for the Dock Strike.
- Prince of Wales leaves London for Berlin.
General von Caprivi appointed Imperial Chancellor.
- End of Coal Strike, 5 per cent. conceded now and 5 per cent. August 1.
- Indian Budget presented to Legislative Council, Calcutta.
- Great Strike of Engineers in North of England ended.
- Queen Victoria leaves England for Aix-les-Bains.
- University Boat-race—Oxford defeated Cambridge 1 length, 22 minutes 3 seconds.
- Tornado in Kentucky, 200 killed.
- Close of Berlin Conference.
Prince Bismarck leaves Berlin.
Close of 200 evictions on the Olphert Estate.
End of Dock Strike at Liverpool.
- Release of "Pathfinder," Canadian vessel detained for sealing in Behring's Sea.
General Election, Portugal.

UTTERANCES, NOTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

- The Duke of Argyll on Economic Science. Address, London University.
Mr. Forwood, at Liverpool, on Naval Programme.
Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, on the Jeweller's Art.
- Sir Henry James, at Nelson, on Parnell Commission.
- Mr. H. H. Fowler, at Eighty Club, on Liberal Policy.
- Sir Douglas Galton, at Society of Arts, on the Water Railway.
Mr. R. Spence Watson, at Manchester Statistical Society, on Industrial Arbitration.
- Annual Dinner, Institution of Civil Engineers.
- Sir Morell Mackenzie, on Training of Voice, at Toynbee Hall.
- J. Morley, at Stepney, Education and Parnell Commission.
- Lord Salisbury's Address, Carlton Club.
- Mr. Gladstone, on Parnell Commission, at National Liberal Club.
Mr. Chamberlain, on Egypt, at Birmingham.
- Meeting of Associated Chambers of Commerce.
- Mr. Gladstone at Guy's Hospital.
- Institute of Naval Architecture, Annual Meeting.
Notes by Mr. White, on Naval Manœuvres.
Sir W. Harcourt, at Grimsby, on Parnell Commission.
Lord Rosebery on Free Libraries.
Sir Hicks Beach at Chambers of Commerce.
Mr. Raikes at Ipswich.
- Mr. Chamberlain on Commercial Travellers.
- Sir G. Stokes on Personality.

SOME MORE AUTOGRAPHS AND PORTRAITS.

THE immense territory over which the English-speaking race is scattered, is brought forcibly home to me by the fact that, even now, I have not received any response from the Australasian continent to the greeting in our first number. Last month brought letters from the Viceroy of India and several colonial notables.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA.

I may safely include myself in the number of those who will be gainers by the publication of the "Review of Reviews". We Indian officials have, I suspect, even less time for studying the current literature of the day than our fellow-workers at home. We shall consequently be grateful to you for providing us with an easy & expeditious mode of getting at that which is best worth reading in the Reviews & magazines.

Laurence

The following is the full text of the letter, from which the foregoing autograph facsimile is an extract:—

Government House, Calcutta, February 6, 1890.

Dear Mr. Stead,—I may safely include myself in the number of those who will be gainers by the publication of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. We Indian officials have, I

suspect, even less time for studying the current literature of the day than our fellow-workers at home. We shall consequently be grateful to you for providing us with an easy and expeditious mode of getting at that which is best worth reading in the reviews and magazines.

You may perhaps be able to do India a good turn by

giving prominence to ably-written articles, and parts of articles, upon Indian questions. The number of such articles is, it appears to me, disproportionately small, considering the importance and interest of the subject, and the REVIEW OF REVIEWS could correct this by bringing before a larger public whatever is best written, in and out of India, about Indian affairs.

One or two very creditably-conducted reviews are published in this country, but I must leave you to find them out, or I shall be accused of partisanship.

I am, dear Mr. Stead, yours truly,

LANSDOWNE.

Something went wrong with the REVIEWS despatched to Africa, and instead of a letter from the High Commissioner, I have only a complaint that the REVIEW had never come to hand. Some copies, however, seem to have reached Cape Town, for the South African mail brought me a bright and cordial letter from the one woman of genius whom South Africa has yet produced. Miss Olive Schreiner, writing to me just before starting up country, sends me a hearty "thank you" for the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, which she says will be simply invaluable to those up country. She adds: "The publishers of the reviews and magazines will be immensely grateful to you, for now every one will know what periodicals to order."



MISS OLIVE SCHREINER.

Olive Schreiner

been fascinated by the power and brilliance of "Life on a South African Farm," that they will be glad to have her portrait.

Mr. Porter, of the Census Bureau at Washington, writes:—

It is simply impossible for me to get along without the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. I am much pleased with the whole thing; it is just what is wanted; it gives the most interesting points of the most valuable articles published, and for a busy man like myself has many advantages. I can in a few hours get at the current of the best thought in the world. It must be a success.

Another South African greeting comes to me from the Government House, Natal. Sir C. B. H. Mitchell writes on February 11:—

Dear Sir,—I thank you for having sent me a copy of the first number of your new REVIEW. To the English-speaking communities beyond the seas, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS should prove an invaluable help to the much-desired keeping in touch with the best and ripest thought of the home land.

If it be a difficulty for the reading man at home to extract the gems from the mass of literary gravel that he has access to, how much more is it a difficulty for the colonial man to be sure of finding any in

the small amount of gravel that falls to his share? Heartily wishing you success,

Yours faithfully,

C. B. H. Mitchell

This sensible remark may be commended to various editorial friends of Miss Schreiner's, some of whom so far show a singular blindness to their own interests. So many readers in Great and in Greater Britain have

The late Prime Minister of Newfoundland, Sir R. Thorburn, writes me as follows from St. John's, on February 18:—

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour

of 15th January, and also of the first number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, which I have perused with much interest. I have no doubt the anticipations of the eminent men of the day, who have so very generally expressed themselves in favour of your projected work, will be fully realised.

To us in the colonies who are at a distance from the great centres of population, the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* will afford a "bird's-eye view" that cannot fail to instruct and stimulate a healthy interest in the current events and topics of the day.

I am, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,

Robert Charlton

Sir D. Lambert Playfair, who holds the responsible position of British Consul-General in Algeria, sends me the following words of welcome:—

British Consulate General, Algiers,
March 20, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I need hardly say that I find your *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* not only most pleasant reading, but very useful for a bibliographer like myself engaged on a particular subject, and removed from the source of general information—London.

Believe me, yours very truly,

D. Lambert Playfair

Another Colonial Governor, formerly of Natal, now of Ceylon, who is just now in London,—Sir Arthur Havelock,—writes me a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

Dear Sir,—If I understood your programme aright, the main purpose of the new publication is to present to the public the essence of the best articles in the leading reviews and magazines. Such a purpose, faithfully and accurately carried out, would be of high value, and of great service.

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. Havelock

I had the good fortune last month to meet Mr. K. Kaneko, who is at present in the discharge of a very important mission entrusted to him by the Japanese Government, and has spent the last month in London. Mr. Kaneko was a graduate at Harvard University and a profound student of Parliamentary Government. He was sent over here in order that the rules for the regulation of the procedure in the Japanese Parliament might be drawn up with the advantage of the ripest experience of the world. Such an observer, young, cultured, alert, has brought a keen eye and a trained judgment to the study of the comparative merits of the Parliamentary systems and European civilisation. Dividing Parliaments into four great classes,—the English constitutional and historical, the Latin democratic and revolutionary, the German imperial and transitionary, and the American, which is an adaptation of the English,—Mr. Kaneko is



MR. K. KANEKO.

much impressed with the superiority of the English to all other systems. For order and decorum, for the reverence to seniority and experience, our English House of Commons is without a rival. In Paris he heard the President of the Chamber endeavouring in vain to keep order by beating heavily on the table with a stick, alternating this exercise by ringing of a huge bell, and at last, giving it up in despair, ordered the removal of the recalcitrant member by the gendarmes at the point of the bayonet. It is, Mr. Kaneko said, individualism carried to its extreme limit. In Germany the problems of constitutional government have been approached. It would have been interesting to hear the Japanese Envoy gravely advising his German hosts in Berlin that they must study English history of the seventeenth century in order to

find the clue to the constitutional difficulties which they have not endeavoured to face. Our lower classes Mr. Kaneko regards as more fiendish and brutal than the corresponding human strata in the United States, but he is lost in admiration of the culture and charm of the English nobility. For their knowledge of affairs, their genial hospitality, their sympathy with the people, and their charm of manner, he regards our peers as the finest flower of the human race. Mr. Kaneko was good enough to express the liveliest interest in the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. "It is the very thing," said he, "which we require in Japan. I have asked some friends here to tell me what magazines we could subscribe to that would keep us abreast of European thought. They have given me a long string of titles of magazines. It is no use; we have not time to read them. Now your *REVIEW* is exactly what we want. I hope that I shall always see it at Tokio."

I have just received the following letter from Mr. Kaneko:—

42, Harley-street,

March 27th, 1890.

My dear Mr. Stead,—I am much obliged to you for the *REVIEWS* you sent me. Reading through, I found that your plan has met just what I was desiring for these long years. After my return to Japan in 1878, I tried to keep up my intellectual connection with Europe and America. I ordered many periodicals to be sent me, but pressed by my official works, I had hardly time to read them through. Now your *REVIEW* does a preliminary perusal for me,—not myself alone, but for many other Japanese

in the same condition,—and informs me of the doings and speakings of all my European and American friends on the stage of world's literature.

With many thanks,

I remain,

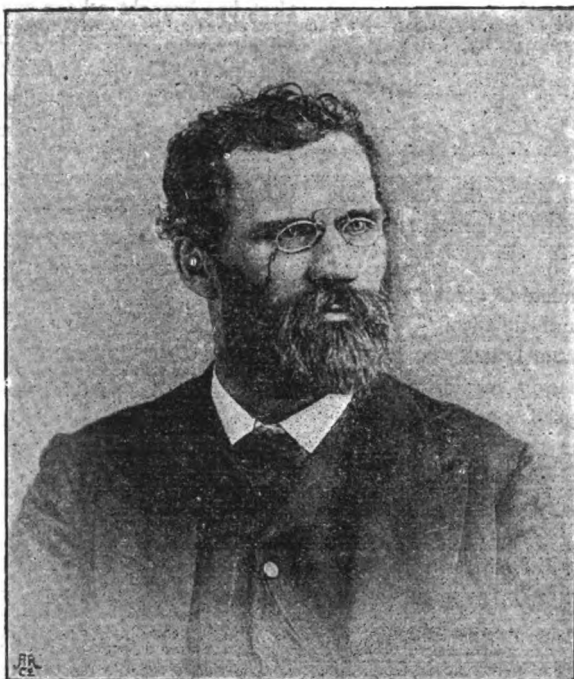
Very truly yours,

KENTARO KANEKO.

I bring up the rear of this month's collection of autographs with that of a man whose name of late has been more in the mouths of the public for evil than almost any other man. I refer to Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, the *bleu-noir* of the *Times*, and the friend of Michael Davitt, whose paper rendered such yeoman's service to Ireland, by collecting the sinews of war in America for the Campaign against unjust rent. I received the following letter, dated New York, February 22:—

Dear Mr. Stead,—I have seen the first of your *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, and am well pleased with it, and wish you all success.

I should like to see it regularly, and, if agreeable to you, I shall send in exchange



MR. PATRICK FORD, OF THE "IRISH WORLD."



Yours sincerely,
Patrick Ford

OUR ASSOCIATION OF HELPERS. SERVICE FOR MARCH.

WORKHOUSES.

Name of Workhouse.	Inm'tes.	Men	Women	Children.	Periodicals.	Newspapers.	Toys, &c.
ENGLAND.							
Ashton, near Manchester	776	330	284	162	None.	Odds and ends.	A few at Christmas.
Blackburn	96	53	23	20	None.	None.	Salvation Army War Cry and Young Soldier.
Bradford	500	300	200	...	Unsupplied.	Unsupplied.	...
Bramley, Kent	290	185	114	31
Bromsgrove	175	90	60	25	The Quiver occasionally.	None.	No toys or picture-books.
Brentford Workhouse, Isleworth	460	241	165	54	None.	Local.	From Truth.
Bury Union Workhouse	Have papers, &c.	Have library of 2,000 books.	Fairly well.
Cheltenham	404	157	141	106	Too numerous to mention. There is a library.	Do.	Require some.
Christ's Church	130	35	35	40	None.	Fluctuating.	None.
Coventry	349	157	128	64	1, the Quiver.	3 weekly, 3 or 4 daily.	Yes, at Christmas.
Croydon	204	262	124	18	Well supplied.	Well supplied, except in the infirmary.	...
Derby	514	196	162	156	Fairly well.	30 per week.	Fairly well.
Devonport	335	97	169	69	10 monthly.	None.	Not stated.
Dorchester	95	45	25	25	12 Graphics every fortnight.	Daily, one day old.	No toys mentioned.
Dunmow, Essex	171	96	37	43	Irregular.	2 weekly.	Well supplied.
Doddington, near Cambridge	137	60	33	44	British Workman.	Religious occasionally.	At Christmas.
Dudley	642	271	239	122	6 monthly.	5 weekly.	A few at Christmas.
Eastville, Bristol	917	401	316	200	13 monthly.	20 weekly.	Not mentioned.
Epping Union	94	59	35	40	monthly.	2 daily.	A few.
Exeter—Union of St. Sodwell	319	154	101	64	Well supplied.	Well supplied, library 236 books.	Well supplied.
— Union of St. Thomas	172	76	51	45	None to depend on.	Very seldom.	Have toys, require picture books.
Gateshead	526	147	167	212	None.	4 weekly.	A few from Uncle Toby at Christmas.
Great Yarmouth	500	200	200	100	Well supplied.	Well supplied, want books.	No toys.
Gulfcross Union, Kenninghall, Thetford	99	35	None.	None except a few old sometimes.	None.
Halifax	458	251	156	51	Well supplied.	Well supplied.	Well supplied.
Hull—Union of Sculcoates	719	Not divided.	...	170	Sufficient.	Sufficient; indeed, very good.	Furnished by Guardians and friends.
— Union of Hull, Corporation of the Poor	591	Not divided.	...	100	Inadequate.	Inadequate.	Inadequate
Hastings	225	83	81	61	Fairly well supplied.	Inmates buy the daily papers.	Supplied.
Howden, Yorks	65	30	18	17	None.	Occasionally.	At Christmas.
Hampstead, West	262	128	114	20	No limit (?)	No limit (?)	Acceptable.
Hexham Union	Not mentioned.	Well supplied.	Well supplied.	Well supplied.
Huddersfield	Not given.	None.	6 monthly.	3 weekly, some 2 days old.	Papers given.
Kensington, St. Mary Abbots	810	300	480	30	Have library.	Would be acceptable.	Children at Banstead.
Leeds Union	469	186	133	150	In plenty.	Plenty.	A few acceptable.
Leek Union	141	59	36	46	Irregular.	Irregular.	Well supplied.
Leicester	634	Kyrie Society supplies.	Daily and weekly old papers.	...
Lewisham	1050	250	250	50	Occasional bundles.	1 local.	Children drafted off to district school.
Liverpool, West Derby Union	2200	1000	1100	100	4 monthly.	None.	Very few.
London—Hackney	1090	560	480	50	Well stocked library.	Require more.	Require more.
— St. George's, Hanover-square	1532	1016	485	31	No regular supply.	8 daily, Punch, Judy, and Fun by lady visitors.	...
Manchester—Union of North Brierley	260	170	70	20	12 British Workman and Children's Temperance.	None.	Fairly well off.
Medway, near Rochester	607	246	264	167	6 monthly.	2 weekly.	In want of.
Newcastle-on-Tyne	804	219	301	284	Have a library.	2 daily, 2 weekly.	In want of more.
Norwich, Marsham
Ormskirk	229	112	90	27	Not well supplied.	Not well supplied.	Few.
Peterborough	142	80	36	26	3 monthly.	3 local weekly.	Children are boarded out
Portsmouth	Very few by charity.	Very few by charity.	Very few by charity.
Plumstead, Woolwich	474	208	218	48	12 monthly.	Irregular.	Like more.
Prescot, Lancashire	650	325	275	50	Fairly well.	Requires story-books for women.	Well supplied.
Redhill	200	Not mentioned.	Enough (have library).	Enough.	Supplied at Christmas.
Romford	360	157	94	109	4 monthly.	None.	Great want.
Rochester, Strood Union	213	88	62	63	8 monthly.	None.	Few.
Scopwick	Only a	ged and infirm	people.	...	Plentiful supply.	Plentiful supply.	Children boarded out.
South Moulton	95	40	30	25	6 monthly.	None.	Very few.
St. Pauls Cray	Children boarded out.
Stony Stratford, Pottersbury U.
St. Giles's, Camberwell	410	250	130	30	Spasmodic.	Spasmodic.	Occasional and scanty.
Toxteth Park Union, Liverpool	660	260	330	70	5 monthly.	20 old ones weekly.	Not mentioned.
Wandsworth and Clapham	574	Inadequate.	Do.	To some extent.
Weymouth	160	70	60	30	Supply small.	Packet of local.	No toys.
Whitchurch	61	26	9	26	None.	None.	Have toys.
Wokingham	85	60	23	None.	No lack.	No lack.	No lack.
WALES.							
Festiniog	89	37	25	27	None.	Often given.	...
Merthyr Tydvil	225	117	87	21	3 or 4 monthly.	Fluctuates, not many.	Children sent to Aberdare schools.
Pwllheli	Not mentioned.	(Information about this	people	...	Union sent by three different Welsh. Have kind friends.	ent Helpers.)	...

Name of Workhouse.	Inm'te.	Men.	Women.	Children	Periodicals.	Newspapers.	Toys, &c.
SCOTLAND.							
Aberdeen, City Workhouse	391	156	192	43	2 monthly. Plenty magazines.	5 weekly, 4 daily. 2 daily.	Not enough. On New Year's Day and occasionally.
— Old Machar	175	70	79	26			At Christmas and occa- sionally.
— St. Nicholas	371	160	180	30	3 monthly.	9 weekly, 4 daily.	
Dundee, East	636	42	57				
— Other	537	166	245	126	Donations received. 1 copy <i>Leisure Hour</i> .	2 dailies, 6 weekly. Old papers sent.	Fairly well. Not stated.
Falkirk	72	27	39	8			
Glasgow Fairly well	supplied. ...	Well supplied.
Govan, near Glasgow	953	364	401	188	2 monthly.	2 local.	Not stated.
Inverness	84	31	39	14	Enough daily.	<i>Scotsman</i> daily.	...
Orkney, Kirkwall	6	1	5	None.			
IRELAND.							
Dublin, North City	3180	1060	1060	1060	Supply good.	Supply small.	Not stated.
Ennis	500	140	240	120	None.	None.	None.
Sligo	297	104	126	61	R.C., nothing.	Nothing.	Nothing.
Waterford	1048	382	587	279	None.	None.	None.

THE WORKHOUSE CHRIST.

BEING A REPORT ON THE RESULT OF THE SERVICE FOR MARCH.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."

It would be rather a painful inquiry all round. With the reports of my helpers before me as to the provision that is made out of the world's abundance of newspapers and magazines for the supply of reading to the inmates of our workhouses, I would fain put off that great inquisition for a little space, in which it may be possible to mend our ways. For, judged by the practical test which He laid down on earth, by which our faith in Him is measured by our service to the least of these His brethren, we believe in Him very little.

A helper in Liverpool, in forwarding his report for the workhouse of West Derby Union, in which there are at present 2,200 inmates, whose supply of reading consists of four monthly magazines and no newspapers, appends the following pithy remark:—"The enclosed speaks for itself. It is simply awful." It is difficult to realise the possibility of such neglect existing in our midst unnoticed, when it could be supplied so easily out of our mere superfluity. Yet again and again, as you turn over the returns, you come upon similar scandals. Here, for instance, is the workhouse at Ennis, in Ireland, with 500 inmates, 120 of whom are children, which is absolutely unprovided with a single monthly magazine, a single newspaper, or a single toy for the little ones!

ENNIS.—There is nothing of the sort supplied by the guardians or by the public, so that the poor inmates of all classes are shut out from every source of intellectual enjoyment except what their Prayer-book affords, and even the rooms they occupy are not adorned in any way, and there is nothing to relieve the dull monotony of the whitewashed walls. I am therefore willing and anxious to co-operate with you with a view of making the condition of the poor people thus circumstanced happier.

A similar report comes from Waterford. There we have over 1,000 inmates, without periodicals, without newspapers, without toys.

WATERFORD.—Almost all the inmates of the workhouse are able to read, but not even for charity do they get one newspaper a week.

Unfortunately, Ennis and Waterford do not stand alone. There are many other workhouses in the same plight all over the country. Our returns are by no means complete, but they are sufficient to give rise to grave searchings of

heart on the part of all who have a human heart, whether or not they profess to share the Christian faith.

Who are these prisoners of poverty in the workhouses of our land? They are, first and foremost, the old. Forty-five per cent. of the English folk who reach threescore years die in the workhouse. Almost every other man and woman in the land when weary and heavy laden, and broken down with the labour of life, finds a refuge there. They are the crippled and superannuated veterans of industry, the unfortunate pensioners of society. They have done their day's darg as best they could, and after passing on the burden well nigh not to be borne of their country's destiny to their sons and daughters, they are gathered together under the cold shade of the Poor Law to wait for death. And while they wait we neglect to supply them even with the poor consolation of the day's news to pass away the time, or with a magazine to amuse and instruct them in their declining years. Some, no doubt, are unable to read. But there is practical unanimity as to the eagerness of the old people for reading. Here are a few extracts from the mass of reports that have reached me from all parts of the country:—

EAST LONDON.—Kindly allow me to say, after a number of years constant visitation of our East-end workhouses on Sunday, in connection with the workers of the Christian community, that, to my own knowledge, the day-rooms and wards are very poorly supplied with magazines or newspapers, and, in some cases, they are entirely absent. I have found that the officials are very reticent in replying to questions addressed to them on these subjects, and very often seek to put you off the track by stating that many of the inmates do not care to read. But this is quite unfounded. It has been my own privilege to distribute all the varied literature I could buy and my own personal friends could give me. And as the weeks came round there are a number of earnest Christian men who, like myself, never can keep any old numbers by them, because, whenever we show our face, the question comes, "Have you brought us any books?" And if you will allow me to make a practical suggestion, I would say that this channel is a very safe one for you to use in supplying the workhouses in London.

HACKNEY.—Any gifts in the way of magazines or illustrated and other papers would add very greatly to the comfort of the older people in the workhouse, of whom there are a great many. With these, who have many of them been in better circumstances, time sometimes hangs heavily, and any illustrated papers are most useful.

LIVERPOOL.—Newspapers of any description are much appreciated by the inmates even if past date by days; also disused books and magazines. Any papers or printed matter will be accepted with thanks. The fault (if it be a fault) lies with the people who keep papers and periodicals lying about for weeks, for no earthly use, when they might send in their names to a small organised committee saying, "You can have

so and so (in a fortnight or some reasonable time) after publication," when it could be sent for, or sent to the committee aforesaid.

GUILTCROSS.—Can testify, after fourteen years' experience, as to the eagerness that magazines and papers are sought after by the inmates.

After the aged, the most important class of the inmates of the workhouses are the children. They are peculiarly fitting objects of sympathy and compassion. No blame can possibly be attached to them. They are the orphans, the disinherited from birth, the helpless infant wards of society. Yet nothing is more uniform than the lament that arises from all parts of the land as to the lack of picture books and toys. Once a year, at Christmas time, there are a few distributed. But these children, being not in family but in barracks, are not mothered. There is no one to teach them to play with the toys. Their instincts lead them to break them, and in a few days the toys are no more. There is a great lack, writes the Newcastle master, of marbles, balls, tops, and picture books. The public outside, that lives in the sunlight and in the freshness of life, is fairly flooded with illustrated periodicals daily, weekly, monthly. But inside the dull, whitewashed walls, where life is stagnant and the failures of the world are massed together, there is often not even one. Surely this evil is wrought from want of thought rather than from want of heart. It needs but to be pointed out to be remedied. But it is a shame and a reproach to us all that it should need to be pointed out to-day.

In the vision of Sir Launfal, one of the finest and most spiritual of all Russell Lowell's poems, Sir Launfal, who has spent his life in the vain search after the Holy Grail, is returning to his castle "an old, bent man, worn out and frail," when he comes upon a leper, "lank as the rain-blanch'd bone," who, "in the desolate horror of his disease," begs an alms for "Christ's sweet sake."

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorn;
And to thy life were not denied,
The wounds in the hands and feet and side;
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me.
Behold, through him, I give to Thee."

And even as he spoke and shared his crust with the beggar, "the leper no longer crouched at his side, but stood before him glorified." While

The voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here!"

So may we not say to our Sir Launfals of to-day—and there are many of them pining for the sacred vision, and are anxious to serve the Highest,—“Behold, it is here, here in the workhouse, where you will find your Christ,” and where it is for you to minister unto Him. We do not need to say, Lo here is Christ, or lo there!

“My Christ no more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and the weak.”

And those outcasts and weak ones are left without anything to read from year's end to year's end, solely for lack of a little thought, a little kindly Christian charity. For the task is not insuperably difficult. The experience of some unions—bright exceptions though they are—show how it can be done. Halifax, for instance, is well supplied. It is one of the best workhouses in the land—

from this point of view. Yet close to Halifax stands Bradford, which is one of the worst. In some cases the contrast is even more remarkable, because of two unions in the same town, one will be well supplied and one will have a most inadequate store.

EXETER, ST. SIDWELL.—Master reports that this workhouse is better supplied with printed matter generally than any he has been in during his forty years' experience. The children are well supplied with toys, through the kindness of Lady Northcote, and have a fair supply of picture books.

EXETER, ST. THOMAS'S.—Says they want illustrated papers of any sort and old newspapers. Thinks a box at the station might help a little. The children have a fair supply of toys, thanks to Lady Northcote, but are badly in want of picture books.

HULL, SCULCOATES.—Magazines received monthly. Supplies vary, but always sufficient to meet demand. Paper supply most regular; in fact, some of the inmates receive their daily supply with the same regularity as the merchant in town.

HULL.—Magazines and newspapers inadequate. Toys and books for children inadequate.

Now clearly what is wanted is to find out the best that is actually done anywhere, and then to level up to that realised ideal.

If, for instance, we could but get all the workhouses in the country up to the Halifax ideal, what an immense improvement it would be. Yet there is nothing impossible in that, or even difficult. What it needs is that some one person should make a start. Here is an example of how the thing can be done:—

GREAT YARMOUTH.—Four months ago one of the guardians took this question up, and made two receiving boxes, and placed one opposite his own coffee tavern and another opposite one of the newspaper offices. He has received 5,367 papers and magazines in four months. He personally sorts them and delivers them in packets to the suitable people. It has nothing to do with the guardians in an official way.

What has been done in Great Yarmouth can be done elsewhere. It only needs a beginning. Here are some more suggestions which my helpers have sent me after interviewing the workhouse masters in their respective unions:—

DUDLEY.—The guardians should be interviewed and desired to inaugurate a series of concerts (or something of the kind) annually, to be rendered in all the towns and villages within the Union area. This might easily be done with little cost and success if the guardians would look up the matter enthusiastically. The funds thus raised would be sufficient to supply adequately literature of many kinds, toys, picture books, if spent judiciously and with discriminating care.

GATESHEAD.—That a receiving box should be placed in a prominent position at every church, &c. door, and a man sent from the workhouse to collect them once a week. Mr. Penrose also thinks that local newspapers should not object to post a copy of their publication to each workhouse in the neighbourhood. It is scarcely necessary for me to say there is a great lack of reading, and Mr. Penrose, the master, would be thankful for any that may be sent, provided, of course, the source is unquestionable as regards infection.

CHRISTCHURCH.—I have obtained permission to place two boxes at the railway stations, one at Christchurch and one at Bournemouth East, from which a collection from time to time of old newspapers and such papers as are bought by railway travellers. Books of the description which have been cast on one side and of no further use, might be obtained by an advertisement in the local papers. A few times might suffice to let it be known. The mending of the books would willingly be undertaken in the workhouse.

DUNDEE, WEST.—The books most required are those of "narrative and adventures of a simple character." The keeper would be very glad if "a pleasant, instructive, interesting, and simple class of literature" could be introduced. He thinks the best way to effect this is by bringing the matter before the public.

OLD MACHAR, ABERDEEN.—In such a city as this it would be quite easy for a little group of young people to engage to collect magazines and pamphlets and deliver them monthly at the poorhouses. One or two might make a special object of juvenile literature.

ROMFORD.—There is a great want of picture-books for the children. Could not an appeal be made in the local press? I think it would meet with a favourable response.

BRENTFORD.—A "yellow back," I was told, will, on occasion, stray into the wards, in which event it is greedily devoured. Much might be done by the guardians in this particular direction, if only they could be induced to infuse a little more energy and interest into the cause than at present characterises their action as a body.

The question really resolves itself into this. Is there one person in each Union who is willing to help in this service to minister to the Workhouse Christ? The responses which I have received are cheering and hopeful. From far Orkney, where there are but half-a-dozen veterans over sixty in the workhouse, a helper writes:—

ORKNEY.—I must tell you that I intend in the future to be a regular visitor to the poor house in order to read and talk to the old people, leave them a trifling present of tobacco or fruit, and so try to bring a little brightness into very sunless and desolate lives. I am very grateful that this very simple but important path of usefulness has been pointed out to me. I am a very happy woman myself, and anxious to pay back to some less favoured ones some of the blessedness I have myself received.

Why should we not? It is personal service that is wanted. Not much, but some.

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In what we share with another's need.
Not what we give, but what we spare,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

Let us, then, suppose that there is some one in each union who is willing to help. What can be done?

The first thing is to know exactly what are the facts? What is the actual state of things? If there is no lack, as there seems to be none at Halifax and some other places, then there is no more to be done. But when, as in the immense majority of cases, there is a great deal to be done, the first thing to be done is to get to know from the workhouse master and matron, or other official, what provision exists at present, and what is most lacking. The second thing is to compare this with the ideal of the irreducible minimum which we may now try to procure. Every workhouse, let us say, should have (1) a library, (2) a daily newspaper, (3) a weekly newspaper, (4) a monthly magazine, and (5) an illustrated paper for the children. That surely is the very least. To make it anything like a decent ideal, there should be one paper a week for every ten of the inmates, and a magazine a month for every twenty.

As for the library, the absence of libraries in our workhouses is one of the many scandals which demand remedy at the hands of the authorities. There is a library in every prison, why not in every workhouse? This is a matter for Mr. Ritchie and the Boards of Guardians.

When I was in Coldbath prison the officials told me that the prison was so much more comfortable than the workhouse there were tramps who every autumn deliberately committed some trivial crime in order to be able to

have the accommodation of gaol rather than be compelled to put up with the poorer fare of the workhouse. From a literary point of view these gentry undoubtedly made a wise choice.

But we have a right to demand that our paupers should have at least as good a library as our criminals. As to the choice of books, that is a matter on which, as the Newcastle master says, "Tastes are various." But, as the Leicester report says, "Everything is eagerly read. Nothing comes amiss."

ABERDEEN, ST. NICHOLAS WORKHOUSE.—There is a total want of picture books. This workhouse possesses a fairly good library. The books most sought after are novels and biographies. In a word the greatest need is a well-stocked library of light reading. This is the greatest boon for the intellectual culture of our pauper brothers.

There is an excellent man in charge of a workhouse not far from London, who reports that the inmates have got twenty gospel magazines, and that the only suggestion he can make is that they should have more gospel magazines! Some masters complain that people dump their old rubbish at the workhouse, thinking that any printed matter is good enough for paupers. But they need not be afraid. Let the rubbish be classified. Out of it they can select what they think is useful; and as for the rest, can it not be used for lighting the workhouse fire?

The next point is the supply of newspapers. Outside, a newspaper is a necessary of life, although sometimes it is a plague. But no one who has not been in gaol can ever adequately understand how a man can literally hunger for a newspaper. There is probably not a convict in Milbank who can read who would not willingly give up his dinner for a week if thereby he could purchase the longed-for luxury of a quiet perusal of a three weeks' old newspaper. It is deadly dull in the prison, and almost as dull in the workhouse; and the inmates would give anything for a glimpse of the papers. The first thing to be done is to appeal to the local newspapers to print a letter or an editorial calling attention to the need for papers, and asking some of their thousands of readers to forward their old copies to the workhouse. In some places, notably in Croydon, the newspaper offices themselves forward several copies gratis to the workhouse. It is a graceful charity, which costs little, and which ought not to be confined to Croydon.

The second thing is to establish a public receiving-box at some convenient centre, where passers-by could deposit their newspapers, and from which they could be periodically collected. The railway stations are the most convenient; but in many cases the railway stations are already fitted with boxes for the receipt of papers for local hospitals, and the workhouses must go elsewhere. In Great Yarmouth a box fitted outside a local coffee-tavern had a great success. This is a question that must be decided in each locality. The box, with a large slit in the top, and a conspicuous lettering, "Papers for the Workhouse," would cost a few shillings. Arrangements could be made with the workhouse master for a messenger to clear it periodically.

Mr. Goate, of the Temperance Hotel, Great Yarmouth, to whom I wrote for information, writes me as follows:—

"In reply to your inquiry of March 26th, *re* paper supply to workhouse, I send you a sketch of my box, which I find answers well. It cost 15s., and is painted deep red with gilt outlay. I have two such boxes, which I had made at my own expense, and placed one outside my hotel and the other near the *Daily Press* office, in another street.

"I made no appeal, only what I put on the box, viz., 'Please drop a paper in for the sick and infirm in the workhouse.' At the end of two months I sent letters to the papers, with the result that in five weeks I have delivered over 3,000 more papers, &c., making in all 6,157 in three months.

"I sort the papers, do them up in parcels of from twenty-five to fifty, according to the number of inmates in each ward. I deliver them personally, especially to those who are confined to their beds. The children are not forgotten no more than the lunatics; every class of inmate welcome them, and the Master and Matron (Mr. and Mrs. T. Blyth) are very pleased indeed, and help me in the work all they can. I have suggested to the master that the old papers should be collected after a certain time and sold for waste paper, and books should be bought for the workhouse library with such money. I may also add, when a *year's magazines* come in, or anything that is suitable, is bound, and put in the said library."

If no box can be fitted up, any one who is determined to help might attain the same aim either by allowing his house to be used as a receiving house, or by periodically collecting from those who promise to save their magazines and newspapers.

To do the thing thoroughly, if any one is willing to take the trouble, a house to house canvass is the best thing to set the thing on a proper footing. If a copy of this paper is left at each house, with a notice that the collector will call in a few days to hear what contributions can be promised in (1) newspapers, (2) magazines, or (3) books, a periodical collection could be arranged which would raise the local workhouse to the Halifax level.

The influence of ministers of religion of all denominations should be invoked, and the supply of the needs of the inmates of the workhouse insisted upon from the pulpit as a religious duty. As a rule, you will find the workhouse authorities very pleased that any one should take an intelligent human interest in their responsible work.

There is not much help to be got from existing societies. The Kyrle Society, however, does excellent work, and if any one wishes to help without undertaking any personal service, he cannot do better than forward any magazines or books he may have available for distribution to the

Hon. Secretary,

Literature Department, Kyrle Society,
14, Nottingham-place, W.

The provincial Kyrle Societies do not all of them undertake the distribution of literature. Here, however, is a list of them with the addresses of their Hon. Secretaries, which may be useful for this as well as for other purposes:—

BIRMINGHAM KYRLE SOCIETY.—Miss Gittins, 87, Hagley-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

CHELTENHAM KYRLE SOCIETY.—Miss Wood, 7, Spa-buildings; A. B. Pinkney, Esq., A.R.I.B.A., 2, Clarence-street. Branches.—1. Musical. 2. Decorative. 3. Open Spaces and Gardening. 4. Needlework. 5. General Work.

DUBLIN KYRLE SOCIETY.—Geo. Coffey, Esq., 5, Harcourt-terrace, Dublin; and Mrs. Hogg, Stratford, Rathgar, Co. Dublin. Branches.—1. Open Spaces. 2. Decorative. 3. Musical.

EDINBURGH SOCIAL UNION. (Studio, 11a, Shandwick-place).—Mrs. Cunningham, 14, Inverleith-gardens, Edinburgh.

GLASGOW KYRLE SOCIETY.—Mrs. Reith, F. C. Manse, Lynedoch-street, Glasgow; and Mrs. Hannay, Hillhead-gardens, Glasgow.

LEICESTER KYRLE SOCIETY.—A. H. Paget, Esq., West-walk, Leicester. Sections.—1. Decoration. 2. Gardening and Flowers. 3. Entertainments.

LIVERPOOL KYRLE SOCIETY.—Lewis Beard, Esq., 15, Lord-street, Liverpool. Branches.—1. Decorative. 2. Musical and Entertainment. 3. Reading. 4. Children's.

NOTTINGHAM KYRLE SOCIETY (a Branch of the Nottingham Social Guild).—Miss H. Carey, Trent Leigh, The Rope-walk, Nottingham. Sections.—1. Decorative. 2. Open Spaces. 3. Window Gardening. 4. Flower Mission. 5. Distribution of Literature in Workhouses and Hospitals.

I have called this paper "The Workhouse Christ." There are two senses in which the phrase applies. There is the Suffering Christ in the inmates of the workhouse. There is the Ministering Christ in those who seek to alleviate the hardships of their lot, and let in some light and warmth into the dull lives of those prisoners of despair, for whom life has nothing left but the drags, and whose only hope of escape is the grave. Those who object to the phrase would do well to read again our Lord's description of the Last Judgment:—

"Then shall He say to them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and infirm, and ye visited me not.

"Then shall they also answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or infirm, and did not minister unto Thee?

"Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Who will refuse to minister to the Workhouse Christ?

A HINT FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

I am much interested in finding that one department of the duties which I had mapped out for our Association of Helpers has been taken in hand by what is called the Question Clubs of New England. Finding that their senators and representatives were shirking the discussion of the subject of taxation, paying no attention whatever to the questions asked by some of the young men of New England who had become interested in the tariff questions, they decided to adopt a plan of operations not dissimilar to that of our Helpers. Appreciating the impossibility of forcing a discussion on the issues in which they were interested by means of questions addressed to the representatives of the people, they ask themselves:—

"Why not make the people the questioners?" The idea developed, and soon clubs, consisting of five or more members each, were organised in various towns and cities of the State. In order to facilitate the circulation of the questions and the publication of the answers in the press, a general secretary was elected, and the consolidated organisations became known as the United Question Clubs of Massachusetts, with a post-office box as their expensive headquarters.

The question clubs now number seventy-five, and they seem to keep their members pretty busy. Mr. Mendum, who describes their *modus operandi* in the *North American Review* for March, says:—

The work of the Question Club is really but begnn. We have been collecting a library of facts and opinions, and we purpose, when sufficient matter is collected, to republish our questions and answers in pamphlet form for distribution.

In order that I might emphasize our gratitude, I have deferred until this place mention of the indebtedness of the Question Clubs to the invaluable assistance of the press of Boston and New England, and also of New York. The daily papers have been the *sine quâ non* of our success, and I thank them heartily for their willingness to publish our numerous replies. With the slight expense of a little printing and postage and the gratuitous publication of our matter in the columns of the press, it is doubtful if a cheaper and more effectual method of economic education has been devised.

THE ASSOCIATION OF HELPERS. SERVICE FOR APRIL.

THE SUPPLY OF READING FOR THE WORKHOUSES.

FOLLOWING up the service of March, I have to ask you to take what practical step seems best to you to amend the lamentable condition of affairs which is revealed by the reports of our Helpers as existing in most of our workhouses, and to report what you have done before the 21st inst. While leaving ample scope for individual initiative I would suggest the following means by which each Helper could co-operate in this service of the poor :—

(1.) Will you write or get some one to write a letter to the editor of your local paper, appealing to the public to assist in supplying papers and periodicals for the inmates of the workhouse ?

(2.) Will you distribute copies of this report—six of which will be posted to every helper—to the six persons most likely to help in supplying this want, as for instance :—1. The local editor ; 2. The chairman of the Board of Guardians ; 3. The Workhouse Chaplain ; 4. The lady who takes the lead in good works ; 5. The most active philanthropist, etc. ?

(3.) If no one else better qualified can be found, will you yourself undertake to look after—1. The placing of a box for newspapers in the railway station or other public place ; 2. The periodical collection of old magazines, etc ; 3. The formation of a small committee for establishing a library in the workhouse ?

A copy of this REVIEW is posted direct from the office to every workhouse master in the three kingdoms for the use of the inmates. Reprints of the report on the supply of reading for the workhouses may be had for distribution at 1s. 6d. per 100. Helpers where the workhouses are well supplied are not called upon for any service this month.

Last month I gave a list of places from which I had received applications for "How to Help." This, of course, was not equivalent to a list of places where Helpers had volunteered. The following is a list up to date of places where readers have made formal application on the printed form at the end of "How to Help" to be enrolled on the Association of Helpers :—

Aberdeen (3)	Coventry (2)	Hereford
Aberdare	Croydon	Hexham
Aberbroath (2)	Derby	Hornsey
Ardingly	Deptford	Houghton
Aldershot	Devonport	Howden
Annan, Scotland	Dovercourt	Hull (3)
Ashbourne	Dublin (11)	Hull (West)
Ashton, near Manchester	Dun-lee (3)	Hulme
Bangor, Co. Down	Dunmow	Ilford
Barnmouth	Dunbeath	Inverness
Balbrina	Durham	Islington (2)
Bath	Dumfries	Kensington (2)
Bethnal Green (2)	Dunstable	Kent (3)
Bingham	Ealing (2)	Kingston, near Glasgow
Birmingham (4)	Edinburgh (2)	King ton-upon-Hull
Bishop's Stortford	Edgbaston	Kirriemuir
Blackburn	Edmonton	Lambeth
Blarney, co. Cork	Ennis	Lanarkshire
Boston	Everton	Lavender Hill
Bradford (5)	Fairview, near Dublin	Leek, Staffs
Bradford (7) (Shipley,	Falkirk	Leeds (4)
P. M. D.)	Falmouth	Leicester
Brighton	Festiniog	Lewisham
Bristol (2)	Fermanagh	Liverpool (4)
Brixton	Forest Gate (2)	London generally
Brockley	Forest Hill	London West
Bromley	Forfar	London South Gate
Brompton	Galway (2)	Lutterworth
Buckhurst	Gateshead	Macclesfield
Buckingham	Garstang	Madstone
Bury	Glamorgan (2)	Manchester (5) [(2)
Cambridge (3)	Glasgow (8)	Manchester, Moss Side
Camberwell (2)	Govan	Manchester, Clayton
Canterbury (2)	Great Yarmouth	Marylebone
Carrickmacross	Guildford	Marsh
Cheltenham	Hackney	Mark Lane
Chester	Halesowen	Melbourne, Australia
Christchurch	Halifax (2)	Merthyr Tydvil (2)
Chiswick	Hampstead (2)	Monmouthshire
Church, Lancashire	Han ey	Montpelier, Bristol
Clapham	Harborne	Neath
Clayton (2)	Harringly	Nelson
Clerkenwell	Hawick	
Clithero		
Corby		
Cornwall		

Newcastle-on-Tyne (2)	Redhill	Torquay
Newport	Ripon	Tralee
North Lonsdale	Rochester	Upton Park
Norway	Sabdeen	Wandsworth
Norwich	Scarborough	Waterford (2)
Nottingham (2)	Sheffield (3)	West Calder
Oporto, Portugal	Sligo	West Clare, Ireland
Orkney	South Moulton	West Hampstead (2)
Ormskirk	South-Eastern Counties	Weymouth
Oudle	Southsea	Whitchurch, Hants
Peckham (2)	Southwark, West	Wigan
Penge	St. Davids	Wimbledon
Perthshire	St. Helens	Wimborne
Peterborough	Stamford Hill	Witney
Plumstead	Stoney Stratford	Woodford
Portsmouth	Stratford (2)	Worcestershire
Preston	Sunderland	
	Swansea	
	Swindon	
Radcliff (2)		Yestrad
Reading	Tiverton	Yorkshire, Holmfirth

It will be seen that in many districts there are more than one volunteer. Although I do not—in deference to the wish expressed by many—propose to publish a list of the names and residences of the Helpers, I am compiling such a list for distribution among the Helpers ; and any Helper who objects to this will please intimate his objection to me before the middle of this month. If no such intimation is received, I will include his name in the Helpers' list, copies of which will be sent to every Helper. Some such plan is indispensable to prevent friction and secure a proper division of labour.

In compliance with a wish expressed by several Helpers, I shall this month begin the publication of a series of papers available for distribution by Helpers to those whom they wish to influence or interest in the objects of the REVIEW. They will be published at cost price, and specimen copies will be posted free to every Helper. The series will begin with the following papers :—

- I. TO ALL ENGLISH-SPEAKING FOLK.
 - II. HOW TO HELP.
 - III. THE WORKHOUSE CHRIST.
- Others in preparation.

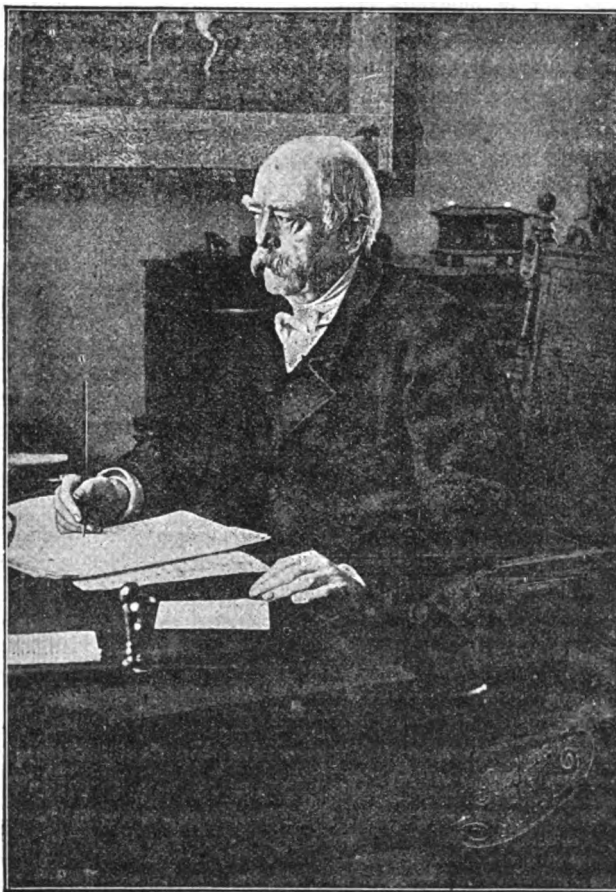
CHARACTER SKETCH : APRIL.

IV.—PRINCE BISMARCK.

THERE was a charming story told a year or two ago about the great grim giant who has this month ceased to be Imperial Chancellor, which may well be recalled to-day. Prince Bismarck was one day passing through the Royal Palace at Berlin, when he entered a room in which the young princes were merrily romping and dancing to the music of a barrel organ. The youngsters insisted that Prince Bismarck should stay and dance with them. "I am too old," said the stiff and stately septuagenarian, "and really I cannot dance; but if the Crown Prince will dance, I will grind the organ." The bargain was at once struck. The Crown Prince joined his two brothers, and Prince Bismarck ground away merrily at the organ while the children danced on in high glee. In the midst of their mirth the door opened and the Kaiser entered. He smiled to see the redoubtable Reichskanzler grinding the barrel organ, and after a word of greeting to his sons he observed, in mock displeasure, to Prince Bismarck, "You begin in good time to make the Heir-Apparent dance to your piping. Why, this is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns to whom you devote yourself!" A significant remark, and although uttered no doubt in jest, it reads, in the light of the

past month's history, as if it had an undernote of serious purpose. The Kaiser, at least, will no longer dance to the piping of his imperious statesman. The Bismarck Dynasty has fallen. The Hohenzollern reigns alone. But the charm of that anecdote lies not in the prophetic foreshadowing of the great event of the past month, but in the light which it throws upon the genial human character of the great Chancellor. The man of blood and iron grinding a barrel organ for the

amusement of three small urchins is a pleasant relief from the endless series of Bismarck portraits in all manner of heroic attitudes with which the papers have accustomed us. We must not take even our Bismarck too tragically; and in this paper I propose to say but little of the Imperial Chancellor, and all his high politics and statesmanship, and confine my attention to the human side of the greatest man of our time.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

BISMARCK AS SENTIMENTALIST.

That human side has many aspects, many apparently incongruous and even contradictory, for Bismarck is big enough to contain almost every variety of human idiosyncrasy—even sentimentality. There is a passage in one of his letters to his wife, when he was representing Prussia at Frankfurt in 1851, which always recurs to me as an illustration of the existence of phases in his complex character, of which most people take no heed. It is found in a description of a visit to Rudesheim on the Rhine, just below the Niederwald, on which the famous Germania monument was, a quarter of a century later, to arise:—

I took a boat, went out on the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, eyes and nose only above the tepid water, to the Rat Tower, near Bingen, where the bad bishop met his end. There is something strangely dreamy to lie in the water on a still night, slowly driven by the stream, seeing the heavens, with moon and stars above, and on either hand the wood-capped mountains and city spires in the moonlight, without hearing anything but one's own gentle splashing. I should like to swim like that every night.

I then drank some very decent wine, and sat for a long time smoking with Lynar on the balcony, the Rhine below us. My small Testament and the starry night led to some conversation on Christianity; and I shook earnestly at the Rousseau-like virtue of his soul, only reducing him to silence.

Who could imagine Bismarck of the popular myth,

the Raw-head and Bloody Bones of the French nursery, first indulging in "strangely dreamy" swimming excursions under the starlit sky, and then labouring, New Testament in hand, like a veritable evangelist for the conversion of his companion's soul? Yet the real Bismarck is there, quite as much as in the more familiar stories in which he empties a bottle of dry champagne at a breath and cries for more, or when he gallops like the wild horseman across hill and vale, falling as many as fifty times with his steed, with frequent fracture of his ribs and imminent danger of his neck. For the real Bismarck is, as the Italian Negri remarked, a kind of embodied Shakespeare, a continent of humanity embracing every variety of mind and mood. He is at once rough and graceful, grave and jovial, religious and unscrupulous, the prince of toppers and the most rigorous of Lutherans. "This early Goth, with the culture of our time," as the Italian styled him, is at once "the most interesting and most incomprehensible figure in modern history;" and while, apparently, almost ruthless in the savage barbarism of his utterances is, nevertheless, amenable to the influence of the purest and highest sentiments.

THE BRUTAL SIDE OF HIM.

The brutal exclamation which burst from his lips when the Emperor Frederick's death released the Chancellor from the dread of having any more to do with petticoats in politics, was characteristic of the seamy side of him.

A soldier, a Prussian, who had gone through the campaigns which brutalised although they unified Germany, would be other than human if he had emerged from that blood-bath as delicately sensitive as those who have never been subjected to the ordeal. Those who have never seen war need constantly to be reminded of the grim reality of its horrors. Busch, in his entertaining gossip about Bismarck in the Franco-German war, supplies ample material for understanding the brutalising process. Here is one little scene that occurred early in the war :—

The encampment itself looked horrible, all blue and red with dead Frenchmen, some of whom had been blown to pieces by bursting shells in a manner quite impossible to describe. Blackened with powder, stiff in their blood they lay, some on their backs, others on their faces. Many with staring eyes like wax figures. One shot had scattered about five in one place—like so many ninneps. Three of them had their heads quite or half shot away. Some had their bodies ripped up, whilst one, whose face had been covered with a cloth, seemed to have been even more frightfully mangled. Further on lay a piece of a skull like a dish, with the brains in it like a cake.

But even familiarity with such scenes hardly prepares one to hear Bismarck's cynical remark about one of the most awful incidents in the war :—

"In another place," said he, "they smelt suddenly a strong odour as of roasted onions. I remarked that it came from Bazeilles, and it was probably the French peasants who had been killed by the Bavarians, and had then been burnt in their houses, because they had fired at them from the windows."

When one can identify without a shudder "a strong odour as of roasted onions" with the smell of burning human flesh, the wonder is not that the finer sensibilities become occasionally blunted, but that they survive at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES-MARGUERITE.

In Prince Bismarck's case they have unquestionably survived. The Colossus has ever had a human heart, vibrating with intense sympathy with all things natural and human. The combination of a head clear, cool, foreseeing as that of Mephistopheles, with a heart that is often as passionate and sentimental as that of poor Marguerite, has been but imperfectly appreciated by those who judge him only by his public acts. Yet it has ever been one of his difficulties. He has seen what to do, he has willed it done; but although he could prescribe blood and iron, and apply his prescription, his spirit often well-nigh failed him, and his heart has shrunk back, appalled at the hissing of the blood upon the fire.

Of this, one of the most notable instances is that which is supplied by the Prusso-Austrian war. Count Vitzthum relates that in 1862 Bismarck, then on a visit to England, distinctly declared his fixed resolve to make war on Austria. The passage is remarkable as one of the most extraordinary instances of the ability of the supreme statesman to foresee events, and the power that is occasionally given to mortals to shape the destinies of nations. Count Vitzthum tells us that in 1862 Bismarck said in a party, at which Disraeli was present, during his visit to the London Exhibition of 1862 :—

"I shall shortly be compelled to undertake the presidency of the Prussian Government. My first care will be to reorganize the army with or without the help of the Diet. With the army placed in a position to enforce respect, I shall seize upon the first pretext to declare war against Austria, breaking up the German Federation, subjecting the minor states, and of giving German national unity under Prussia's guidance. I have come here to tell the Queen's Ministers."

"Take care of that man," said Disraeli, "he means what he says." What is more, he did what he predicted. But although for four years he persevered in the steady working out of the programme thus clearly laid down in advance, when the time approached for the actual declaring of war, his heart misgave him, and he shrank in nervous horror from the responsibility of consummating his policy by actually unsheathing the sword. Heseckiel, his biographer, speaking of the spring of 1866, says that this was the most difficult in Bismarck's life. "The terrible load of responsibility pressed heavier and heavier upon him. He was corporally ill, rheumatic pains increasing in an alarming way. Doubt very often, it is probable, assailed the strong mind of Bismarck; the ghastly ray of suspicion fell upon his courageous heart. The man who had to fight with all the powers in so superhuman a manner, now gradually grew into a man more and more intensified with himself."

"THE LORD OF BISMARCK AND OF PRUSSIA."

From this condition of intense depression he was delivered in a somewhat extraordinary fashion. Hesekeiel tells the story with a sympathetic conviction that sounds somewhat strangely in our ears, but which is thoroughly in keeping with the character of his hero. On the 7th of May, 1866, a young man shot at him. He was so close to him that the flash of the revolver burnt Bismarck's coat, and three of the five shots which he discharged point-blank at his enemy's heart were fired when Bismarck had him actually by the throat. The bullet grazed his side, another struck his right shoulder, a third hit him full on the rib, but the bullet glanced off and Bismarck was practically unhurt. The surgeon who was called in said gravely, when explanations were given as to the marvellous escape, "Gentlemen, there is but one explanation—God's hand was between them." Hesekeiel says, "The Almighty, the Lord of him and of Prussia, had mercy on him; He gave him a great sign."

From that day all vacillation in Bismarck was at an end. The Lord God, in His wonderful salvation, had vouchsafed him a sign, and he again felt the full and strong conscience of his historical mission; he knew that he was the sentinel whom God had placed at the post, from which alone He could relieve him. Nor was this a Divine signal to Bismarck alone.

The memories of the battlefield, the realisation of the consequences of his policy, however, often haunt Bismarck even now. "Whoever," said he once, "has once looked into the breaking eye of a dying warrior on the battle field, will pause ere he begins a war." He has every now and then the bad fits of gloom, in which he expresses himself as follows, nor have any arguments any weight with him when he is so possessed:—

Nobody loves me for what I have done. I have never made anybody happy, not myself nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many have I made unhappy! But for me three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished. Parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . That matter, however, I have settled with God. But I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care, and trouble.

BISMARCK, D.D.

"That I have settled with God." A noteworthy expression which brings us to the subject of Bismarck's religion. With him faith is the main point, not one creed or another. Yet Prince Bismarck is a Doctor of Divinity by special diploma of the University of Giessen, which was solemnly conferred upon him on Luther's birthday. This diploma is addressed:—

To the great unique man who has dedicated, and is still dedicating, his life to the service of three Emperors in unrivalled devotion, and who never wearies, never loses courage, and fears no one but God, to whose providence in the destiny of nations he trusts; and it is specially added that he "takes care that the Evangelical Church shall be ruled according to its

distinctive characteristics, and not according to a strange and hurtful pattern."

Nor is it only the University of Giessen which recognises the Christian character of this stalwart member of the Church Militant. When the Cultur Kampf was over, and Prince Bismarck went to Canossa, Leo. XIII. graciously made him a Knight of the Order of Christ.

Bismarck's religious beliefs are not, however, left to be inferred from the diplomas of Lutheran Universities or the letters of courtier Popes.

A LIVING CHRISTIAN FAITH.

In 1872, speaking in a Parliamentary debate, he referred to an extract from a speech delivered by him in 1849, in which he had maintained that "a certain measure of positive Christianity is necessary to the common man in order to prevent him from becoming dangerous to society," he said:—

Whatever in my former utterances may have applied to a living profession—to a profession of living Christian faith—I confess quite openly to-day, and I do not flinch from making this profession publicly or in my own house, at any and every time. But it is precisely my living, Evangelical Christian faith which imposes upon me the obligation to protect in every way the high office confided to me in the country of my birth, to serve which God created me.

In the midst of the Franco-German war he expressed himself very emphatically in the same sense:—

If I were not a Christian, I would not continue to serve the king another hour. . . . Why should I incessantly worry myself and labour in this world, exposing myself to embarrassments, annoyances, and evil treatment, if I did not feel bound to do my duty on behalf of God? Did I not believe in a divine ordinance which has destined this German nation to become good and great, I had never taken to the diplomatic trade, or having done so, I would long since have given it up. I know not whence I derive my sense of duty if not from God. Orders and titles have no charms for me; I firmly believe in a life after death, and that is why I am a Royalist; by nature I am disposed to be a Republican. . . . Deprive me of this faith, and you rob me of my Fatherland. Were I not a staunch Christian, did I not stand upon the miraculous bases of religion, you would never have possessed a Federal Chancellor in my person. Sever my connection with God, and I am the man to pack up my trunks to-morrow and be off to Varzin to reap my oats.

BISMARCK A QUAKER!

Christianity. What is Christianity? It is not, said Prince Bismarck, "the creed of Court chaplains." Neither does he accept as authoritative the utterances of the Church. "What," he once asked, "do these gentlemen mean by the Church? Doubtless nothing more than a totality of priests, their rights and their pretensions." What, then, is the Christianity of Prince Bismarck? It is a curious product of many forces, the one distinctly religious factor being—according to Dr. Busch—Quakerism! When he attained his thirtieth year he married Johanna von Puttkammer, and underwent the spiritual crisis that is known as conversion. Like Crom-

well, he had gone through a season of profound gloom, which Spinoza helped to darken, but the influence of his wife, reared in a household "powerfully moved by the spirit of Quakerdom," led to an entire change in his life.

He became deeply interested in the more wholesome teachings of that particular form of pietism. The Quaker view of mankind and the world became closely blended with the sad, discontented, yearning sentiments by which he had been previously animated. Bismarck felt himself exalted and inwardly deepened as well as emancipated from his retrospective sufferings by the positive opinions he derived from the view in question. He had felt a huge void within him which by this means was beneficially filled up.

So deeply was he moved by the new spirit that he even became propagandist, and sought to lead others to attain the standpoint at which he had arrived.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

The letter in which the Prince expressed himself in more precise theological phraseology than he usually employed was written to the Rev. Pastor André, who had taken him to task for not attending church, for being photographed in a romantic attitude with Mdme. Lucca, and for having challenged Virchow to a duel. Bismarck replied, saying that he could not deny himself the satisfaction of replying to a summons addressed to him by an honest heart in the name of Jesus Christ. The following passages from this letter speak for themselves :—

Would to God that outside all the sins of which the world knows me guilty, I had not others for which I can only hope for pardon through my faith in the blood of Christ. As a statesman I think that I am too careful. I am even cowardly at times : and that because it is not easy to discern around the entanglement placed before me that light which springs from a perfect confidence in God. He who reproaches me for being a statesman devoid of conscience does me a wrong ; he ought to begin by exposing his own conscience to a few trials in the same arena. As for the Virchow affair, I am long past the age in which one asks advice from flesh and blood ; if I expose my life for a cause I do it in the faith which I have fortified by long and painful conflict and by fervent and humble prayer to God, a faith which no words uttered by mortal man can shake, not even the word of a friend in the Lord and a servant of the Church. It is not true that I never go to church. For the last seven months I have been either ill or absent from Berlin. Who then has been able to take notice of my negligence ? I confess most readily that I may have sometimes omitted to go, not so much from want of time as out of regard for my own health. . . . As for the Lucca photograph, Mdme. Lucca, though a public singer, is a lady who has never been reproached any more than myself with any improper liaisons. . . . Believe me, we all stand in need of indulgence. I am among the crowd of sinners who fall short of the glory of God ; but, with them, I do not despair that in His mercy He will not take away from me the staff of humble faith with which I seek my way amid the doubts and dangers of my position. This faith, however, does not make me deaf to the reproaches of my friends nor impatient of their scornful, harsh judgments.

HIS THEORY OF THE CHRISTIAN STATE.

He believes also in the Christian State. For the Christianity of our forefathers an ambiguous moral philosophy as no efficient substitute. Remove the positive faith, and "the bare bayonet alone interposes between criminal

passions and the peaceful citizen." The State without the religious basis is only a haphazard aggregation of laws. "Every State, if we wish to ensure its durability and to prove its right to existence, must rely upon a religious basis." There would be less objection to the doctrine of the Christian State if he always limited it to the following unobjectionable ethical principle :—

I could wish that a State which consists in a large majority of Christians should allow itself to be guided to a certain extent by the principles of the religion we profess, especially with respect to the aid every man owes to his neighbour and to the sympathy due to the sad fate awaiting infirm old people.

Faith with him means conscious realization of an overruling Providence. He said in 1864 : "The longer I am engaged in politics, the less I place faith in human calculation. I am animated by an ever-increasing thankfulness to God for His support, in the belief that He knows how to turn even our mistakes to good account. This I experience daily, to my most salutary humiliation." Again he said in 1878 in the tribune, "I live a life of great activity and occupy a lucrative post, but all this could offer me no inducement to live one day longer did I not believe in God and a better future." In that faith he lives, and in that faith he will die whenever the appointed year comes, the date of which, as he believes has been revealed to him, will fall between 1890 and 1894, when he will be gathered unto his fathers.

IF THIS LIFE WERE ALL !

This weariness of life, if there were not something beyond, is a note which frequently recurs in his letters. He is, he sometimes says, *tottmüde*, dead tired of it all. Here is a characteristic passage, written after a visit to Wiesbaden in 1851 :—

With a mixture of sadness and wisdom we went to see the scene of former folly. Would it might please God to fill this vessel with his clear and strong wine, in which formerly the champagne of twenty-one years of youth foamed uselessly, and left nothing but loathing behind. Where now are . . . and Miss . . . ; How many are buried with whom I then flirted, drank, and dined ? How many transformations have taken place in my view of the world in these fourteen years, among which I have ever looked upon the actual present as the true ? How little are some things to me that then appeared great ? How much is venerable to me now that I then ridiculed ? How much foliage may bud, grow green, give shadow, rustle, and worthless fade within the next fourteen years, till 1865, if we live to see it ? I cannot understand how a man who considers his own nature and yet knows nothing of God, and will know nothing, can endure his existence with contempt and wearisomeness. I know not how I could formerly support it ; were I to live then, without God, without you, without my children, I should not indeed know whether I had not better abandon life like a dirty shirt ; and yet most of my acquaintances are in that state and live on.

Eight years later, writing from St. Petersburg, he reverts to the same strain :—

Be it as God wills ; it is here below always a question of time, nations and men, folly and wisdom, war and peace ; they come like waves and so depart, while the ocean remains. On this

earth there is nothing but hypocrisy and jugglery, and whether this mask of flesh is to be torn off by fever or a cartridge, it must fall at last, and then the difference between a Prussian and an Austrian, if of the same stature, will be so small that it will be difficult to distinguish between them. Fools and wise men as skeletons look very much like one another; specific patriotism we thus lose, but it would be desperate if we carried it into eternity.

When his only sister's favourite child died, he wrote a letter of comfort to his brother-in-law, in which he recurs to the burden of the Preacher as to the Vanity of Life:—

How do all the little cares and troubles which beset our daily lives vanish beside the iron advent of real misfortune! And I feel the recollections of all complaints and desires, by which I have forgotten how many blessings God gives us, and how many dangers surround us without touching us, as so many reproofs. We should not depend on this world, and come to regard it as our home. Another twenty or thirty years, under the most favourable circumstances, and we shall both have passed from the sorrows of this world; our children will have arrived at our present position, and will find with astonishment that life so freshly begun is going down hill. Were it all over with us so, it would not be worth while dressing and undressing.

IN PERILS OFF.

Few men have had more opportunities for quitting life. To say nothing of his fifty falls from horseback, some of which were very serious, breaking ribs and producing partial concussion of the brain, he has been repeatedly under hot fire in the Austrian and French campaigns, and twice he escaped determined attempts at assassination, while he has been endangered by wholesale dynamite conspiracies at least once. He has always paid very little attention to assassins. No political party, he said, ever had done any good to itself by murder; but this too, as he said, is in the hands of God. That element of fatalism, allied to a cheery philosophy, carries him through many perils. "Believe in God," he said once to his wife; "believe in God, my heart, and in the proverb that barking dogs don't bite." From all his perils he came off unscathed. In 1852 a rotten plank gave way as he was crossing upon it over a pit fifty feet deep in a mountain tunnel. He instinctively spread out his arms as he fell, so that he caught hold of the side railings, otherwise he would almost certainly have broken his neck. In this case he did not seek danger, which cannot be said of most of his accidents. His first sprained foot caused by his horse's fall was gained while riding to the district where cholera was expected to break out, in the hope that he might get early news of the appearance of an epidemic which would close the schools and send him home. That was when he was but a schoolboy. Less reckless and much more meritorious was his narrow escape from drowning when he plunged into a lake to save his groom. He was then only a cavalry officer of twenty-seven. The groom, as drowning men are wont to do, gripped his deliverer so tightly that they both would have been drowned had not Bismarck deliberately dived

to the bottom. The groom, becoming unconscious, relaxed his grasp, when Bismarck was able to bring him to land. It was for this exploit that he received the medal "for rescue from danger," which figures on his breast amid the stars of the most brilliant orders in Christendom.

AS WINE-BIBBER AND TRENCHMAN.

Perhaps none of the perils of the field and the forest, whether he was bear-shooting or deer-stalking, or following his king under fire, really imperilled his life so much as his extraordinary habits of diet. The stories of his prowess as a trencherman are innumerable. He is an inveterate smoker, and somewhat inclined to regard a non-smoking teetotaller as a kind of monster. Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, the only diplomatist, it is reported from Berlin, for whom Prince Bismarck has said that he cherishes a kindly regard, is said to be responsible for a story that illustrates this. When he went to Friedrichsruhe, Prince Bismarck ordered in two tall glasses of beer. The Italian declined. He did not drink, he said. Prince Bismarck made no remark, but quietly drank both glasses. He then proposed to smoke, "I never smoke," said Signor Crispi. "Don't drink, don't smoke!" exclaimed Bismarck, "why, what sort of a man are you, then?" Bismarck is, or used to be, what the Germans call a chain-smoker, that is to say, that he would smoke on and on an endless chain of cigars, lighting each from the ashes of its forerunner. It is on record that he once chain-smoked for ten hours on end, from Cologne to Berlin. Nowadays he smokes, not cigars, but the familiar pipe, the Emperor himself insisting that his great statesman should not discontinue the pipe in his presence. In drink, Prince Bismarck was at one time a past-master. Ability to swallow a bottle of wine at a draught was, he declared, an indispensable passport into the diplomatic service. "They drank the weak-headed ones below the table, then they asked them all sorts of things, and forced them to make all sorts of concessions which they had no authority to make." Whatever was the reason, the Bismarckian stomach was proof against all excess. In his youth he preferred a mixture of champagne and porter; in his maturer years he enjoyed a punch, patented by Moltke, composed of champagne, hot tea (!), and sherry. At one time he abused beer. Beer-drinking, he said, made men stupid, lazy, and impudent. Beer was the cause of all the "democratic pot politics which people talk over it."

This was, however, only a temporary outbreak, at a time when he was devoted to corn-brandy,—of which, by the bye, he is at this moment a very large distiller. No small proportion of the trade-spirit which the Germans import into Africa is said to come from Prince Bismarck's stills. Red wine of France, as distinguished

from the sour Rhine wine, he once declared to be the natural drink of the North German; and we find him on one occasion quoting a general as his authority for saying, "Red wine for children, champagne for men, schnaps for generals,"—a curious variant upon the saying recorded by Boswell, "Claret for boys, port for men, but brandy for heroes." In food, Prince Bismarck has suffered many things. He contracted what he called the stupid habit of only eating one meal a day, with the result that he grew alarmingly stout. In middle life he was sparely made, almost thin. In his later years he developed fat at such a rate that he weighed 16st. 6 lb. Dr. Schwenniger, by compelling him to eat at frequent intervals, and to forswear drinking at meals, brought him down 40 lb. The days are past when he used to eat eleven hard-boiled eggs in succession; but, despite all the hard work it has had to do, Prince Bismarck's digestive apparatus is still in a condition that is little short of a miracle; and he practises what he preached when he said: "If I am to work well, I must be well fed."

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

He lamented that, if he committed any indiscretion in his diet, he was kept awake all night. As most people have at times sleepless nights, the following account of Bismarck's experiences will be read with sympathetic interest:—

I usually fall over quickly, but if I have made a mistake in diet, I waken up soon after to discover that it is hardly more than one or half-past; and all sorts of things come into my brain, especially if any injustice has been done me. I have to turn them all over. I then write letters and despatches, naturally without getting up, in my head. Formerly, shortly after I was first made Minister, I used to get up and write them down. When I read them over in the morning, they were worthless,—mere platitudes, trivial, confused stuff, as you might find in the *Vossische*. I don't want to do this, and would rather sleep. But thinking and speculating keep going on in my brain. When the first grey dawn begins to shine upon my bed, I fall over again, and sleep straight on till ten o'clock, and sometimes later.

He reads in bed. After Sadowa he was found with his candles at two o'clock in the morning reading a French novel, Paul Feval's "*Hôtel Carnavalet*." On another occasion his reading was very different. When he was summoned to meet the Emperor Napoleon early on the morning after Sedan, "there lay upon a table beside the bed where he had slept two books, "*Daily Solutions and Instructive Texts of the Fraternal Congregation for 1870*," and "*Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians*." His servant explained that his Excellency was in the habit of reading these books before he went to sleep.

"WHAT I LIKE BEST."

As a rule, he does not go to bed till two in the morning. He gets up at ten, and has a cup of coffee and an egg at

eleven. His dinner is about four or five. At Varzin, Mr. Lothrop Motley tells us that he used to go through his letters after breakfast, marking them with a lead pencil a foot long, while his big black dog, Sultan the Reichshund, which was afterwards poisoned, romped round the room. Then he would take a long walk in the woods, and come in for a plain, informal dinner. "The better the inner man is supplied with good things, the milder and more moderate are one's views of things." Bismarck's tastes are, indeed, not political so much as agricultural. He is the country gentleman before he is the statesman and diplomatist. "Believe me," once said his wife, "a turnip interests him more than all your politics." "What I like best," he said himself, "is to be in well-greased top-boots away from civilisation." He is always happiest when among his oak trees, or walking over the heather—his favourite flower—watching the flight of birds, listening to the murmur of the bees in the lindens, or riding over his estate. He is a patriarchal landlord of the old school, much beloved by all his dependents. On his birthday his servants hold a great feast, at which he is always an honoured guest, and his distribution of sweets to the little ones is one of the pleasantest functions of the evening. As he strides through his fields in his long grey coat, wearing a soft felt hat and carrying a heavy stick, no one would imagine that this was the puissant Chancellor at whose nod empires tremble. Sometimes, as at Friedrichsruhe, he drives over to the station in a low pony carriage, drawn by a pair, accompanied everywhere by his dogs. A great lover of animals, Bismarck has had both bears and foxes as pets. His riding horses have become historical. It is said that the most characteristic portrait of him that is extant represents the expression that illumined his face when a flight of birds crossed the field of his vision. A veteran sportsman, he has hunted game of all kinds, and blazed away till his hand and cheek were swollen. There is no fear that in his present retirement he will not find ample objects of interest with which to occupy himself. As long ago as 1851 he was meditating "cleansing his field of weeds," and going home very suddenly. Again, some dozen years later, he wrote:—

Should I not find the parts of gentleman and diplomatist consistent, the pleasure or the burden of fulfilling a prominent position will not cause me to err for a moment in my choice. I have enough to live upon according to my wants, and if God keeps my wife and children healthy, as they have been, I say, "*vogue la galère*," no matter what water we swim in. It will be very unimportant to me after thirty years whether I play the diplomatist or the country Junker.

HIS FAVOURITE BOOKS.

Prince Bismarck's literary tastes are simple. He is said to be chiefly devoted to Goethe and Shakespeare among the classics, and Whittier and the "Autocrat of

the Breakfast Table" among moderns. He is also a considerable reader of French novels. He prefers history and geography, and few letters pleased Mr. Carlyle more than that which he received from Prince Bismarck in praise of his *Life of Frederick the Great*. He used to read and write Latin, but his Latin has grown rusty. He has entirely forgotten his Greek. He speaks French perfectly, English very well, Russian and Polish fairly. He can read Italian. In music he is said to prefer Beethoven, but authorities differ. "I do not understand anything about music; it is not in my line," he is said to have declared on one occasion—a statement that is borne out by another, which asserts that his favourite instrument is a barrel-organ! On the other hand it is asserted that his wife is an accomplished pianist, and will often at night soothe the troubled spirit of her lord by brilliant renderings of the masterpieces of Beethoven.

BISMARCK AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

As a writer Prince Bismarck is one of the first, if not the very first, of contemporary authors. His despatches are models of lucidity and force. He wields as vigorous a pen and commands as admirable a style as any writer of his time. Even when he is only writing letters home his descriptions are full of light and colour. Take, for instance, this account of Moscow:—

I slept some forty miles out of the hundred to this place; but the other sixty miles showed me nothing but every shade of green. I did not notice cities or villages, or even houses, excepting at the stations; thickset woods and birches cover morass and hill; some fine grass crops between, and long meadows. Thus it is for ten, twenty, forty miles. I do not remember to have noticed the bramble, and no sand; but lonely cows or horses grazing raised an idea that men were not far off. Moscow from above looks like a sown field; soldiers green and cupolas green, and I do not doubt that the eggs before me were laid by green hens.

The city, as a city, is certainly the handsomest and most original in existence; the environs are friendly, neither pretty nor ugly; but the prospect above the Kremlin, over the surrounding houses with green roofs, gardens, churches, towers of the most extraordinary shapes and colours—most of them green, red, or bright blue, usually crowned by a gigantic golden ball, many with five or more on a church—unquestionably a thousand towers—something so curiously beautiful as it appears in the setting sun, cannot be seen elsewhere.

And this description of Rotterdam:—

That is a singular town; many streets are like Venice, some with water right up to the walls, others like canals with a towing path, and with narrow walks planted with limes before the houses. The latter have fantastic gables, strange and smoky, almost ghostly, the chimneys like men standing on their heads and stretching out their legs. That which does not savour of Venice is the busy life, and the massive, handsome shops—one window close to the other—and more magnificently than I remember those of Paris or London. When I listened to the bells, and, with a long clay pipe in my mouth, looked through the forests of masts across the canals into the twilight towards the romantically confused gables and chimneys, all in the Dutch ghost stories of my childhood come back to me, of Dolph Heyinger, and Rip Van Winkle, and the Flying Dutchman.

HIS ELOQUENCE À LA CROMWELL.

As an orator, Prince Bismarck is not an eloquent man as eloquence goes. But if oratory is tested by the faculty of power to influence, then he is the most eloquent man in Europe. His speeches on International questions are landmarks in the history of our century. Some of the phrases have embedded themselves in the public mind. Of these the first was the famous declaration in 1862 that great questions were decided not by speeches and majorities, but by iron and blood; and one of the latest was his terrible expression that in the next war France and Germany would fight on until they bled each other as white as veal. Another remarkable saying of his was that the pike in the European carp pond keep us from becoming carp.

But phrases apart, his speeches, notably those which he has pronounced in the last two years on the prospects of peace with Russia and France, were models of sinewy argumentation and of sound common sense. Now that he has retired, there is no statesman in Europe whose voice rings like a clarion in the ears of the nations. As a speaker he is somewhat Cromwellian. His voice is thin, peculiar, and high pitched, resembling that of a young lieutenant of twenty-eight rather than the voice of one well-nigh octogenarian. He is rather short-sighted, but he reads without glasses, and gets through his speeches by constant relays of "nips" prepared for him in endless succession by his son and his secretary. An admiring critic compares his speaking to the movement of quicksilver on glass. First half a sentence comes out, then he hesitates, stops, or utters a short inarticulate sound, and then goes on again. To speak is a physical exertion which he does not like, and even when in first-rate form he does not speak with any degree of fluency. But he gets out what he means to say. He hits his nails on the head, hits them hard and as with the hammer of Thor. When he made his first appearance in the tribune before the Revolutionary Days of 1848, he was assailed with such clamour that he could not gain a hearing. Self-possessed first at last, he took out a newspaper from his pocket and read it at his ease until order was restored.

"THE HEAVENS FIRE A SALUTE!"

Bismarck occasionally ventures into the realm of rhetoric. One of his speeches contained a somewhat happy reference to Loki, the mischief-maker of the Eddas, by which he personified the excessive individualism and cantankerous independence of the German. Hödur was the inarticulate elector, who was invoked to destroy the work of the gods. On another occasion he used the somewhat striking phrase about the God of Battles shaking the iron dice of destiny from His hands. The only time that I can recall Bismarck ever being

Napoleonic in his speech was during the Austrian war, when the news of the great victory reached Berlin. The multitude, after singing *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott* before the King's palace, rushed round to Bismarck's house.

The never-ending cry of triumph forced the Minister-President to the window. He raised his hand in token that he would speak; all were silent beneath; for the distance on both sides the muffled roaring of the shores of this popular mass toned along. For the second time, Count Bismarck addressed the people of Berlin, in powerful but proudly moderate words; he ended with a salute to the king and the army. At that moment a tremendous peal of thunder reverberated over the royal city, a flash of forked lightning illuminated the scene, and with a strongly ringing voice Bismarck shouted above the multitude, "The heavens fire a salute!"

HIS SCORN OF PARLIAMENTARYISM.

As might be expected, such a man has but small regard for parliamentary government. England in his eyes is not a monarchy, but only an aristocratic Republic, with a hereditary President, which is now rapidly being democratized. But although he hates parliamentary government, I heard a saying of his the other day which, if authentic, seems to show that he is reconciled to the inevitable. Speaking to an English peer, he is reported to have declared that although he detested Parliamentaryism, it was fated to arrive. The bureaucracy was quite played out, and as for despotism, said the plain-spoken German, "we all know what that is. It is a business of pimps and harlots!" In 1863 he wrote to Mr. Motley:—

I hate politics. I never thought that in my riper years I should be obliged to carry on such an unworthy trade as that of a parliamentary minister. As envoy I shall have the feelings of being a gentleman; as parliamentary minister one is a helot. I have come down in the world. I am sitting again in the House of Phrases. I hear people talk nonsense, and end my letter. Your battles are bloody—ours wordy. These chatters cannot govern Prussia.

But although he loathes parliamentaryism he has not hesitated to use it. Just as he has not hesitated to use the press, which in 1850 he declared was the choice weapon of Antichrist. The press, he once declared, "was not public opinion. It was well known how the press was upheld." But although no one knows this better than Prince Bismarck, there is no one who is more sensitive to newspaper criticism, no one who is more painstaking in the tuning of the press. Whether it was the discovery of the secret correspondence of the Austrian Envoy with the German press in the drawer of an old *escritoire*, which he bought second-hand, which first gave him a clue to the manipulation of the journalists, is uncertain. He has certainly made good use ever since of the insight which he gained into the mysteries of the journalistic craft.

THE USES OF SOCIAL DEMOCRATS.

It may be that the difficulty of carrying on in a Reichstag from which the Ministerial majority has disappeared,

may have contributed to the resignation. But the increase of Socialist strength was distinctly invoked by him as long ago as Nov. 1884, in a remarkable passage which may be reproduced with advantage to-day:—

For the reassurance of all those to whose number I do not belong,—who regard Social-Democracy as the greatest terror of the future,—I should like to say, when the gentlemen once come forward with positive plans, they will become much tamer than they are in their criticism as well as in other matters, and the number of their adherents will melt away to a quite extraordinary extent. I wish we could place a province at their disposal to make what they can of it. I should like to see how they manage, then the number of their adherents would melt away, perhaps more than is desirable; for Social-Democracy, as it is, is always an important symptom, a *Mene Tekel* for the classes in possession that all is not as it ought to be, that improvement is possible, and so far the opposition, as the last speaker said, is extremely useful. If there were no Social-Democrats, and if there were not a number of people who fear them, not even the moderate progress we have made in social reform hitherto would yet exist ("Very true!" from the Social Democrats), and so far the fear of the Social-Democracy, with a view to those who have otherwise no heart for their poor fellow-citizens, is a quite useful element.

Nor must we forget that as far back as 1884, his health from nervous prostration, neuralgia, and rheumatism was so broken as to lead him to declare, "I know that I can only remain permanently well on condition that I say farewell to the calling which I have hitherto followed."

FACING THE SCAFFOLD.

Prince Bismarck is not the man to flinch from an unpleasant or perilous situation. When in 1862 he was called upon to carry on the Government, in face of the opposition of the representatives of the people, he had distinctly to recognise that he might have to pay with his life the penalty of his loyalty to his king. "Death on the scaffold," he frequently remarked in those days, "is under certain circumstances as honourable as death on the battlefield. I can imagine worse modes of death than the axe." Again he said:—

To attain this end I would brave all dangers, exile, the scaffold itself! I said to the Crown Prince, whose education and natural tendencies incline him rather to the side of parliamentary government, "What matter if they hang me, provided the rope by which I am hung bind this new Germany firmly to your throne?"

On another occasion:—

I am the scapegoat of public opinion, but that does not trouble me. I follow out a plan with a perfectly calm conscience, which I consider useful to my country and to Germany. As to means to this end, I have used those within my reach for want of others.

Nor must we ever forget in criticising his policy that he has had very awkward materials to work with. As he once remarked, "The necessity for an individualism and the necessity for contradiction are developed to an inconceivable degree in the German. Show him an open door, and rather than pass through it, he will insist on breaking a hole in the wall at its side."

HIS MOTHER, SISTER, AND WIFE.

Turning from those high matters to the pleasanter field of domestic life, it is good to read the descriptions which give us passing glimpses of Bismarck *en famille*. His relations with women seem to have been singularly happy. He was his mother's boy, and Madame Bismarck was not an aristocrat. She had French leanings and entertained liberal principles. Intelligent and ambitious, she early divined her son's genius, but she died before he had taken the first step on the diplomatic ladder. His attachment to his only sister was almost idyllic in its fervour. His letters to his "dear little one," his "darling little one," are among the brightest and pleasantest specimens of brotherly correspondence in literature. When he married Fraulein von Puttkammer, he seems to have been singularly fortunate in securing a faithful, patient, helpful housewife, of the true German pattern, simple, homely, and intelligent. She wears her plain black old-fashioned bonnet, and wishes he was back among the turnips. Probably of all subjects of the Kaiser the one who is most pleased at the turn affairs have taken is the Princess, who watches with vigilant care over the health of her famous husband.

The domestic correspondence of the Prince is voluminous and full of interest.

HIS TEMPER.

Bismarck is rather fond of the skins of ferocious animals. In his study in Wilhelmstrasse, in the corner by the stove is a chaise-longue with a lion skin over it. The lion skin was brought to him by the celebrated traveller, Rohlf, from Africa. These are but trifles, perhaps, as also is the reference in one of his letters to poor little Marie, who has the chicken-pox, and is as variegated as a trout; but we have heard so much about Bismarck's politics and despatches and speeches, that I venture to prefer the simple letter ordering as a Christmas present for his wife the skin of a fox or hippopotamus or "any other ferocious animal" as a carriage rug.

Prince Bismarck, although tender-hearted, is liable to violent ebullitions of temper.

"What do you do when you are angry?" he once asked Count Beust; "don't you find it a relief to destroy something? I was over there once," he said, pointing to the Emperor's, "and flew into a rage. I slammed the door, took out the key, took it into Count Lehdorf's room, threw it into a basin and broke it into a thousand pieces. Are you ill? I was. That cured me."

Everybody knows the story how, when his chief once kept him in his early days waiting an hour in the ante-room, he tore up first one glove and then the other, and when finally ushered into the presence, and heard the curt inquiry, "What do you want?" replied, "I came here to beg for leave of absence, and now I demand leave to resign." But although passionate and liable to fits of Berserker wrath, he soon settles down, and he is once

more the genial, honest father or the hearty friend. Only in politics, when his path has been crossed, is he vindictive; but of that it is unnecessary to speak here.

THE DOMINATING BISMARCK TRAIT.

I have left for the last any attempt to indicate the dominant characteristic of the great statesman as a diplomatist and a politician. If it is to be characterised by any formula, it is that of a resolute grip upon the ultimate object of his policy, and supreme common sense in employing all and every means in its attainment. Prince Bismarck, with his endlessly varying policies, was never inconsistent to his one great aim. He was inconsistent only as a sailor is inconsistent who is endlessly tacking with every change in the varying gust or the eddying tides, the better to attain his port. Bismarck saw his port; he made for it, he hung on with unconquerable tenacity, and in the end he gained the harbour. Shifty, resolute, devoted to his king and his country, I prefer rather to illustrate his success by an incident recorded by General Sheridan than by any analysis of his long career. It was during the war, when Sheridan and Bismarck found their carriage hopelessly blocked by a long line of carriers who, notwithstanding all entreaties and oburgations, refused to budge one jot to let the carriage pass. Bismarck suddenly jumped out of the carriage, produced a loaded pistol, and marching before the carriage, threatened to shoot the first carrier dead without ceremony who did not draw to one side. One by one they lumbered off, and Sheridan's carriage got through. When the last cart was passed Bismarck climbed into the carriage again. "This is not a very dignified business for the Chancellor of the German Confederation," said he, apologetically, "but it's the only way to get through."

That was the key-note of all his policy.

THE DREAMER AND THE ABYSS.

And the prophecy of its success came to him as a dream. When at Biarritz, immediately before he became Minister-President, he dreamed a dream. In this dream he thought he ascended a mountain path which continually grew narrower, until he found himself before a wall of rock, and beside him a deep abyss. For an instant he paused, thinking whether he should retrace his steps; but he then made up his mind and struck the wall with his cane, on which it immediately disappeared and the road was free again.

From 1862 down to 1890 he has continually been striking walls with his cane, and they have immediately disappeared. But it would seem as if at last the spell had lost its power. This month the wall has not disappeared. It is the dreamer himself who has fallen into the abyss.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

WHAT I THINK OF THE BIBLE.

BY MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S inexhaustible activity is once more strikingly illustrated by the new series of articles which he has begun in *Good Words* under the title "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." The series will be read by every one, especially by all engaged in teaching or in attacking Christianity, and as they number many thousands, the circulation of *Good Words* bids fair to run up to the highest figure yet recorded. The first article is somewhat awkwardly put together. Mr. Gladstone states his general plan at the end instead of at the beginning. In the following condensed summary I have disregarded his arrangement, and recast his article in what seems to be the more natural order.

WHY THE ARTICLE IS WRITTEN.

Mr. Gladstone explains that there is a general and not altogether unfounded impression that in this and other countries the operative classes have at the great centres of population lost their hold on the Christian Creed, so far, at least, that their positive and distinct acceptance of the articles of the Creed and their sense of the dignity and value of the Sacred Record are blunted or effaced. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, proposes to deal with one of the causes of this deplorable phenomenon, viz., "the wide disparagement of the Holy Scriptures recently observable in the surface currents of prevalent opinion, as regards their title to supply in a supreme degree food for the religious thought of man, and authoritative guidance for his life."

HIS QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE WORK.

Mr. Gladstone says that although he is ignorant of Hebrew, and has no regular practice in the study and explanation of the text of the Old Testament, he may excuse his intrusion in this field on the following pleas:—

The first is that there is a very large portion of the community whose opportunities of judgment have been materially smaller than his own. The second is that though he is greatly wanting in the valuable qualifications growing out of special study in this field, he has, for more than forty years (believing that change of labour is to a great extent the healthiest form of recreation), devoted the larger part of all such time as he could properly withdraw from political duties to another, and in several respects a similar, field of specialism,—namely, the earnest study of prehistoric antiquity and of its documents in regard to the Greek race, whose destinies have been, after those of the Hebrews, the most wonderful in themselves, and the most fertile of results for us, among all the races of mankind. As between this field, which has for its central point the study of Homer, and that of the early Scriptures, which may in the mass be roughly called contemporary with the Homeric period, much light is, and with the progress of research more can hardly fail to be, given and received.

WHY THE BIBLE IS DISPARAGED.

Mr. Gladstone sums up the following six suppositions which tend to produce the disparagement of the Bible against which he contends:—

I. That the conclusions of science as to natural objects have shaken or destroyed the assertions of the early Scriptures with respect to the origin and history of the world and of man, its principal inhabitant.

II. That their contents are in many cases offensive to the moral sense, and unworthy of an enlightened age.

III. That man made his appearance in the world in a condition but one degree above that of the brute creation, and by slow and painful but continual progress has brought himself up to the present level of his existence.

IV. That he has accomplished this by the exercise of his natural powers, and has never received the special teaching and authoritative guidance which is signified under the name of Divine Revelation.

V. That the more considerable among the different races and nations of the world have established from time to time their respective religions, and have in many cases accepted the promulgation of sacred books, which are to be considered as essentially of the same character with the Bible.

VI. That the books of the Bible, in many most important instances, and especially those books of the Old Testament which purport to be the earliest, so far from being contemporary with the events which they record, or with the authors to whom they are ascribed, are comparatively recent compilations from uncertain sources, and therefore without authority.

There are wider propositions on which agnosticism is based, striking against all religion, but Mr. Gladstone will confine himself to the endeavour to present an opposing view of the spiritual field under each of the foregoing six heads.

HIS PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Gladstone sets forth the general idea of his plan of campaign, when he appeals to his readers to look broadly and largely at the subject, to look at the Old Testament as they would look at the British Constitution or at the poetry of Shakespeare.

He will strive to show, at least by specimens, that science and research have done much to sustain the historical credit of the Old Testament; that in doing this they have added strength to the argument which contends that in them we find a Divine revelation; and that the evidence, rationally viewed, both of contents and of results, binds us to stand where our forefathers have stood upon the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture.

THE SCOPE OF THE OPERATIONS OF CRITICISM.

Beginning with the last supposition first, Mr. Gladstone addresses himself to the question as to how far the operations of criticism which deal with the literary form of the books of the Bible affect the question of history, miracle, and revelation.

If we are in any measure to grasp the office, dignity, and authority of the Scriptures, we must not suppose we are dealing adequately with that lofty subject by exhausting thought and time in examining whether Moses edited or wrote the Pentateuch as it stands, or what was the book of the law found in the times of Josiah, or whether it is possible or likely that changes of addition or omission may have crept into the text. If the most greedily destructive among all the theories of the modern critics (so seriously at variance with one another) were established as true, it would not avail to impair the great facts of the history of man with respect to the Jews and to the nations of the world; nor to disguise the light which those facts throw upon the pages of the Sacred Volume; nor to abate the commanding force with which, bathed, so to speak, in the flood of that light, the Bible invites, attracts, and commands the adhesion of mankind.

We may, without touching the domain of the critic, contend for them as corresponding by their contents to the idea of a Divine revelation to man. All the assertions involved in the challenge, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," lie within the moral and spiritual precinct. No one of them begs any literary question of Old Testament criticism. They leave absolutely open every issue that has been or can be raised

respecting the origin, date, authorship and text of the sacred books, which for the present purpose we do not require even to call sacred. Indeed it may be that this destructive criticism, if entirely made good, would, in the view of an inquiry really searching, comprehensive, and philosophical, leave as its result not less but greater reason for admiring the hidden modes by which the great Artificer works out His designs.

THE MARGIN OF ERROR IN THE BIBLE.

Mr. Gladstone thinks that the Sacred Canon "is like to wear out the storms and the sunshine, and all the wayward aberrations of humanity, not merely for a term as long, but until time shall be no more;" but he admits that error may have been obtruded into the vehicle of Divine Revelation by at least seven methods. There may possibly have been—

1. Imperfect comprehension of that which was communicated.
2. Imperfect expression of what had been comprehended.
3. Lapse of memory in oral transmission.
4. Errors of copyists in written transmission.
5. Changes with the lapse of time in the sense of words.
5. Variations arising from renderings into different tongues, especially as between the Hebrew text and the Septuagint, which was probably based upon MS. older than the compilers of the Hebrew text could have had at their command.
7. That there are three variant chronologies of the Old Testament according to the Hebrew, the Septuagint, and the Samaritan Pentateuch, and that it would be hazardous to claim for any one of them the sanction of a Divine revelation; while a historical argument may be deducible, on the other hand, from the fact that their variations lie within certain limits.

HE ACQUIESCES IN CRITICAL CONCLUSIONS.

Mr. Gladstone says he admits, he hopes in terms of sufficient fulness, that his aim in no way embraces a controversy with the moderate or even the extreme developments of textual criticism. He says the basis of that criticism is sound and undeniable. It compares consistencies and inconsistencies of text, not simply as would be done by an ordinary reader, but with all the lights of collateral knowledge. It pronounces on the meaning of terms with the authority derived from thorough acquaintance with a given tongue. It investigates and applies those laws of growth which apply to language as they apply to a physical organism. It has long been known, for example, that portions of the historical books of the Old Testament, such as the Books of Chronicles, were of a date very far later than most of the events which they record, and that a portion of the prophecies included in the Book of Isaiah were later than his time. We are now taught that, according to the prevailing judgment of the learned, the form in which the older books of the Old Testament have come down to us does not correspond as a rule with their titles, and is due to later thought still, as is largely held, to remote periods; and that the law presented to us in the Pentateuch is not an enactment of a single date, but has been formed by a process of growth, and by gradual accretions. To us who are without original means of judgment these are, at first hearing, without doubt, disturbing announcements. Yet common sense requires us to say, let them be fought out by the competent, but let not us who are incompetent interfere. I utterly, then, eschew conflict with these properly critical conclusions.

BUT WITH LIMITATIONS.

This acquiescence, Mr. Gladstone points out, is subject to the following remarks. First, the acceptance of the conclusions of the critics has reference to the literary

form of the works, and leaves entirely open every question relating to the substance. Secondly, our assents to the conclusions of the critics ought to be strictly limited to a provisional and revocable assent. These conclusions are floating and uncertain, and they shift and vary with rapidity in the minds of those who hold them.

Such is a brief summary of an article which is certain to awaken a widespread interest throughout the English-speaking world, and we congratulate our contemporary upon having secured a series which will probably more than establish its position as the most widely circulated of all English magazines.

THE DECADENCE OF IRISH INTELLECT.

BY MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

IN *Time*, Mr. Justin M'Carthy raises a lament over the fact that the intellect of Ireland is not asserting itself in English literature just now to anything like the extent which it did in the days of Burke and Sheridan and Goldsmith. There is no Irish poet with anything like the popularity in England which Thomas Moore had, or any Irish novelist who is read in English homes as Miss Edgeworth was. The still lingering forms of purely Irish life out of which a novel could be made have exhausted their artistic effect.

Mr. M'Carthy continues:—I do not know whether there are now any great advocates at the Irish Bar. Ireland may be proud of having given to the English Bar its greatest living advocate in the person of Sir Charles Russell. But I do not hear of any advocates in Dublin with a fame at all like that of the Currans and Bushes, and Sheils and O'Connells of a past time. I do not hear even of any men who are compared with White-side and Butt.

Ireland has some very eminent names in the departments of graver literature. Mr. Tyndall is an Irishman: Mr. Lecky is an Irishman; I do not know whether I can call Mr. Bryce an Irishman, although he certainly was born in Ireland.

But, of course, there is nothing distinctively Irish in the influence of these men on literature and thought. Their nationality does not shine through them. When we say Irish, we really mean Celtic, and these men are not Celtic. There is no great Irish author in this sense at the present hour. There is no great Irish poet, no great Irish novelist, no great Irish dramatist. There is no great Irish musician—although I believe that, contrary to general opinion, Ireland may claim Sir Arthur Sullivan as a son of her soil. Sir Arthur Sullivan, however, would hardly be called a great composer. There is no great Irish wit or humourist. Yet no one at all acquainted with the subject or the people will say that the intellect of Ireland has diminished of late years in the least. There never probably was a time when so great a number of highly-gifted young Irishmen were conspicuous before the world. Then we must not forget the unseen work that Irish literary intellect is doing in the journalism of many countries. Irishmen seem to be born journalists. The Irish journalist is everywhere—writing, editing, contributing—he is dramatic critic, literary critic, war-correspondent, descriptive writer, writer of political leading articles. The truth is that the intellect of Ireland has for the time gone into politics. It is hardly a rash prediction to foretell that out of that new Ireland will come a new Irish literature—a new Irish contribution to the literature of the English tongue. The prospect is hopeful. The future promises to bring gifts. But the gifts like other gains had to be struggled for. Time and intellect had to be given up to the struggle.

THE LATEST SIBERIAN TRAGEDY.

BY MR. GEORGE KENNAN.

IN the *Century* Mr. G. Kennan writes upon the massacre of the political exiles in Yakutsk last March. He says for ten months the whole Russian press has been profoundly silent in regard to it; not because the Russian editors were ignorant of it, not because they regarded the shooting of defenceless men and the bayoneting of innocent women with indifference, but because their mouths were stopped by the gag of the press censor. He says he takes and reads constantly four or five Russian periodicals, including the daily *Russian Gazette*, of Moscow, the *Viestnik Evropa*, and the *Oriental Review*, of Irkutsk, which is published in the capital of Eastern Siberia, only a short distance, as Siberian distances go, from the scene of the Yakutsk tragedy. Not one word has appeared in any of the above-named periodicals in regard to this most aggravated case of cruel and unprovoked murder.

THE EVIDENCE AS TO THE TRAGEDY.

My first information in regard to the Yakutsk tragedy came to me in a private letter from Siberia last summer. Since that time I have received *eight* separate and independent accounts in manuscript of the whole series of events, with copies of the official documents relating to the case; plans of the house and courtyard where the massacre occurred; the names of all the officials and exiles concerned; the full text of the sentence of the court-martial that tried the survivors; the last letters of the three men who were hanged; and all the minute details that are essential to a complete understanding of the situation and the circumstances. These accounts, if translated and published, would fill two whole numbers of the *Century Magazine*, and they have come to me from eight different individuals—not all of them exiles—and from half a dozen different parts of the Russian Empire. With some of the writers I am personally acquainted, and I know them to be men of the highest integrity and honour—men who are absolutely incapable of wilful misrepresentation, even for the attainment of the best of ends. Besides this, they are separated one from another by thousands of miles of Siberian steppe and forest; they could not possibly fix up a collusive story to deceive me, even if they wished to do so; and not one of them knows that any of the others have written to me. It is hardly necessary to say that evidence obtained in this way, from eight independent sources, and duly authenticated by names, dates, diagrams, and copies of official documents, is worthy of full credence. It is evidence that would carry conviction to the minds of any unprejudiced jury; and I am confident that, when published in full, it will convince the American people not only of the cruelty, but of the shameless mendacity of a Government that is capable of such acts and such explanations.

HOW IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The affray in Yakutsk was not the result of the discovery of a secret "nihilistic" printing-office, nor of an attack made by "desperate and dangerous" men upon their guards. It was the direct result of official stupidity and the indirect result of a cruel and unnecessary order issued by the acting governor of the province of Yakutsk,

General Ostashkin (Os-tash'kin). That officer proposed to send twenty or thirty *administrative* exiles into the arctic regions, without proper equipment, and in parties so large that they would almost inevitably starve to death on the road, owing to the impossibility of procuring food. I know that region thoroughly. I traversed a part of it on dog-sledges in the winter of 1867-68, and I remember that, for a whole week, my thermometer indicated temperatures ranging from forty to fifty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. I nearly lost one of my men who came into camp at night insensible from cold; and, well fed and perfectly equipped as I was, I suffered intensely from incessant hardship and exposure. Into this polar wilderness, which I traversed with the utmost difficulty on dog-sledges in 1867, Governor Ostashkin proposed to send twenty or thirty political exiles—two or three of them young girls—without an adequate supply of food, without proper equipment, and in parties so large that, in all probability, the half-wild Yakut drivers at the widely separated stations could neither feed them nor furnish them with transportation. When the exiles sent respectful petitions to Governor Ostashkin, asking merely that they be forwarded to their destinations, as they had previously been forwarded, in parties of two, a week apart, and with proper food and equipment, the governor sent a company of Cossacks, with loaded rifles, to the house where the petitioners had assembled to await his answer, and directed the officers in command to take them to the police station. The Cossacks attempted to drive the bewildered exiles out of the house by pricking them with their bayonets and striking them with the butt-ends of their guns. Resistance was offered by a few, who did not understand the meaning of this unexpected reply to their petition, and then followed the butchery that the London *Times* correspondent has described. Six of the politicals were killed outright, including one young woman bayoneted to death, nine were severely wounded, and all of the others were brutally beaten and maltreated.

DEATH BY COURT-MARTIAL.

The survivors of the Yakutsk massacre were tried by court-martial, without benefit of counsel, upon the charge of armed resistance to the authorities, and all were found guilty. Three of them were hanged; fourteen, including four women, were condemned to penal servitude for life; five, including two women, were sent to the mines for fifteen years; four boys and girls less than twenty-one years of age were condemned to penal servitude for ten years; and two others were sent as forced colonists to the arctic villages of Verkhoyansk and Sredni Kolynsk, in "the remotest part of the province of Yakutsk." And this sentence the St. Petersburg officials say is an evidence of the "unusual moderation" of the judges who composed the court-martial! A further proof of this "unusual moderation" is furnished by the fact that the political exile Kohan-Bernstein, after receiving four severe bullet wounds at the time of the massacre, and after lying nearly five months in a prison hospital, was carried to the scaffold on a cot bed and hanged by putting the noose round his neck and dragging the bed out from under him. If this is Russian "moderation," one might well pray to be delivered from Russian severity.

One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades, in which he said, "We are not afraid to die, but try you to make our deaths count for something—write all this to Kennan."

To appeal to me shall not be in vain. If I live, the whole English-speaking world, at least, shall know the details of this most atrocious crime.

HOW CYCLING INJURES HEALTH.

BY DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

IN the new number of the *Asclepiad*, Dr. Richardson returns to the subject of cycling in its relation to health. The rules for health in cycling, he says, are so far modified by the differences of the art that a full revision of them is demanded.

DON'T CYCLE TILL TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD.

He thinks that it is always best to delay the commencement of cycling until the body is closely approaching to its maturity. Even adult cyclists who are too much in the saddle almost invariably acquire what may be called the cyclist's figure, which is not graceful, and is not indicative of the full possession of perfectly-balanced bodily powers. Hence I should not recommend cycling as a pastime of the schools, and I should not favour it as an exercise, even during holiday times from school, except in the most moderate degree. The systematic pursuit of cycling should never be fully commenced until the rider has arrived at maturity, that is to say, until the age of twenty-one years has been attained.

HOW CYCLING DEFORMS THE BODY.

Enthusiastic riders will ask, naturally enough,—In what way does physical injury occur from cycling, and what is the importance of it when it does take place? The first injury inflicted is a certain amount of derangement of the conformation of the framework of the body. Every kind of riding which tends to throw the body forward in a bent or curved position, in a temporary stoop, will to a certain degree produce in time a fixed bend or stoop. The effect of cycling on the upper extremity of the arm and forearm is to slightly bend the limb, the deformity taking place in the arm bone and in the fingers, and to bring about an unnatural curve of the shoulders. On the lower limbs cycling tells as markedly as it does on the spine, and as the lower limbs perform the greater part of the work, they usually feel the effects of it most distinctly. Riding brings out and exaggerates any deformity, however slight. In walking all the muscles of the body work, more or less, but in cycling the muscles of the body, other than those belonging to the lower limbs, are, comparatively, at rest. Under these circumstances the nervous energy for sustaining muscular motion is set free, mainly in stimulating the muscles of the lower limbs into activity; and as the area of work is limited, from this cause, the nervous energy holds out longer. The pelvis of the rider, now practically a part of the machine, is fixed to it, and is almost as rigid as itself. In this position of things the thigh bone is placed under unusual strain. The large muscles in the fore part of the thigh are employed in extending or lifting up the leg at great disadvantage of leverage. What the strain is on these muscles every young cyclist knows to his cost, and it is not until they get a kind of extra natural power that riding is easy.

THE CAUSE OF BOWLEGGEDNESS.

On the other side, as counterbalancing these extensor muscles, there is brought into play the group of muscles on the opposite part of the thigh, commonly called the hamstring muscles, which, using the foot as the termination of a long lever, bring down the pedal with the force

which pushes on or propels the machine. The thigh-bone all through the act of cycling is between two forces. It is the interposing bar or rod between two points of resistance, the one rigid as the machine itself, and the other resistant though not steadily fixed. The strain on this long bone is, consequently, excessive. Fortunately, the pressure on the bone along its whole length is fairly distributed; if it were not the bone would snap across under great effort. The bone is strong enough to resist this accident, and with the majority of riders it is strong enough to resist distortion. At the same time the balance is not quite perfect. This is the cause of the "bowleggedness" which is sometimes the result of cycling, and on which unfavourable comment is made. In the first examples which I witnessed of the change in the shape of the lower limbs here named, I thought that the change was general through the limb, and not in one particular bone. I am now convinced, by more careful observation, that the curvature is in the thigh bones alone, and that the shortening of the height of the body which accompanies it is simply due to the curvature of these bones.

The last modification occurring in the skeleton from cycling is in the foot, and consists in deepening of the arch with undue curvature downwards of the small bones, and the phalanges of the toes. With this change the heel bone may be somewhat drawn up, the whole set of changes rendering the foot less pliable and firm in walking than it would otherwise be.

HOW IT AFFECTS THE MUSCLES.

I do not recall seeing any special functional injury of the muscles as a result of cycling. The muscles most severely taxed attain sometimes an unusual size. Enlargement of muscle is the most prominent derangement; such enlargement is chiefly confined to the muscles of the lower limbs, the effect of which is to create a rather indifferent gait, which, in persistent riders, is not concealed. The step loses in firmness, in walking the foot is raised rather more than is natural, and there is a tendency to tread too much on the toe in the act of walking. I cannot suppress the suspicion, also, that much cycling reduces pedestrian powers, both as regards speed and endurance.

The concentration of muscular power in the muscles of the lower limbs wearies out one particular set of muscles at the expense of all the rest; that is to say, it draws the nervous stimulus to muscular exertion from the general muscular system to divert it towards one special set of muscular organs. This is sometimes a cause of systemic disturbance. A man starts out for too long a ride without being provided with sufficient food. In time he feels a hunger which he cannot, at the moment, satisfy. He says to himself, "I am very hungry; I must push on to a place where I can get food." He pushes on; but, by-and-by, to his surprise, the keen sense of hunger passes away, whilst the sense of exhaustion, minute by minute, increases. At last, when he reaches his destination, and the food is actually before him, he cannot enjoy it; the nervous power required for his stomach has escaped by his legs, and has been dissipated into space in the revolution of the wheels of his machine. In plain terms, he has left his digestion flying behind him.

The over-wearied cyclist lays himself down to rest with the idea that he is going to fall at once into the most peaceful slumber. He does not. His lower limbs sleep, but the rest of his body is but half sleeping, and when he rises, although he can ride again fairly, in so far as the work of his legs is concerned, he is weary of body, and often for some hours is discontented and not up to the

mark. During the night the over-exhausted lower limbs have been recuperated at the expense of the other parts of the vital machinery, the brain, the digestive system, and the other great groups of muscular structure, including the muscles of respiration, and the heart itself.

HIS PRACTICAL CONCLUSIONS.

Firstly, I repeat with all the power I possess, the lesson that competitive cycling is very bad exercise for those who have not arrived at full maturity.

This applies, in a special manner, to those employers of labour who have introduced the cycle as a carrier of heavy loads from place to place, and often against time. Lads employed in this kind of service are wrongly employed; and already amongst such young persons the bad beginning of a bad system is noticeable, one so bad that it is sure to bring industrial cycling into disrepute if it be allowed to go on. To put the matter shortly, it will manufacture a set of pathological living specimens.

Secondly, riders of all classes should be careful not to let cycling exercise overtop altogether the natural exercise of walking. The proper form is, to walk ascents, and *always* to walk steep ascents. But it is also a good rule, even when the course is fairly level, to dismount, at times, and take a spell of pedestrian work. My own experience is, that for every eight miles of distance traversed for health's sake, or rather in conformity with health, it is wise to do one mile on foot.

Thirdly, we ought all to join in discountenancing all excessive competitive feats.

Fourthly, it is of the utmost importance during exercise to keep digestion well in advance of work. A sense of exhaustion in the region of the stomach says, "Rest for a light and wholesome meal."

Fifthly, if in any rider there should come on those signs of muscular failure or change of function, there must be no hesitation about giving up the exercise.

WANTED A REFORMED CYCLE !

We still maintain a basic error in the machine, by having it so constructed that the pelvis of the rider becomes a fixed part of the machine. This is well shown when the cyclist has to meet a hill. In climbing we push the machine, or drag it. The weight of the machine and the weight of our own bodies is precisely the same on foot as when we are riding, and yet we do easily on foot what we cannot do when we are mounted. Why? Because in riding we have not at command the power of those lumbar and gluteal muscles, which avail us so well when they are as free to work as they are when we are on foot. In the saddle, we sit on these powerful muscles, and therefore we cannot work them; all we can do to bring these muscles into action is to bend forward and bring the feet back to the fullest possible extent. At the best the result is most imperfect. We want, in fact, two entire changes in construction of the machine, one by which we can bring the whole weight of the body into the propulsion; the other by which we can call forth all that muscular power which is used with such effect in walking and running, but is lost in cycling. If these two objects were attained, and there is not the slightest reason why they should not be attained, climbing would be just as easy on the machine as it is off it; while the degree of speed that would be rendered applicable would, at least, be doubled; that is to say, if now in ordinary riding the four miles an hour of the pedestrian is changed into eight, it would then, with the same amount of exertion, be turned into sixteen; whilst the twenty miles an hour of the fastest rider would be turned into forty, if that were a safe pace to travel.

WERE EARLY CHRISTIANS POLITICAL CRIMINALS ?

In the 15th of January number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Boissier gave an article on St. Augustin's "City of God," which was the first of a series of studies in religious history that promises to be very interesting. In the number for the 1st of March he follows it up with a second article, devoted chiefly to the inquiry whether Christianity is responsible for the fall of the Roman Empire. M. Boissier answers the question in the negative, and contends that all the causes of decadence which are usually ascribed to the spread of Christianity were in operation before the new religion was accepted. Fresh from the misonéism of Dr. Lombroso, M. Boissier's statement of the historic conditions will be read with the more attention. More obstinate conservatives never existed than the aristocrats of Rome. To them the type of a perfect state was that in which nothing changes. The introduction of Christianity gave the shock which all violent reform inflicts upon this instinct of pessimistic conservatism. "When Christianity appeared it was insulted chiefly because it was a novelty. That is the principal complaint which is made against it in the great argument with which it was opposed." The reader who has followed Dr. Lombroso begins to ask himself, "Was Christianity then a political crime?" and a little further on he finds M. Boissier's own moderate statement of the case, "If it cannot be said that every innovation is in itself harmful, it becomes so whenever it introduces into the State an element which is contrary to its institutions and cannot be reconciled with them. This is precisely what happened with Christianity." As has happened since with all reformers who were too far ahead of their times, the Christians, if not indeed politically criminal, were looked upon as such by many of the leaders of contemporary opinion. The description given of them by Celsus has been paraphrased again and again in later centuries to describe later sects. "There exists," he says, "a new sect of men, the growth of a day, who have neither country nor traditions of their own, who are leagued against all institutions, whether civil or religious, who are pursued by justice, commonly noted for their infamy, and glory in the general detestation with which they are regarded. These men are Christians."

This M. Boissier says was the common opinion of them, and he then sets himself to show how little they deserved it. Though they were too far ahead of their times to be altogether free from the charge which Dr. Lombroso would formulate against reformers who act in direct disregard of the conservative laws, and though from the political point of view the general acceptance of Christianity was by so much delayed, they did, nevertheless, to a considerable extent, accommodate themselves to their environment, and respect for the existing law was enjoined upon the followers of the sect. It took them three hundred years to bring themselves out of their first uncompromising attitude into one which was more in harmony with the possibilities of real life. But at the beginning of the fourth century it had become possible for the new religion to take the place of the old without producing one of those convulsions which imperil the welfare of the public.

We regret that space forbids us to develop M. Boissier's arguments, but the article is well worth reading, and we recommend especially that it should be read after the articles of Dr. Lombroso in the *Nouvelle Revue*. The two shed a very interesting light upon each other.

A WOMAN'S PROTEST AGAINST DIVORCE.

BY ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN.

WHEN Mrs. Mona Caird had launched in the *Westminster Review* last year her famous protest against conventional marriage, she was followed by a writer who concluded her reply by quoting Tolstoi's phrase, "no libertinism and no divorce." Miss Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, the writer in question, is well known as the author of many thoughtful, earnest, and delicate utterances on the ethical questions which govern the relations of the sexes, and also as a poet of no mean power.¹ Miss Chapman is a relative of Mrs. Fry, the great Quaker philanthropist; and although she has lost hold of much of the dogmatic theology which formed the basis of her great kinswoman's faith, the fire of moral enthusiasm glows as brightly and warmly in her as ever it did in the bosom of Mrs. Fry. Miss Chapman, in the current number of the *Westminster*, takes the field, not so much against Mrs. Mona Caird, whose article in the *Fortnightly* I noticed last month, but against the greatest of moderns, the man who may be regarded as the spiritual father of all the advocates of divorce, namely, John Milton. Her article, which is entitled the "Decline of Divorce," a title chosen in the spirit of prophetic faith, looks beyond the tendency of the present to the immutable laws which govern the destinies of our race. She pleads for the indissolubility of marriage, and protests against divorce for any cause or under any conditions. Mr. Gladstone has, I believe, been much interested in the article, in the general conclusions of which he concurs.

Miss Chapman is an idealist, and is as uncompromising as conscience itself, but even she is constrained to admit that judicial separation may be inevitable. Judicial separation she would admit, but when once the indissoluble tie has been formed, she would relax it so far as to enable those who have their great mistake to begin again with fresh partners. Milton, of course, held the opposite view, and with the gallantry of a modern Britomart she enters the lists against the author of the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce."

First she thanks him with genuine feeling "for that glorious, if incidental, defence of true marriage which is implied in his very resolve to procure divorce on other than physical grounds," and she accepts with gratitude his "magnificent protest against that view of marriage, too prevalent then, as it is too prevalent still in our laws, in our social usages—alas! in our ritual—which regards it as a physical union merely."

THE ESSENTIAL OF TRUE MARRIAGE.

It is only when Milton proceeds to argue from this incontrovertible premiss that all marriages which are false, which are not sacramental, which are not hallowed by fellowship of soul, should be dissolved as lightly as they were entered into, that she is compelled to part company with him, denying his corollary as emphatically as we endorse his main proposition. For, in order to complete the conception of true marriage, the idea of persistency, of lastingness is indispensably necessary. Fixity, stability, permanence—it is these which, quite as much as spirituality, constitute the "note" of human marriage. The history of monogamy—of the gradual development of human marriage—is the history of growth of the con-

¹ Among her prose writings may be mentioned "A Tourist Idyll," "The New Godiva"—of which the *Academy* said, "This book may help to give to women a little more of that strange something—knowledge, courage, pity, justice—which goes to make up a soul,"—"A Comtist Lover and other Studies," and a Key to "In Memoriam," which had the rare good fortune to secure the praise of Lord Tennyson.

jugal relation; and whatever tends to relax this is not progress, but reaction.

THE IDEAL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The ideal of the twentieth century, she thinks, will be marriage an indissoluble union—strictly, not nominally, monogamous, and terminable only by death. If, however, after agreement it should be found that it is impossible to live together, "then it is time to resort to one of the many degrees of separation legal and other, by which the consequences of the one irretrievable error of life may be mitigated, if not averted." Milton never seemed to contemplate this as possible. To him the ideal of indissoluble marriage was veritably as "the first loosening of Antichrist, and as it were the substance of his eldest horn." To those who complain that compulsory celibacy is too hard a yoke to be imposed on those who have made an error in wedlock, she replies: "Religion will continue to test theories of marriage, not by whether they make for ease, but by whether they make for goodness, for conduct, for order, and for the permanent and highest well-being of the race." Besides, their lot differs not one jot from that in which thousands of solitary men and women in all periods of history have lived lives of widespread usefulness and of chastened happiness. For the rest, the penalty of a mistaken choice must be paid, ay, even if that choice be not our own, and as still sometimes, though rarely, happens in the case of the wife, the resulting misery be due to the initiative of others.

THE CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE OF MARRIAGE.

The categorical imperative of marriage is, unfettered choice of two adult individuals. But even where this does not exist she is against divorce. Facile divorce means licentiousness, disorder, the disintegration of the family, the disruption of the state. She looks forward to improvement solely to those indirect methods which are alone sanctioned by wise reformers of marriage, by the emancipation of her unmarried women, by the development of manliness in her men, by the better ethical upraising of her children, by the discouragement of "realistic" literature and demoralizing spectacles, and by the purification of her religion. The choice is practically between divorce for every cause supposed by the individual to be inimical to his or her comfort, and no divorce at all.

So far Miss Chapman. But while agreeing with her that to annul the marriage contract for physical causes only is to insult marriage, may not something of the same be said about the immensity of the distinction which she makes between judicial separation and divorce? Judicial separation is divorce in everything except the physical element, and the legalizing of other unions from which that element is not absent.

In *Lippincott's* Mrs. G. T. Bettany writes on a related theme in an article entitled "The Spirituality of Marriage." Mrs. Bettany has scant sympathy with Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose writings prove that "she has no experience and no conception of true married life, and does not believe that it exists."

The low tone of married life in a considerable section of formal "society" does not prevail among our middle classes. Wives and husbands, as a rule, are attached to and proud of their homes, and value them far above the newfangled plans of beatific free arrangements. Mutual forbearance, mutual concessions, mutual help; common interests, a past of difficulties surmounted, a future of hopes, of aims to be worked for, unite the parents far more closely than the marriage-bond. Just as surely as the young man sought the bride, with far more intensity the truly-married cling to each other.

IS THERE COAL IN KENT?

BY PROFESSOR BOYD DAWKINS.

Is there coal in Kent? Yes, says Professor Boyd Dawkins, not only is there coal in Kent, but

I for one do not despair of the time when Dover and Folkestone will become even as Cardiff now is, and when towns like Liège, Valenciennes, and Mons will spring up in the quiet, beautiful southern counties.

This prospect is not pleasant for those who care for natural scenery, and who do not relish the prospect of seeing Kent converted into a great cinder heap. But persons of that way of thinking had better not read Professor Dawkins' paper in the *Contemporary* on the discovery of Coal near Dover, the gist of which is a demonstration that the valuable coal-mines which are quite capable of being profitably worked, lie only 1,200 feet below the surface in the southern counties of England. As coal can be worked comfortably at the depth of 3,000 feet, the new coal-field does not obviously lie too far below the surface to be practicably worked.

The story of how this coal was discovered is very interesting. It is, as Professor Dawkins says—

The story of a scientific idea originated many years ago, taking root in the minds of geologists, developed into theory, and ultimately verified by facts. It offers a striking example of the relation of faith to works in the scientific world.

The prophecy was first set forth in 1856, when

The idea of the buried coal-fields was advanced by Godwin-Austen, in a memorable paper, read before the Geological Society of London, "On the Possible Extension of the Coal-measures beneath the South-Eastern Part of England." Godwin-Austen concluded from various observations that there are coal-fields beneath the Oolitic and Cretaceous rocks in the South of England, and that they are near enough to the surface along the line of the ridge to be capable of being worked. He mentioned the Thames valley and the Weald

of Kent and Sussex as possible places where they might be discovered.

When the Coal Commission was appointed ten years later, Prestwick, one of the Commissioners,

Fortified the views of Godwin-Austen by a large series of observations, and finally concluded that coal-fields of the same kind and value as those of Somerset, and of North France and Belgium, do exist underneath the newer rocks of the South of England, and that the very same coal-measures which disappear

in the West under the newer rocks of Somerset, reappear in the East from underneath the newer rocks of the Continent along the line of the ridge, or "axis of Artois."

In 1881, it was decided to test this theory by practical experiment, and the Sub-Wealden Expedition bored down at Netherfield, near Battle, in Sussex, 2,000 feet. The result was negative, merely proving that the boring would have to be carried out further to the north. In 1886 Professor Dawkins

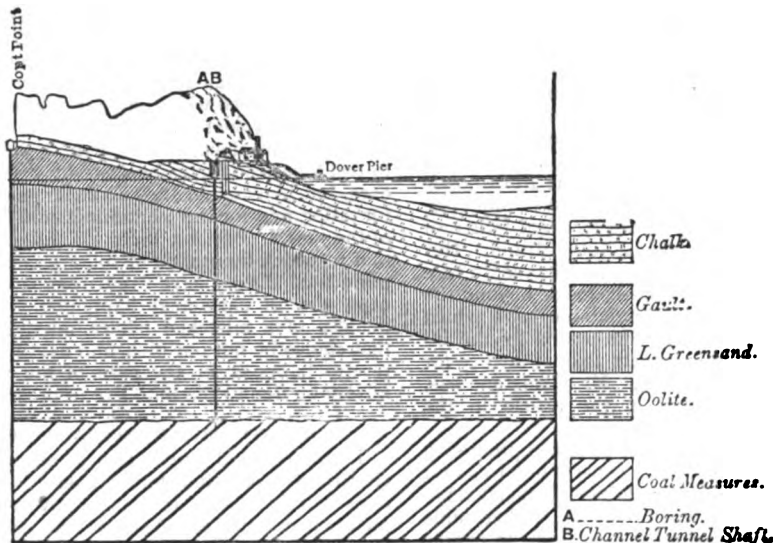
suggested to Sir Edward Watkin the advisability of making a boring near the Channel tunnel, almost in sight of Calais, where coal was proved to be at a depth of 1,100 feet. The boring commenced in 1886, and coal has been struck, as the following diagram shows, at 1,200 feet, and good blazing coal has been found.

Although it is too early to estimate the value and the thickness of the seam under Shakespeare Cliff, there are, Professor Dawkins thinks, ample grounds for the belief that the new coal found may

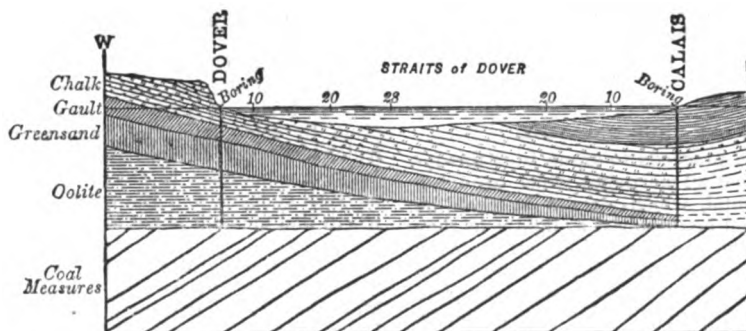
be as valuable as those of Belgium and Northern France.

Professor Dawkins finally points out that—

It cannot reasonably be expected that many such enterprises as this, which has been so energetically pushed by Sir Edward Watkin, will be carried on under the present condition of the law as to minerals. At present all the advantages go to the landowners, and all the risks to the adventurers. Looking at the magnitude of the interests involved in this matter, it is undoubtedly deserving of special legislation.



Section of the Strata in Boring at Shakespeare Cliff, Dover.



Section showing the probable range of the Coal-measures from Dover to Calais.

A CHINESE VIEW OF EUROPE.

HAPPINESS AS THE TEST OF CIVILISATION.

M. EUGENE SIMON'S "French City," of which a very charming introduction appeared in the first number of the *Nouvelle Revue* for February, promises to be little less than an arraignment of Western and Eastern civilisation at the bar of the modern demand for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The hero of this new "Citizen of the World" is a serious Chinamen, Fan-ta-gen, who has caused the Celestial Empire to ring with the fame of his treatise upon Happiness, of which we must not give more here than the final definition. "To comprise in oneself humanity, all beings, all nature, to go forward in unison with humanity and entire nature towards the conquest of an uninterrupted progress, which shall be always greater and never finished, to do this and to be conscious of it—this is true happiness, if not perfect happiness. In these terms happiness is not only the law, it is the end, the only rule of everything which lives. Man ought necessarily to attain happiness." Practically, the modern European doctrine of solidarity as opposed to the individualism of the earlier part of the century is the doctrine of the Chinese philosopher. No one, he maintains, can be happy so long as there is one unhappy.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS IN EUROPE?

But while China accepts his conclusions and hails him as a leader of thought, he is himself led to doubt the very basis upon which he formed them. From his study upon a hill he sees "the great ships of the world passing with an almost convulsive rapidity, and sending up towards the sky their proud plumes of smoke." These ships and all that they represent of material wealth, activity, and power, suggest to him, amongst many thoughts, the question to which we owe the book—"What is the European conception of happiness?" Are these ships, he asks, bonds of union, means of solidarity between races? Have the European peoples, to whom they belong, a more complete and more elevated conception of universal solidarity? Or have they, in extending the idea of solidarity, materialised it also? To resolve these doubts he quits China and spends several years in travelling through Europe, America, and Australia. The present number gives his first impressions of the civilisation of the West.

THE TROPICAL FOREST.

Twenty-five years earlier he had had occasion to traverse the vast forests which separate China from Annam and Tonquin. He gives a vivid description of them which is too long to quote in full. "Giant trees whose haughty heads seemed to defy the sky, colossal creepers which wound and twisted themselves like enormous serpents round the great trunks, and then hung to the branches in order that stage by stage they might reach fresh air and light." The thousand wonders of a tropical forest pass under his pen. "At a distance all the summits seemed to touch one another; but, in fact, the dwarf myrtle grows under the banyan and the palm. At a distance the jungle seems impenetrable. But let us cross the threshold of that world and all our impressions change. In the shadow of these giant trees nothing grows, nothing lives. They suck the very marrow out of the soil which they seem to shelter. An inextricable network of branching roots runs from one to the other, pumping all the juices of the earth out for their benefit. Beneath that mortal shade no breath animates the air, and from it no sound issues. Only here and there where one of these monsters has fallen a peep of the sky is obtained, and in the rotten branches life reappears. But with what dangers it swarms—venomous reptiles,

noxious insects, miasma that poisons. If man ventures at all into these forests it is with infinite precautions. Death, he knows, may at any moment present itself, fear also, which is greater and worse than death. Nothing within the circle of the black horizon appeals to the heart of man. His eyes see, his ears hear, nevertheless he is there as though he did not see, as though he did not hear, for he does not understand. He feels himself to be a stranger.

AND WESTERN CIVILISATION.

Western civilisation calls up these forests to the mind of Fan-ta-gen. "Like the forests of Laos, European civilisations at first astonish, captivate, and dazzle. As in the forests of Laos, everywhere the summits seem to touch each other. As in the forests of Laos, the more powerful absorb the life around them. The hands of the favourites of fortune are stretched out as greedily as the giant roots of the banyan tree. They have palaces, they have villages, they have entire towns. It is by their means, and for them, that the greater number of immense public works are accomplished. . . . And thus they seem to be the only dispensers of the benefits due to the discoveries of science; that is, to collectivity. All force and all life reside in them. Like the kings of the forest they are kings of Western society. This, at least, is the impression produced by Western society at a distance. But near at hand? Ah, near at hand the Chinese sage discovers that it is not only in splendour that the simile of the forest holds. The masses who work in the shade of the great kings are too often like the undergrowth of the forest. "They are to be met by millions in the factories and mines, these victims with human faces—men, women, young girls, children,—pale, sickly, tamished, like the half-nourished plants of the forest of Laos, which live without the vital juices of the earth, without air, without light, and die without having been once called in their short life to enjoy the beneficent warmth of a ray of sun."

THE SOLIDARITY OF HUMANITY.

In the streets of a great town Fan-ta-gen sees a sight which serves as the point of departure of many reflections. It is a little girl and her blind grandmother begging. "Men and women passed by indifferent, as though the spectacle were familiar to them. My attention returned to the two poor creatures, and then only I understood that they were 'alone' in the world. The blood seemed to leave my heart, tears mounted to my eyes. I hardly could restrain myself from falling on my knees to ask their pardon in the name of that humanity to which they and I belonged. At the same moment my mind was illumined by our aphorism,—None can be happy so long as there is one unhappy." For his own part, he understands that solidarity is not limited by the Great Wall, and that happiness, which he had believed himself to possess, is ended for him. He also, though a Chinaman, is one with the society which thus allows the weak and innocent to suffer. More than this, he feels that happiness which is lost to him will also be lost to his countrymen, until "the day comes in which different races, forgetting their egoism and their causes of division, shall put, as it were, into a common fund, the one his contribution of scientific truth, the other his contribution of moral truth, in order that they may arrive at an agreement on the principles of one sole great civilisation which shall comprise the whole of humanity, and in which the necessities of progress shall not demand one drop of blood from man, one tear from woman or child." With the hope that his mission may help towards the realisation of this ideal, Fan-ta-gen is encouraged to prosecute it. We hope to follow him from month to month as he reports the result.

IN THE NEXT WAR!

WHAT WILL BECOME OF BELGIUM?

By far the most important of the articles in the *Revue Des Deux Mondes* is a long, well-informed, and closely argued study of the chances that Belgium and Switzerland would have of preserving their neutrality in the case of a European war. The writer, who does not disclose his identity, gives first a general description of the state of Europe, which has, in his opinion, returned from the balanced power of the middle of the century to the condition of the preponderance of one power with which the century began. The difference is that the preponderant power then was France, and that it is now Germany.

A PLEA FOR BALANCE OF POWER.

The danger of preponderance to the peace of Europe remains the same. The independence and neutrality of small powers which are guaranteed by an equally balanced distribution of power are threatened by the concentration of it in one hand. "When the chiefs of the new German Empire protest that in all that they do they desire nothing but peace, they are, no doubt, sincere after their manner, for they are interested in maintaining peace; but preponderating powers, whether they last for twenty years or ten, whether they are called Germany or France, are always the same, and there is no art in the world which can veil their characteristics or indefinitely avert the consequences of them. It is their fate to be exactly the contrary of equilibrium and peace, and to perpetuate the state of war, or, if the expression is preferred, of preparation for war, by multiplying their armaments and their military alliances, by constraining others to arm in their turn, and to make alliances if they can in the common interests of self-protection."

THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE.

The writer then proceeds to show that but for the system of military alliance now necessarily prevailing in Europe, the neutrality of Belgium and Switzerland would be in no real danger of violation. He takes each country separately, and exposes the situation. He shows Belgium in the past as the constant theatre of war. "From Cæsar to Napoléon the path of war has lain across it, whether by Charleroi and Namur, or by the Lys and the Escaut. Lens and Senef, Steinkirk and Neerwinde, Fleurus and Jemappes, Malplaquet and Waterloo, are Belgian names." So long as rival powers touched each other upon the north-eastern frontier, war in Flanders was a fatality. But now things are changed. The mere fact of the neutrality of Belgium dominates the position. Nevertheless, in order to be assured of respect, the first of conditions is that the neutrality should be armed. It is armed and defended. The entrenched camp of Antwerp has only served as a point of departure for the defence of the frontiers which has developed into the fortifications of the Meuse. The army of 100,000 men, which was once deemed sufficient, is now evidently too small, and the question of universal service for the purpose of increasing this total is under discussion. These facts point to the pretty definite conclusion that so far at least as Belgium is concerned, there is no truth in the rumour which accredited the Government with a readiness to enter into treaties (formally denied by the Prince de Chimay, Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs) to allow its territory in time of war to be entered by German troops. The interest of Belgium is evidently to remain neutral and independent. In that case who would gain by violating the neutrality? France? Certainly not! Her interest is to keep Belgium as a barrier upon her frontier. It was not always so. M. Thiers had good reasons for saying in 1871, "The Valley of Meuse, as history proves,

is the real road of invasion open to France against Northern Germany." But now what could be gained by the attempt, if made, under military and political conditions which are completely altered?

A TEMPTATION TO GERMANY, NOT TO FRANCE.

"Supposing every possible success, admitting that the Belgian army had been disposed of, and thrown back powerless upon Antwerp, we should fall upon the Lower Rhine, which would be less easy to cross at Wesel and Cologne than either above or below Mayence. We should have turned no defences, we should find at the end a unified Germany as formidably armed upon the north as she is upon the east. We should have been committed to action on an outrageously extended line, and during that time the Germans would not remain inactive." The theme is developed until the conclusion is reached, that "France has—without speaking of respect for law—no interest in violating Belgian neutrality, which is, on the contrary, the defence of a part of her frontier. It might rather even be said that what threatens Belgium threatens France, and *vice versa*, that what threatens France threatens Belgium." For Germany the case is different. Germany has, perhaps, more direct interest in violating Belgian territory. To do so would open the valley of the Oise to her troops. Nevertheless, the difficulties and drawbacks which attend the enterprise are such that, on the whole, the conclusion is against a serious advantage to Germany, unless urged to it by other than the strict military necessities of a war with France.

THE PERIL OF SWITZERLAND.

At the other end of the Franco-German frontier the neutrality of Switzerland presents a parallel though not altogether similar problem. Here neutrality is threatened not alone by France and Germany. "United Germany, which touches the passage of the Rhine at Basle, presses upon Switzerland with its own weight and the weight of its alliances, of new Italy, which on its side touches the passes of the Alps. Thus Switzerland finds itself shut in on its northern and eastern frontiers by Germany, Austria, and Italy,—three Powers bound together by a secret military understanding, and encamped round Helvetic territory, pacifically inclined for the moment, it is true, but certainly agreed that they will not be arrested by an inconvenient neutrality whenever they may judge it to their advantage to enter France by that frontier. The writer then does for Switzerland what he has done for Belgium, describes its own military force and the actual military interests which individual powers would have in entering its territory. Again he finds that the military situation has greatly changed since Vienna has fallen to the position of the mere capital of Austria-Hungary and Berlin has taken its place as the heart of the Empire. For France at any rate, the way to Berlin does not lie through the mountains of Switzerland. Each power is shown in turn to have no real advantage to gain by entering the confederated territory. But the attack is feared from Italy. The military strength of Italy is then passed in review and her probable place in a European war assigned to her. It is impossible to develop the whole argument, and we must refer our readers to the article itself in order that they be brought logically to the conclusion that the real danger to the neutralities of Europe lies in the constitution of the Triple Alliance, which has given rise in its turn to the more than probable alliance of France and Russia and a consequent cross-fire over the whole Continent should war once break out in any corner.

A WOMAN'S PLEA FOR POLYGAMY.

BY A DAUGHTER OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

As there are nearly three quarters of a million more women than men in the United Kingdom, there is *prima facie* more force in the argument for modified polygamy than for any other experiment that has been put forward by the advocates for intermeddling with the relations of the sexes. Hence there will be more tolerance for the plea for polygamy which appears in the *North American Review* for March, from the pen of a daughter of Brigham Young, than for such an advocacy of free divorce as that which Mrs. Mona Caird published in last month's *Fortnightly*. Mrs. Susa Gates is one of the fifty-six living children of the late Mormon President, all of whom were

Born healthy, bright, and without "spot or blemish" in body or mind. Thirty-one of the number were girls; twenty-five were boys. Seven died in infancy, three in childhood, seven more since reaching maturity.

She gives an idyllic picture of family life in Brigham Young's polygamous household, especially waxing eloquent over the evening prayer, when "ten or twelve mothers with their brood of children would gather together round the family altar," forming a goodly congregation in themselves. Mrs. Gates insists that from the point of view of the stud polygamy was as successful with humans as it is with quadrupeds:—

As a physiological fact, of the fifty-six children born to Brigham Young, not one was halt, lame, or blind, all being perfect in body and of sound mind and intellect; no defects of mind or body save those general ones shared by humanity. The boys are a sound, healthy, industrious, and intelligent group of men, noted everywhere for their integrity and for the excellent care and attention bestowed upon their families.

The girls are finely developed physically, quick and bright in intellect, high-spirited, and often talented, especially in a musical way. All are nice girls, kind in disposition, generous and social in their natures.

But what about the wives? it will be said. Upon this question Mrs. Gates waxes more eloquent than upon any other. These polygamous wives were pioneers in a new order of things, "whose tears watered into existence the lovely flowers of unselfishness and charity." Speaking of one patriarch, she says:—

Nothing could exceed the sweet gentleness with which this father of twenty babies watched and guarded every separate "bit" of humanity that came near him. I have been with this man, too, when he first enjoyed the companionship of a young, beautiful bride. Not a whit more devoted or tender was he to her than he had been and was to the cherished wife of several years; he was to each and every one all that a true, affectionate husband could be.

Nowhere on the face of this wide earth is the love of husbands for their wives and wives for their husbands so intense, so thrilling, and so divine as it is here in Utah.

Statistics will bear me out in saying that there are fewer paupers, fewer criminals, fewer insane among polygamous than among monogamous families. It is a well-known fact here in Utah that there are fewer physical defects and greater intelligence in plural homes than in the same grade or class in monogamy.

These Mormon women "are working grandly at the sex problem of the nineteenth century." Their marital relations make it possible for a mother to move out on independent lines in business, in art, and the professions. The wife spends the twenty years of the child-bearing period in rearing her children and in quietly studying and preparing for a wider mission when she can add the weight of her experience to the great problem of humanity:—

That polygamy, wisely and faithfully practised, will be a grand factor in the bringing to pass this millennium of usefulness and happiness, I sincerely believe.

"THE SPECTRE OF THE MONK."

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR recently scandalized the humdrums of the English Church by proposing to establish a modern order of peripatetic parsons who were to have no money, and who were to wander about the earth preaching and doing good as best they could. Convocation recently gravely debated this startling innovation on Anglican orthodoxy. After a long debate as to whether the new friars had to be bound by temporary vows or terminable engagements, Archdeacon Farrar's scheme was approved. In the *Forum* for March he disclaims any attempt to take a step in the direction of the restitution of monachism. The modest proposal that he made has convinced him that the English people are still dominated by a dread approaching to horror. He therefore determined to write this article, in which he would set forth some observations on the monastic life.

Of the causes which evoked monasticism into existence, many were accidental, but some are as permanent as the nature of man. Under the special conditions in which monasticism sprang to life and acquired its vigour, it would be difficult to imagine a more salutary ideal, if that ideal had been within the reach of ordinary men.

Unfortunately it was not within the reach of ordinary men; and

Yet, though monasteries had their day of beneficence (and it was prolonged over many centuries), history branded them—regarded as general and widespread institutions—with the stigma of a failure which, if it did not wholly counterbalance their advantages, yet emphatically proved that their continuance would serve only to burden and corrupt the world.

Cardinal Wolsey himself wished the smaller religious houses to be suppressed. Only one-third of the monasteries were in good condition.

The evidence shows decisively that it was the merest chance whether at any particular time a monastery was a school of saints, like Clairvaux in the days of St. Bernard, and Bec in the days of St. Anselm, and St. Victor's at the epoch of its great mystics; or whether it was, on the other hand, and perhaps in the same century, a foul sink and hotbed of sloth and degradation, like those of which the terrible annals have been revealed by history or by the testimony of horrified and accidental witnesses. It is in vain therefore to invest monasticism as a large and permanent institution with the glory that it derives from the names of saintly monks.

For saints monasticism might be very good, but for ordinary men it was very bad:—

Whatever may be the temptations of the world, bad and ordinary men would have been better, not worse, as married citizens than as celibate monks.

Archdeacon Farrar therefore regards the dissolution of the monasteries as being very far from an unmixt evil. The Black Book laid before the Parliament of England contains ample and damnable proof of the idleness and wickedness of many of these establishments, and that it was high time to suppress them. The conclusion of the whole matter is thus expressed:—

But if any one will study the history and development of monasticism, he will be strongly led to the conclusion that it is but one of the many ways in which God fulfils Himself in the Church at particular crises. It was valuable for certain purposes, but it involves so many elements of danger that its promiscuous revival would be an unmitigated curse. The destined ends of monasticism have long ago been attained; few or none desire its re-establishment. The combination of clergymen or laymen in a common life under temporary vows, differs from monasticism in its most essential characteristics, while yet it endeavours to learn the sole elements which gave it efficacy, and to avoid the error which precipitated its doom.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL AND HIS MOTHER.

In the *Leisure Hour* there is a pleasantly-written paper on the Reigning Family of Portugal, illustrated by the portrait of the King, which is reproduced here by permission of the Religious Tract Society. Of the King the writer has but little to say. The gossip of the article chiefly relates to the Queen-Dowager, of whom many interesting anecdotes are told.

In person the Queen-mother is said to be tall, elegant of bearing, with a mixture of reserve, grace of manner, and *bonhomie* that recalls her hunter-father. Nor does she fail to resemble him in other respects. Like Victor Emmanuel, Queen Maria Pia was a passionate votary of shooting and all kinds of sport, a taste in which the King concurred. Unable, however, to gratify it always to its full extent, the Queen, when in *villeggiatura* at the watering-place of Caldas, used to amuse herself with the harmless practice of aiming with a rifle out of a high window at earthenware bottles floating in the sea, and placed there for that purpose. It is said that it was not often that she missed her unstable mark.

But for all these mannish tasks she was a queen and a woman. She dressed with taste and elegance, her jewels were among the most costly of any regent's, and her household was ruled with an etiquette that proved that she never forgot her rank, even if it pleased her at times to disguise it. This she does most frequently when bound upon some of those errands of mercy for which she is famed, and which have gained her the name of "Angel of Charity." Philanthropy is with her as much a passion as hunting, music, or painting. She is at the head of all Portuguese charitable establishments, which she directs in person, even to the minutest details. Endless are the anecdotes told of her good deeds. In all cases of distress brought under her notice she desires, if possible, to judge for herself, and behold with her own eyes. It was no uncommon sight to see her on quitting the cathedral after morning mass surrounded by a crowd of poor people, who knelt as she passed, kissed the hem of her dress, or presented her some petition. These she invariably took in her own hand and read on her return home.

The life led by the late King and his Queen was, like that of most royal personages, highly methodical. The Queen rose early, and breakfasted on a simple cup of chocolate at seven, after which she at once set to work, directing her correspondence, reading some of the newest publications, or attending to her philanthropic institutions. At midday was the general lunch, which was partaken of in company with the King and royal household. At two o'clock when in Lisbon the Queen received at the Palace of Azuda, when she showed herself most

accessible, and was ever ready to converse with her visitors, especially on charitable or artistic themes. At four o'clock she went out driving either in the town or the lovely environs of Lisbon. Most often she visited Mafra, which may be called the Versailles of Lisbon. Here she was able to gratify some of her sportswoman tastes—shooting, rowing, or driving four-in-hand. By eight o'clock she was back in the palace for dinner, after which she frequently went to the theatre. The Queen-Dowager plays the piano and sings with taste, and her water-colour paintings are graceful. Quite recently she painted a charming fan for the Queen of Italy, representing the pier at Lisbon and the tower of Belem. She is passionately fond of flowers, especially of maiden-hair ferns and lilies of the valley, of which basketfuls always adorn her private apartments. The King, too, loved flowers; and the grounds about the Palace of Azuda resemble a botanical garden more than a private one.

But better than flowers he loved birds, and his aviaries were stocked with native and foreign specimens, which were his pets and his delight. The Queen, less retiring by nature than the King, loved society even more than great receptions. She encouraged *petits comités*, when music, informal dancing, and talk formed the entertainments of the evening. She directed these little *réunions* with the tact and skill of a good hostess and a *grande dame*. Unlike most royal receptions, those held under her auspices were not dull. After the King's health declined so seriously it was the Queen who tended him, and who proved herself the best assistant to the doctors. In a word, she is in all respects a superior woman. The recollections that abide with her in these days of her sorrow must be fragrant still.

Two sons are the fruit of this royal union. The eldest, Dom Carlos, Duke of Braganza, now King of Portugal, was born in 1863. He, too, like his maternal grandfather, is a mighty hunter.

Until called to the throne, most of his time was spent at Villa Vicosa, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Braganza, whose vast adjoining estates permitted him to gratify to the full his love of sport. It is said of him that he is good and kind-hearted, but by no means clever, nor distinguished for any salient traits. No anecdotes about him circulate in society or among the people. He remains as yet for them rather an unknown quantity. Time alone can show what manner of ruler he will make. In 1886 he married the Princess Amélie, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris.

Before the young couple had ended their honeymoon the Duke of Braganza was called upon to serve his apprenticeship as ruler during the temporary absence of his father, who had left for reasons of health.



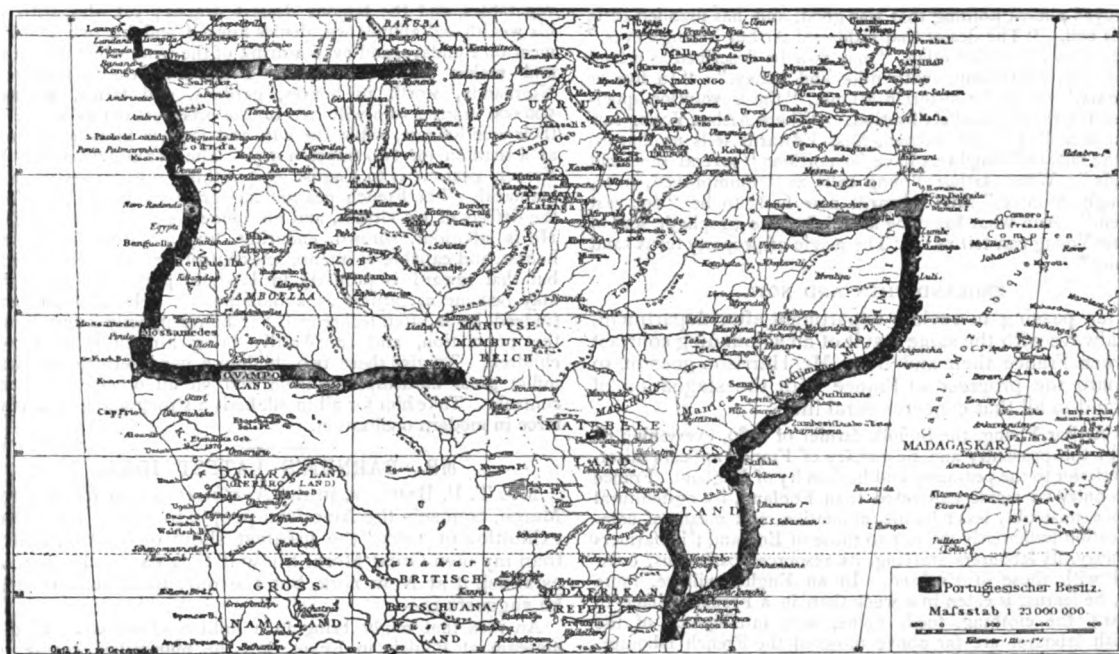
THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

WITH MAP. BY OSCAR LENZ.

Great Britain also must abstain from exercising protectorate as a preliminary step to the discussion of the mail question and placing it on diplomatic ground."

The latest authentic intelligence is contained in a letter dated January 3, Katungas, from which the following are extracts :

"They had not been there very long when the full force of 500 men arrived, followed by their leaders, Senhor Paiva and two half-castes. Paiva shook hands with our men, and, after a little, said, 'I see you have the English flag up here; can you show me a written permit from the Governor of the Shire to have it flying?' Mr. Wilson replied that it had been hoisted by the British Consul, and was on the ground of the English protectorate, and no permit was necessary. He then said, 'It is on Portuguese ground, and I request you to take it down,' which Mr. Wilson refused to do. He then hauled down the red ensign amid a salute of 21 guns and the 'boo, boo, boo' of his soldiers, and then in its place hoisted the Portu-



THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.

guese flag amid another salute of 21 guns. Mr. Wilson was then requested to haul down the flag at the station, which he refused to do. Then Paiva hauled it down and offered it to Messrs. Wilson, Nash, and MacCulloch separately, all refusing to take it. Mr. Wilson told him that he could keep it, and that we would get it back with all the others when we were hoisting them up again.

This month the report has arrived that the British flag has been duly hoisted with all formalities on the Shire River. The only official statement made indirectly confirms this. Sir James Fergusson said, on March 27, "There is no foundation for the declaration attributed to her Majesty's Government. We simply insisted on the withdrawal of the Portuguese forces from the British protectorate. There was no condition as to the restoration of the *statu quo*, an expression which has been used by the Portuguese newspaper Press as implying that

"A native report says that they will make a stand at Chirala, as it is the last chance, and they can only be beaten, in which case they will be no worse off than now."

A telegram, dated February 4, Quillimane, states that Senhor Castro, a Portuguese Customs official, and 300 natives escorting him, have been massacred near Lake Nyassa.

A HUNDRED YEARS' PROGRESS IN FRANCE.

BY MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has the place of honour in the *Forum* for March with a review of Miss Betham-Edwards' new edition of Arthur Young's "Travels in France." Mr. Harrison takes the occasion to draw a very effective parallel between France in 1789 and 1889, in order to illustrate the immense progress that has been made in material prosperity across the Channel during the last century. Miss Betham-Edwards is very optimistic, but Mr. Harrison accepts her as an authority whose word is final. Her *couleur de rose* of rural France certainly lends itself admirably to his treatment.

AS IN A DREAM OR A FAIRY TALE.

Mr. Harrison says:—

The contrast, as we look first on this picture and then on that, is the transition we find in a dream or a fairy tale. It is as though one rose from the dead. This is the only work of the Revolution that is wholly blest. Here, at any rate, it has destroyed almost nothing that was good, and has founded little that is evil. "The desert that saddened Arthur Young's eyes," writes Miss Edwards to-day, "may now be described as a land of Goshen, overflowing with milk and honey." "In five or six years," wrote the historian Mignet, "the Revolution quadrupled the resources of civilisation." Where Arthur Young saw the miserable peasant woman, Miss Edwards tells us that to-day the farmers' daughters have for portions "several thousand pounds." What Arthur Young calls an "unimproved, poor, and ugly country," Miss Edwards now finds to be "one vast garden." And what has done all this? The prophetic soul of Arthur Young can tell us. "The magic of property turns sand to gold."

ENGLAND THEN AND NOW.

After passing in review department after department, and always with the same result of an astounding contrast between France then and now, Mr. Harrison goes on to compare the progress of France with the stagnation of England in all that concerns rural life.

To Arthur Young, the Suffolk farmer of 1789, everything he sees in the peasantry and husbandry of France appears miserably inferior to the peasantry and husbandry of England. France is a country far worse cultivated than England, its agricultural produce miserably less; its life, animation, and means of communication ludicrously inferior to those of England; its farmers in penury, its labourers starving, its resources barbarous, compared with those of England. In an English village, more meat, he learns, is eaten in a week than in a French village in a year; the clothing, food, home, and intelligence of the English labourer are far above those of the French labourer. The country inns are infinitely better in England; there is ten times the circulation, the wealth, the comfort in an English rural district; the English labourer is a free man, the French labourer little more than a serf. Can we say the same thing in 1889? Obviously not. The contrast to-day is reversed. It is the English labourer who is worse housed, worse fed, clothed, taught; who has nothing of his own, who can never save; to whom an acre of land is as much an impossibility as a diamond necklace, and who may no more think to own a cow than to own a race-horse; who follows the plough for two shillings a day, and ends, when he drops in the workhouse. England has increased in these hundred years far more than France in population, in wealth, in commerce, in manufactures, in dominion, in resources, in general material prosperity—in all but in the condition of her rural labourer. In that she has gone back, perhaps positively; but relatively it is certain she has gone very far back. The English traveller in France to-day is amazed at the wealth, independence, and comfort of the French peasant.

THE SECRET OF THE CONTRAST.

It used to be said of Mr. Harrison in the old times that he was always longing to set up a guillotine in his back yard. The trace of the same note which led to that

witticism is perceptible in the lament that our English great lords have not yet begun to skip again.

Land tenure in England to-day is essentially the same as it was in 1789. In France it has been wholly transformed by the Revolution. There are in France now some eight million persons who own the soil, the great mass of whom are peasants. The important point is since the Revolution every labourer has been able to acquire a portion of the soil; and a very large proportion of the adult population has already done so.

THE CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH PEASANT.

Another thing is that the French labouring man, and still more the labouring woman, is a marvellously penurious, patient, frugal creature, who deliberately, for the sake of thrift, endures hard fare, uncleanness, squalor, such an no English or American freeman would stomach except by necessity. The life led by a comfortable English or American farmer would represent wicked waste and shameful indulgence to a much richer French peasant. I myself know a labourer on wages of less than twenty shillings a week, who by thrift has brought ten acres of the magnificent garden land between Fontainebleau and the Seine, worth many thousand pounds, on which grow all kinds of fruits and vegetables, and the famous dessert grapes; yet who, with all his wealth and abundance, denies himself and his two children meat on Sundays, and even a drink of the wine which he grows and makes for the market. I know a peasant family in Normandy, worth in houses, gardens, and farms, at least 500,000 francs, who will live on the orts cast out as refuse by their own lodgers, while the wife and mother hires herself out as a scullion for two francs a day. The penuriousness of the French peasant is to English eyes a thing savage, bestial, and maniacal. The French peasant has great virtues; but he has the defects of his virtues, and his home life is far from idyllic. He is laborious, shrewd, enduring, frugal, self-reliant, sober, honest, and capable of intense self-control for a distant reward; but that reward is property in land, in pursuit of which he may become as pitiless as a bloodhound. He is not chaste (indeed he is often lecherous), but he relentlessly keeps down the population, and can hardly bring himself to rear two children. To give these two children a good heritage, he will inflict great hardships on them and on all others whom he controls. Take him for all in all, he is a strong and noteworthy force in modern civilisation.

MR. BARNUM'S LATEST IDEA.

MR. T. P. BARNUM, in the *North American Review* for March, counsels the American people to make the great exhibition of 1892 "the greatest show on earth, greater than my own Great Moral Show if they can." He would establish it at New York, but the only fresh feature that he suggests is—

An idea that might bring in a million of money. In the museum at Boulak, in Egypt, lies the mummified corpse of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus, with that of his daughter, the saviour of Moses, and other less distinguished members of the royal Egyptian family of that era. I had authorised an agent to offer the Egyptian Government as much as \$100,000 to allow me to exhibit those remains in Europe and the United States. I will relinquish my right of priority of claim in the idea to the Fair Committee. Let them obtain the loan of these mortuary relics from the Egyptian Government, and allow the Khedive to send his own soldiers to guard the coffins. Think of the stupendousness of the incongruity! To exhibit to the people of the nineteenth century, in a country not discovered until 2,000 or 3,000 years after his death, the corpse of the king of whom we have the earliest record! Consider, too, that that corpse is so perfectly preserved after thousands of years in the tomb that its features are almost perfect; so perfect that every man, woman, and child who looks upon the mummy may know the countenance of the despot who exerted so great an influence upon the history of the world. And it might be a useful thought to this generation, proud of its scientific and mechanical triumph, to bear in mind that the art that embalmed the body of Rameses so perfectly is lost, with a great many others that were known to remote antiquity.

A MISSIONARY REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE suggestion which I threw out in the last number that the time had come for the publication of a Missionary Review of Reviews, has met with prompt response from several quarters.

The editor of the *Missionary News* has kindly compiled the following list of Missionary journals at present published in this country and America, with critical remarks. It is in itself the most eloquent testimony for some eclectic Missionary magazine, which perhaps might be developed out of the *Illustrated Missionary News*, which seems to be founded on the right lines, and characterized by a catholic spirit of charity and sympathy. Numerous as these magazines are they do not include any of the Continental ones.

MISSIONARY MAGAZINES.

Title.	Price.	Publisher.	Remarks.
BRITISH (Foreign). Illustrated Missionary News.	sd.	Partridge.	The only representative <i>here</i> of all mission work, irrespective of sect or party. Advocates the "Forward Movement" everywhere.
Church Missionary Intelligence.	6d.	C.M.S.	The organ of the Society. Articles by able clerics on missionary work and theology. Reviewing a special feature.
Church Missionary Gleaner.	1d.	Do.	Well edited by Mr. Eugene Stoek; nearly all news and correspondence; circulation said to be 60,000. (Process pictures.)
Mission Field.	6d.	S.P.G.	Respectable, "churchy"; generally leads off with Bishop's sermon; pictures vary in merit.
Chronicle.	1d.	L.M.S.	Edited by Rev. Geo. Cousins (missionary). The Congregationalist Missionary organ; plenty of fresh news, and illustrated.
Wesleyan Missionary Notices.	1d.	WM House	Fairly good, but wanting in "push." Full of news of Methodist work only.
Missionary Herald	1d.	Alexander & Shepherd	Baptist Missionary Society organ, generally good, but strictly denominational.
General Baptist Magazine.	sd.	Marlborough.	Always contains a dozen pages of notes from other Baptist Societies.
Harvest Field.	4d.	Madras.	Able little serial, edited in India by Rev. Hy. Haigh (W.M.). Is great on methods, but fights H. P. Hughes and Dr. Lunn.
Chinese Recorder.		Shanghai & Trübner.	Done entirely on the spot; philosophic in dealing with Confucianism, and has scholarly papers.
Periodical Accounts (Moravian).	6d.	Fetter Lane	Straightforward, unvarnished accounts from United Brethren, sometimes very pathetic in their simplicity.
Central Africa.	1d.	Wells Gardner.	Capital little organ of Universities Missions, news only, no articles.
Daughters of Syria.	1s. per ann.	Seeley.	Organ of British Syrian Missionary School; has always information of interest.
Indian Female Evangelist.	3d.	Nisbet.	Represents Indian Female Normal School; well got up.
Star in the East.	1d.	Do.	A booklet of Turkish missions in the East.
Free Church of Scotland Monthly.	1d.	Hodder.	Good all round, articles well written, news crisp.
Church of Scotland Missionary Record	1d.	Clark, Edin.	Edited by Rev. Thos. Nicol, B.D.; inferior to above, but readable.
North Africa.	1d.	Partridge.	Represents "N.A. Miss.," chiefly letters from Morocco, &c.
Regions Beyond.	3d.	Do.	Mr. and Mrs. Gratian Guinness's excellent organ; chiefly deals with Africa and China; style refined and earnest.
Female Missionary Intelligence.		Shaw.	Fairly good.
Missionary Leaves.		Hodder.	Associated with C.M.S. work, and is a slight auxiliary paper.

MISSIONARY MAGAZINES (cont.)

Title.	Price.	Publisher.	Remarks.
China's Millions.	1d.	Morgan & Scott.	Organ of China Inland Mission; fully illustrated, and replete with stirring intelligence.
Coral Missionary.	1d.	Wells Gardner.	Juvenile magazine.
Presbyterian Messenger and Missionary Record.	1d.	14 Pater-noster Row.	Commonplace.
All the World.	3d.	Salvation Army.	Evangelism at a white heat! (They have matter for a dozen such magazines.)
Home Mission Field of Ch. of England Gospel Missionary. (Home Missions) and special works.		Rivingtons.	Church home news only.
Jewish Herald.	1d.	Bell & Sons.	
Jewish Intelligence.	1d.	Snow.	Organ of British Society; not a strong thing, but gives much information as to work abroad.
Service for the King	sd.	Nisbet.	Much better, pictures good, matter and get-up in good taste. Organ of London Society.
Bible Society Monthly Report.	1d.	Conf. Hall.	Organ of Mildmay; a delightful record of Christ-like labour in infinite variety.
Rest and Reaping.	1d.	Office B. & F.	Worth four times the money! Literary style good, pictures superior, and very interesting.
Word on the Waters	1d.	Morgan & Scott.	Ed. by Miss Mason of Homes of Rest; pious, prophetic, practical.
Word and Work.	1d.	Office.	Organ of the Mission in Buckingham-street, Strand; crisp facts.
Christian.	1d.	Shaw.	Strictly evangelical, but plenty of news.
American Missionary Review of the World.		Morgan & Scott.	Admirable in its way as recording all "Gospel" work, but, of course, under limitations.
Missionary Herald.	\$1.00	Funk & Wagnalls.	Far away the best thing out. In every respect, literary style, breadth, news, get up, right; but, of course, such a big thing as Britishers have not yet dreamt of in missions.
Baptist Missionary.		Boston.	Only second to the above, strongly edited and clear.
Herald of Missionary News.		Do.	Has good articles occasionally; is also well got up.
Woman's Work in Missionary Field.		New York.	Also fairly good.
Spirit of Missions.		Do.	One of the best. Pictures few but good, type excellent; papers from the ladies lively and interesting; gives a fine portrait always, and is the organ of Protestant Episcopal Church
American Missionary		Do.	Of local interest, but with a decent article now and then.
Missionary Record.		[St. Louis.	Presbyterian; well done.

Dr. Pierson, who is now on a missionary tour in this country, contributes to the *Missionary Review* of March a paper on Missions in Old Scotland, in the course of which he says:—

No man can show a sensible reason why within the next ten years the Word of God should not be published throughout the world. Thirty millions of Protestant disciples can evangelize the world if each one will become responsible for fifty other souls. If one missionary will go to the field out of every 300 Protestant church members, we shall have 100,000 missionaries in the foreign work, besides native helpers that now outnumber the missionary band five to one. If every such church member could be led to consecrate habitually and systematically to missions, *five cents a day*, it would yield the enormous sum of about 550,000,000 dollars yearly, or one and a half million dollars a day! Think what could be done in evangelizing the world if there were a band of 100,000 missionaries sent out by Christian churches, with the grand sum of 550,000,000 dollars a year to provide for their support!

HOW TO SUPPRESS THE SLAVE TRADE.

BY AN EX-OFFICER OF THE CONGO STATE.

MR. E. T. GRAVE, an ex-officer of the Congo State, continues in the *Century* his papers on "The Slave Trade in the Congo Basin." The following is his suggestion for its suppression :—

In my opinion, it will be some years before the slave-trade carried on by the Arabs can be successfully grappled with, but there is no reason why any delay should occur in striking a blow at the inter-tribal trade. The Congo Free State has moved a step in the right direction by establishing near Stanley Falls an entrenched camp, with the object of forming a barrier to keep the Arabs, with their Manyema banditti, east of that position. While we are still able to keep the Arabs east of the Falls, no time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of that point. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to the helpless slave. When operations are actually begun, Stanley Pool should be the starting point. If half a dozen fast boats were placed on the river at Stanley Pool, each armed with twenty black soldiers, officered by two or three competent Europeans, thousands of human lives would be saved.

These boats would be continually moving about the river, and those in command would begin by making a careful study of local politics. They would have to convince the natives of their determination to stop these diabolical ceremonies of bloodshed. The natives should be warned that any villages which in the future were guilty of carrying out such ceremonies would be most severely punished. Some of the better-disposed native chiefs would have to be bought over to the side of the white man. Spies should be engaged all over the district, so that a boat on arriving would immediately hear of any execution that was about to take place or that had taken place; and I would suggest that any village which still continued these acts of cruelty, after having been fairly and fully warned, should be attacked, and a severe example made of the principal offenders. A few such punishments would soon have a most salutary effect. These operations I should recommend to be carried on between Stanley Pool and the Falls. Posts should also be established in commanding positions to control the mouths of the slave-raiding rivers. Each point should be supplied with a boat such as I have recommended for the lower river. Other stations should be established in the centre of the slave-raiding district. Slaves at the time in the markets might be redeemed and placed in some settlement, where they could be trained as soldiers or learn some useful craft.

After having bought all the slaves which were exposed for sale, warning should be given that any attempt to purchase human beings for slavery would be the signal for war, and that the purchasers would be severely punished.

Sooner or later the Arabs at Stanley Falls will have to be battled with. All the natives on the Upper Congo, quite up to the limits at present reached by the Arabs, should be controlled as much as possible by Europeans. They should be combined together under Europeans, so that when the time arrives that the Arabs decide to move west they would be met at their frontiers by a barrier of well-armed and resolute natives.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* there is an article by M. Etienne Peroz upon slavery and the French Soudan, which certainly has the merit of showing that he has the courage of his opinions. His contention is briefly :—We can't put slavery down in Central Africa. We want population very badly in the region of the French Soudan. Then let us utilise slavery as a temporary measure, and under certain conditions draw our needed population from the caravans of the slave-dealers. To be fairly appreciated, his proposal should, however, be read in full.

JUSTICE IN EGYPT.

FROM THE FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* contains a very well-informed and thoughtful article on a subject which is just now occupying the serious attention of the authorities, namely, justice in Egypt. There is much in it which is too technical for reproduction, but the paper should be read by all those who are interested in the question. The charges formulated against the existing system are very severe, and unfortunately it is a matter of common knowledge that reform is urgent. It is satisfactory to note that the writer realises the evil effects produced in the mixed tribunals by the principle of Internationalism from which Egypt has already so deeply suffered. "Born of internationalism, the tribunals suffer from it. It was already a source of weakness that they could not be homogeneous, but composed of both native magistrates and magistrates taken from the different foreign countries. Unfortunately this hereditary vice was inevitable. Europe insisted rightly upon receiving guarantees against the abandonment of a part of the capitulations, and this mixed composition of the courts could alone furnish those guarantees. The powers should have stopped there, and have occupied themselves no further after that with individual interests. Instead of that, the attempt has been made to turn a tribunal of justice into a political instrument under the pretence of safeguarding the interests of various nationalities. As if magistrates could have any other mission than to do justice." This is most true. The political intrigues which have been associated with questions which should have been questions of pure justice in Egypt are of scandalous notoriety. The writer of the article speaks fearlessly of the staff, as well as of the system of the courts. He finds much to criticise in both, insists upon the necessity of a reform of the code, and winds up by urging on the French Government not to repeat in this matter the obstructive mistake made with regard to the conversion of the Preference Loan. "A good system of justice is the condition of all steady progress. To give one which shall be complete and comprehensive to the Europeans in Egypt, is to furnish them with an important stimulus towards regeneration. England sees, doubtless, in a limited extension of powers in penal matters, nothing more than a simple measure of public order. It can only be a matter of rejoicing to observe that her aim is not opposed in this to the interest of the foreign colonies. The French Government, which has for some time past refused all that it ought to accept, and accepted all that it should refuse, would commit a fault similar to that which it committed in refusing the conversion if it were to persist in not conceding to the tribunals of the reform the extension of competence in penal matters within the limits which all unprejudiced minds recognise as indispensable."

The extension alluded to is one of the important questions of judicial reform in Egypt. Sir E. Baring has long been occupied with the whole matter, and it is satisfactory, in a subject fenced round with jealousies, to meet with a foreign writer willing to discuss it disinterestedly upon its merits.

To the same review M. G. de Wailly contributes two papers; one upon the people of Abyssinia, and one upon the Amazon army of Dahomey, a subject of considerable interest just now, as the Amazons are actually in the field against the French. The result of the fighting at Kotonou, however, has been adverse to the female warriors.

THE FUTURE OF CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

THERE has been a good deal of controversy of late as to the destiny of the Catholic Church in the American Republic. The following extract from an article by Dr. Ellenwood in the *Missionary Review* will be read with interest. It cannot possibly be alleged that Dr. Ellenwood is biased in favour of Romanism. He reckons the number of Catholics in America at nine millions, which is a "strong stranded, hard, twisted agency which no one can ignore." He points out that—

In the first place, the great Catholic gain in this country has been due mainly to the constant tide of immigration. This is not likely to cease so long as the populations of Europe throw off a surplus, and this alone will constantly affect the comparative ratios of Romanism in this country. In the second place, there is a greater increase of Catholic population by natural generation. The influence of wealth upon our native-born citizens of the Anglo-American stock, and the increased extravagance which widely prevails, operate unfavourably upon the number of marriages and the natural increase of population. Thus, from 1800 to 1850, the population of the country increased nine-fold; the membership of all evangelistic churches twenty-seven-fold; the Roman Catholic sixty-three-fold. From 1850 to 1880 the population increased 116 per cent., the communicants of Protestant churches 185 per cent., and the Roman Catholics 294 per cent. Or, to take another line of comparison, in 1850 the Catholics equalled 45 per cent. of the total Protestant church membership, and in 1880, 63 per cent.

When we consider the boldness and assurance of infidelity, I think that every true friend of the cause of Christ must rejoice in the alliance of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. That it is a Christian Church in its great body of believers, and aside from its hierarchical assumptions, I, for one, have no doubt. That there are tens and hundreds of thousands of real Christians in its communion, I am confident. That its strong faith and its unflinching maintenance of its principles will help to interpose an important barrier against the flippant infidelity of the day, there is good reason to believe. Cardinal Gibbons' able book, recently published, is a strong defence of the common Christian faith.

That the Roman Catholic Church in this country will become a great power we have no doubt. That it will exert a disproportionate influence in our politics seems probable. That it will ever gain such power as to overthrow our liberties I do not believe. The American people are long-suffering under the encroachments of particular sections or classes, but when the evil is ripe for retribution, they rise up and sweep it away as with the resistless power of the tides. Meanwhile, let us hope that American Catholics themselves will become so broadened that they will lose their interest in the dead chrysalis of Italian supremacy, and will seek to enthrone here the true Head Over All, who is confined to no country or hemisphere.

Quite another note is sounded by Mr. W. H. Hunter in the *North American Review* for March, in which he declares that the papistical power is messing everything in Canada. The Legislature is organised as methodically as if it were a Congregation of Rome.

Now Jesuit and Ultramontane have supplanted the Gallican as keeper of the conscience of the people. There are *habitants* no longer, only *nationalists*. Faith and patriotism go hand in hand under the new régime.

Religious fervour being quickened by race motives and by the belief that under the shadow of the cross the French Canadian is appointed to rule this continent, an entire people have enrolled in the active militia of the Church of Rome. And brave hands have they already got of the future promised their obedience to the statecraft of priests. From Quebec, that "consecrated abode of the Catholic faith," the invader has been hour by hour thrust back, and of the English settlements, so long the stronghold of Protestantism, nearly all at this moment of writing have been erected into Catholic parishes.

Lands that for upwards of a century were held in free English tenure are now tilled by French-Canadian farmers, who, for the glory of their race, submit gladly to "*La Fabrique*" and the visits of the tithe-gatherer. In northern and eastern Ontario a veritable army of occupation is busy founding a new Quebec. Everywhere St. Jean Baptiste societies keep the French-Canadian colonist in touch with the controlling principle that "New France's mission of civilisation should advance as of old by an alliance for mutual protection between religion and the state."

For eminent service in thus presenting America with still another problem of race and creed, the Society of Jesus in Quebec has just been endowed out of the public moneys of that province.

THE JEW OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY DR. STRACY, OF BUFFALO.

THE missionary zeal of the American Protestants is so great that they do not despair of the conversion of the Jews, and pending their conversion they are quite prepared to speak civilly of the descendants of Abraham. An instance of this is afforded in Dr. Stracy's article in the *Missionary Review* for March:—

The change in the position of the Jew within the last half century is one of the most remarkable character. Fifty years ago the Jew was inert and imbecile. Now he exercises a power greater than in the days of David or Solomon. The Jews to-day influence more people, control more bullion, and exercise more legislative power than they did when they had their temple, their land, and their sceptre. They have been stationary for eighteen centuries and hunted into obscurity. To-day they attract wider attention than ever before in their history. It is estimated by those who claim to see the drift of things, that in a brief period all the seats of justice will be in their hands. Out of twelve hundred students at law in Berlin, six hundred were Jews. The Berlin and other Councils are ruled by a Jewish majority, and all offices are in the gift of Jews. The German tradesman sinks to a secondary position alongside his Jew competitor, the best squares are filled with Jew shops, the best estates have passed into their hands; in Germany they have ousted the best families from their patrimonial possessions. This is true of Holland also. The Jew is the world's chief banker to-day. Almost the whole of the liberal press of Germany is in their hands. The two leading papers of Rome were, and possibly still are, edited by Jews. The power of the Jewish press of the continent of Europe is very great in matters political, scientific, and theological. At the bar the Jew has achieved great eminence within thirty years of opportunity. The children of Jews are being educated in a ratio disproportioned to those of Gentiles in many countries, especially in Germany, Austria, and even Russia. As the Jew has entered into the civilisation of the age and become a part of it, Rabbinical Judaism has necessarily undergone considerable modification. Amongst multitudes of them in Germany, the hope of a Messiah has totally disappeared. A spirit of scepticism has laid hold of the younger generation, so that conviction has disappeared; that there is truth, and that man can obtain it; all idealism is gone, and nothing is considered to be useful and worth while any effort but that which promises material advantage—wealth, honour, power, and enjoyment. Of two thousand shops kept by Jews in the city of Paris, not over a hundred are closed on Saturday. Of the seventy thousand Jews in New York City, not over twenty-five hundred are attached to the synagogue. Where Judaism has come in contact with Christian civilisation, it has resulted in a death-blow to Rabbinical Judaism. A return to simple Mosaic Judaism has proven to be an impossibility. Even in other countries Rabbinitism has been undermined. The majority of Jews are more familiar with the doctrines and sayings of the New Testament than they are with those of the Talmud or Pentateuch.

HOME RULE FOR WALES.

In the *Westminster Review* there are a series of papers on the question of Home Rule for Wales. The gist of them is as follows :—

BY RIGHT HON. G. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P.

In the Irish sense I do not think that Wales is ripe for Home Rule. But the indifference of the English Parliament and Government to the wants and wishes of the Welsh people is a matter which calls loudly for some remedy. Mr. Dillwyn's motion for the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church was supported by twenty-five out of thirty Welsh representatives, and only opposed by three—preponderance of opinion for which no parallel can be found in recent parliamentary annals. Yet the motion was rejected by more than fifty votes. As long as English statesmen refuse to acknowledge so distinct and undoubted a nationality, they will never succeed in satisfying the aspirations of my countrymen, or in governing them as a free people ought to be governed. I am not inclined to put much faith in the remedy of Home Rule. I should much prefer the proposal, made two years ago by Mr. Rathbone, and rejected by a very narrow majority of the House of Commons, to refer all Welsh Bills to a Grand or Standing Committee, composed mainly, but not exclusively, of members from Wales. I believe, however, that the true solution of the problem is to be found in the creation of a Grand National Council, composed of the members of the Welsh County Councils, which are, in the true sense of the word, popular and representative bodies. Such a Grand Council, endowed with largely extended legislative, or quasi-legislative, as well as administrative powers in matters purely Welsh, and holding its sittings in some central place in the Principality, would, I believe, for the present adequately meet the justice of the case, and the legitimate aspirations of the Welsh people.

BY SIR E. J. REED, M.P.

Home Rule for Wales is not a question of giving a separate domestic government to a homogeneous or almost homogeneous country, but is rather a question of establishing a separate domestic government over a country in which the proofs of nationality are very strongly marked in the more scattered inhabitants, agricultural and mining, of the interior, but are very much less marked—much less marked on the whole than the evidences of a mixture of nationalities—in the remaining portion of the country. Cardiff is most unquestionably a town of Wales, the largest and most important of all, but can any one pretend that it would be a boon and an honour to Cardiff to detach it, in all its local interests, from the rest of the United Kingdom, and from the Imperial Parliament, to put it under a local Parliament and a local Executive, in which purely Welsh ideas, views, feelings, habits, &c., prevail? I doubt it. As Cardiff's representative, I can safely say that I should, as at present advised, be very sorry to have to go to Aberystwith, or Welshpool, or Brecon, instead of to Downing-street.

But what I do see is an urgent necessity for Welsh representatives securing all the aid possible in this Westminster Parliament for getting the Church Disestablishment and Disendowment question, the Tithes, Education, Endowments, and other like questions settled with the least possible delay, and therefore before a Welsh Home Rule Bill could be passed. And I also wish to see County

Government so developed and enlarged in Wales that every section of the Welsh people may have the means of dealing with its own affairs in its own fashion.

TWO UNIVERSITY AUTHORITIES.

Mr. Owen Morgan Edwards, Fellow of Lincoln, says :—The unanimous demands of Wales are that, on account of her distinct development, her religion and her education should be under her own control—that is, the Church of England in Wales should be disestablished and the system of Welsh education should be completed by the creation of a Welsh University. The former demand has been persistently refused, and Wales is forced to agitate for Home Rule.

Professor Henry Jones says :—What power it should grant to Wales is not possible to say. Most Welshmen, who reflect, would deprecate sensational legislation in the direction of Home Rule, and would prefer to see their countrymen serve their apprenticeship in self-government on the County Councils, and on these councils combined, either by representation or otherwise, into a central governing body with definitely prescribed powers. The English Legislature should proceed further in the line taken by it, and allow Wales to regulate the drink traffic, to educate its youth, to support its religious institutions, to deal with its social problems, and to remove the obstacles to the development of its national character, *in its own way*. It should cut Wales free of England in these respects, instead of bidding it wait till similar demands have arisen in England.

WALES A NATION.

Mr. Beriah Gwynne Evans writes a long and eloquent paper setting forth the claims of the Welsh Nationality :—Wherever Welshmen go the world over they carry with them their national characteristics. It is estimated that in England alone at least 130,000 Welsh-speaking people may be found, a large proportion of whom attend religious services conducted in their native tongue. In the United States, the Welsh element is not only numerous, but influential, and able to render a good account of itself when necessary. At least three Welsh weekly newspapers are published exclusively in the interests of Welsh-Americans, with a correspondingly proportionate number of magazines. In Australia, South Africa, and South America, Welsh services, Welsh Sunday-schools, and Welsh Eisteddfodau are held, and the praises of the old country—made all the dearer by absence—are sung.

Wales has been a nation, is a nation, and will continue to be a nation, so far as historical individuality can preserve and declare nationality.

GOVERN WALES ACCORDING TO WELSH IDEAS.

Mr. A. C. Humphreys Owen, of the North Wales Liberal Federation, says :—Slackness and imperfection in legislation, though annoying, and in the case of disestablishment an intolerable evil, are not the only, nor even, I think, the primary cause of the unrest of Wales.

The instinct of nationality, which has within the last thirty years remodelled the map of Europe, has never been quite extinguished among us.

No reason can fairly be alleged for refusing to a nation with such a history the honourable ambition of shaping more completely, and controlling with ampler powers and over wider fields, its own domestic affairs, and as the North Wales Liberal Federation has again and again proclaimed, governing Wales in accordance with Welsh ideas.

IN PRAISE OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S GOVERNMENT.

IF any one wants to know what can be said in praise of President Harrison's Republican administration he cannot do better than read Senator H. L. Dawes' article on "A Year of Republican Control," in the *Forum* for March, of which the following is a summary :—

This administration is leading the diplomatic intercourse of the nation out of bewildering fog and spiritless ambiguity into a plain-spoken directness, understood and heeded everywhere, and is adjusting on honourable terms long-postponed and irritating questions of difference with other nations. It is taking hold in dead earnest of financial questions hitherto tossed about by tentative experiment, or suffered by neglect to drift at will. The national banking system and the silver question have at last gone into the "orders of the day" in the halls of Congress, for the consideration that their importance demands. The tariff is being so reformed that the receipts will not exceed the just expenditures of the Government, and at the same time American producers and American labourers will be protected in the enjoyment of the markets and the labour of their own country. The rehabilitation of the navy and the restoration of the merchant marine are being pushed forward with a zeal and enthusiasm never known before. In shipyards on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, resonant with the fall of the hammer and the music of the lathe, and animate with the genius and skill of American artisans, ships are being built for the navy and merchant service that have no superiors afloat. American capital, labour, and brain have at last conquered on our own soil, and the occupation of the preacher who would close our own shipyards and purchase our naval and merchant marine abroad is gone. Mormonism has lost the insolent bravado that past temporising has fed, and now stands at bay. Hope has been kindled anew in the breast of the coloured citizen, that his constitutional rights will no longer be a mockery, and that the utmost power of the Constitution will be invoked for his protection. Other territories, following the example of the four new States that were the first fruits of Republican ascendancy, are putting on the garments of statehood in the confidence that they will not be turned away when they apply for admission. The positive and aggressive Americanism that won for the Republican Party the opportunity to administer the Government, has in this short year so infused itself into national enterprise, has so quickened development and nerved the arm of labour, that a period of general prosperity unsurpassed in our history testifies to the wisdom of the policy thus inaugurated. With it have come confidence and courage.

A NEW SYSTEM OF SIGNALLING.

MR. W. H. GILDER, writing on signal codes, savage and scientific, in the *Cosmopolitan* for March, gives the following account of the coming revolution of signalling by the heliograph :—

Heretofore much difficulty has often arisen in using the heliograph to distinguish between the long and the short exposures of the flash which marks the difference between the dot and the dash by which the alphabet is expressed. The rule is that a flash for a dash should be three times the length of that for a dot ; but, in receiving a message, it requires one who is a thorough expert to avoid mistakes. To obviate this difficulty, Lieutenant John P. Finley, assistant to the chief signal officer of the United States Army, has devised an instrument that is destined to revolutionise the method of signalling, both by the heliographs and by lanterns or electric lights. He uses the same alphabet, but uses one flash or one light to represent a dot and two flashes or two lights, simultaneously exposed, to indicate a dash. In this way there can be no possibility of mistaking one for the other. His instruments, with the various improvements and adaptation to night service, with lanterns or electric lights, cover every branch of signalling by flashes of light, and have almost entirely replaced those heretofore in use in this country and abroad for military purposes.

HOME-READING CIRCLES.

MR. FREDERICK B. NOBLE contributes to the *New England Magazine* an illustrated paper giving an account of the manifold activities connected with Chautauqua, the essential principle of which is being naturalised in this country by the excellent association known as the Home Reading Union. The Literary and Scientific Circle, the most complete and most characteristic out-growth of the Chautauqua idea, has a four years' course of home reading, another course for graduates, a musical circle, a teacher's union, a society of fine arts, and a town club. Mr. Noble says :—

Chautauqua is Americanizing America. It is a potency in the growth of the consciousness of nationality, a large factor in producing a homogeneous American life. Every one in its thirty thousand local reading circles has some measure of influence. Many are teachers or lawyers, or clergymen, or editors, who impress themselves upon their hundreds.

Its influence indeed spreads far beyond America, for Chautauqua is no mean agency in helping to decide what the Japanese civilisation of to-morrow shall be. The Chautauqua literary and scientific circles of Japan comprise thirty thousand native members.

Of more general interest, however, than any account that can be published about Chautauqua would be an account of the attempt being made in this country to organise and direct home reading, by the Home Reading Circles Union, which has its headquarters at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, and of whose operations I shall have something to say in an early number.

WHAT "USURY" HAS DONE FOR THE WEST.

THE working of the credit system on a large scale is always interesting when it is intelligibly set forth, and in view of the denunciation of all lending of money on interest as falling under the curse of usury, it would be well for those who hold views now and then to read such an article as Professor Gleed contributes to the *Forum* for March on Western Mortgages. The system on which the Western States have been developed is there set forth with great detail. All the great communities west of the Mississippi have grown up and been nursed into prosperity by money borrowed on mortgage.

What has been done with this vast borrowed capital ? Labour has been employed. Thousands of villages, towns, and cities have been built. Thousands of miles of railroad have been constructed. Millions of acres of land have been subjected to private dominion, have become a part of the estimated wealth of the country, and have been set to producing what the world wants. Farm buildings of all sorts have been constructed, and farm machinery purchased. The cattle industry has been enormously developed. Mines have been opened. Churches and schoolhouses have been erected. States have been founded. The growth which occupied a hundred years in the older States, has been here crowded into ten. The mortgage did this. The people were an industrious, hard-working, ambitious people. The money that has been loaned them has not been squandered. If the loans made to the West have been large, the increase in the wealth of the West has been astonishing. The money advanced to the West is all there—represented by property, real and personal, which is rapidly giving back its increase. It is all there, engaged in producing wealth.

Under the mortgage system, in spite of all the fore-closing that has been going on for twenty years, the West is still a land of small farmers who own the land which they till. The few tenant farmers that exist are lazy and incapable. There were more large farms twenty years ago than there are to-day. The article is a very interesting one to the student of economical development, but it is somewhat too technical for further summary here.

THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO AS POET.

EVERYBODY remembers the Tzar's famous toast to the "only friend of Russia." The Prince of Montenegro, to whom it referred, has not appeared to the English public in the light of a poet, but such the *Nouvelle Revue*, in a remarkable article, gives us good ground to call him.

The position of Montenegro in the Eastern problem is one which is not easy for the west to comprehend; it involves a sort of political "problem of three bodies." One is too apt to regard all the small states which have been enfranchised since 1878 as being violently partisan, either of the great central conservative alliance or enthusiastic for the answering enthusiasm of the North; but in this paper we are presented with neither of these phases. Here we see a prince as ardently patriotic as the ruler of some dominant power might be; hating with an equal intensity the Turk upon the east and the German on the west, and displaying in his war-songs, at least, no particular desire for the domination of Russia. The sentiment has been the inspiration of very fervent and, so far as translation at least can give a true idea, of very excellent poetry.

"His muse," says the author of the paper in question, "though varied, is mostly drawn towards those local subjects which require a local interest for them to impassion the reader. Nevertheless, some of these songs of his, thanks to the patriotism which pulses in them, have touched a fundamental chord in the hearts of the Montenegrins, and have at last taken rank with the most original of their folk-songs."

One of the chief objects of his people in their recent struggles has been the possession of a port on the Adriatic, and it is on the realisation of this desire that the Prince has written a short lyric, of which the following is a very inadequate rendering:—

I hail thee, blue valley of waters and wide, that was longed for so long,
I hail thee, and see thee, and seeing, I wonder and hate a new hate
For mine enemies, in that they dared to hatefully separate
My hills and thy waters,—two natures as fair and two freedoms as strong.
We are one to the other; fast bound by the shedding of blood we two,
And we silence our curses, and wait till our God shall anathematise.
To Him be the glory that now I can sing me this song, and to you,
Oh! Falcons of Tserna-Gora, that the murmur of waves replies.
Be mine; by this song I conjure you, oh! waters, be mine if you prize
The hand of that God on your depths, your gems and your creatures increase.
Be mine in your height and your width, in your winds, and your storm, and your peace;
Be mine with the hue that is wooed of the sky, with your ships and your oars.
Be to me, oh! blue waters, and wash with the foam of your surging my shores,
Till the sun shall dry up your abyss; till the world and its people shall cease.

The remainder of the article, by far its longer half, is occupied with the detailed plot of one of the Prince's dramas, the interest of which to the reader is a purely historical one (for no translations are given), but which has had, it would seem, a great popularity among the Southern Slavs, and which has even been acted in Russia.

The Prince's chronicler ends by saying of the play:—"The very names mentioned cannot but recall to those Slavonic nations which looked to his country for their salvation from Turkish or German thralldom many

and glorious memories. . . . All this gives the work in question a political interest beyond that excited by its own merit. But more than this, when a reigning prince writes, as he has written, that only he who knows is worthy of kingship, is he not himself worthy beyond others to govern and to guide his country towards its highest destinies? . . . Lord Tennyson, like Prince Nicholas, has sung a small but invincible people. King Leonidas, with his 300 Spartans, won certainly the most glorious of victories; but Prince Nicholas, with his 300, would seem to have done better: to have rescued his country from foreign invasion, and to have left it a posterity inviolate and free."

THE LANGWORTHY CASE.

A NEW VERSION IN GERMAN DRESS.

In the April number of *Vom Fels Zum Meer* the "Strange True Story of the Langworthy Marriage; or A Millionaire's Shame," is retold, mainly from the *Pall Mall Gazette* "Extra," the writer drawing on his imagination for some minor details, such as his sordid picture of London. In February, 1880, he begins, Miss Mildred Long and Mr. Edward Martin Langworthy, the two personages in a lawsuit which for a time aroused great excitement and indignation in England, first met at the Bedford Hotel, Paris. The two persons mainly concerned in the case were by no means commonplace. Miss Long was a slender, active, clever, handsome girl of about twenty-three—a real Englishwoman. She was superior-looking. Round her sunken eyes and high eyebrows there was womanly tenderness. Her mouth was well delineated. Altogether she was an attractive figure. She wore her arm in a sling, for she had broken it while skating. Notwithstanding her youth, Miss Long went about by herself with that social freedom which so well becomes her countrywomen. She was accustomed to go her own way independently of any one else, and she was alone at the hotel. She had been very successful in her studies, and had left her paternal roof at the age of seventeen to earn her own livelihood. And so the story is continued down to the beginning of 1886 when Mrs. Langworthy has entered the service of the poor at the Camden Grove Mission Home. The writer continues:—

Mrs. Langworthy had a district of 180 poor families to visit and a club for girls to superintend. Those who do not know London, especially the suburb in which Camden Grove is situated, will have difficulty in realising what the task was which fell to the lot of this woman, who only a few years before had been a teacher in the first schools of the country. But many a one who has been to London knows nothing of this part of the town. The chief railways do not run there. Nobody who has not to do with the stocks, or who is not taken there by business, ever visits this part. Even curiosity does not impel one to go there. But the visitor from Dover on his way to the great city has certainly cast a look at the peculiar world opening out before him. It is as if Gulliver's account of a journey to the land of dwarfs was about to be realised. At a great height the train rushes into the city, traversing hundreds of straight streets of houses and houses, all built in one style, as if they had been turned out of Nuremberg toy-shops. They are all two-story high, and have two windows in front and a little garden at the back. The high chimneys, however, lend some life to the picture. Monotonous as is the architecture of the houses, there is but one colour also. It is not the foggy atmosphere of London alone which makes all look so gloomy, nor the grime of a town which is larger than Reuss-on-the-Lippe, and which has about as many inhabitants as Bavaria, and in which 800,000 cubic metres of gas and 200,000 cwt. of coal are consumed daily, but misery, which is more depressing in England than anywhere else in the world. The brick walls, which were once yellow, perspire with a black sticky moisture, the last trace of green has disappeared from the gardens, and the windows resemble black holes."

THREE VIEWS ABOUT ZOLAISM.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES, MR. W. H. MALLOCK, AND MR. HALL CAINE.

IN "Over the Teacups," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has something to say on the vexed question of "Ultra-Realism." It may be interesting to quote as one of the literary events of the month the publication, in its complete form, of M. Zola's latest novel, "La Bête Humaine." As it is a novel which combines the gore of the shambles with the filth of the sty, more copies have been sold than of any other novel, even by the same author.

DR. HOLMES.

Dr. Holmes naturally takes up his parable strongly against M. Zola and all his school.

It seems to me, I said, that the great additions which have been made by realism to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin. It is perfectly easy to be original by violating the laws of decency and the canons of good taste. The general consent of civilised people was supposed to have banished certain subjects from the conversation of well-bred people and the pages of respectable literature. There is no subject, or hardly any, which may not be treated of at the proper time, in the proper place, by the fitting person, for the right kind of listener or reader. But when the poet or the storyteller invades the province of the man of science, he is on dangerous ground. I need say nothing of the blunders he is pretty sure to make. The imaginative writer is after effects. The scientific man is after truth. Science is decent, modest; does not try to startle, but to instruct. The same scenes and objects which outrage every sense of delicacy in the storyteller's highly coloured paragraphs can be read without giving offence in the chaste language of the physiologist or the physician.

In this matter of the literal reproduction of sights and scenes which our natural instinct and our better-informed taste and judgment teach us to avoid, art has been far in advance of literature.

The first great mistake made by the ultra-realists, like Flaubert and Zola, is, as I have said, their ignoring the line of distinction between imaginative art and science. When the hospitals are invaded by the novelist, he should learn something from the physicians as well as from the patients. Who does not remember odious images that can never be washed out from the consciousness which they have stained? A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words, and the images they present cling to his memory and will not loose their hold. One who has had the mischance to soil his mind by reading certain poems of Swift will never cleanse it to its original whiteness. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fibre of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the hue of every idea that passes through the disordered tissues.

This is the gravest accusation to bring against realism, old or recent, whether in the brutal paintings of Spagnoletto or in the unclean revelations of Zola. Leave the description of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, the painful facts

of disease to the physician, the details of the laundry to the washerwoman.

BY MR. W. H. MALLOCK.

There is something amazingly incongruous in the spectacle of Mr. W. H. Mallock posing, in the *Forum* for March, as the censor of M. Zola, whose novels seem to offend the author of "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," and it leads him to discourse upon the relations of Art to Truth. In his paper he aspires to point out a certain truth, which, though at present entirely neglected, is, when once stated, almost self-evident; and will, when once recognised, place the discussion in question in a wholly new light and on a wholly new basis. That truth is as follows: All art that represents reality—even the art that represents a scene or an event with the utmost completeness and fidelity possible—is nothing more than a selection of some few facts out of a multitude.

And now we come to the all-important question: Upon what principles are such selections made? Life in its entirety seems a very different thing to different men, according to the religion or the philosophy in the light of which they view it; and consequently the facts that they select as samples will vary also. The work of a real artist compared with M. Zola's description of life is as the "Shipwreck," by Byron, in "Don Juan," and a shipwreck by M. Zola, which only describe the retching of the seasick passengers and analyses of the contents of the steward's basins.

Mr. Mallock's conclusion. Let us talk about art for art's sake as much as we please, anything that even attempts to be a work of art, must imply some creed, must be based on some creed, even though it does nothing directly to defend or even to state it.

MR. HALL CAINE'S PROPHECY.

Mr. Hall Caine deals with the same subject in the *Contemporary Review* in a more hopeful frame of mind. The idea at the bottom of the Zola manifesto is a sophism, and a shallow sophism. Zolaism as a literary force is as nearly as possible dead in France. Its dirty shroud keeps the wraith of it flitting before men's eyes.

On every side, in every art, music, the drama, painting, and even sculpture, the tendency is towards Romance. Not the bare actualities of life "as it is," but the glories of life as it might be; not the domination of fact, but of feeling. I think one might show this yet more plainly by illustrations drawn from the stage of the time. The cry of the stage of to-day is Romance, the cry of fiction is Romance, the cry of music is Romance, and I do not think I belie the facts when I say that the cry of the Science of this hour is also for Romance. The watchwords of fiction for the next twenty years at least are going to be—ROMANTICISM AND IDEALISM.



M. ZOLA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MYSTIC.

A SEER WHO HAS SEEN JOAN OF ARC.

MR. GEORGE CHAINEY, an American who, after having passed from the orthodox faith in which he was brought up through Unitarianism into aggressive Atheism, and retraced his steps through Spiritualism into a mystic kind of religious belief, has started a journal in London called *Psyche*, the first number of which was issued in March. Mr. George Maitland, Rev. John Pulsford, and Leo Michael are contributors to this periodical. It is full of hermetic mysticism. We give the following extracts from Mr. Chainey's "Spiritual Autobiography," which occupies the first place in the new number:—

When I was six years of age, and before attaining to the age of moral accountability, I contemplated escaping from the dangers of damnation by committing suicide. My parents and their friends were all Wesleyan Methodists.

In my eighteenth year I found myself a Methodist minister, with no thought or purpose in life but to save from eternal hell as many souls as possible.

From the Methodist ministry I passed to that of the broader and freer Unitarian. My ministry had in it but little spiritual power. It was mostly a battle-cry against the untruth of orthodoxy.

Unitarianism is an open hospital to all who are smitten with the plague of doubt. It is the good Samaritan of churches to the wounded ministry of orthodoxy. As a Unitarian minister, I was a dying man burying the dead, and officiating at my own funeral. I went on my way in search of the new religion of humanity, of which I had heard many good reports. I sold my theological books for money enough to take me to a convention of the chief apostles and disciples of this new religion. I was welcomed with great enthusiasm. They declared me a poet and orator, second only to their great apostle, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

I then went to Boston and inaugurated an Independent Lectureship. If "Robert Elsmere" had not taken cold and died of consumption, he would soon have died of a broken heart. I came very near such a catastrophe at this period of my life. My breast was a very nest of the coiling, stinging serpents of despair. I had no God, no soul, no heaven, and no hope even in this world. I gave up all ideas of world betterment, resolved to withdraw from all such work, and spend the rest of my life on the stage. Before I could carry out this intent I struck bottom into the darkness, and rose once more to the surface, and a most unexpected wave landed me on a beautiful island. Wonder of wonders! I, the sceptic of sceptics, the materialist of materialists, had become a spiritualist. It is not my purpose to repeat in detail the experiences that had wrought this change. To me they were all satisfying and beyond question. To my lectures I had 3,000 subscribers scattered through every state and territory of the land. Paul's conversion could not have been a greater astonishment to the Pharisees than was mine to my readers.

Oh! the first joy of feeling that death has not robbed you of your beloved. To know that Life is lord of Death.

The world of psychic phenomena is indeed an enchanted realm, but woe to him who mistakes it for Paradise. Rest there, but sleep not.

I saw, heard, and felt the inhabitants of other worlds. I was as sure of the reality of the invisible as of the visible world. I looked into all the various branches of the New Illumination—Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, Hermetic Philosophy, Mind Cure, and Christian Science. I sought out and studied with the wisest. As I learned, I taught others from Maine to California—in New Zealand and Australia. Thus engaged, I began to be sensible of a new order of experience. In the silence of the night—and sometimes as I stood lecturing before my classes—I felt rushing down upon me something like a great shaft of light, which enveloped me like a breath, and filled me with a sense of almost omnipotence and omniscience. By day and by night, I began to see visions of what would afterwards come to pass. Several times when I needed money with which to carry on my work this descent came upon me; and, without apparent

thought or sense of fatigue, I wrote that which brought me the necessary money. When I desired to know anything earnestly, the answer came, either in a dream by night or by a descent of this fire upon me.

I came at last to know that this life, fuller, richer than anything of which I had ever hoped or dreamed, was my real self.

Mr. Chainey then described how two years ago in Boston he saw a vision of Joan of Arc at Domrémy. He heard her say,

"My beautiful Domrémy. How I love you still! The time has come for France to learn the spiritual meaning of my life, and to you is given the task. You will visit this place, and know that this is a divine commission." Then, bending forward, she breathed on my forehead, sending through me such a thrill of joy that in the intensity thereof I awoke.

This vision left such a strong impression on my mind that, in a few days, I was a passenger on board the Inman steamship, City of New York, on my way to Liverpool. Spending but a few days in London, I made haste to cross to France and visit Domrémy. I reached the little station of Maxey, two miles from the village, just before sunrise.

In the village, and in the house in which she was born, and in the forest overlooking the valley, I found all as I had seen it. After wandering about most of the day in a state of joy, bordering on ecstasy, I went, towards evening, into the little church. It was Easter eve. As I knelt before the altar consecrated to her memory, a warm glow enveloped me, and a light like a star seemed to enter my brain and reveal to me, like the sudden opening of a flower, the story and meaning of the life of Jeanne d'Arc.

When he was writing out the full story and interpretation of her life, already published in France, under the title of "The Flower of France," he was transported in a dream to a library room of a great palace which contained many rare and valuable books, in which he read. These books contained the "Secret Doctrine of the Hebrew Sacred Writings," and the "Divine Mysteries of Life and Death." That which had been learned in this way forms a principal part of what is to be taught in *Psyche*.

The rock on which we build is Truth, and the banner over us is Love. Our foe is materiality, and our watchwords are—God and the Soul.

THE REGULATION OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

MR. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, junior, in the *North American Review* for March, replies to Sir William Thomson's article which we mentioned last month. He sums up his contentions as follows:—

It is much to be desired, in the interest of the public, that a thorough investigation of this whole subject should be made at the present time by competent and disinterested authorities. It is my own belief that such an investigation would lead to the adoption, among others, of regulations substantially as follows:

1. No direct electrical connection shall be permitted between street mains and wires within buildings for either light or power.
2. The electrical pressure on the wires within buildings shall not be permitted to exceed 100 volts.
3. Each pair of street mains shall be limited in load or volume to an amount not exceeding 100 ampères, and every such wire shall be provided at the generating station with a device which will automatically disrupt the circuit in the event of a sudden increase above the authorised load.
4. Within buildings, the load for any one pair of wires shall not exceed that required to supply 100 sixteen-candle-power lamps.

To these fundamental regulations it is, of course, apparent that many subsidiary ones must be added; but it is certain that such a system as that above outlined may be made to conform to such regulations as I have indicated, not only without additional expense, but with a great and positive gain in economy both in construction and operation.

WHY PROGRESS MUST BE SLOW?

SCIENTIFIC CONSOLATION FOR IMPATIENT REFORMERS.

DR. CESARE LOMBROSO gives in the *Nouvelle Revue* for March 1, the last of two suggestive articles on political crime, in relation to what he calls *Misonéisme*, or the Law of Inertia in the moral world. We might translate it as the Tyranny of Custom or Conventionality. His contention is that the tyranny is so strong that it is positively against nature for us to shake it off, and he gives in the present article a number of curious illustrations of the recognition of this fact in all civilisations, and of the strength which they derived from acting in accordance with the principle. It is curious, after elevating the mind to the conceptions of solidarity with the entire world with which M. Eugène Simon endows his ideal Chinaman, to find this extract from the penal code of the ancient Chinese dynasty of Hia:—"For whoever by altering words corrupts the law, for whoever deranges the order of titles and changes rules, pain of death. For whoever makes strange clothes, for whoever makes artificial machines or extraordinary objects likely to stir the mind of the prince, pain of death." Neither shall there be sold in the market "any ordinary utensils which are not of the legal size; silk or linen, of which the web does not contain the legal number of threads, or is not of legal dimensions; colours which alter the primitive colours; or wood which is not cut to the legal pattern." To sin against custom has, Dr Lombroso points out, been frequently regarded, even in modern times, as a crime against the State. It is also a law of organic nature that no fruitful change of environment or conditions can be rapidly produced. "Therefore, if, according to all that we have seen, organic and human progress can only take place slowly, and through very powerful attrition set in action by external and internal circumstances, and if man and human society are instinctively conservative, we are forced to conclude that efforts in favour of progress which express themselves by too brusque and violent means are not in accordance with physiological law. If they are sometimes necessary to oppress minorities they are nevertheless an anti-social fact, and consequently a crime. And very often a useless crime, for they awaken a *Misonéist* reaction, which, being solidly founded on human nature, has a wider range than the anterior action." Hence Dr. Lombroso concludes that "all progress, in order to be adopted, should be very slow, otherwise it becomes a useless and even harmful effort." From this it follows that the difference between a revolution and a revolt should no longer be sought in the result that the one succeeds and the other does not, but in the cause that the one has been long prepared and has become necessary, being at the outside rendered only a little more rapid by some historic accident, while the other forces its way without preparation, without any previous need, and is consequently out of harmony with the conditions in which it finds itself. Revolution is, in fact, the historical expression of evolution, and must conform to fundamental law.

The first of these articles appeared in the number of the *Nouvelle Revue* for February 15, and the two should be read together.

WHY SHOULD WE NOT EAT HORSE?

BY MR. LEES KNOWLES, M.P.

THE most interesting article in a rather commonplace number of the *Nineteenth Century* is that contributed by Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P., on Horse Flesh. Mr. Knowles has the distinction of having passed an Act of Parliament last year, for the regulation of the sale of horse-flesh, and in 16 pages of the *Nineteenth Century* he sets forth the facts and arguments which he put together for the purpose of persuading the House of Commons to pass his Bill. Any one who has eaten horse knows that it is excellent food. I once lived upon the sirloin of a pony for a fortnight, and bitterly regretted having to go back to commonplace beef and mutton, after having been accustomed to the much finer flavoured horse-flesh. As 75,000 horses, free from disease, are slaughtered in the United Kingdom every year, it is obvious that there is a great waste of food going on which Mr. Knowles hopes to check. Each horse weighs on an average between five and six hundred pounds, or put it roughly at one-fourth of a ton. Nearly 20,000 tons of good meat is therefore wasted or palmed off surreptitiously upon the unsuspecting consumer. The common idea that an old horse must be tough is a delusion. Sir John Lubbock states that no matter how old a horse is, if it has a few weeks' rest, and is fed up before being slaughtered, it will be quite tender. In Paris there are 132 butchers' shops where horse-flesh is sold, and in 1886, 13,377 horses, 304 asses, and 27 mules were killed for food in Paris. The price runs about 3d. a pound. In Berlin there are 36 horse butchers, and about 7,000 horses, asses, and mules are killed for food every year. The price varies from 3½d. to 5d. per pound. In Vienna there are 30 shops where horseflesh is sold, 6,271 horses were killed in 1887, the price runs from 3d. to 4½d. a pound. In England, Mr. Knowles says:—

The trade of a horse-slaughterer is lucrative enough. He pays about £1 a horse. From the hoofs are made glue, combs, &c.; from the shank-bones the hafts of knives, &c.; from the entrails Prussian blue, &c. Then the bones generally are ground down in the manufacture of manure. The skin sells at so much a pound, realising perhaps twelve to fifteen shillings. The meat, as cat's meat, brings in three farthings to a penny a pound. In fact, a dead horse is worth to the slaughterer about £1 a leg, or four or five times more than the slaughterer paid for the horse when alive. The knacker, therefore, need not starve.

The Zoological Gardens pay from £1 to £3 a horse for food for their carnivora. The price for horse-flesh for human food varies in England from 3d. to 9d. a pound. Of horse-flesh, Mr. Knowles says:—

It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull-beef more than any other. It is darker in colour, and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavour is generally considered to be half-way between the flavours of beef and game: it is something like the flavour of hare. One reason why horse-flesh is, as a rule, darker in colour than beef is, that horses which are pole axed, or which have died from injury, disease, or old age, are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horse-flesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse-flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in colour. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advanced price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat.

WHERE AND WHY I WAS BAPTIZED.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

IN the *Sword and Trowel* for April Mr. Spurgeon continues the autobiography which he began some time ago. The subject this month is his baptism at Isleham Ferry. As the great preacher's name is one of the most familiar to all English-speaking men, the following extracts will be read with interest :—

In January, 1850, I was enabled, by divine grace, to lay hold on Jesus Christ as my Saviour, while hearing the gospel preached at Colchester. Being called, in the providence of God, to live at Newmarket as usher in a school, I essayed to join myself to the church of believers in that town; but according to my reading of Holy Scripture, the believer in Christ should be buried with Him in baptism, and so enter upon his open Christian life. I cast about to find a Baptist minister, and I failed to find one nearer than Isleham, in the fen country, where resided a certain Mr. W. W. Cantlow. My parents wished me to follow my own convictions, Mr. Cantlow arranged to baptize me, and my employer gave me a day's holiday for the purpose.

I can never forget the 3rd of May, 1850; it was my mother's birthday, and I myself was within a few weeks of being sixteen years of age. I was up early, to have a couple of hours for quiet prayer and dedication to God. Then I had some eight miles to walk, to reach the spot where I was to be immersed into the Triune name according to the sacred command. What a walk it was! What thoughts and prayers thronged my soul during that morning's journey! It was by no means a warm day, and therefore all the better for the two or three hours of quiet foot-travel which I enjoyed. The sight of Mr. Cantlow's smiling face was a full reward for that country tramp. I think I see the good man now, and the white ashes of the turf-fire by which we stood and talked together about the solemn exercise which lay before us.

We went together to the ferry, for the Isleham friends had not degenerated to indoor immersion in a bath made by the art of man, but used the ampler baptistery of the flowing river.

To me there seemed to be a great concourse on that week-day. Dressed, I believe, in a jacket, with a boy's turn-down collar, I attended the service previous to the ordinance; but all remembrance of it has gone from me: my thoughts were in the water, sometimes with my Lord in joy, and sometimes with myself in trembling awe at making so public a confession. There were first to be baptized two women, Diana Wilkinson and Eunice Fuller, and I was asked to conduct them through the water to the minister; but this I most timidly declined. It was a new experience to me, never having seen a baptism before, and I was afraid of making some mistake. The wind blew down the river with a cutting blast, as my turn came to wade into the flood; but after I had walked a few steps, and noted the people on the ferry-boat, and in boats, and on either shore, I felt as if heaven, and earth, and hell, might all gaze upon me; for I was not ashamed, there and then, to own myself a follower of the Lamb. Timidity was gone: I have scarcely met with it since. I lost a thousand fears in that river Lark, and found that "in keeping His commandments there is great reward." It was a thrice-happy day to me.

If any ask—Why was I thus baptized? I answer, because I believed it to be an ordinance of Christ, very specially joined by Him with faith in His name. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." I had no superstitious idea that baptism would save me, for I was saved. I did not seek to have sin washed away by water, for I believed that my sins were forgiven me through faith in Christ Jesus. Yet I regarded baptism as the token to the believer of cleansing, the emblem of his burial with his Lord, and the outward avowal of his new birth. I did not trust in it; but because I trusted in Jesus as my Saviour, I felt bound to obey Him as my Lord, and follow the example which he set us in Jordan, in His

own baptism. I did not fulfil the outward ordinance to join a party, and become a Baptist, but to be a Christian after the apostolic fashion; for they, when they believed, were baptized.

It is now questioned whether John Bunyan was baptized; but the same question can never be raised concerning me. I, who scarcely belong to any sect, am, nevertheless, by no means willing to have it doubted in time to come whether or no I followed the conviction of my heart. I read the New Testament for myself and saw Believers' Baptism there; and I had no mind to neglect what I saw to be the Lord's order. If others see not as I do, to their own Master they stand or fall; but for me the perceptions of my understanding in spiritual things were the law of my life, and I hope they will always be so. Dear reader, let us follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth!

A PROTEST AGAINST DOGMA.

MR. AMOS K. FISKE protests in the *Forum* for March against the theological dogmas by which he thinks Protestantism has obscured the Christian faith. His article, although well-written, is something like a prize essay of a student in a Unitarian college. The following sentences express the gist of what he has to say :—

But through all this fabric of man-made theologies, strikes the light of scientific and critical research, of knowledge and reason, in these waning days of the nineteenth century; and behind the flaming torch of enlightened thought follows the plain daylight of common sense, dispersing the owls and bats of ancient superstition, the spectres and hobgoblins of a distorted faith. But the expanding light in no way obscures the central figure of that great Teacher, who rose upon the world from the Galilean hamlet, and in golden words set the point of departure for a new religion of humanity. On the contrary, it dispels mists from around it, revivifies it from petrification, and makes it capable of a new power for the regeneration of the race.

"Believe in me and ye shall be saved," calls for no faith in doctrines of inspiration, of future rewards and punishment, of miraculous birth and death, of vicarious atonement, or in any of the other mystic dogmas that have been erected into an incongruous congeries of ecclesiastical systems. It requires no abnegation of the intellect or the conscience of reasoning men. Faith in that large doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, purity of life, sacrifice of self, and devotion to the common good, can never be outgrown by the human race; nor is the race likely to have a higher exemplar of that doctrine to look up to than the marvellous Man of Nazareth, who announced it with such confident and persuasive words, and who died a victim to the world's unreadiness to accept it. The world is yet far from reaching His ground.

CREEDS AS TESTS OF MEMBERSHIP.

IN the *Andover Review* for March Dr. Wolcott Calkins protests against the employment of creeds as tests of church membership. Asking the question, "How shall our Congregational churches bear the fullest and most accurate testimony for the truth against error, without imposing unwarranted terms of communion upon the disciples of Christ?—he who solves this problem will do great service to the cause of truth," Dr. Calkins answers the question, "There is only one way. Remove all barriers of creed from the sacraments. Restore the covenant of personal surrender, consecration, and obedience to its place as the only instrument of our church state, and as the beautiful gate to the communion table. Sharpen the tests of Christian character. Keep out those who have hard and impenitent hearts. Turn out the wicked and scandalous. Make the church a communion of saints, and then, trust soundly-converted, holy men to take care of its orthodoxy, and the Lord Jesus Christ to defend it against the gates of hell."

DR. DÖLLINGER'S REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL MANNING.

IN the *Expositor* for April, the Rev. A. Plummer contributes some interesting recollections of conversations which he had with Dr. Dollinger in 1871 and 1872. The following are some curious extracts:—

When Lamennais was in Munich after his visit to Rome I used to walk with him. He told me that one of the cardinals had deplored to him the lamentable state of the Sacred College. "In most societies," said this Cardinal, "you will find one or two, or perhaps even three, able men; but in our college we are every one of us blockheads!" When I was in Rome myself, I was there for five weeks. I said to Theiner, who introduced me to the Pope, "People here seem to be well acquainted with German affairs, no one asks me any questions." He laughed and said, "Just the reverse, they know absolutely nothing, and they did not want to know."

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

They are not likely to go out of Italy for a Pope. Manning is not yet made cardinal. When he was with the late Archbishop of Paris (Darboy), some time before the Vatican Council, he urged him to preach the doctrine of papal infallibility and do all he could to promote it, hinting that there might be a cardinal's hat for each of them; "for it would be a beautiful thing for the two great cities of the West (London and Paris) to have cardinals as archbishops." He really gave that as a reason. Archbishop Darboy told X., who told it to me.

CARDINAL MANNING.

I have seen Manning twice—in 1851 and 1858, I think. The first time was soon after he came over to the Church of Rome, and I was favourably impressed by him. He told me that indirectly I had contributed to his conversion. At one time he thought that it was impossible for a Roman Catholic to treat history fairly and openly, and that a Roman Catholic historian could not be honest. My work on ecclesiastical history proved to him the contrary, and had removed a great stumbling-block out of his way. The second time X. took me to see him. We both came away with the same impression that he had suddenly changed and for the worse. He was cold and formal, speaking with evident reserve and weighing his words. Perhaps he had already begun to look upon me with suspicion. I read a volume of his sermons once, written while he was still a member of your Church, and I liked them; there was warmth and depth of true religious feeling in them. All that is gone now. There is nothing of it in the things which he has written since he became a Roman Catholic, all his later writings are inferior. I know of only one writer who is quite equal to what he was before his conversion. And both of us together said "Newman."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Dr. Newman was one day asked by the Pope to edit an English Bible for the use of Roman Catholics. The idea was believed to have been suggested by Cardinal Wiseman, and the object of the proposal was supposed to be this, to give Dr. Newman harmless occupation for the rest of his life, so as to keep his mind, or at any rate his pen, from working in a way that people in high quarters might not like. Apparently Newman saw through it, at any rate the flattering request was declined. It originated thus: Cardinal Wiseman once wrote to me (I believe that I have the letter still), claiming the credit of Newman's conversion: an article in the *Dublin Review* was supposed to have convinced Newman that his position in the English Church was untenable. When the two men came into contact, the enormous intellectual superiority of the convert became manifest to the man who had claimed to have convinced him of his errors. Wiseman never got over this; and the attempt to silence Newman by giving him a lifelong literary task was the result.

As to the next Pope, not even the cardinals know who he is likely to be. For centuries none but an Italian has had a chance of being elected, and there is no chance for a foreigner now.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

THERE appears in the *Revue Internationale* a most sympathetic article on the Empress Frederick, from the pen of M. Tissot. It is an article in which all the antipathies of race which might have been expected from a paper of French origin, are merged in the admiration of the remarkable, and above all, *English* character of the Princess Royal.

M. Tissot has, like so many of his cultivated countrymen, a genuine appreciation of the English methods of education, and dwells at great length on the glimpses given of the Royal Household in the English Queen's "Journal."

"... It may well be conceived that these young brains were not left to a chance development. Side by side with that care for the health of which the English alone fully recognise the importance—for health depends on such care, and health is the whole of a child's future—side by side with this, almost from the first year their instruction began. . . . But the most beautiful testimony which can be borne to the vigour of her mind, and to her intelligence at that age is still the judgment of her father, who, after having passed so many years with her . . . said . . . and with no exaggeration, 'She has the mind of a man and the heart of a child.'

This result M. Tissot takes care to emphasize as having been the result of a training, which, for Royal children at least, has been rather ridiculed in France since the time when Louis Philippe posed as the "Citizen King," and went off with his well-lined pockets in 1848. It is this very ideal of the education of a princess in the "bourgeois" fashion, to be fitted for the common duties of the household, to be good wives and mothers, that the writer especially praises in the article before us.

Then follows, at the end of the first part of the journal, a well-chosen extract from the Queen's Diary, in which she complains of her sense of loss at the Princess Royal's absence after her marriage. "Everything brought back to my mind that past time: the programmes, the invitation lists, were still before me, as though it were not all completed . . . and yet it was worthily completed!"

The second part deals with the Princess Royal's long and painful experience of Germany, a tragedy which continued to grow more and more gloomy until at last it found its end in the great upheaval of two years ago, a movement whose last wave it is, perhaps, which has removed from its place her enemy who was then so triumphant. "In such a position . . . does not your mind recall, in spite of yourself, Marie de Medicis at Concina Concini, or Marie Antoinette at her Trianon? Do you not hear those ominous cries 'L'Italienne!' 'L'Autrichienne!' in your ears?" The parallel may seem strained to English readers, and yet from a foreigner's point of view it is just. The great grievance which so many Germans had against the Crown Prince's wife was that, having come into their country, she refused to be of them, refused to give up the strong individuality which her English surroundings had given her, or to lose it in the rôle of a German "frau."

The writer concludes by saying: "I have tried with the impartiality which should be the aim of the historian less to recount than to throw new light upon the life of an English Princess at Berlin. No one can be more aware of the incompleteness of my work than I am myself. . . . I hope also that Her Majesty will pardon this liberty of thought in a stranger who has merely attempted to set forth one who is certainly the greatest German Empress of this century."

PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY SIR ROLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

SIR ROLAND BLENNERHASSETT contributes an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Prince Bismarck. Sir Roland's account of the differences between the Kaiser and his illustrious subject is interesting.

WHY THE CHANCELLOR RESIGNED.

Sir Roland says :—

The truth is that very soon after the accession of William the Second differences arose between the young monarch and the Chancellor. They existed to my knowledge a year ago and longer. The leading idea of Bismarck always was to maintain thoroughly good relations with Russia. This was one of his chief differences with the late Emperor Frederick and also with the most powerful members of the Prussian staff. The present Emperor is a warm partisan of the triple alliance, but Bismarck, while equally anxious to preserve that combination, has attached more importance than his sovereign to the necessity of bringing about an arrangement between Austria and Russia on such a basis as would secure the interests of each power in the Balkan peninsula. Moreover, the Chancellor has always looked with cold suspicion on the colonial policy which has the sympathy of the Emperor. Although William the First did not always take the same view of things as his great minister, he never took any important step without telling Prince Bismarck beforehand. William the Second has not observed this rule so punctiliously. Prince Bismarck thought he had some right to complain of the action of his sovereign in this respect. And considering the services, experience, and fame of the great minister, it was not to be expected that he would consent to be responsible for acts about which he had not been previously consulted, and the consequences of which might be most momentous.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Bismarck speaks with far more deliberation than any speaker I have ever known. The nearest approach to him in this characteristic was Mr. John Stuart Mill. In conversation he frequently uses original and striking metaphors. A few years ago, speaking to an English statesman, he compared the French policy in Africa to a fiery steed galloping across the desert of Sahara, and finding the ground much heavier than was expected. It is now five-and-twenty years since I had the honour of being first presented to Prince Bismarck, but the conversation I then had with him made such an impression that, though followed by many others, not a word of it has faded from my memory. Various subjects were discussed. Speaking of England, he expressed his opinion, which I know he has not changed, that although more Englishmen than formerly spoke German, the ignorance of Germany in this country was greater than ever. Those who had acquired the German language did not use it for the purpose of studying literature and trying to understand the German mind. He did not believe that the work of any considerable German poet, from the Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach to the songs and ballads of Uhland, was at all widely or properly appreciated in England. "Nations," he said, "have not yet been drawn closer together since locomotion has become more easy. This is a melancholy reflection. In the days of my youth a certain number of English used to come here and stay some time amongst us. Now they fly like woodcocks across the Continent. No English leading public man has as much knowledge of Germany as that which Carteret possessed 200 years since."

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLAND.

Sir Roland says of Bismarck :

His knowledge of English literature is very great, and although he speaks it with a slight accent and a somewhat old-fashioned pronunciation, his mastery of our language is complete. Not only is he perfectly acquainted with the chief works of our great poets, he is almost equally at home in obscure and forgotten works of second-rate writers. He has been known to quote in English on the spur of the moment some twenty lines of *Lalla Rookh*.

Although he knows us, he does not trust us. Sir Roland remarks that

His letters from Frankfort show that Bismarck was always a firm advocate of the policy of a good understanding with Russia. Although he has many English friends, and in one of these letters frankly says that after his own land there is no country to which he is so attached as England, yet he has always had a profound mistrust of the policy of an English alliance. He has never forgotten, and constantly alludes to the conduct of England in deserting Frederick the Great. His confidence has not been strengthened by his observations of English policy in his own time.

HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER.

The article is chiefly taken up with an account of Bismarck's policy at the great crises in his life, but it sometimes strays into personal detail from which we select the following example :—

His marvellous descriptions of landscape in Sweden, in Hungary, in France, in Spain, show an enthusiast for nature, and he speaks of the sea in language which recalls some of the finest passages in Victor Hugo. His kindness of heart was not alone exhibited to his own people. I was told once, by a person who had opportunities of knowing, that he never observed Bismarck say a really unkind or hard thing to any subordinate he conceived was doing his best. On the other hand, a person entitled to the highest credibility assured me he once saw an official of position come out of the room of the Chancellor showing by his garments unmistakable signs that an inkbottle had been hurled at him.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

In the *Young Man* for April, the discussion as to "What it is to be a Christian" is continued :—

The Dean of Peterborough.—A true Christian is one who has accepted Christ Jesus the Lord with his whole heart as his Saviour from sin; who acknowledges him as the Lord and Master of his life, surrendering himself absolutely to His will in all things.

Dr. Cunningham Geikie.—Christ tells us that His meat and drink was to do the will of Him that sent Him, and to finish His work; and to imitate Christ must be the sum of Christianity.

The Rev. D. P. Macpherson.—To be a Christian is to be a *Christ-ian*, or Christ-man. It is to articulate, incarnate, reproduce the Christ in our lives.

THE MOST POPULAR BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

THE sermons of the month indexed in the *Expository Times* for April show that texts for discourses by leading preachers were selected in the Old Testament from eighteen books. Thus :—

Genesis (5).	1 Samuel.	Job.	Jeremiah (2).
Leviticus.	2 Samuel.	Psalms (11).	Daniel.
Deuteronomy.	1 Kings.	Proverbs (5).	Jonah.
Joshua.	2 Kings (2).	Isaiah (4).	Micah.
Judges.	3 Chronicles.		

In the New Testament from twenty-one books :—

Matthew (13).	1 Corinthians (6).	Colossians.	Hebrews (3).
Mark (2).	2 Corinthians (2).	1 Thessalonians (2).	James (2).
Luke (13).	Galatians (4).	1 Timothy (1).	1 Peter (5).
John (6).	Ephesians.	2 Timothy (4).	2 Peter.
Acts (9).	Philippians (4).	Philemon.	Revelations (6).
Romans (5).			

The books in the Old Testament out of which 17 indexed sermon was preached, twenty-one :—

Exodus.	Esther.	Hosea.	Habakkuk.
Numbers.	Ecclesiastes.	Joel.	Zephaniah.
Ruth.	Song of Solomon.	Amos.	Haggai.
1 Chronicles.	Lamentations.	Obadiah.	Zechariah.
Ezra.	Ezekiel.	Nahum.	Malachi.
Nehemiah.			

Books in the New Testament out of which no sermon was preached, six :—

2 Thessalonians.	1 John.	3 John.	Jude.
Titus.	2 John.		

COMING MEN IN ENGLAND.

BY MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

WHO are the coming men in England? asks Mr. Justin M'CCarthy in the *North American Review* for March. In poetry there is no one coming. In novel writing Mr. M'CCarthy makes the same report; as to the coming men of science he has no opinion, and so he confines his attention to the coming men in politics. Those whom he selects as coming or already come are—(1.) Mr. Balfour, (2.) Sir William Harcourt, (3.) Mr. Morley, (4.) Mr. Labouchere, (5.) Mr. Bradlaugh, (6.) Sir Charles Russell, (7.) Mr. Henry Fowler. Upon each of these he has some remarks to make, of which the following is a sample:—

MR. BALFOUR.

When Mr. Balfour was appointed Secretary for Ireland, it seemed to Mr. M'CCarthy a stroke of droll humour. It looked ridiculous, but it made Mr. Balfour. It turned him from being a college debating prig into being the best debater on the Treasury benches.

It is certain that he will, before long, be leader of the House of Commons, if the Tories continue in power. He surely is, to all appearance, a coming man. I should think that for the work of really great statesmanship he would be found wanting in sympathy, just as, so far as we can make out, he is disqualified for genuine eloquence by want of imagination. But he is a man of the future. To be nothing in the House of Commons for a dozen years, and then suddenly to get up and become the leader of the House is an achievement to be noted in political history.

MR. MORLEY.

After passing by Sir William Harcourt with the remark that he is a splendid fighter, and the sympathetic quotation of a Radical who said, "The man who is leading is the leader, and can any one doubt that Harcourt leads us?" He then goes on to speak of Mr. Morley. A very few years ago the almost universal judgment of the House of Commons declared Mr. Morley to be a hopeless Parliamentary failure,—a mere student and man of letters out of place; now he is the most popular man in the country next to Mr. Gladstone. He is the only man who can dispute the leadership with Sir William Harcourt.

He has greatly improved of late in debating skill and power; and, indeed, I think every speech he makes is an improvement on the speech he made just before. An orator, perhaps, he could never be, but there is an eloquence of exalted thought put into noble language which sometimes carries the sympathetic listener away, as if he were under the spell of the born orator's enchantment.

Mr. M'CCarthy thinks Mr. Morley lacks hopefulness, is too much inclined to pessimism, and is deficient in animal spirits.

MR. LABOUCHERE.

Of Mr. Labouchere, Mr. M'CCarthy, like every one else, says that he could take a high place, if he could get the average Englishman to take him seriously.

But Mr. Labouchere has so long amused himself and the world by playing the part of a cynic and a political *farceur*, that I am not certain whether he would be able to get rid of the stage attire and consent to be himself. The working democracy certainly believe in him. He is tremendously cheered on all democratic platforms. Perhaps the consciousness which must grow on him more and more—the consciousness of that serious power behind him—may bring him at last to play openly and avowedly his own serious part. I say to play it "openly and avowedly"; for I believe he has always been playing it seriously to himself. Let him play it openly, avowedly to the House of Commons and to the country, and I do not see what is to prevent him from being one of the first and foremost of the coming men.

MR. BRADLAUGH.

Mr. Bradlaugh, in Mr. M'CCarthy's opinion, is destined before long to be a Member of a Liberal Cabinet. This promotion he owes to the fact that he has carefully cultivated the House of Commons.

He never, so far as I know, made a long speech. He always goes straight to the point, and when he has said what he wants to say he always sits down. He is really a very eloquent and powerful speaker, with a remarkably impressive voice. Then he has devoted himself very closely to what we call the "business of the House,"—to committees, and private bills, and all that sort of work—and the House likes a man who looks after its work. Moreover, he is a man of the most winning courtesy of manner. He has disarmed the dislike of all his former political and religious opponents,—and he had a good many of them,—by his anxiety to oblige, by his willingness to make graceful concessions, by his genial toleration of difference of opinion.

Mr. M'CCarthy does not call Sir Charles Russell a coming man, for he does not see anything to which he can come higher than at present, which he occupies by general consent.

Mr. Fowler is a very rising public man, and has an impressive manner and a strong and musical voice. As for Lord Rosebery and Lord Spencer, Mr. M'CCarthy dismisses them, as the time has gone by that England can be governed by a Member of the House of Lords.

HOW SMOKING INJURES THE VOICE.

BY SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

IN the *New Review* Sir Morell Mackenzie writes on "The Effect of Smoking on the Voice."

A very large acquaintance with vocalists of all grades, extending now over a longer period of years than I care to think of, enables me to say that while a few consider their voice as improved, the vast majority think it is more or less injured by smoking.

I have not the least doubt that smoking may be injurious to the voice, even when it leaves no visible marks of its action, by impairing the precision of muscular movement necessary for perfect production.

It usually finds expression in what is vaguely called "nervousness"; the pulse becomes flurried and the muscles more or less relaxed and unsteady. This is why smoking is so strictly forbidden to men training for athletic feats. Something analogous to what takes place in the eye as the result of the abuse of tobacco occurs in the larynx, or rather in the part of the brain which governs the movements of that organ.

When the nicotine does not injure the nervous system the smoke may still irritate the lining membrane of the throat and windpipe. The evil effects wrought by tobacco on the larynx consist generally in patches of congestion affecting the upper part of the organ and occasionally the vocal cords themselves.

The result is that most of the leading actors in London suffer from a relaxed condition of the upper part of the throat, brought on entirely, I believe, by smoking.

To sum up, I believe that most people can smoke in moderation without injury, and that to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative. On the other hand, if indulged in to excess the habit is always injurious.

To conclude with a little practical advice, I would say to any one who finds total abstinence too heroic a stretch of virtue, let him smoke only after a substantial meal; and if he be a singer or speaker, let him do so after and never before using the voice. Let him smoke a mild Havannah or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool-smoking tobacco. If the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a mouth-piece which is kept clean with ultra-Mohammedan strictness. Let him refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette to the bitter, and it may be added, rank and oily end.

WHY MR. BALFOUR'S BILL IS BAD.

BY MR. HENRY GEORGE.

THE prophet of Land Nationalisation who was the other day in Australia, turns up unexpectedly in the *New Review*, to ban Mr. Balfour's new Bill for creating a pack of new landlords in Ireland.

THE DEFECTS OF THE BILL.

He tells us frankly the scheme is to him "unsound and vicious." Its purpose is not to do justice or to advance justice to, but to sustain injustice.

It proposes nothing for the labourers, the artisans, the operatives—for the great mass of the people of Ireland. They are still to be denied all legal right to the natural basis of life. In short, all that this scheme proposes is to bribe some thousands of the disinherited to leave the popular side and come over to that of the landowning class, by giving them some little share in the plundering of the masses—by making them for a while at least a little better off than their fellows.

IF LAND WHY NOT CABS?

Now, says Mr. George, if the State may properly set tenants up in business as landlords, why should not every one who would like to own what he is now hiring, or could show a presumption of profitably using more capital in any reputable business, be thus provided for by the use of the Government credit? Take that most useful and deserving class, the cab-drivers of the cities. They now mostly hire their cabs and horses, paying for them in London some fifteen or sixteen shillings a day. Could it not be readily demonstrated, on paper at least, that by borrowing at 3 per cent. and investing in cabs, horses, stables, and feed, the Imperial Government could rent such cabs to the drivers for ten or twelve shillings a day, and yet out of this set aside a sinking fund that would, in a very short time, enable it to make the driver a present of a cab and the necessary horses?

A PLEASING QUESTION FOR BONDHOLDERS.

The source of all Irish difficulties is the violation of the principle of equal rights. This Irish land legislation is an attempt to protect a fundamental injustice for a little longer by a fresh violation of the principle. The rapid increase of public debts is surely and swiftly bringing a day when it will be asked by what authority one generation is called on to pay obligations incurred by its predecessors, and whence class governments, which will have been repudiated, derived power for ever to bind the masses to pay the costs of their own oppression. Will it add to the stability of the British debt to convert landowners into bondholders?

TWO IDEAS FROM NORTH OF THE TWEED.

In the *Scots Magazine* a Churchman scouts the proposal for union with the Dissenting Churches.

THE DRIFT OF THE KIRK.

A Churchman says:—

Our natural alliance is not with dissent, and if our old moorings were cut loose, it is not in alliance with dissent that we would seek new harbourage. We are not going that way—our drift is not in the direction of United Presbyterianism. It is in the opposite direction—of historic Christianity. For the last generation, and more and more rapidly of late years, we too in our turn have been wakening to understand that we represent the Christianity of our country among the reformed Catholic churches, and may serve ourselves heir to all that is best in its past. We are on the reverse of a down grade. We are learning to believe more, not less. We are tending to a more highly organised life, not to a loose congregationalism. If there were Disestablishment for the formation of a "large ecclesiastical corporation," the result, so far as the Church of Scotland is concerned, would simply be an extensive secession to

Anglicanism, not of individuals only, but of clergy and congregations together, or in perhaps more numerous cases of clergy with large portions of congregations, and in cases where the clergyman remained to be absorbed in the corporation, of the culture and churchmanship of his congregation.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE'S PROGRAMME.

In a review of Professor Blackie's new book, the following summary is given of the Professor's fourfold trumpet-call:—

(1) Stamp in your souls the strong conviction that, as matters now stand, there is something rotten in the state of Scotland, and that, unless a decided stand be made at the present moment, you are in great danger of losing your two most valuable possessions—your inheritance of a distinctive type of manhood from the past, and your estimation in the eye of Europe as a political factor of no vulgar significance. (2) Screw your Middle Schools and Universities up to such a level as that there shall be no excuse for any father of hopeful Scottish son saying that he sends his son to England because he cannot find for him in Scotland the education that belongs to a gentleman. (3) Give your native Presbyterian Church services such graces and embellishments as may prevent any desertion to the Episcopacy from purely æsthetic motives. (4) Remove the double reproach of multitudinous babblement and insolent centralisation from the British Parliament, and let Scotch business be transacted in Edinburgh, either by a separate national Parliament for Scotland, in the fashion of the States Parliaments in America, or, what I personally would much prefer, by a session of the Scottish members of the present Parliament of Great Britain, to be held for two months, or six weeks, as the case might require, in Edinburgh, for the despatch of specially Scotch business, with an executive, in either case resident in the historical capital of Scotland, for the administration of Scottish affairs.

THE SANTA CLAUS SOCIETY.—Many of our readers will thank us for bringing to their notice the operations of the Santa Claus Society, of which the following notice appears in *Household Words* for April:—

It is now proposed to extend this work by opening a convalescent home on the north side of London. This home will be not only for delicate children needing change, but will also provide for two classes of patients generally ineligible at convalescent homes, namely, children who, on leaving the hospital, still need a certain amount of surgical nursing, and babies under three years of age. Among the wants of the society are more dolls, toys, scrap-books, &c., for the children; more books, magazines, &c., and gifts for the adults; as well as more subscribers to the general and convalescent funds, and for the proposed new convalescent home. Miss J. F. Charles, Hill-side, Southwood-lane, Highgate, will be very glad to supply any information, or to send a report to any given address.

THE GRAND DEFECT IN VILLAGE LIFE.—In *Macmillan's Magazine* the author of a "Real Working Man" says we cannot too soon set about remedying this grand defect of village life,—its dulness. Let us come down among the people, mix with them more, and try what we can do to enliven them.

We want more evening clubs in our villages; more concerts, more classes, and if possible a recreation ground, be it ever so small, in which games could be played, and a band occasionally listened to (if it be a village band, so much the better) on a summer evening. Anything which gives the people something to think about, and to look forward to, is useful; and the more they can share in the entertainment, the better it will be. I have found the performance of a service of song, with weekly practices throughout the winter, very popular; and monthly or fortnightly concerts, in which local talent is used as much as possible, are much appreciated. I have known a course of simple lessons on geography and general information, given in the form of extempore and very chatty lectures, with an occasional reading from some book on the subject, and a plentiful supply of pictures, or actual specimens of the objects named—I have known these to be listened to by a large class of young men with the greatest attention.

A PROGRAMME FOR LABOUR REFORMERS.

BY AMERICAN SOCIOLOGISTS.

A REPORT on the subject of Labour Reform to the Sociological Group by a Committee consisting of Seth Low and Richard T. Ely appears in the *Century*, from which I take the following passages:—

The labour problem is only a fractional part of the entire problem of industrial society, and the entire problem of industrial society is only one part of the whole social problem, which includes art, religion, literature, and the various other departments of social life.

EVILS TO BE COMBATED.

First of all must be mentioned child-labour as one of the most fruitful sources of evil. In our great cities the children of the working poor are growing up without childhood. They leave infancy only to become little old men and women. Child-labour is constantly increasing in the United States. It is noteworthy that the evil of child-labour increases most rapidly in our West. The labour of women, like child-labour, is rapidly on the increase in the United States.

Nowhere is the question of the housing of the poor more serious than in great American cities, and nowhere has so little been done to remedy it. The slums of cities are breathing-holes of hell, and the only way to reform them is to sweep them from the face of the earth.

Sunday work is a rapidly-growing evil in all our cities, against which working-men all over the length and breadth of the land are crying out, and their complaint is becoming bitter because their cry passes unheeded. The barbers of Baltimore raised several hundred dollars to work an ordinance through the city council closing all the barbers' shops on Sunday, and this is now enforced, but working-men elsewhere have not often been so fortunate. In some trades in New York, and doubtless elsewhere, Sunday work is all but universal.

Nightwork is demoralising for all,—men, women, and children,—and for the two latter classes ought never to be permitted. It requires a perpetual struggle to keep the length of the labour day within the bounds required by physiology and hygiene, and often the struggle to do so is unsuccessful. Excessively long hours weaken the nervous system and create a craving for stimulants.

Among the children of the poor in New York over five hundred, at a moderate estimate, have died needlessly in one week. The chief health officer of Maryland calculates that two-thirds of the deaths in that State are needless. Careful investigations are wanting in the United States, but it is generally remarked that working-men with white hairs are comparatively rare.

Excessive immigration of foreigners, often of a low class, is a serious evil for American working-men.

The family life is of a low type. The liquor saloon presents a never-ending temptation. Insufficient food, more often insufficient variety of food, and poorly-cooked food, create a craving for strong drink, and promote intemperance. One of the first physiologists in the land is authority for this. Girls are not trained to be housewives. Too few opportunities for saving exist.

REMEDIES.

The Church must show the Christian faith and love of early Christianity. Social science should be pursued in every seminary for the training of ministers of religion.

A reform, purification, and elevation of the family ought to be placed first among remedies for labour problems.

Improved educational facilities are greatly needed, but our schools have not kept pace with the demands on them. The old apprenticeship is antiquated, and must be replaced by manual training and industrial schools. Girls

ought also to be taught sewing, cooking, and other useful womanly occupations. It is safe to say that we should spend three times what we do on our schools.

Stricter sanitary laws are required, and a better organisation of the sanitary administration of cities. Houses unfit for habitation should be torn down, and small parks provided to give breathing-places for the crowded sections.

Our factory laws have too often been a mere sham and farce. Unfortunately in this matter we have lagged behind the rest of the civilised world.

These laws should include protection against dangerous machinery, sufficient fire-escapes, and satisfactory sanitary arrangement. No one should be permitted to work in a factory before the completion of the fourteenth year; and up to the eighteenth, as well as for women, only fifty-four hours a week should be allowed, as in England. It is to be observed that no country or portion of a country ever yet suffered in competition on account of short hours. If we arrange in a line the names of the countries, placing them in order according to the number of hours worked per week, we shall find that the country with shortest hours is most dreaded in international competition, and as we go down the line we shall find longer hours mean increasing weakness in international competition, and that with few, if any, exceptions, countries with long hours and poorly-paid work always seek protection against countries with few hours and highly-paid work.

Employers' liability acts simply render employers responsible for the management of their own affairs, and should become universal.

There is a call in every city, every State, and in the nation for public property defence leagues. The work of public property defence leagues would be, among other things, to guard public domain, public parks, and to secure for the public the full value of public rights, like the right to use streets by horse and electric cars, elevated roads, &c.

Savings banks occupy an important position in any programme for reform. Private banks must be rendered secure, and, where practicable, state and municipal savings banks started.

General laws to keep out contract labour and all the most degraded and ignorant foreign elements are heartily to be recommended. The general corporation laws require reform in such manner as to secure individual responsibility of managers. Both civil and criminal remedies must be provided. We have developed paternalism of corporations, for which we should substitute, so far as this can be done, municipal, state, and national self-help. A beginning ought to be made in local governments.

Playgrounds for children should be provided by the public when private initiative is wanting. Public libraries ought to become more numerous. A reform of taxation is necessary. A further development of labour bureaux may be mentioned. Arbitration and conciliation have accomplished great things in some places, and ought to become more general. It should be made compulsory for corporations. It is entirely a matter of expediency.

We recommend the subject of insurance against accident, sickness, old age, and incapacity to general consideration, in hope that some plan may be devised for accomplishing so beneficent a purpose. A development of fraternal beneficiary societies and of insurance features of labour organisations, with examination of accounts by insurance departments or by a competent registrar of friendly societies, is certainly desirable. The prudent encouragement of co-operation deserves commendation.

Our ideal is a social state, not of equality, but of equal opportunities, giving to each the means for the development, complete and harmonious, of all his faculties.

HOW I WOULD INAUGURATE THE MILLENNIUM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD."

IN the *North American Review* for March, the arrival of which in London was delayed for nearly ten days by the Dock Strike in Liverpool, Mr. George Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," replies to some hostile criticisms of his proposed "Utopia" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, from the pen of General Walker. Mr. Bellamy is going to reply to M. Emile de Laveleye in the *Contemporary Review* next month. After the polemical part of his article, Mr. Bellamy briefly states what, to begin with, Nationalists propose.

(1) BY REFORMING THE SCHOOLS.

First and foremost, they favour an immediate and radical improvement in the school system of the country, which shall give the children of the poor equal advantages with those of the rich, so far as regards the public-school system. To this end they propose raising the limit of compulsory education year by year, as rapidly as public sentiment will permit. They propose making the compulsory period for all children cover the entire period during which the schools are open, instead of a part of it, as, for example, in Massachusetts a beggarly twenty weeks in the year, the schools being open nearly twice that time. They propose to make the employment of children during term time or school hours a misdemeanor. In cases of great poverty they propose such provision for the partial support of children as may be necessary to enable them to attend school.

(2) BY MUNICIPALIZING THE MONOPOLIES OF SERVICE.

The Nationalists propose the immediate assumption by the municipalities of the heating, lighting, and surface and elevated car lines of towns, with all other services now performed by corporations. They oppose and protest against the granting of any more public franchises to individuals or corporations under any circumstances. Let the people attend to their own business. They propose the nationalization of telephones and telegraphs, and the assumption of the express business by the post-office. They propose national control of the railroads of the country.

(3) BY NATIONALIZING THE MINES.

They propose that all mineral deposits hereafter discovered or opened shall belong to the nation. They propose national control of all coal mines now in operation. A body of 1,500,000 working men would by these measures be taken into the public service. It is proposed that this force should be organised on a thoroughly humane basis of steady employment, reasonable hours, pensions for sickness, accident and age, with liability to discharge only for fault or incompetence after a fair hearing.

(4) BY PROVISION AGAINST JOBBERY.

A specific plan is proposed by which political executives would be deprived of influence through patronage over the industrial service, and its abuse for partisan ends rendered impossible.

It is claimed that the public control of these branches of business would result not only in the great betterment of the condition of the employees, but also in far greater cheapness and efficiency of service.

Mr. Bellamy thinks that the Nationalists would purge our legislative and congressional lobbies, put an end to stock-gambling in its chief form, and terminate the wholesale swindling of the investing public by nationalizing the railroads.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY OF TO-DAY.

IN *Scribner* there is an article on "The Electric Railway of To-day," by Joseph Wetzler (member of the Council American Institute of Electrical Engineers), giving a statement of the stage of development now reached by this method of locomotion. The various systems—*overhead, underground, and storage*—are described in the light of what they actually accomplish, and not of their promises. The less-known applications of the electric motor to elevated roads, to mines, to "telpher" lines of suspended cars, and to express cars running more than one hundred miles an hour—are explained, and the lines along which they will develop in the near future indicated. The article is richly illustrated, but it is rather disappointing. The illustrations are excellent, but the information which you want is often not there. Mr. Wetzler, for instance, nowhere gives the cost per mile of electric *versus* horse traction.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In May, 1887, there were in operation, in the United States, thirteen electric railways, carrying about three million five hundred thousand passengers annually. The latest and most trustworthy statistics relating to the same subject show that there are in operation in this country, and in course of construction at the present time, no fewer than 179 electric railways operating with 1,884 cars over 1,260 miles of track. The number of passengers carried it would be difficult to estimate, but it cannot be far from 100,000,000.

THE RIVAL OF THE HORSE.

Mr. Wetzler is not quite so clear as he might be as to the comparative cost of the electric *versus* horse traction. He says it has been completely demonstrated to be more economical than any by horse or cable, but he does not give figures that can be relied upon. He asserts that there is always a large increase in receipts and decrease in expense. The service, instead of being slow and uncertain, is swift and sure, and in suburban lines it sometimes attains the speed of 18 miles an hour. He says:—

With the advantages of the electric railway so clearly pointed out, and so unquestionably demonstrated in actual practice, it would not be unsafe to hazard the opinion that, in ten years at the farthest, there will not be a *single* horse-railway in operation, at least in our own country. The horse will then be once more returned to his legitimate field of labour, and the street-car passenger will be transported at an increased speed, and with all the comforts of easy riding, in cars propelled and lighted by electricity; while it is by no means improbable that, with further work on the line indicated, the passenger may step aboard a train in New York at ten in the morning, and eat a five-o'clock dinner in Chicago on the same day.

120 MILES AN HOUR BY ELECTRICITY.

It is not out of place to cast a glance into the future, in order to discern in what direction electricians are working in the domain of electric railways. One of their main objective points is to attain higher speed than is now reached with the fastest express train, and enough has already been demonstrated to show that this is by no means impossible. There has been for some time in operation at Laurel, Md., a system of electric railway, originally designed by David G. Weems. When it was recently inspected by the writer, with his watch in hand, he noted a speed of the electric locomotive of nearly one hundred and twenty miles an hour. The electric car there employed is cigar-shaped, pointed at both ends. The electric motors are constructed with a revolving armature which is mounted directly on the axle, so that no intermediate gearing whatever is employed. The curiously-pointed ends of the car, which might by some be considered fantastical, have their *raison d'être* in the fact that, at the high speeds at which this car is run, the resistance of the air is by far the greater retarding influence; much greater, in fact, than the resistance due to the axle and rolling friction, which at lower speeds is predominant.

THE REFORM OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

BY SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE is a slashing writer. In cutting and carving at the Royal College of Surgeons, as it at present exists, he has a task into which he can put his whole soul. Any one who reads his carefully-compacted pamphlet in the *Fortnightly* cannot deny that he has made out an immensely strong case in favour of reform; a case so strong indeed that it seems almost unanswerable. The facts as Sir Morell Mackenzie tells them are as follows:—

WHAT IS THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS?

The Royal body of Surgeons is a body which claims its descent from ancient companies whose trusts it still administers in the interest, not of the members of the College, but of a small oligarchical junto, or close ring, which deals with the income of £28,000 per annum chiefly in the interests of its examiners and officials. The members of the College consist of 13,000 duly qualified and certificated medical practitioners. The governing body of the College consists of twenty-four Fellows, elected solely by the Fellows over whom the members have no control. Sir Morell begins his argument by telling the story of the ancient companies on whose ruins the present College rose to power. But as he admits that "the argument based on the ancient guilds may seem to many like an attempt to vitalise the fossil remains of the ichthyosaurus," we may pass by his antiquarian law and come to the whole gist of the matter, which is summed up in his declaration that—

The plain truth is that, instead of being in any sense a college or school of surgery, it is little more than a huge shop [for the sale of surgical licences.

The present Charter of the company was granted by the Crown on a misrepresentation of the facts, and after Parliament had thrown out a proposal to legalise the provisions which were subsequently included in the Charter. This Charter obtained by sharp practice, if not by fraud, has been jealously kept to the detriment of the general body of practitioners.

WHAT DOES IT DO WITH ITS MONEY?

Sir Morell says:—

It is noteworthy how little of its own money the College spends on teaching; last year the amount expended under the head of "lectures" is given as £107 2s., while the expenditure of money derived from trust funds was £253. The prizes given by the College are also the proceeds of legacies; it does not offer any "encouragement" from its own pocket. It has never done anything to encourage physiological or pathological research—departments of science closely connected, one might have thought, with the promotion of surgery; and it has only lately set about aiding in the establishment of a pathological laboratory after nearly every medical school in the kingdom has organised one. Under the head of what are grandiloquently called "expenses for scientific purposes," last year the total expenditure was £3,126 11s. 10d., the bulk of this sum consisting of salaries and wages to officials and servants in the museum; of the "promotion" or "encouragement" of research of any kind I see no trace in these accounts! The Examiners, on the other hand, shared close upon £9,000 among them.

AS AN EXAMINING BODY.

Even as an examining body it has fallen immeasurably short of the obligations of its high position. Sir Morell declares it was not till 1868 that the College required from candidates the slightest evidence of any knowledge of medicine, and it was not till 1881 that any steps were taken to provide that the holders of diplomas should have any knowledge of obstetrics. Even now the College does not require the members to prove their capacity to perform operations. The Council of the College and their friends the London Hospital Surgeons monopolise almost almost all the operations in London,

while members of the College in the country have to acquire dexterity at the expense of the patients, instead of learning it on the dead subject, with the result that Sir Morell knows that lamentable accidents have occurred from this want of early training.

The reforming party has a very strong case, and that in fighting for their own rights, they are fighting the battle of the public. Nothing but a thorough reform of the whole constitution of the College will suffice.

WHAT THE REFORM PARTY WANTS.

The aims of that body, says Sir Morell, are clearly expressed in the draft of the Bill which will soon be introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Dunraven. The principal features are: That the Council of the College shall be elected by voting papers by the Fellows and such members of the College as are of ten years' standing. That the Fellows and members shall be entitled to meet at reasonable times within the College, and that resolutions passed by a majority of two-thirds of a meeting consisting of at least 300 members concerning the bye-laws or the expenditure of the College shall be binding on the Council. That the iniquitous penal bye-law (Section XVII.), which has hitherto prevented members meeting, shall be rescinded. That six members of the College of twenty years' standing may sit on the Council after being duly elected. Finally, that the manner of election of examiners shall be amended, and the term of office of the members of the Council shortened. There is much in this Bill which is good; but a more liberal scheme is really required.

Sir Morell is confident of success.

As now constituted the governing body represents nothing but itself; that is to say, it is elected by a mere fraction even of the small minority who possess the franchise. It is easy to forecast the issue of the struggle which is now, perhaps, only beginning. It is in reality a part of a great wave of professional opinion which is slowly but surely rising and gathering force to sweep away the rottenness of constitution, the inertness, inefficiency, evil traditions, and scandalous abuses of all kinds, owing to which our medical corporations, instead of aiding, have seriously obstructed the course of scientific progress.

HOW TO DEAL WITH PAUPERISM.

In the *Andover Review* for March, Dr. Bradford discusses the problem of pauperism from the point of view of what can be done to solve it, first by the State and then by the Churches. He says:—

The State can attach to our postal service a system of Penny Savings Banks, so that there shall be before all people, even little children, a constant incentive to industry and frugality. It is within the power of the State to make monopoly in land impossible; to compel the erection of dwellings which shall put a premium on decent living and good behaviour, dwellings to be rented at prices which the poor can pay; to pass uniform marriage laws; to abolish the saloon, and to establish Postal Penny Savings Banks—in all these ways creating a better environment for the people. And it can do one thing more: it can make pauperism criminal. Certain localities do this now, but there would be no serious encroachment on the rights of the individual if there were to be a national law to this effect.

What can churches do toward creation of conditions which shall tend to the removal of pauperism? They can, as churches, utterly refuse aid to any but those who, on full investigation, are proved to be deserving. But, more than all else, churches can do much by rising to an appreciation of the fact that the Gospel is for the whole life of man. Thus churches can do much toward creating an environment which shall discourage pauperism.

What can individuals do to create an environment which shall gradually exterminate pauperism? They can learn that giving to beggars is giving to multiply beggars. If I were a city pastor with money behind me, I would try to duplicate the Toynbee Hall in New York or Brooklyn, or where, perhaps, it is still more needed, in Jersey City?

SOME POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

IN *Harper's* Margaret Crosby addresses the following sonnet to Tolstoi :—

Say not sublimity is dead to-day.
A force Titanic labours on this page—
Tolstoi ! The long-foregone Homeric rage
Over our throbbing hearts through thee holds sway.
Thou prob'st the mystery of death's decay,
The glow of youth, the weariness of age.
Yet, as the Orient kings left priest and sage
Their crowns before the infant Christ to lay,
Thou, to thy Master's mandates reconciled,
Deeming that wealth and ease of life are sin,
Stripped of thy glory that renown can win,
Low kneeling, prayest of the Saviour mild,
"Renew in me the spirit of a child,
That to Thy kingdom I may enter in."

SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE.

Miss Friedrich's interview with Sister Rose Gertrude seems to have inspired the poet of *Cornhill* to write three pages of verse, from which I quote two stanzas :—

It matters little : the angels came,
Passed through the streets of the troubled town
To the quiet village beneath the Down ;
They touched your soul and they opened your eyes,
They fired an altar of sacrifice
And cast your heart in the flame.
Sister Rose Gertrude, the Gates of Heaven
Are open for you ; and your heart that was small
Is wide to embrace the world at the call
Of love at the gates. Let England prove
At the height of its power, its power to love :
To you is the high task given.

THE AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD."

The following verse in praise of Edward Bellamy appears in the *New Englander*, by Allen Eastman Cross :—

In days of old the prophet came
With eye of scorn and tongue of flame,
A comrade of the mountain wild,
The lonely desert's lonelier child,
A scourge of God, with flail of fire
To lash and burn men's soft attire.

Once more the prophet comes ; but lo !
With no prophetic signs to show,
He walks the common ways of men,
The gentle, patient citizen—
"In soft attire" ! and yet with force
To stem or turn a nation's course,
To scourge the strong, to raise the weak,
Men's pride to burn, their rights to speak,
He bids the burdened people hold,
Unblighted by the curse of gold,
The lives God gave them, fair and free,
And crowned with sweet humanity.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Browning has two poets to sing his praises this month. In the *Century*, Aubry de Vere writes :—

Mourn, Italy, with England mourn, for both
He sang with song's discriminating love,
Thy towers that flash the wooded crag above ;
Thy trellised vineyard's purple overgrowth ;
Thy matin balm ; thy noontide's pleasing sloth ;
Thy convent bell, dim lake, and homeward dove ;
Thine evening star, that through the bowered alcove
Silvers the white flight of the circling moth.

He sang thy best and worst—false love, fierce war,
Renaissance craft, child graces, saintly art,
Old pomps from "Casa Guidi Windows" seen.
There dwelt he happy ; there that Minstrel queen,
Who shared his poet crown but gladdened more
To hold, unshared, her poet's manly heart.

We take the following from *Lippincott*, by Vernon Paul :—

Fallen ! the king-bird of the mighty wing
Now brooding o'er the deeps, now beating fast
The upper air, as if in haste to wring
Her secret from the silent gleaming vast.
Fallen ? Nay, hear you not the voice that calls
Exulting from those steeples his flight hath won,
The message from the enfranchised to the thralls—
"Homewards," it cries, "the eagle to the sun."

IN PRAISE OF POETS' CORNER.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich sings of Poets' Corner in the *Atlantic Monthly* :—

Tread softly here ; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there ;
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him :
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine !

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamant heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspected sand—
The dross men toil for, often stain the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet !
This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this—
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O ever-hallowed spot of English earth !
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale !

CHRIST IS RISEN.

The Hon. Roden Noel, in *Igdrasil*, has an Easter poem. It begins thus :—

Christ is risen,
Hath burst the prison !

Some say the Lord is come again,
And walks familiarly with men,
Though we may pass Him in the street,
Never surmising whom we meet,
Sit near Him at the social meal
Conversing, and yet never feel
The Royal Birth He would conceal.
For since He appeareth not in glory,
Nor, as of old, in sacred story,
Girt with Oriental dress,
But clothed as we are comes to bless,
Who He is men never guess ! . . .
Christ may be needlewoman, nurse,
Rich, or poor ; dull clouds disperse
Before the undivined Revealer ;
Reformer, scholar, poet, healer,
Every calling, every trade,
Claimeth honour of His aid.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE first place in the *Contemporary* is occupied by an imaginary conversation between Prince Bismarck and the Emperor. The conversation can hardly be mistaken as genuine by the most unsophisticated reader of the periodicals. The Emperor is made to tell Bismarck that he is a great historical personage, but "he is history, whereas I am the New Time." Whereupon Bismarck tells him that he recognises him as "the Napoleon of anarchy," and so they part.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

Mr. Dicey contributes an article on the Referendum, which supplements the article on the same subject which he contributed to the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. His object, he says—

Is simply to show that there is much more to be said for, no less than against, the popular veto than English thinkers are generally ready to admit. The time approaches when we may import from the United States the "Constitutional Convention," which in the domain of politics is by far the most valuable result of American inventiveness. The time has come when we ought all to consider the possible expediency of introducing into England that appeal to the people which is by far the most original creation of Swiss democracy.

THE EXORCISM OF THE SMOKE FIEND.

The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, in an article entitled "Sunlight or Smoke," gives a bright and interesting account of a visit to Belton, where great progress has been made in the consumption of smoke. His moral is excellently stated as follows:—

Let the furnace-owners realise that smoke-prevention is their duty.

Let the workmen understand that smoke does not mean work, and how easy it is to prevent the smoke.

Let electors feel that they have it in their power to insist on seeing the sweet sun, by enforcing the Public Health Act.

Let the people be taught that sunshine means health, joy, the sight of their eyes, and abundance of days; that it is their wealth—as much their wealth as their wages; then, the love of flowers, and clean gown-pieces and window-curtains will do the rest, and the answer to the question, Sunlight or Smoke will be certain.

ARISTOCRACY VERSUS DEMOCRACY.

Mr. Samuel Laing, taking up the cudgels of the "cook and the loblolly boys," replies to Professor Huxley in an article entitled "Aristocracy and Democracy." Mr. Laing, whose article concludes with a cheery note of genial optimism, declares that advancing years and closer observation make me every day less alarmed at the inevitable progress of democracy, better satisfied with the present and more hopeful for the future. He rejects the bugbear of Rousseauism, points out seven important crises in which the sympathies of the classes were absolutely opposed to the interest of the nation and of the Empire. The classes he maintains have signally failed in making themselves a real aristocracy even in foreign affairs, while in general affairs the superiority of the masses is still more striking. The chief mischief of aristocracy is that it

strengthens the principle of snobbishness, which is our national defect. He says:—

Here in England, apart from all questions of Ireland, there is a general and growing opinion that past legislation has not sufficiently kept in view the great and fundamental distinction between earned and unearned property.

These questions are obviously in a totally different sphere of ideas from speculations as to the original equality of mankind, and the abstract rights or wrongs of the principle of private property.

WHO WROTE THE PENTATEUCH?

Dr. Cave, in his paper on "The Old Testament and its Critics," appeals to Canon Driver and to Canon Cheyne to clearly indicate for the information of English readers:—

First, *the anachronisms* upon which the theory of the composite authorship and late date of the Pentateuch is based;

Second, *the contradictions* in the Pentateuch which demand a composite theory of authorship;

Third, those *parts* of the Pentateuch which have been, apart altogether from the evolutionary theory, proven to be *unhistorical*;

Fourth, the *interpretation* they place upon the constantly recurring words of the Law, "*Jehovah said*" (unto Moses, Aaron, &c.); and

Fifth, criticising the antagonistic theory as well as constructing their own, the *grounds* of their disbelief in the Journal theory of authorship of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers.

ARE JOINT STOCK COMPANIES CO-OPERATIVE INSTITUTIONS?

Mr. D. F. Schloss attacks the idea that limited liability companies whose shares are held by working men can properly be considered co-operative associations in the true sense of the word. He is very sceptical as to their economical value.

The organisation of modern industry is highly complicated; and the co-operative ideal, which would fain abolish differentiation and specialisation in regard to the functions of the *entrepreneur*, is inconsistent with success in the struggle for existence. The *entrepreneur* is the brain of the industrial organism: but a co-operative association is like a mollusc, with brains all over the body, and not much of them anywhere.

Richard Heath writes a pleasant little paper on Rotterdam and the Dutch workers, in the course of which he mentions that Prince Bismarck spoke five times in 1885 against the attempt to stop Sunday work in Germany. Miss Julia Wedgwood, having attended a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Globe Theatre, shares her experience with her readers.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN CRETE.

Mr. Stillman, in a paper on the Cretan question, declares that the case of the Cretans justifies the extreme intervention of Europe as much as did the Greek crisis of four years ago. He advocates the appointment of a Governor who will hold office for life, the approval of the majority of the powers being required for his appointment and for his removal in case he violates his constitutional restrictions. He would give him a small force of Albanian police, he would abolish the elective judiciary

and reinstate the assembly, diminishing its members, and adopting the principle of second re-election.

A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF THE SCHOOL FEE PROBLEM.

Mr. Diggle, of the London School Board, writing upon "School Fees," sets forth the denominational view of the question with the grasp of one familiar with the practical details of the administration of the Education Act. He says:—

"Without going the length of the compulsory abolition of school fees in all public elementary schools, it is possible, and as I think desirable, to take any favourable opportunity of dealing with the cases which now fall under the plan of remission. It may be found to be feasible to deal with cases where there is inability to pay as a whole throughout the country by allowing the managers of any public elementary school to elect whether they will retain the fee or commute it for a grant of say, 10s. per child in average attendance. In strict justice that grant ought to be a charge upon the local rates, and it would be equivalent to a school fee of threepence per week. If at the same time, by means of Government inspection, all schools are kept up to the same standard of educational efficiency, it is difficult to see what real grievance the continuance of the school fee in other cases could possibly be to any one."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

MR. SWINBURNE begins the new number of the *Fortnightly* with 18 pages of critical estimate of Mr. Thomas Shirley, "whose place among the English poets," he thinks, "although naturally unpretentious and modest, is indisputably authentic and secure." In passing, note that Mr. Swinburne has a fling at the Channel Tunnel. Speaking of the Channel Bridge, he says it is "the most monstrous project ever hatched, except, perhaps, its fellow folly, a submarine instead of an aerial conspiracy against the efficiency of nature." The Hon. George Curzon, M.P., who has been spreading out his Persian observations over some acres of the *Times*, fills 20 pages of the *Fortnightly* with extracts from a Diary on the Karun River. It is to be continued. Some time, perhaps, Mr. Curzon will learn the art of condensation.

THE DEGRADATION OF THE LONDON STAGE.

Mr. Oswald Crawford, C.M.G., has an interesting paper on the London Stage, which he considers is in a perilous state owing to four causes, which he summarises as follows:—

First, the mixed audience; then the apathetic behaviour of the educated portion of audiences; thirdly, long runs; and, perhaps strongest cause of all, the actor-manager system; and the final product of these causes is melodrama of a very false and foolish kind, and almost nothing but melodrama.

By way of remedying the evils of which he complains of, he makes the following suggestions:—

First, that the gods in the gallery should be tempted to the music halls, which should be given permission to perform stage plays. Then the class distinction in seats should be done away with, and rows of comfortable pit seats made to extend from the orchestra to the upper circle without a break. Secondly, he would give regular afternoon performances at half-past three. Thirdly, the theatres managed on right financial principles should have within themselves some sort of representative government, where power should be delegated by the governed to elected and deposable but still, while they were in power, autocratic rulers. The recognition of Government—of the Crown—should be extended to all theatres complying with certain conditions, and which should be so conducted as to advance the higher interests of dramatic art. Prestige of a still more durable kind would come to a company which should deliberately set good

art—that is good pieces, good playing of every part, good setting on the stage, and good stage-management—before the profit of the moment; which should eschew long runs, should avoid extravagance in mounting, and cultivate variety of entertainment next after excellence.

LITERATURE THEN AND NOW.

Mrs. Lynn Linton discourses in characteristic wise upon "Literature Then and Now." Here is her lamentation over the downward step which our literature has made:—

What was once solid heart-of-oak is now the flimsiest veneer. What was once mastery of the whole subject is now a quick study, a book of well-chosen extracts, and a serviceable memory when called on. That which was once a grave and honourable profession has now degenerated into a noisy, pushing, self-advertising trade; and he who would teach is not always abreast of those whom he undertakes to instruct. The classics are discarded for personal gossip; the continuity to be found in history runs into the sand out of which a new political fad is built; the human nature which has never varied in essence from the earliest times up to now is glibly supposed to be undergoing a transformation which will enable men to stand on their heads and talk with their heels; the golden apple has become the "purry pome," and the democratic wave has covered the garden of the Hesperides with mud and slime. Literature is not the honourable profession it was when—

When? In short, in the good old days when Mrs. Lynn Linton was young.

HOW TO ABOLISH THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

Mr. David F. Schloss discusses the evidence taken before the sweating committee. He rejects the proposal to interdict the migration of Russian and Polish Jews, and he would substitute machinery for sweated flesh and blood. His chief reliance, however, is placed upon the proposal to enforce upon sub-contractors and all small employers of every description the provision of decent and healthy accommodation. The task of inspecting these vile and filthy workshops should be undertaken without delay. Ample air-space should be provided for the workers, and there should be effective means of ventilation. By this means a considerable number of sweating dens would be inspected out of existence. The only other suggestion that he makes is that in all departments of imperial or municipal government contractors should agree to pay their workmen at a proper rate of wages. That the people as employers should sweat the people as employees is intolerable.

ANOTHER PLEA FOR CONSCRIPTION.

Mr. W. M. Gattie, in an article upon the Physique of European Armies, maintains that

The state performs a duty to the individual in requiring him to submit himself to such physical discipline as is imposed by military service.

An examination of the statistics of the height of recruits convinces him that our physique as a race is deteriorating. In 1845 only 105 out of a thousand were under 5 ft. 6 in., while in 1887, 508 were below that standard. And that although 750 per thousand were under the age of twenty in 1845, and 639 in 1887. The girth of the chest shows a similar shrinkage. This he attributes, of course, to the growth of the town at the expense of the country, although he thinks the prevalence of drunkenness has a good deal to do with it, and smoking in early youth. By a comparison of military returns of Russia, Austria, Italy, and Germany, he comes to the conclusion that there is a general tendency on the Continent towards physical improvement.

Thus, while the physique of the English army is deteriorating under influences already considered, the material from which

foreign armies are drawn is on the whole becoming better and more vigorous; and this—be it remembered—has come about in spite of tremendous wars in which every continental power of the first rank has sacrificed much of the flower of its youth.

The moral, of course, is obvious. If we wish to keep up our place in the race, Mr. Gattie thinks that we will have to supplement our education by some measure to prevent our deterioration in physique. Thus it comes back in the long run to conscription.

WANTED, A "MILITARY REVIEW" FOR ENGLAND.

The anonymous author of "A National Want: a Practical Proposal," argues strongly in favour of the establishment of a journal in England which would correspond to the *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger*. He says

I do not hesitate to say that that journal alone, by the ability, the wisdom, the sound sense, and the vast industry with which it has been conducted, has contributed more than any other single cause to raise the European estimate of the French army.

What I should like to see would be an organ dealing with all matters that concern the Empire at large, including the great questions of Imperial defence and Imperial federation, though not necessarily bound to any particular view of those questions.

What forbids this? I have the strongest reasons for believing that many at least of the highest authorities in the Navy are at this moment most anxious for a realisation of some such project. All the most able, the best known, and the most thoughtful soldiers desire to have some organ of the kind, but they have a notion that it would be distasteful to His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief of the army.

With Sir Morell Mackenzie's "Reform of the College of Surgeons" I have dealt with elsewhere. The only other articles in the *Review* are Miss B. De Bury's, upon "Idealism in Recent French Fiction," and Miss Clementina Black's criticism of Mrs. Mona Caird's paper on Marriage. Miss Black thinks that—

When a wife does not possess a separate income she ought to be able to claim by law a certain proportion of her husband's.

Her general conclusion is:—

Easier divorce may be necessary, but the opportunity of making wiser and happier marriages is more necessary still—partly, though not chiefly, because in that direction lies the only safe path towards less stringent legal conditions.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THE *New Review* opens with a somewhat slight article upon the Fall of Prince Bismarck.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

The following anecdote is however new:—

Soon after the establishment of the Empire, a distinguished gentleman congratulated the Crown Prince Frederick on the aggrandisement of his House. The Prince doubted whether there was really much cause for congratulation. "I rather feel," said he, "like a man who after being congratulated by his steward on the deposit of a handsome sum of money at his bankers, discovers that it is the price of all the timber on his estate—lately cut down." His Royal Highness then proceeded to argue that as Kings of Prussia the Hohenzollerns were more than reigning princes, and had more security and stability than is enjoyed by most sovereigns in these days.

The writer's estimate of Bismarck's character is faulty, inasmuch as it ignores the graver and more religious side

of the man, on which, indeed, the whole superstructure rests.

A VISION OF HELL. BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

The first part of an audacious and original allegory by Olive Schreiner, entitled "The Sunlight lay across my Bed," is one of the best things in this month's periodicals. It is a Socialist parable that reminds us at every turn of the author of the "Story of a South African Farm." "Hell," of which God shows her a vision, is nothing else than this earth in its present social order or disorder. The picture of the banquetting-house, in which the revellers laugh and feast on wine that is not wine, but human blood, is full of terrible vigour; and the vision of the ruins of other banquetting-houses upon which the wind blew, and they were not, is as vivid and powerful as the utterances of one of the old Hebrew seers. Olive Schreiner is emphatically a seer, and "the vision and the faculty divine" has seldom been more plainly displayed than in this somewhat awful paper. Of this take the following as example and key-note:—

I cried to God, "Oh, I am so weary."
God said, "You have not seen half Hell."

I said, "I cannot see more, I am afraid. In my own narrow little path I dare not walk because I think that one has dug a pit for me; and if I put my hand to take a fruit I draw it back again because I think it has been kissed. If I look out across the plains, the mounds are covered houses; and when I pass among the stones I hear them crying. The time of the dancing is beaten in with sobs, and the wine is alive. Oh, I cannot bear Hell!"

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

M. Emile Ollivier sends some French futilities about Germany:—

The Germany of Kant, of Goethe, of Beethoven, was like a grand cathedral, within whose peaceful walls stood a number of altars where sacred light was shed from lamps of gold. The Germany of the Emperor William is a vast barrack, in which the sound of trumpets and of the drilling of recruits drowns the grand voice of the German people chanting melodious hymns to its ideal.

Considering who it was declared war with a light heart, this kind of moralising over militarism and socialism can only be regarded as sickening. He says:—

In conclusion, the edicts are worthy of praise, and deserve to succeed; the Conference is an incoherent experiment, and will not succeed. Let the Emperor abandon his economical errors and his arbitrary rule over peoples to whom it is odious; let him curb his military ardour and place to the credit of the labouring class the amount so saved on the army estimates; then he will acquire the right to address a philanthropic appeal to the nations, and to inaugurate social concord in Europe.

Mr. Osborne Morgan asks, Why not face Disestablishment? in an article which will probably do good service as a Liberation Society's tract. Mdle. B. de Bury writes of the Loves of Chateaubriand. Stepniak describes the new departure of the Russian prison administration, the founding of penitentiary colonies in the Arctic zone. Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Rider Haggard collaborate in producing a new serial classical romance of Ulysses, under the title "The World's Desire." It promises well, and as Mr. Lang is working with him, Mr. Haggard need not resort to plagiarism to fill up his stint of pages. The articles by Sir Morell Mackenzie and Mr. Henry George are dealt with elsewhere. The number is thoroughly alive, up to date, and readable.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National* has pulled itself together this month, and appears with no less than two articles distinctly connecting themselves with current topics of public interest. During the last month the country has been appalled by the sacrifice among the coal-miners of South Wales of close upon two hundred and fifty lives; and at the same time that the public heart has thus been touched to sympathy with a special branch of the operative classes, the public brain has been hard at work ciphering out how the boons of a little leisure and decent opportunity are to be put within the reach of these classes as a whole. The editor of the *National Review* has not shut himself up against the appreciation of these things. For among the disquisitions on hydrophobia, the tourist's tales of Calabria or of Kamskatka, and the Arcadian vacancies in Yorkshire or Yakutsk, which generally supply the staple of this periodical, the editor has inserted an article on "Colliery Explosions," and another on the "Cost of a Shorter Day."

THE COST OF A SHORTER DAY.

Having got such a concession to actuality in the *National Review* as an article on the Eight Hours Movement, it is, perhaps, too much to expect of it that it should be so far up to date as to recognise the Berlin Conference. The writer, in fact (John A. Hobson) omits altogether any reference to the possibility of international action, and to the influence, great and small, which that might have upon the question. The substance of the article is an elaboration of Mr. John Morley's point that you must cut your wages according to your day. The reduction of productiveness involved in knocking off two hours' work would not, Mr. Hobson admits, be proportionate to the reduction in time, because fag-end work is often labour wasted. Such reduction as would result, the eight hours party propose to obviate by overtime at extra wages, or by an increase of workers. These alternatives, he objects, cut each other's throats. You must give up either the idea of maintaining the standard of wages, or that of taking in the unemployed. To the plea that the wages can be kept up by a redistribution of the profits as between master and man, he answers that if by legislation or other co-operation interference lessen the supply of capital, economics teach that, so far from "taking it out of the profits," you will only have to pay more for the use of capital. And assuming that by some artificial means, such as pressure by the trades unions, any immediate acceptance of lower wages is prevented, he appeals again to economics to prove that the undiminished wages will yet have diminished buying powers. In other words, either wages must fall or prices must rise. These are the main arguments which Mr. Hobson urges with an iteration rather laborious than convincing.

HOW TO PREVENT COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

If Mr. C. Parkinson is right in his facts, we ought, perhaps, to begin by hanging colliery owners and inspectors for not acting on them sooner; and we ought certainly never again to hear of holocausts underground from fire-damp. Hitherto science has been baffled in the attempt to protect life against the danger. She has never tried to remove the danger's first cause, that is, the union in explosive proportions of air with carburetted hydrogen. And the inflammability is greatly increased if the air is loaded with coal-dust. The cure for both things is, according to Mr. Parkinson, simply to keep the air moist. It is naturally moist in some mines; and it is never in these, he declares, but always in the dry ones, that the explosions occur. If, then, dry mines are dangerous and damp mines are safe, the conclusion is obvious—keep all mines damp. Substitute for the furnace-blast ventilation, which fills the mine

with dry and dusty air, some system which will secure throughout the atmosphere underground the saving element of moisture.

AMENDMENTS NEEDED IN THE FACTORY ACT.

There is another paper here which reflects the general stir-up of interest in the conditions of labour. Mr. Baumann, a young Tory of the school represented by Lord Dunraven, and an example of the invigorating atmosphere of a metropolitan constituency, belabours the House of Lords for pigeon-holing the Sweating Committee Report till a more convenient season, and supports practical "Amendments of the Factory Act," of which the chief are these:—(1) Define the proper ventilation required by section 3 as 300 cubic feet for every person employed up to eight p.m., and 400 after; three gas burners to be treated as equal to one person. (2) Abolish section 61, which wholly excepts from most of the provisions "domestic" workshops and workshops where no young persons or children are employed. (3) Abolish the Overtime clauses, except for a definite list of processes such as flax scutch mills, brick-making, turkey-red dyeing, &c. (4) Insert minimum as well as maximum penalties.

HOME RULE FOR INDIA.

H. G. Keene argues the impossibility of "Home Rule for India" on the ground that its various races can have no more common programme than the people of Spain, Germany, and the Balkans, with those of France, Scandinavia, and Greece. It would mean, he says, the displacement of Europeans by Asiatics in the high places of administration, and some sort of representation in a congress. Commerce would be killed by hostile tariffs, purity and impartiality would fade out of the administration, particularism would replace unification, the Sikhs would want Delhi, the Maharrattas would blackmail Bengal, &c., &c.—in a word, anarchy would reign till France or Russia stepped in. After which dismal forecast, the writer ends by observing that there is a good deal in the congress movement after all, and Parliament must sift the wheat from the chaff.

FARMERS AND MIDDLEMEN.

It is customary to put much of the blame for the difficulty in making farming pay upon the railway companies, and to look for a panacea for agricultural depression in a reform of railway rates. The gist of "Our Farmers in Chains" (Rev. Harry Jones) is that the real culprit is the middleman, who puts the carrots, turnips, and parsnips on the market. The companies are willing to deliver produce into the hands of the retail dealer at a price which would leave a good profit for the farmers. As it is, that profit is absorbed by the "commission" of the middleman, who purchases the vegetables and passes them on to the costermongers and dealers. Individually, the farmer cannot fight this interest; and the suggestion made is that he should combine into a farmers' association, which would always have a good stock of seasonable produce ready, and would be in touch with a number of retail dealers within reach of a London terminus or wharf.

Of the other articles here, the account of the ways of the "Yorkshire Dalesman," of the old-fashioned type, gossips pleasantly along, and "In Calabria" gives sprightly jottings of a tour, in an out-of-the-way bit of Italy, where till lately the bandit was supreme. According to A. Shadwell, M.R.C.P., the chief use of the muzzle is that the police know by its absence a derelict dog. Mr. Henry Ady reviews the winter and spring picture shows, and Evelyn Pyne describes "A Surrey Home."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* contains few papers calling for special remark. It is a fair average number, with a good medium mixture.

AN EMPHATIC CONTRADICTION.

The last page is devoted to the publication of a letter from Colonel Everett, commander of the Cameron Highlanders, which makes mincemeat of the most remarkable article by Sergeant Palmer which appeared in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The letter is as follows:—

The most conclusive evidence having been brought before me of the absolute falsehood of the stories related in the *Nineteenth Century* of this month, in connection with the battalion under my command, regarding the killing of men by their comrades for treachery, beating of men with rifle-slings, drinking of camel's blood, and wounded being left on the field for an extraordinary time at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, it only remains for me to request that you will be so good as to publish this, my most unqualified and emphatic denial of the same.

MR. CHAMPION IN MASQUERADE.

The first place is given to a dialogue in which Mr. Champion expounds his views in the guise of one Blake, who may be more accurately described as a cross between Mr. Champion and Mr. Maltman Barry. The somewhat lame and impotent conclusion to which the dialogue leads up is a suggestion that we should impose a tax on bread in the interest of the agricultural labourer! The second paper on the Labour Movement is by J. A. Murray Macdonald, in which he pleads for the eight hours day as a means to secure the regularity of employment. He would limit legislative action to the works carried on by railways and tramways, gas and water companies, and by government and local authorities.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES' DISPUTE.

Mr. Justice Pinsent, who is presiding judge of the Supreme Court in Newfoundland, sets forth our colonists' case against the French claims, especially against the preposterous demand that the French should be allowed to catch lobsters and build factories. Mr. Pinsent has no suggestion of his own to make for the settlement of the question, but he can only indulge in a pious hope that the time is not far distant when means shall have been devised for forever getting rid of the miserable anomaly of the French treaty rights in Newfoundland.

Mr. Hamilton Aidé, in a brief article, entitled "Was I Hypnotised?" describes a séance at which he was present with Mr. Home and Alphonse Karr at Nice. A heavy rosewood table rose from the ground three or four feet in the air in the presence of eight persons. The phenomenon is familiar enough to all those who have paid any attention to Spiritualism. Mr. Aidé's obvious disbelief in Spiritualism generally will probably secure for his narrative more credence than is usually accorded to such articles.

MR. SPENCER ON JUSTICE.

Mr. Herbert Spencer concludes his paper on "Justice" with the following characteristic protest against the tendency of the time in which he lives:—

Sympathy which, a generation ago, was taking the shape of justice, is relapsing into the shape of generosity; and the generosity is exercised by inflicting injustice. Daily legislation betrays little anxiety that each shall have that which belongs to him, but great anxiety that he shall have that which belongs to somebody else. For while no energy is expended in so reforming our judicial administration that every one may obtain and enjoy all he has earned, great energy is shown in providing for him and others benefits which they have not earned. Along with that miserable *laissez-faire* which calmly looks on while men ruin themselves in trying to enforce by law their equitable claims, there goes activity in supplying them, at other men's

cost, with *gratis* novel-reading! Evidently, then, amid this chaos of opinions, the true idea of justice can be but partially recognised. The workman who, in pursuance of it, insists on his right of making his own contract with an employer, will continue to be called a "black-leg"; and the writer who opposes the practice of forcibly taking A's property for B's benefit will be classed as an "*à priori* bigot."

Mr. Flürscheim states the case of Land Nationalisation against Professor Huxley with some vigour and considerable smartness which sometimes degenerates into colloquialism, as, for instance, when he says, "I do not care to follow Professor Huxley into the abstract philosophy of his arguments; I always had a kind of horror of abstract philosophy." Mr. Flürscheim's conclusion is that land nationalisation presents the only way to escape a catastrophe, the like of which the world never saw; socialism is the only alternative.

THE OPTIMIST IN IRELAND.

Mr. T. W. Russell, the indefatigable, reels off an article on "Ireland Then and Now," in which he contrasts once more the beatific state of Ireland to-day with the frightful horrors which prevailed before Mr. T. W. Russell was born. The net impression left after reading his article is that, of all the blessings that have overtaken Ireland in recent years, the potato famine of 1846 was about the best. Out of this great calamity, out of this great visitation, came a new life. From that day forward Ireland really began a national life, the people got elbow room, and were able to breathe freely. Since the famine Mr. Russell says the record of Great Britain is one of which no country need be ashamed. The number of mud cabins in Ireland has gone down from half-a-million to 50,000, the peasantry is comfortably clad, they imbibe tea at 3s. 6d. a pound, and although they drink too much whisky, still things are immensely improved. It is true that the housing of the poor stands much in need, in Dublin and Limerick, of improvement, but what Ireland requires above everything else is the introduction of enterprise that will take the pressure off life in the West and South.

Mr. W. F. Lord sympathetically describes Sir Stamford Raffles's Campaign, which resulted in the conquest of Java, and Lord Ribblesdale in a few pages describes hunting at Gibraltar.

The articles on noticeable books are contributed by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who praises Mr. J. Estlin Carpenter's "The First Three Gospels, their Origin and Relation," Mr. W. J. Courthope criticises Mr. Walter Pater's "Appreciations," Mr. W. S. Lilly deals with Mr. Howell Collin's "Epitome of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy," and Mr. H. G. Hewlett briefly criticises Mr. Morley's "Walpole," to which he gives the highest praise.

MERRY ENGLAND.

VERY close reading, but well repaying the attention given it, is "X. Y. Z.'s" continuation of the "Story of a Conversion." In this chapter the writer has devoted himself chiefly to the order of the books of the Bible, and to the history of the Semitic tongues. The whole series of articles, of which this one forms a link, will be found all the more interesting in that it is no fiction of conversion to which we have grown rather familiar lately, but the real history of the real change in a man's mind.

Note, also, the short, admirably chiselled piece of verse, "A Dead Astronomer." More suited to its subject, perhaps, than any of the very numerous thoughts that Father Perry's death inspired. But, in all humility, whence came the word "Amrist"?

Another remarkable, if somewhat speculative, historical paper, is Monseigneur Gradwell's "St. Patrick with St. Germanus in Britain."

FORUM.

GENERAL ABBOT'S paper on War under New Conditions, in the *Forum* for March, deals with the necessary changes which will have to follow the introduction of the magazine rifle, smokeless powder, and high explosives. The adoption of the higher weapons, he thinks, will diminish casualties, owing to the effect of the nervousness and stupidity of the combatants. He also thinks that if Germany were to invade the United States the Americans would be as unable to resist a force armed with modern weapons as the Red Skins were able to oppose the muskets of the Pilgrim Fathers with their bows and arrows. Professor A. B. Hart, who discusses the question whether the American people wish for civil service reform, thinks they do in a languid sort of way. They would like to see it brought about by somebody else, without the responsibility resting upon them or their legislators. Judge Tourgee discusses the right to vote from the Negro's point of view, and Mrs. Caroline Earle White reproduces the usual objections to vivisection. For the other articles in the *Forum*, see pages 293, 296, 301, 303, 306.

NORTH AMERICAN.

IN the *North American* for March, Senator Morrill takes up the cudgels on behalf of Protection in reply to Mr. Gladstone. Senator Morrill avails himself of the opportunity afforded by Mr. Gladstone's charge as to the Protectionist lack of morality, to laud the civilisation of America in a passage in which he adduces as a proof of the superior morality of protectionist America—

The evidence of the equality of their laws and citizenship, the uprooting of the inherited laws of primogeniture, the universal education through common schools, the liberal and spontaneous support of Christian churches, the extinction of human slavery originally planted by the mother-country, the free homesteads to the landless, disbandment of our vast armies at the close of the late war, and their prompt return to the peaceful pursuits of life, the national magnanimity exhibited after victory over rebellion, the payment of our public debt even before it is due, the liberal pensions to those who have suffered in patriotic service (perhaps annually exceeding for like services all British appropriations for the last century), the higher dignity and respect accorded to women, the paternal care of the poor, as well as of the insane, the blind, and deaf-mutes, and the general absence of all beggars. We appeal finally from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. James Bryce, the author of "The American Commonwealth," whose work has already placed him in the rank of Gibbon, Motley, and De Tocqueville.

Colonel Ingersoll's second paper on "Why I am an Agnostic" is thin and disappointing; it is simply a re-statement of the old argument that no human testimony is able to establish the supernatural, and that the miraculous is always false. Mr. Max O'Rell contributes a characteristic paper on "Lively Journalism," in which he declares that a free country possesses the government it requires and the journalism it wants. The Americans want a journalism that will keep their interest awake and amuse them, and they get it. He also remarks that in England or America it is the monthly and weekly magazines that now take the place of the dailies of by-gone days as an influence on the public mind.

Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, in a paper entitled "Our Unwatered Empire," describes the territory that is being reclaimed by irrigation in the far West. He thinks that the whole of the irrigation system will have to be taken under Federal control.

The fierce discussion that raged last month concerning the authority of the Speaker consequent upon Mr. Speaker Reed's grappling with obstruction, gives occasion for two articles, one by the Speaker, Mr. Reed, and the other by

the ex-speaker, Mr. J. G. Carlisle, on the "Limitation of the Speakership." Mr. Carlisle takes a very strong view, contrary to Mr. Speaker Reed's rules, which he says—

These new rules go far beyond all precedent here or elsewhere, and confer upon the speaker the absolute power to refuse to entertain any motion whatever if he chooses to consider it dilatory, although the motion itself may be clearly in order and expressly authorised by the very rules under which he is acting. Reform should have commenced by curtailing, instead of extending, the authority of that officer, and the control of the House itself over its own proceedings should have been enlarged upon some plan which would have prevented unreasonable and factious obstruction and delay, but at the same time given ample opportunity for deliberate consideration and action.

For other articles in the *North American Review*, see pages 293, 296, 299, 304, 309, 312.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, Mr. Albert Shaw, whose paper on Glasgow we noticed at some length in the March number of the REVIEW, has an interesting account of Belgium and the Belgians, which is based on a talk with M. de Laveleye, whom Mr. Shaw saw in his European trip. Mr. Oliver T. Morton sets forth in popular form six objections to Civil Service reform, and the answers thereto.

Mr. Thayer, in an article entitled "Trial by Jury of things Supernatural," gives an account of two cases of trial for witchcraft—one in England in 1664, and one in Scotland in 1696. Mr. Merwin contributes a pleasant little paper upon "Road Horses in New England."

Professor Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," in addition to the extract which we give elsewhere on Zolaism, contains many characteristic passages on Pyramids, Obelisks, and Whimsical Brain Squibs, &c., finishing up with a reference to what Dr. Holmes describes as—

The greatest bibliographical event that ever happened in the book-market of the New World is taking place under our eyes. Here is Mr. Bernard Quaritch just come from his well-known habitat, No. 15, Piccadilly, with such a collection of rare, beautiful, and somewhat expensive volumes as the Western Continent never saw before on the shelves of a bibliopole

CORNHILL.

IN the *Cornhill Magazine* there is a charming paper entitled "Nature by Night," which seems to hold out a promise that Richard Jefferies may not be without a successor. The article on "Excavators' Extracts" describes the adventures of some explorers on the Persian Gulf who were in search for Phœnician remains. The most interesting paper is the continuation of the "Circuit Notes." When the ideal newspaper is established, its editor will retain the gentleman who writes the "Circuit Notes," and let him report all the assizes from day to day. The Notes are admirably done, full of human feeling and keen insight. Here is the charming story with which they close:—

Sometimes prisoners after acquittal make an admission that a few moments earlier would have effectually knotted the rope. Once a prisoner was being tried for murder, evidence against him purely circumstantial; part of it, a hat found near the scene of the crime; an ordinary round black hat, but sworn to as the prisoner's. Counsel for the defence, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "You, gentlemen, no doubt each of you possess such a hat, of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence,"—and so on. So the man was acquitted. Just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity he pulled his hair and said, "If you please, my lord, may I 'ave my 'at?"

LIPPINCOTT.

In *Lippincott* the new instalment from "A Dead Man's Diary" is disappointing, not to say somewhat twaddly. To turn to a dead man's diary, and find eulogies of Robertson, of Brighton, and extracts from Carlyle, is somewhat disappointing. The only new thing that the diarist tells us this month is that good and bad are not parted, and exist together as they existed here, and that heaven and hell as separate places have no existence:—

The majority begin in this lower circle, and remain here until such time as they are fitted to move onward to a higher sphere. Others take their places in that higher sphere immediately, and some few are led into the Holy Presence straightway, although that, I believe, happens not more than once or twice in a generation. To become "changed" (to "die," as you would call it) is not to close the eyes on earth merely to open them the next minute in heaven. It is not a sudden transition from darkness to light, or from light to darkness. No, it is a slow and gradual awakening, for no human soul could bear so sudden a shock. The diarist's transition was, comparatively speaking, an exceptionally rapid one, but I know some who have been "changed" for a quarter of a century, and are only now becoming conscious of the fact. Of one thing you may be certain, and that is that God is never in a hurry in the education of a human soul.

Professor Hertford contributes an article, appreciative but not very remarkable, upon "Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, a woman in whose life fidelity was the key-note and central aspiration. Mr. H. Blackburn's paper on "Some Recent Art Progress," is too much of a catalogue. He remarks, however, that the attention now being paid to decoration and design, which is the most healthful and hopeful aspect of the art movement, is having an evil influence upon the painters of pictures.

Speaking broadly, the wider the diffusion of taste in the interior of our homes, the more attractive the work of our architects, decorators, and paperhangers, the worse for the painters of pictures who exhibit them in ordinary frames.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, in a paper on "Hamlet," contends against the common delusion that Hamlet was a man of thirty. Dr. Bacon, in his paper on "Things That May Any Day Turn Up," holds out the hope that—

The next stroke of the pickaxe may put the world into possession of a first-century Cicero or Virgil, of the lost Livy or Hortensius, of an inedited satire of Horace, or of an autograph epistle of Paul. They may turn up any day.

Who will go dig for us at Debir, which is Kirjath-Sepher, in the land of Judah? And who knows but we may discover that "Book of Jasher," and that "Book of Jehovah's Wars," that were classical authorities in the days when the Pentateuch and Joshua were written?

The chief interest in Prof. Haddon's "Incidents in the Life of a Torres Straits Islander," is the account given of the elevated standard of morality taught to young men on their initiation. Here, for instance, are some extracts from their teaching of their duty to parents, and neighbours, indicating an ethical high water-mark which many Christians have not reached:—

If any one asks for food, or water, or anything, you give something; if you have a little, you give a little; if you have plenty, give half.

Look after your mother and father; never mind if you and your wife go without.

Don't speak a bad word to your mother.

Give half of all your fish to your parents; don't be mean.

Father and mother all along same as food in belly; when they die you feel hungry and empty.

Mind your uncles, too, and cousins.

Mr. Vaux's "Memories of England" have nothing to do with England, but with Ireland. He describes how he

heard Tom Moore sing his own melodies, and how a duel was averted between O'Connell and an American minister. The story is "A Cast for Fortune," by Christian Reid. Next month the story will be written by Bret Harte, and entitled "A Sappho of Green Springs."

CENTURY.

In the *Century*, M. George Berger, Director-General of the Paris Exhibition, makes suggestions for the World's Fair in America, which are, in brief, first, that the organisers of the Exhibition should aim at novelty and at the extraordinary. He would give no prizes, charge no rentals, permit no sales, and raise the money by a lottery. The part of the article explaining the organisation of the lottery is cut out by the editor of the *Century*, who says, "his argument as to this is omitted, as the suggestion is, of course, out of the question." Mr. Stillman describes the paintings of Giovanni Bellini, which is illustrated by two wonderful engravings by Timothy Cole. An elaborate archaeological article by Mr. Putman describes the Serpent Mound in the Ohio Valley. Mr. Charles de Kay contributes a copiously illustrated but somewhat slight paper on the old poetic guild in Ireland. The Artist's Letters from Japan are continued. The other topographical papers on the Non-irrigable Lands of the Arid Region, the Shoshone Falls, and the Fur Seal Islands, by Mr. Charles Bryant, who was the first special Treasury agent in that sea. He estimates that there are one million eight hundred thousand breeding females on the ground. On July 20 he calculated that there were no fewer than five million seals at one time upon the island of St. Paul. Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in a brief paper of two pages, upon a World-literature, says:—

First, that all advances towards a world-literature must be based on principles which have formed the foundation of every detached literature; and, secondly, that these principles are something apart from the laws of science, or invention, or business, and not less worthy than these of life-long study.

These principles, he thinks, are too little sought after in modern university education. He says:—

If this world-literature be really the ultimate aim, it is something to know that we are at least getting so far as to interchange freely the national models. The current London literature is French in its forms and often in its frivolity; while the French critics have lately discovered Jane Austen, and are trying to find in that staid and exemplary lady the founder of the realistic school and the precursor of Zola. During our Centennial Exposition I asked a Swedish commissioner if Fredrika Bremer's works were still read in Sweden. He said that they were not; and when I asked what had taken their place, he answered, "Bret Harte and Mark Twain." Among contemporary novelists Mr. Howells places the Russian first, then the Spanish, ranking the English, and even the French, far lower. He is also said, in a recent interview, to have attributed his own style largely to the influence of Heine. But Heine himself, in the preface to his "Deutschland," names as his own especial models Aristophanes, Cervantes, and Molière—a Greek, a Spaniard, and a Frenchman. Goethe himself thinks we cannot comprehend Calderon without Hafiz.

HARPER'S.

In *Harper's*, the most interesting paper by far is a very elaborate and copiously illustrated article, the ninth of the series, on great American industries, describing the manufacture of a suit of clothes. There is an appreciative sketch of James Young, by the Rev. W. H. Milburn, of whom he says:—

When we consider the grandeur of his genius, the multifarious greatness of his works, the simplicity and sublimity of

his character, we are amazed at the indifference of mankind, which has suffered his name to rest in comparative obscurity.

It is illustrated by a very fine portrait from Peacock's "Life of Young." Mr. Abbey's illustrations of the "Merchant of Venice" are set off by one of Mr. Andrew Lang's dissertations set in large and leaded type. John Merritt describes "Three Campaigns against the Red Skins," with some realistic illustrations. Mr. Howells gives us the second instalment of his new story, "The Shadow of a Dream." Mr. Lukens describes the American comedians who have produced that product of Western civilization, American humour, and Mr. Wheatley gives an interesting account of the working of the New York Maritime Exchange.

SCRIBNER.

THE chief paper in *Scribner* is "The Electric Railway of To-day," extracts from which will be found in another column. There is also an interesting paper by Mr. Bliss, on "Tadmor in the Wilderness," an account of a visit to the ancient Palmyra. Mr. F. W. Whitridge begins a series of articles on the "Rights of Citizens" by explaining their rights as householders, with special reference to the infringements made upon them in New York. Mr. Martin concludes his interesting paper, "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb;" the illustrations are from drawings by H. Railton and John Fulleylove. Mr. Apthorpe criticises the extreme position of the Wagnerian fanatics in a paper on "Wagnerianism and the Italian Opera."

ANDOVER REVIEW.

THE *Andover Review* for March, in addition to the articles upon creeds as tests for Church membership and the problem of pauperism, which are dealt with elsewhere, contains an interesting article by Mr. Willard upon the modern preacher, Father Agostino, the Savonarola of to-day, whose discourses continue to command immense congregations in all the Italian cities. There is a long review of Professor Allen's "Jonathan Edwards." In an editorial describing the progress of revision in the Presbyterian Church of America, revision, it says, is tolerably certain to be carried by a large majority. The book reviews and notices are very elaborate.

THE WELSH MAGAZINES.

Y Geninen, which occupies with *Y Traethodydd* the front rank amongst Welsh reviews, is not to be commended for devoting so much of its space to biographical sketches. Last month it published a special issue consisting entirely of such sketches, while fully half of the current number is devoted to the same class of literature. It may well learn a lesson from its rival *Y Traethodydd*, and devote more space to the consideration of some of the leading topics of the day.

Cyvaill yr Actwyd claims the honour of being the only family magazine published in the Welsh language. Its contents fully establish its right to its title "The Friend of the Hearth." It has recently developed two features well worthy of notice. The first is a monthly review of the "Progress of Welsh Nationalism," performing for Welsh readers in regard to purely Welsh matters a service somewhat analogous to "The Progress of the World" in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, though necessarily on a much smaller scale. The second is a chatty and fairly comprehensive review of current Welsh literature, a feature which the editor has succeeded in divesting of the dryness of an ordinary review and in investing it with interest to the general reader.

Cymru Fydd, which claims to be the organ of young Wales, necessarily gives prominence to purely Welsh

topics. While possessing considerable literary merit, it can hardly be recognised as the organ of any party inasmuch as there will often be found in it articles enunciating totally opposite views on the same question. Its articles are, however, instructive, and seldom dry reading. In the current issue the article on the Union of Wales and England will command attention, as will also the remarkably interesting contribution of the History of Hymns.

THE WELSH "ACT OF UNION."

Now that the question of Home Rule for Wales is being pushed to the front, and the claims of the principality to equal consideration with Scotland and Ireland are being urged, whatever may tend to throw light upon the historical relations of Wales and England will be welcomed. Professor Lloyd, of Aberystwith, has rendered excellent service in this direction by his interesting *Studies in Welsh History*. In the current number of *Cymru Fydd*, Mr. J. Arthur Price recalls "an important but forgotten statute, which is, however, the Welsh equivalent to the Scotch and Irish Acts of Union of 1707 and 1800." The statute to which Mr. Price accords the dignity of "The Welsh Act of Union" is that passed by Edward I. after the downfall of Llywelyn, and by which—

He laid down a code of laws for the newly-incorporated province, which should at once reform and conserve their former customs. The centralised system by which the Norman Kings had gradually modified the old independent local life of Anglo-Saxon England, is solemnly introduced into Wales by statute law. A regular system of jurisdiction is established, and to carry it out the districts of Wales are recognised and grouped into counties. The Sheriff (*vice comes*), who in Norman and Plantagenet times was the *alter ego* of the King, and who is to preside at the gathering of the freeholders in the shire court, is created for each county. Had these clauses of Edward's Act been worked out in the way in which the legislator intended, Wales would not have had to wait more than two hundred years before her right to Parliamentary representation was fully recognised, nor would she have possessed almost to our own times a separate system of judicature. . . . The eleventh section deals with the succession to landed property, and, while excluding illegitimate children and admitting daughters, confirms the old common law of Wales, by which an inheritance was divided among all the sons of a family instead of passing to the eldest son, as was the case under the feudal law of England. The act contains further proof of the desire of the Conqueror to conciliate the conquered. To view it fairly, I think it must be allowed that, if the absorption of Wales in England was a necessity of the political situation, Wales obtained terms as generous as she had any right to expect. It may even seem to many that, had the statute of Wales been carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter, it might have been for the advantage of Wales if it had never undergone any material modification. It must be apparent that if its clauses still governed Wales, many of the burning questions of the day would not trouble us; peasant proprietorship would be the general rule, and so the present land question would not exist; Welshmen would not have to complain of laws, judges, or magistrates out of touch with their national ideas; and it would have been impossible for the aristocratic talent of the country to have shaken itself completely free from all national ideas."

THE ISOBATH INKSTAND.—Messrs. Thomas de la Rue & Company of London have sent me an excellent inkstand, which, if more generally known, would come into more general use. It is called the "Isobath" constant-level inkstand, the essential principle of which is that the ink reservoir is completely enclosed, and the small dipping well is always maintained at the same uniform depth by the pressure of a float in the reservoir. Every dip of ink is automatically replaced in the well until the ink is exhausted. By this means the ink is always the right depth for dipping, and is always clear and fresh.

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE leading articles in the *Revue Des Deux Mondes* and the *Nouvelle Revue* will be found noticed under separate headings in the preceding pages.

The most important article in this *Revue* for March is that concerning the neutrality of Belgium and Switzerland, which will be found fully summarized elsewhere.

FRENCH CRITICISM OF GERMAN HISTORY.

M. Von Sybel's book on the "Foundation of the German Empire" is one of the most important which has lately appeared. M. Valbert reviews it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and we can hardly do better than quote, without comment, a few passages of the review. Having begun by premising that it is not possible to give a definite judgment on a book of which the existing volumes are only a beginning, M. Valbert proceeds to give a judgment which, if wisely suspended, is none the less as definite and clear as his judgments usually are. "After having read the first three volumes of the 'History of the Foundation of the German Empire,' it is not possible to doubt that this important work will be to the end very instructive and full of interest; but I must be permitted to add, that certain parts must be read with caution. M. de Sybel has all the qualities of a true historian, except the supreme one of impartiality, of a perfect detachment of mind. He is not one of those whose signature is an absolutely trustworthy guarantee. No one is more conscientious in research; no one can display more sagacity and penetration; but also no one is more prejudiced. He belongs to the new school of German historians, who put history at the service of patriotism, and an experienced critical faculty at the service of a foregone conclusion. He has a great deal of talent. He would have even more if he had less direct intention. His new book is a special pleading, and in it he devotes himself without deviation to the task of presenting the policy of Prussia in the most favourable light. His good faith is beyond doubt. He is incapable of altering a text, or of changing the sense of a document; but he has a thesis to maintain. He is in love with it, and the evidence of lovers is always unreliable. They may be lynx-eyed, but they will see only what they wish to see."

"M. de Sybel has proved more than once that, when he chooses to give himself the trouble, he has the art of realizing and describing character; but directly there is any question of his thesis, he becomes a mere blunderer in his art. Historical special pleaders are too much disposed to divide their personages into sons of darkness and children of light. They have their sympathies and their aversions, and then take them for the rule of their judgment. For M. Sybel the restoration of the German Empire is not only one of the most considerable events of the history of the nineteenth century; it is a holy, almost a divine work. Whoever had laboured for it is a workman of the Lord; his heart must necessarily be pure, and his hands clean. He does not say so, but the conviction is apparent in every page. It may be read between the lines." M. Valbert instances M. de Sybel's condemnation of Napoleon, his glorification of Bismarck and the Emperor William. The criticism must be taken, of course, as French criticism of German political work. This is partly what gives it its special interest.

CONSERVATIVES IN OPPOSITION.

It is rather curious to find in an article written from the Conservative point of view on the relations of the Republican and Conservative parties in France, the following justification of obstruction:—

"Is it certain that the country has really suffered by the sterile interpellations, the vainly irritating discussions, the lost sittings with which the Right is reproached? The Right has often prevented the Chamber from achieving any result. Ah, why did it not prevent it oftener? Is it possible, for instance, to suppose that France and the army would have lost much if the military law had been voted two years later? It is difficult to regret that the authority of an ignorant and violent assembly has not been freely exercised. To force it to lose its time is to prevent the accomplishment of evil. Certainly, in theory, whether it is in Paris or at Westminster, in Pesth or Madrid, obstruction, to give it its British name, may seem both puerile and culpable, but if it is fault it must be sometimes called *felix culpa*. To paralyse a malevolent majority, to amuse it with vain subtleties, to weary it with incessant goading, to oblige it to consume protracted sessions in useless debate, to allow it no leisure in which to vote bills that have originated in incompetent and incoherent minds, is one way of rendering a service to the country."

We recommend this passage to our Irish members. But the article has more in it than this, and ought not to be passed over by readers who are interested in French politics.

The French magazines are happy in fiction. M. Cherbuliez has no sooner brought his very slight but readable serial to an end than M. Octave Feuillet, whose satin and rose-leaf style excuses all his sins of conventional conception, is ready to take up the ball. His new story, "Honneur d'Artiste," begins as a serial in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

MRS. BURNETT'S NOVELS.

M. Bentzon's review of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's novels is an excellent and appreciative criticism of an author who is anything but French, and it strikes us as less tinged with particularism than his equally careful review of "Robert Elsmere," which was noticed in January. It is true that he attacks somewhat strongly that sacrifice of art to fireside sentiment which so frequently defaces British works of imagination; but the criticism is just, and there is at present no danger of our writers falling into the opposite extreme of following art into its most unsavoury haunts. M. Bentzon agrees with what may be considered as the judgment of British and American society, namely that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best of Mrs. Burnett's works. The didactic tone of "Between Two Administrations" always appears to be a blot on what is in other respects a clever and thoroughly interesting production, and it certainly is unpleasant to tumble straight out of a well-drawn and exciting love scene into the sordid wiles of speculators, and the painful corruption of politicians.

To us the charm and the value of M. Bentzon's work is that he takes the trouble thoroughly to know the authors he reviews, and so to mingle narrative with criticism as to enable a foreign public to know them too. The reader who had never looked at "Robert Elsmere," nor opened a volume of Mrs. Burnett's, would yet, after following

M. Bentzon, have a very just and fairly complete idea of what—if he were so disposed—he might look for in each. The style is almost as simple as that of good fireside talk, and the gain to the French reading public of having someone so competent to taste and report upon the light literature of their neighbours must be considerable. So far, M. Bentzon has shown an instinct of sympathy for what may be called our best mediocrity. It would be interesting for us, if he can rise higher, to see what he would do with Mr. George Meredith. And in the meantime, his work stirs the wish that some English reviewer would do for us in French literature what he is doing for France in ours.

REVUE DE FAMILLE.

THE principal articles of the *Revue de Famille* are one, always under the heading of the Education of Women, by Jules Simon, which treats in a very perfunctory manner the question of schools in France, and another, by Auguste Moireau, on Women and the Suffrage in the United States. They should be read together for the sake of the corrective which the facts of M. Moireau apply to the theories of M. Simon. M. Simon is of opinion that after the age of ten the education of the sexes must be certainly carried on apart. M. Moireau describes the excellent results which follow in the United States from the continued education of the sexes together up to the age of eighteen or twenty. "A different race!" M. Simon would perhaps reply. Possibly. But there is something to be said for the theory, that if liberty and self-respect are found continually in association, they may have the relation to one another of cause and effect.

THE REVUE HISTORIQUE.

The *Revue Historique*, which appears every two months, has a fresh number. It begins with an article of thirty-five pages, by M. Waddington, on the relations of France and the German Protestants under Charles IX. and Henry III., the drift of which is to show how France was stultified merely by the contradiction which existed between the external policy of leaning upon the German Protestant princes and the internal policy of St. Bartholomew's days and persecution of the Huguenots. M. Waddington's Protestant traditions put him in a position to treat the question from a somewhat different point of view from the ordinary French writer, and he considers the study of this period of diplomacy of France to be specially interesting because it throws out into clear relief the great political fault committed by Charles II. and his mother on the night of August 24th, 1572. France and Spain were naturally rivals at that time; the German Protestant Alliance was a necessity to France, and the curious thing is, as M. Waddington points out, to find Catherine nourishing the hope that after the massacre of St. Bartholomew she could still continue her anti-Catholic policy in Europe. Articles in the *Revue Historique* are intended specially for students of history, but M. Waddington makes no call on previous special knowledge, his paper is eminently readable for the ordinary public.

He is followed by M. Funck Brentano, whose name is so well known in connection with studies of the eighteenth century that it is enough to mention the fact that he finishes in this number his articles upon the Bastille.

There is another article, by M. L. Farges, on the Temporal Power at the beginning of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. And then we get what is really perhaps the most valuable feature in the *Revue*—the "Bulletin Historique." This Bulletin consists of fifty pages of notices of all the important contributions to the study

of history which have appeared in France since the publication of the last number. It is admirably done, and supplies a want which is felt by all students who, by the very fact of serious study, are often prevented from keeping count of contemporary work in the same field. After this Bulletin the *Revue Historique* contains about thirty pages of reviews, which include books of all European languages. About the same space is devoted to foreign periodicals and scientific societies; and, under the head of "Chroniques and Bibliography," another thirty pages are filled with notes and news likely to interest historical students.

GAZETTE DES BEAUX ARTS.

It is a disappointment not to find the continuation of M. Michel's study of Rembrandt in this month's *Gazette*; but his distinguished fellow-critic, M. Mantz, gives the sixth and last of his articles upon Watteau. It is, as usual, delightfully illustrated, and is devoted chiefly to a work which is most useful now, and may easily become very valuable some day, giving, namely, a descriptive list of some of the best pictures of the master, and where they may be found. It is thirty years since M. Mantz first began his search after the many pictures which had disappeared, and he was told then that he might as well give up the vain attempt, as all the lost Watteaus were in England. The declaration was so often repeated that it became an accepted dogma in the history of art; but when M. Mantz and M. Lacaze—who was pursuing the same search after Watteau on his own account—met at the Manchester Exhibition of 1857, their disappointment was keen to find only one Watteau in the whole collection. It was the very beautiful *Fête Champêtre* which was sent by Lord Hertford, and is now in Sir R. Wallace's collection. Undaunted, however, by this first disappointment, M. Mantz continued to explore the galleries and private collections of England, and as a result he finds that a great many of Watteau's masterpieces are indeed in England. He does not attempt to give a complete list. Nowhere, he says, would this be more difficult than in England, where so many doors are shut. But he names many of the finest, and tells where they are to be found. Sir Richard Wallace's collection, of which the Watteaus were exposed at the Winter Exhibition of last years is one which M. Mantz qualifies as justly famous. Russia and Germany possess also a great many of Watteau's pictures, and the late discovery of the Rembrandt at Vesinet which M. Mantz holds to be perfectly genuine has stirred hopes that the still missing Watteaus may yet be found. The works of that enchanter, who knew better than any one else how to teach the world what the "smile of France" was worth, can never, in the opinion of M. Mantz, be numerous enough.

An illustrated catalogue of the Spitzzen collection takes the next place in the *Gazette*, and the foreign correspondence this month is devoted entirely to the English galleries. The Tudor Exhibition, the New Gallery, and the Old Masters divide it between them.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE.

M. FOUILLÉE continues his studies of the *Idée Forcée*. M. de Roberty gives a first article on the Evolution of Philosophy; and M. Binet has an article which, though closely scientific, may be read with interest in many nurseries, on the "Movements of Young Children."

The English books noticed in the review are Baldwin's "Handbook of Psychology: Senses and Intellect;" Hobbes's "Elements of Law, Natural and Politic;" Hobbes's "Behemoth on the Long Parliament."

The notice of foreign periodicals is given entirely to Russia.

THE RUSSIAN REVIEWS FOR MARCH.

Of all Russian magazines this month, the new *Russian Review*, edited by Prince Tseretseff, of Moscow, offers the most varied and the most tempting pabulum to its readers, who, if success went arm in arm with merit, would outnumber those of the most popular monthly in the empire. If this ever does take place, it will not be for want of protests on the part of the contemporaries of the *Russian Review*, who, as was predicted in these pages months ago, bitterly attack the editor for introducing a politically colourless periodical to Russian readers, a magazine without a definite profession of faith, which admits with perfect indifference contributions from "Liberals" and "Conservatives" on condition that they are readable and enjoyable from a purely literary point of view. In this country magazines of the politically colourless type are the rule; whether the peculiar conditions of Russia render them undesirable there is a matter that had best be left in the hands of Russian journalists.

In the last number of the *Russian Review* Bret Harte finishes his interesting story, "Sappho at the Green Springs;" the well-known philosopher, Vladimir Solovieff (whose articles in the *Messenger of Europe* lately got the editor of that review into serious trouble in the shape of a warning from the Government) begins a most interesting series of articles on "China and Europe," which, though not written in the form of letters, remind one most forcibly of the epistolary effusions of that discontented wanderer, Lien Chi Altangi, who threw such a curious light (as of Chinese magic lanterns) on the civilisation of Europe a century ago.

HOW COUNT TOLSTOI DECLINED A DUEL.

But what is most likely to prove interesting to British and American readers are the "Souvenirs" of the poet A. Fate, who publishes quite a collection of most interesting letters from Turgenieff, Count L. Tolstoi, and Botkin. Among those written by the first-named novelist, there is one addressed to A. Fate, and dated Paris the 8th November, 1861, containing a reference to the quarrel between him and Tolstoi, which very nearly ended in a duel. After a few remarks on the private affairs of his correspondent, Turgenieff says: "*Apropos*, one other 'last pronouncement' about that unfortunate affair with Tolstoi. Passing through Petersburg, I was informed by 'trustworthy people' (a nice lot they are, these trustworthy people!) that in Moscow copies of Tolstoi's letter were being circulated (the letter in which he 'despises' me) by Tolstoi himself. This enraged me so that I sent him a challenge from here, to take effect on my return to Russia. Tolstoi replied that the circulation of copies of his letter was a pure invention, and at the same time he sent me a letter in which, after having detailed once more the circumstance and the manner in which I had insulted him, *he asks my pardon and declines the duel*. Of course, the matter will have to finish here. I would only ask you to inform him (for he assures me that he will consider any further communication from me as an insult) that I myself take back every challenge, &c., and trust that the whole affair will be buried for ever. I destroyed his letter (of apology). I never received the other letter which he says he sent me through the bookseller, Davydoff. And so *de profundis* to the whole thing."

LETTERS FROM TURGENIEFF.

In another letter to the same correspondent, bearing date of the 7th January, 1862, we find the following

further allusion to this quarrel:—"Have you seen Tolstoi? Only *to-day* have I received the letter which he sent me last September through the bookseller, Davydoff. [How delightful the punctuality of Russian merchants!] In this letter he speaks of the intention he had to insult me, asks pardon, &c. And almost at that very moment I—in consequence of other tittle-tattle that had come to my ears, about which I think I told you—was sending him a challenge, &c. The inference to be drawn from all this is that our constellations are positively at war with each other as they move about in ether, and that it is best for him and me that we should, as he himself suggests, avoid meeting each other. But you may write to him, or tell him by word of mouth (if you see him) that, phrases and puns apart, I am exceedingly fond of him *at a distance*, and respect him and watch his career with interest; but that no sooner are we in proximity than everything assumes a wholly different aspect. What's to be done? We two must live as if we inhabited different planets, or lived in different centuries."

Notwithstanding this magnanimous loving at a distance and burial of bygones by bygones, Turgenieff seems occasionally to dwell with what the Germans expressively term *Schadenfreude* (our lack of the name is unfortunately no proof that we are free from the vice it connotes) on the peccadilloes that chequer the unregenerate period of Count Tolstoi's life. Thus, in a letter dated 5th March, 1862, he tells his friend Fate that "Tolstoi has written to Botkin that he has lost money at play, and has taken 1,000 roubles (£100) from Katkoff in advance on his Caucasian novel. God grant that in this way at least he may return to his proper work. His 'Childhood and Youth' has come out in an English translation, and I am told is liked. I asked an acquaintance of mine to write a review of it for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is no doubt indispensable to make oneself acquainted with the masses, but to make love to them hysterically like a woman is absurd."

IN PRAISE OF GERMAN CULTURE.

Turgenieff's views of the respective merits of Russian and German culture would not find much favour in the Russia of 1890. He expresses them very unmistakably in a letter to Botkin, dated the 28th August, 1862. "When you leave muddy Poland and arrive on German soil, you find yourself, as it were, in a radiant land. The poor Slavonic race! We blame Hegel for having assigned to the Slavs a less illustrious mission than to the German family. Alas! every one can convince himself that Hegel was right. Civilisation is worked out, not by ideas, but by manners. Yes; here *es wird mir behaglich zu mulhe* (my mind runs in a cheerful groove); this is mainly because my intellectual development is associated with Germany. Not to mention philosophy and poetry, even German humour is after my own heart. Alas! our Russian so-called education disposes us to imitate rather French morals, and the more is the pity. Moreover, what pleases us in French education are its bad sides, notably its licentiousness and its slipshod ways; it is mostly these things that the Russian selects and assimilates. The German spirit, which is made up wholly of discipline, is not in harmony with our nature. What a pity that Russian tourists merely pass through Berlin without entering into the spirit of the place. Only good schools can cure us of this our superficiality."

AN ANECDOTE OF GENERAL IGNATIEFF.

How discipline was tried and what came of it (Russians of the last quarter of the nineteenth century are endowed with the gift of perseverance) some years ago, is the lesson which the *Historical Messenger* of this month endeavours to convey in an interesting paper by M. Zotoff, who occupied many years since the unenviable post of newspaper editor in St. Petersburg. One day he was called up before the Governor-General of the capital. "In the antechamber the governor walked quickly up to me and exclaimed: 'How dare you, who are in the Government service, condemn measures taken by the Government?' He paused a minute for reply; but seeing that I continued to look at him in mute astonishment, ignorant of what he meant, he went on: 'You wrote in your paper that at the corner of the Nevsky and the Morskoy a ragged *izvoschtschik* driving furiously knocked down an old woman and that the police could not catch him? Did you not?' I did not answer at once; I was slowly calling to mind that something of the kind had been written in the *feuilleton* of my paper. 'In the *feuilleton*, among other items of town news that case was mentioned,' I said. 'My contributor, who writes the *feuilletons*, was himself an eyewitness to it.' 'No such fact could possibly have taken place,' objected Governor Ignatieff, waxing angry. 'Izvoschiks are forbidden to drive not only furiously, even rapidly, and are also forbidden to appear in slovenly attire; and the police have orders to arrest every one who disobeys these regulations. By publishing the statement that the regulations are broken through, you are virtually accusing the supreme power of neglect of duty and lack of supervision; besides which you dare to advise the police to pay greater attention to order in the streets than to the occupants of the carriages and equipages. Who gave you the right to offer advice?' And, so on. Zotoff is hauled over the coals till he almost wishes the ground opened up and swallowed him. This interview converted him from the error he had laboured under theretofore, that among the things which it is more blessed to give than receive may be enumerated medicine and advice.

THE RUSSIAN PRISON SYSTEM.

Russian Thought publishes in its last number an interesting paper, by M. Remezoff, entitled "Punishment and Correction," which passes in review the report of the Chief Prison Board for the ten years, 1879-1889, which has just seen the light. Among the many theses developed, and seemingly demonstrated by the author, is the contention that the present system, whatever advantages it may otherwise possess, labours under one grave defect: it makes prisoners of the educated classes feel that they are being punished, severely punished, vindictively punished, without the slightest attempt being made to reform them: their punishment being neither more nor less than the revenge taken on them by society or its representative; whereas it should pursue a humanitarian object—should be calculated to correct and improve. The author defends—and triumphantly it would seem—the deportation system which prevails in Russia; but not as it prevails there. He proposes several important ameliorations, and winds up with the expression of regretful surprise, that among the questions to be submitted to the consideration of the International Prison Congress that will meet this year in St. Petersburg—and their number is legion,—not a single one deals with the highly important problem of penal settlements.

E. J. DILLON.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

In the German periodicals for March, political articles are more conspicuous by their absence than ever. The only references to politics occur in the political survey of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, dated middle of February, which sets forth the chief points of the German Emperor's Rescripts in favour of the international regulation of labour. Drawn up undoubtedly in accordance with the views of Prince Bismarck, these manifestoes may in some measure be regarded as the first important step towards the realization of those social reforms which the Emperor immediately after his accession sketched out to the Reichstag in his speech from the throne. Such personal declarations on the part of the Emperor are additional proof of his love for peace. In connection with this new departure, which Cardinal Manning, in a letter to the editor of the *Deutsche Revue*, has declared to be "the wisest and worthiest act that has proceeded from any sovereign of our times," it is satisfactory to see that the *Revue* is publishing in *extenso* a translation of Cardinal Manning's famous address on the Dignity and the Rights of Labour, which he delivered a few years ago before the Leeds Mechanics' Institute.

The *Gartenlaube* gives an outline of the third instalment of the German Socialist law, dealing with compulsory insurance against incapacitation and old age, which, however, will not take effect till January 1, 1891. The whole German scheme of practical State Socialism having been fully dealt with by *Chambers's Journal* last month, repetition is unnecessary here.

The late Empress Augusta has sympathetic biographers in the *Gartenlaube*, *Nord und Süd*, and *Von Fels zum Meer*. The centenary commemoration of the death of Joseph II. of Austria is observed by the *Gartenlaube* and *Velhagen* in suitable articles, with portraits, recounting the main events in the life of the Emperor. In the *Rundschau*, the third volume of the Memoirs of Duke Ernest II. of Saxe Coburg Gotha is reviewed; and by way of celebrating the eightieth birthday of the Pope (March 2), *Von Fels zum Meer* contributes a sketch of his life. The writer considers Leo XIII. one of the most serious and conscientious of popes, and he is satisfied that even the opponents of the Papacy feel constrained to acknowledge the eminent personal qualities of the present occupant of the chair of St. Peter.

Articles on literary subjects are, as usual, very numerous. The disciples of Goethe should not miss the picture of Goethe at Sesenheim in *Velhagen*, which is charmingly reproduced; nor the love-story of Goethe and Friederike Brion, which accompanies it. Herr Otto Brahm is an indefatigable writer on matters relating to Schiller. This month he celebrates in *Nord und Süd* the centenary of Schiller's marriage with Lotte von Lengefeld. *Nord und Süd*, which has for its editor the famous critic Paul Lindau, is indeed almost entirely devoted to articles on literary subjects. Besides the biographical and critical article, with portrait, in *Velhagen* on the late Ludwig Anzengruber, the Austrian people's poet, and some unpublished letters by the humourist Fritz Reuter in the *Gartenlaube*, *Nord und Süd* has an interesting monograph, with portrait, on Heinrich Kruse, the poet and dramatist, once tutor to the sons of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and later conductor of the *Kölnische Zeitung* till 1872, when he became the representative of that paper in Berlin. Since 1884 the poet, who is now seventy-five years of age, has lived in retirement at Bückeburg. The *Rundschau* concludes its notice of Ernest von Wildenbruch as dramatist, while *Vom Fels zum Meer* publishes an autograph poem by Karl Gerok, the lyric poet and preacher. Those interested in tradi-

tional poetry will welcome the article on Nature in the Latin Songs of the Wandering Church Minstrels of the Middle Ages, to be found in *Nord und Süd*.

In the way of travel papers there remains, after the account of the Portuguese colonies in Africa in *Velhagen*, noticed on another page, an interesting description, illustrated, of Emin Pasha's province in *Vom Fels zum Meer*, with portraits of Emin and General Gordon. Capt. Jerrmann also concludes his visit to Hayti in the same periodical. R. W. Felkin writes on his first meeting with Emin Pasha in Central Africa, on October 8, 1878.

Of the articles not yet referred to, a study of Orchids, with illustrations of several varieties, in *Vom Fels zum Meer*, is one of the best. From it we learn that the largest collection exists not in England, but in Silesia, and that it contains over 40,000 specimens. The owner of it is Herr Haupt, of Brieg. This magazine also describes, more by pictures than by words, the wood-cutting and wood-transport industry of the Bavarian Highlands. Herr Bohrdt supplies both letterpress and illustrations of the Ice Sport at Berlin in *Velhagen*, and the *Gartenlaube* gives a popular paper on the "Inhabitants of the Deep Sea," also illustrated. Other articles in the *Deutsche Revue* are "Giordano Bruno and the Germans," "Military Service and Warfare among the Greeks," and a further instalment of Dr. Edward Flegel's Diary.

Volkswohl is an excellent little weekly paper published at Dresden, and is the organ of a society which has for its object the welfare of the working classes.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE leading article—a very lengthy one—in the *Nuova Antologia* for March contains the first instalment of a somewhat severe attack on Mr. James Walter's recent work, "Shakespeare's True Life."

AN ITALIAN VIEW OF SHAKESPEARE.

The writer, Signor Chiarini, who is evidently thoroughly familiar with Shakespearian bibliography, is very indignant at the presumptuous manner in which Mr. Walter lays down the law on the various points in Shakespeare's domestic life, which have always been matters of conjecture to his biographers. Mr. Walter is an ardent believer in the poet's conjugal felicity and fidelity; and, according to his Italian critic, no point is so obscure but that he can draw from it a deduction favourable to his theory. "To put it frankly," writes S. Chiarini, "he presumes a little too much." And again: "As regards traditions and conjectures, he has a most simple and convenient method. If they please him, he accepts them, and gives them as true and proven facts; if they do not please him, he rejects them forthwith as absurd legends."

The Italian writer specially makes merry over the fact that Mr. Walter, having discovered the existence of a private chapel in the Old Manor House at Shottery, jumps at the conclusion that, as there must have been a priest to officiate at the chapel, and as he must have been acquainted with Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, it is obvious that a secret marriage according to the Catholic rite must have been celebrated there—thus saving the poet and his wife from the charge of pre-nuptial cohabitation. He also argues against accepting Shakespeare's sonnets in too subjective a sense; but the personal opinions of this latest Shakespearian commentator are reserved for a future number.

ARE CATHOLICS CLERICALS?

The *Rassegna Nazionale*, which, like most Italian magazines, comes out fortnightly, may be regarded as the

exponent of Liberal Catholic views in Italy, though, unfortunately for the lay reader, it is somewhat over-weighted with purely theological topics. There is an article in the first March number, which, being introduced by an editorial remark to the effect that, though anonymous, it is the work of a learned and respected ecclesiastic, may be regarded as a sort of Confession of Faith on the part of the magazine. It states in bold emphatic language the difference between "Catholics and Clericals"—describing the latter as political, reactionary, and even anti-Christian, opposed to the Unity of Italy, and regarding the restoration of the Papal States as of greater importance than the welfare of their country. From holding such views the writer is most anxious to clear the main body of Italian Catholics, whom both the Free-thinking and the Clerical parties attempt, in their own interests, to identify with the latter. These opinions, which are accepted by the *Rassegna*, are, we imagine, more or less those of the main body of English and American Liberal Catholics, but will hardly commend themselves to the Roman *confrères* of the outspoken ecclesiastic, who acts, no doubt, with wisdom in maintaining his anonymity.

FRANCE AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

This same highly controversial subject of the Temporal Power of the Holy See is as much a standing dish in Italian magazines as the question of Home Rule has been with us these last few years. Every number of every magazine invariably contains at least one article bearing on the question. The *Nuova Antologia* of last month demolishes—at least to its own satisfaction—the historical claims of the Papacy to the Temporal Power; but an article of more practical interest is that contributed to the *Rassegna* by Nerio Malvezzi on "France and the Papal Independence," in which he maintains that the true interests of the Holy See have always suffered at the hands of France, that she is at present directly interested in fomenting the hostility between the Pope and the Italian Government, as an aid to her own political schemes, and hence that the King of Italy, for purely political considerations, if not from religious motives, ought to do his utmost to arrive at a friendly *modus vivendi*.

But to turn to the lighter articles. The serial story running at present in the *Rassegna*, is a translation of "The Violin Player," by Bertha Thomas. There is an amusing and fairly accurate description, in the mid-March number, of London club-life, as it strikes the intelligent foreigner, though perhaps the view that English foreign policy is mostly shaped at the Pall Mall clubs is not quite so true in these democratic days as it used to be. English literature is, as usual, well to the fore in the literary record; Sir Henry Maine's recent volume on International Law is reviewed in an appreciating spirit, and his suggestions as to a permanent International Council of Arbitration specially recommended.

A new *Rivista Internazionale d'Inglese*, under the editorship of Prof. Eugenio Fazio, was started at Naples at the beginning of the year, with an imposing array of Italian and foreign professors as contributors on the title-page. It treats of all the recent scientific discoveries and experiments under the various headings of biology, bacteriology, sanitary engineering, etc, and is written throughout in a cheerful, popular style which renders the articles agreeably intelligible to the uninitiated. The March number gives an interesting account of the latest speculation on the Genesis of Sex by Prof. H. Kisch of Prague, and an explanation of Prof. Brown Sequard's much-discussed experiments.

SOME SPANISH REVIEWS.

THE *Revista Contemporanea*, February 28th, contains two highly interesting articles; one on the Biscayan Rebellions of the Seventeenth Century, and the other an account of Travels in Spain in the year 1679, by the Countess D'Aauluoy. In the first article one is forcibly reminded of the struggles in Ireland and of the more recent forms of socialism. "Here in Biscay," say the people, "we are all equal; there is no reason why they, 'the great landlords,' should be rich and we poor, that they should eat chickens and we only sardines. Let them know that from henceforth we shall all eat, live, and dress ourselves alike." "In order to travel in Spain," she says, "it is necessary to provide a large stock of patience and of money, as is the case to-day. The people of San Sebastian were the most *desalinadas*—slovenly—that she had ever seen. At Hendaya she found women sailors who swam like fishes, and whose aspect was both agreeable and seductive. In Bilbao she found that one of the sights of the city consisted in the King of Spain uncovering when he came to make any demands of the citizens."

The March *Revista* continues her narrative. She admired the brown-tinted ladies of San Sebastian, with their dark, lustrous eyes and pleasing manners. "Some of these carry a sucking-pig under their arms just as we do a lap-dog, and it must be confessed that the little pigs are very clean and prettily adorned with many-coloured ribbons. When the ladies wish to join in the dance, they put their pigs in a corner, and they set up a bigger row than could be made by a mob of little devils." The Countess was painfully distracted by the street musicians, "who made frightful noises on their instruments and pertinaciously followed her about to extort money." She found the market quite as dear as that of Paris, but food was good. She lived well, found the fish excellent, and all the fruits delicious, as well as beautiful. At Vitoria she went to the play, and was much struck by the free use of red paint by the actresses, who daubed their cheeks, ears, chins, and throats with this pigment. "I never saw boiled lobsters of such beautiful colour."—The other articles are "The Artistic and Literary Year in Valencia," "Loose Notes," "The Royal Power," "The End of Serpa Pimentel," "The Princes of Spanish Poetry," &c.

The March number of the *Revista Ibero-Americana* opens with a short story—"A Pontifical Fancy"—by Emilia Pardo Bazan, a pretty little morsel of humour of the most innocent type:—

Formal people, who think by rule and compasses, imagine the Popes to be retired men—formal, serious, stooping, and bent like so many living caryatides supporting the whole weight of entire Christendom on their shoulders; men, in short, who are wholly given to prayer and stretching forth their hands to bless. But the truth is that Popes, as a rule, are men of gay humour, angelical joy, and of salt genius which they love to exercise in private life. The Popes come, and at the distance of a league you can perceive the grass to grow quicker for their coming; they see everything—and with what power of observation! They laugh—and what a discreet and human laughter it is! Why shouldn't they laugh? Of a truth I say unto you, brethren, that systematic seriousness and solemnity are distinctive qualities of the ass. Laughter is of the reason and of the soul of man.

How the present Pope, "*el Vicario de Cristo*," took a rise out of His Excellency Señor Don Mocencio Pavón, is the cream of this little story, and must be read in the original to be enjoyed. The same writer supplies a review of the Duke de Riva's poems. Other articles of interest are, "Democracy in Europe," by A. Canovas del Castillo; "First Love," by Theodore de Bauville; and "Art in Spain," by Sir Frederic Leighton; &c., &c.

THE PORTUGUESE PERIODICALS.

I HAVE experienced great difficulty in obtaining the Portuguese Reviews. They appear to be published very late in the month, and in London the latest number of the *Revista de Portugal* that has come to hand by the end of March is that supposed to be published in February.

In this number Senhor Joao Gomez opines that although during the twelve hours deliberation in which the Portuguese Government agreed to yield to the "exigencies of the British Foreign Office," Portugal lost, in one night, two considerable African possessions and the fruit of three years colonial policy it is useless to "call England names." She deserves them, but the moment has not yet come to cry: *Delenda Britannia. Servenda Lusitania* is more to the point. He advises his countrymen not to lose time and breath in repeating and reiterating what the best, the most illustrious and the most impartial of England's sons have, with superb eloquence, said and sung. Who better than English writers have flagellated the crimes of Britain? Byron and Shelley are followed by a legion of accusers, as genial as they are implacable. Dickens ridiculed her institutions; Thackeray, with cold ferocity, revealed her social conventionalism when he branded her with the name of the "Country of Snobs;" Carlyle, with prophetic clamour, thundered against her egoism, her venality, and her materialism; Ruskin overwhelms with irony the coarse materialism of her civilisation; and Arnold reproaches her with her insipidity, her harshness and aridity; and after them come a whole cohort of essayists, artists, caricaturists, who expose her cant, her hypocrisy, her inhumanity. What is the effect upon England? England showers acclamation on those accusers whose genius make her illustrious; gives them when they die honourable burial in the regal Pantheon of Westminster, and continues to cultivate assiduously those very defects of conventionality, of egoism and venality, which maintain for her so vast, so potent and so wealthy a place in the world. Wherefore, let Portugal husband her strength, be united within herself and amass riches, so that when a new Barbarossa shall arise in the north (for to no less a person does Senhor Gomes compare Lord Salisbury, whom he accuses of sending men-of-war in silence and treachery to surprise Portuguese ports, just as his prototype sent galleys to Sicily in search of Christian prey), Lusitania will be ready.

Senhor Anthero de Quental continues his dissertation on the "General Tendencies of Philosophy, in the Latter Half of the Nineteenth Century." Hegelianism is the ultimate expression of dogmatism in modern philosophy. Senhor de Quental bids us look to other elements of the same philosophic spirit, at present latent and developed, to vitalise contemporary thought.

"How, Seeking for a Novelist, he found a Philosopher," is pleasantly told by Senhor Jayme de Magalhaes Lima. After a description of Count Tolstoi's retreat at Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, he gives a *resumé* of the doctrines promulgated in *Ma Religion* and *La Vie*, followed by a critical essay on the essence of these works.

Senhor Oliveira Martins continues his interesting historical study of the "Sons of D. John I.," the children of the fair-haired Lancastrian princess. This last number ends in a panegyric of the Infante D. Henrique, from whose potent brain, says Senhor Martins, sprang full-armed the entire system of modern colonisation. An anonymous contributor furnishes an article on the pacification in Brazil. It is lucid and, from the writer's standpoint, exhaustive.

The Portuguese translation of Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" continues its course in this Review.

SOME FOREIGN MILITARY PERIODICALS.

GERMAN.

Weue Militarische Blätter. Berlin.

The Campaign of the First German Army in the North and North-West of France, 1870-71. By Major Hermann Kunz.

The New Field Exercise for the German Infantry, VII.

Cavalry in Future Wars.

On the process of Artillery Development, VI.

The Value to Military History of the Servo-Bulgarian War, VI.—a strategical and tactical study.

The Military Energy of the Emperor Henry IV. A contribution to the Military History of the XI. Century. By Colonel Köstler. Part VII.

Statistics of Modern Battles.

Jahrbucher für die deutsche Armee und Marine. Berlin.

The Service—past and present. Being the Reminiscences of a Russian Company Commander.

The Field Exercise for the Italian Infantry (continued.)

The New Artillery Formations in France, and the New French and German Field Artillery Exercises (conclusion.)

The Distribution of the French Army on a peace footing considered in regard to its readiness for War.

Nelson as a Naval Commander (conclusion.)

Military Matters Reviewed.

Review of Military Literature.

Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens. Pola.

The English Naval Manœuvres, 1889.

On the Formation of Scale in Marine Boilers. Paper read by Mr. Vivian Lewes before the Institution of Naval Architects. Smokeless Powder.

Captain Chapel's Discoidal Projectiles.

The Navy of the United States of North America. Report presented to Congress by the Secretary of the Navy.

The Skoda quick-firing Gun. Shipbuilding programme of the French Navy for 1891.

Experiments with a Torpedo Engine Regulator.

ITALIAN.

Revista Marittima. Rome. 25. 6d.

The Great Trade Routes and Ocean Steamers. (Illustrated) (conclusion.) By Captain S. Rainieri.

Resumé of Prof. Hertz's experiments on Electrical undulations. By Lieut. Bertolini, R.N.

Modern Naval Constructions and Considerations thereon.

Navigation from the Economical Point of View. Continuation by C. Serpino.

The Fortifications of the German littoral.

The Submarine boats: *Gymnote*, *Goubet*, and *Peral* Naval Chronicle.

SPANISH.

Revista general de Marina. Madrid.

The English Protected Cruiser *Blake*.

Spanish Marine Infantry.

On the value of Superior Speed in Naval Warfare.

International Marine Conference at Washington.

Krupp quick-firing Guns.

The English armoured cruiser *Imperieuse*.

Proposed Naval Yard at Cadiz.

Organisation of the German Coast Defences.

THE first article of the *Neue Militärische Blätter* opens with a review of Major Kunz's book on "The Campaign in the North and North-West of France." Major Kunz does full justice to the great capabilities, as an organiser, displayed by General Faidherbe, and, as he appears to write in a temperate and impartial style, his work, especially when read in conjunction with Lehantcourt's "Campagne du Nord en 1870-71," should prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the Franco-German War. "Cavalry in Future Wars," which is taken from the *Russian Invalide*, well merits a careful perusal. It is conceded on all sides that cavalry will be most extensively used for *strategical* purposes in any future Continental war; but the writer goes much further than this, and believes that it will regain much of its lost ground on the field of battle, and that its tactical value will be esteemed in the future as highly as it ever was by the great military commanders of the past. The lessons taught to Germany by the small results obtained by the German cavalry in the war of 1866, led to its brilliant strategical employment in 1870-71; but the lesson was not all learnt, and the full moral value of cavalry in battle was still inadequately realised. To assert that cavalry, in the face of modern firearms, cannot attack on the field of battle is to ignore its tactical value. A cavalry charge is not to be weighed and tested by its grosser material effects in the number of killed and wounded, but by its moral effect. No amount of technical training, no perfection of armament, will alter man's nature, and as long as man is the principal factor in a fight, so long will cavalry, if handled with boldness and decision, count upon successes. The writer lays down some excellent maxims on the training of cavalry, in order to fit it for the rôle which he anticipates for it. "Statistics of Modern Battles" gives full details of the number of combatants, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, engaged in eighty out of the 400 battles fought since 1795, and of the losses sustained; e.g., at Leipsig the combined armies numbered 362,616 infantry, 91,150 cavalry, and 1,825 guns, the killed and wounded being 19.3 per cent., and the prisoners and missing 4.2 per cent. of the total number engaged.

The *Jahrbucher* merits much more attention than the limited amount of our space enables us to devote to it. "The Service—Past and Present," freely translated from the Russian, is an amusing and graphic account of the good old times in the Russian army. The Russian peasant-nature is a strange combination of fear and reverence, and the recruit will put up with much from his superiors without murmur, provided he is only spoken to in his own tongue, and that his tyrant shows occasional traces of a sympathetic character. The picture of the grey-haired old sergeant-major, who virtually ruled the company, officers, and all, is capitally drawn. In "Military Matters Reviewed" will be found an excellent description of the new German magazine rifle, which in all essential points, it is asserted, is superior to any other military rifle. The Belgian, Swiss, English, and other rifles are also described.

In *Mittheilungen*, "Smokeless Powder," or, more correctly speaking, smoke-feeble powder, is a resumé of what is being done in France, Germany, Switzerland, and England, to obtain a satisfactory smokeless powder. The "Discoidal Projectiles," invented by Captain Chapel, of the French Artillery, are so designed that after they attain their highest elevation they assume a retrograde motion in descending, and can thus strike an enemy, sheltered behind entrenchments, from the rear. The article on the "Skoda quick-firing Gun" is accompanied by plates showing the breech-closing arrangements and method of mounting the gun, &c.

In the *Rivista Marittima*, an article on "Modern Naval Constructions" gives an account of the ships which were built by the various naval powers during the past year, and a sketch of the building programme for the present year. The highly successful trials of the *Gymnote* and *Goubet* (French), and of the *Peral* (Spanish), submarine boats, which are described in this number, seem to leave little doubt that we are on the eve of very considerable modifications in the method of conducting submarine warfare, and that ships, if they are to remain afloat, will soon have to be constructed with triple bottoms, and to discard torpedo nets as too cumbersome and ineffective a protection against submarine attack when under weigh.

The best contribution to the *Revista general de Marina* is the article on "Krupp quick-firing Guns," which is accompanied by drawings, showing the breech-closing arrangement adopted, and by tables, giving full particulars of the various guns. The article on the "Washington Conference" contains interesting diagrams of some of the proposals for judging the distance, as well as the position, of a steamer from the way in which her lights are displayed.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S NEW TALE.

INTRODUCTORY.

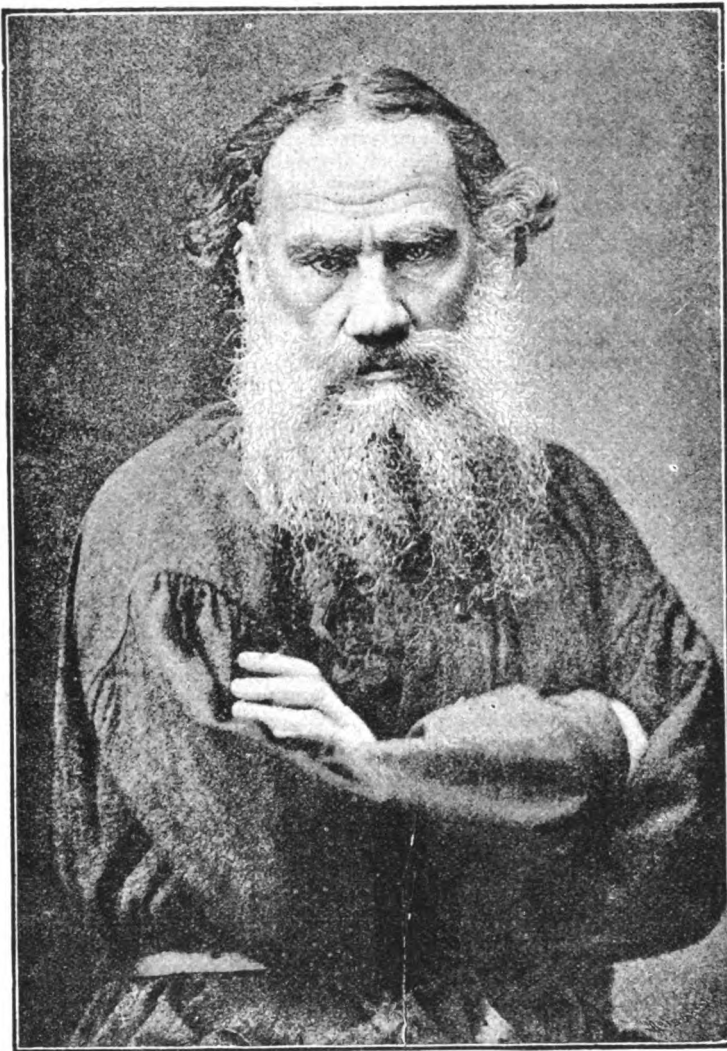
TWO years ago, when I spent a week at Count Tolstoi's country-seat in Central Russia, we had long discussions about the relations between men and women, the right ordering of which is the foundation of every healthy society. In the course of these conversations, Count Tolstoi sketched in outline the story, a condensed synopsis of which I am now in a position to lay before the English reading public.

"I wish," said Count Tolstoi to me one night, "to write a novel, a romance, exposing the conventional illusion of romantic love. I have already written it, but it must be turned upside down and re-written. It is too much of a treatise as it stands, and there is not enough of action in it. In this story my object is to fill my reader with horror at the result of taking romantic love *au sérieux*.

The end to which the whole story will lead up will be the murder of a wife by her husband. It will exhibit the depravation of married life by the substitution of romantic love, a fever born of carnal passion, for true Christian love, which is born of identity of sentiment, similarity of ideal, the friendship of the soul. Upon

that love,—Christian love, the love of brother and sister—if the carnal love can be grafted, it is well; but the former, not the latter, is the first condition of happy

married life. Here—in the peasants teach us a lesson. They regard what we call romantic love as a disease, temporary and painful and dangerous. With them no marriage is made under its influence. Anything is better than that. The Herrstaten, who marry by the drawing of lots, are better than we. Our system is the worst possible, and the whole of our wedding ceremonial, and the honeymoon, and the feasting, and the incitement to carnality, are directly calculated to result in the depravation of matrimony. Not in one case out of a hundred does romantic love result in lifelong happy union. The young people whose lives lie in different orbits are drawn together by this evanescent

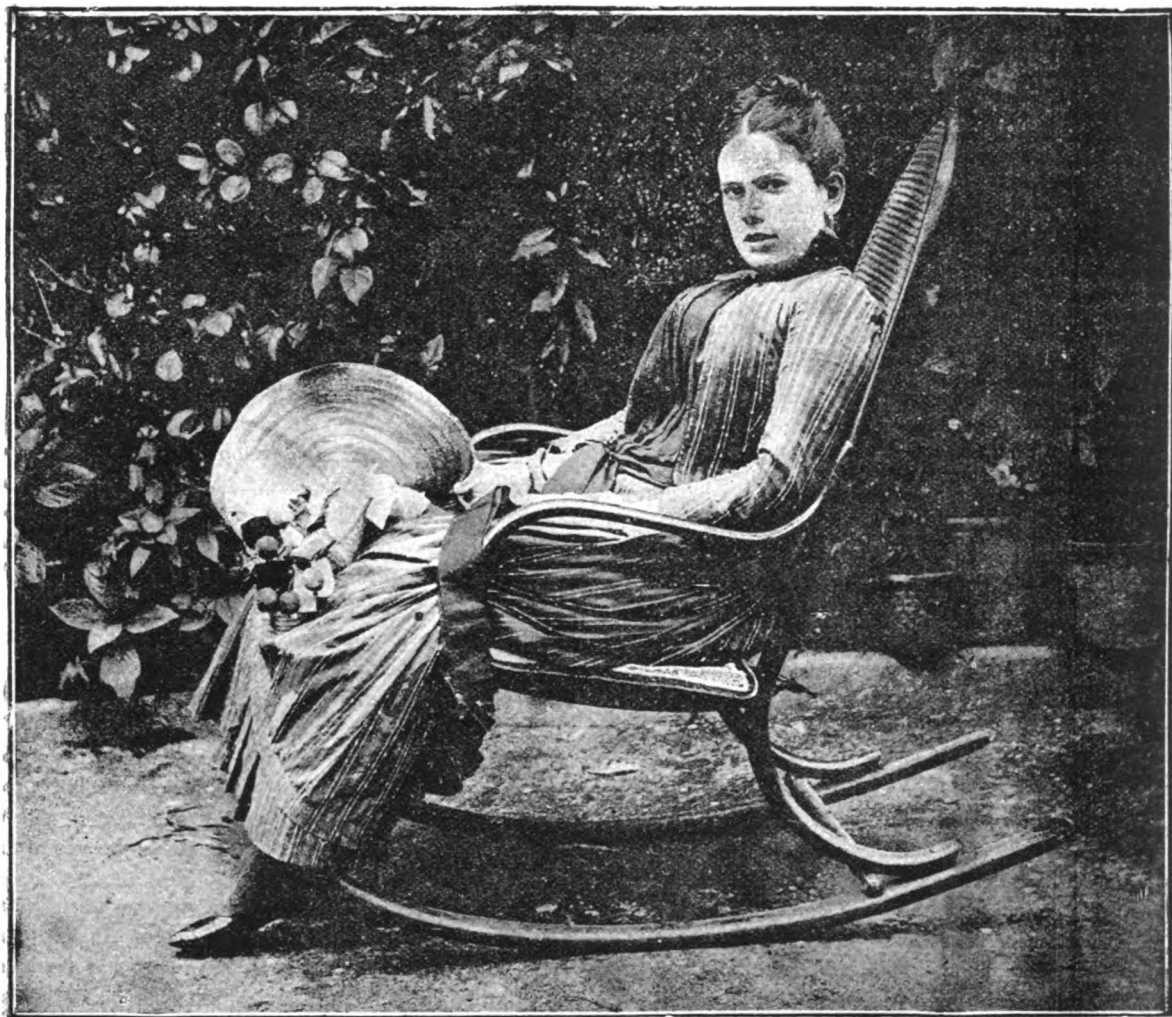


COUNT TOLSTOI.

passion. They marry. For a month they are happy—perhaps even for a year, or two years, never longer, when the only tie is the sensual passion. Then they hate each other for the rest of their lives, spending their time in paying homage to the respectabilities by concealing the truth from their neighbours. It must

be so. If Anna Karenina had married Wronsky she must have abandoned him likewise. Romantic love is like opium or hashish: the sensation is overpowering and delightful. But it passes. It is not in human nature not to wish to renew the experience; for this novelty is indispensable. So the wife betrays her husband, and the husband is false to his wife, and the world becomes

Last November, when I had the pleasure of meeting Count Tolstoi's eldest daughter at the house of Madame Helby—that Admirable Crichton of modern women—on the brow of Mount Janiculum, from which you enjoy one of the most magnificent views of the Eternal City, I inquired anxiously as to the progress made with the new story. It had been all ready for the printer, I was told, but just



COUNT TOLSTOI'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, TATIANA.

one wide brothel. I wish to open the eyes of all to the real nature of the tragic consequences of this substitution of romantic for Christian love. I see it clearly, oh! so clearly; and when you see a thing which no one else seems to see, you feel you must gather all your forces, and devote yourself to setting forth the truth as you see it. This depravation of marriage is all because Christianity has been a word, and not a thing."

before sending it off, the Count, on hearing it read over to the family, suddenly discovered it required radical alteration, and the tale was accordingly once more cast into the crucible. Count Tolstoi is the most fastidious of literary artists. His last book, "Life," was so much cut about in proof that his wife had to write it out no fewer than sixteen times from end to end. How often this story has been re-written I cannot say, but as it has

been on the stocks for years, it has probably been recast many times before it assumed the final shape in which we now see it.

It gives me the greater pleasure to be able to present to the public of England and America this advance sketch of the latest work of the greatest novelist of our time, because the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is in itself to some extent the off-shoot of a long conversation which I had with Count Tolstoi as to the possibility of establishing a universal world's library at a place and in a form which would bring the best thoughts of the best men of all time within the range of the poorest peasant. He had long brooded over this idea, and when I was with him he had made some considerable progress towards carrying it out in Russia. In this REVIEW I am humbly endeavouring to carry out as best I can the same principle, limited, however, in its application to the best thoughts of the best men of our own time. "To me," said Count Tolstoi, speaking of his wider scheme, "this is a religious idea; for the best books of the world, what are they? They are the revelation of Reason to the Mind of Man. The mind began in the Infinite; that is, it began in God. It finds expression in all the highest thoughts and classic utterances of human genius." Count Tolstoi also scouted the idea that it was impossible to condense even the classic masterpieces of human genius. "If you eliminate all that is accidental and temporary and provincial and leave only that which is eternal and human, you can bring the canon of the Scripture of humanity into manageable compass." Hence I was somewhat anxious to know what he would think of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and was much gratified to receive from his daughter, who does most of his correspondence, a kind message to the effect that her father had been much pleased with the first number, but she continued, "My father desires me to tell you that his new story is not at all according to the rules laid down by the writers on 'Mrs. Grundy as a Censor of Fiction' (quoted from the *New Review* of January). It is not written for young girls; but nevertheless he thinks that it has a moral aim, although we hear that the Censors will not allow it to be published in Russia. Miss Hapgood has undertaken to translate it into English, for publication in America."

Miss Hapgood, an American lady whom I met in St. Petersburg, is now sojourning among the Alps, but Miss Hapgood has refused to translate it into English. "I have never read anything like it in my life," she writes me, "and I hope I never shall again."

The story, however, in manuscript was read to so many friends and circles of admirers in St. Petersburg that it may be regarded as being already quasi-public, although its publication in serial form in the Russian

press has been forbidden. That it has a moral aim is undoubted, for Count Tolstoi was driven to write it far more by the instinct of the moralist than by that of the artist. It was the sense of a responsibility for the gift of vision which revealed to him, and to him alone, the tragic consequences of the substitution of romantic for Christian love that would not let him rest. He felt, as he said, that he must gather up his forces and devote himself to setting forth the truth. Count Tolstoi, in all these matters, is a Puritan of the Puritans. He is almost a fanatical believer in marriage, and absolutely opposed to all divorce. "For a man to remain unmarried after the age of manhood is monstrous and shameful," but for a man to put away his wife—and to Count Tolstoi any woman with whom you have conjugal relation is *ipso facto* your wife—is cruel and inhuman. The union of male and female once consummated can never again be dissolved without the violation of the will of God. "I cannot make a difference between amours sanctioned, as it is said, by marriage, and those which are not." But while thus levelling up illicit unions to the matrimonial level, he is resolute to insist upon monogamy.

"That stage of human development has cost us too many sacrifices to be abandoned. We shall go on making further progress in the same direction. First, by the growth of the conviction that it is shameful for any man to have to do with any woman but her with whom he is united for life. Among our young men the number who hold this doctrine and practise it is greatly increasing. It is the true doctrine, and it will prevail. Secondly, in the discontinuance of divorce. And thirdly, by much greater continence in the married state."

It is the intense Puritanism of the man revolting at the extent to which refined æsthetic life ministers to the lawless passions, that drives him into the fields to seek in a rude labouring life a triumph over these enemies of the soul.

Yet this uncompromising moralist, who unites what M. Flaubert described as the genius of Shakespeare with the moral fervour of a Hebrew seer, has seen the publication of the latest and ripest fruit of his genius condemned as too improper for publication.

So far had I written when, alas! the translation of the "Kreutzer Sonata" reached me from St. Petersburg. Then I understood the condemnation, and I understood also another thing which had not been clearly manifest before, and that is, that while Count Tolstoi is in one sense a Puritan of the Puritans, he is not a Western. His philosophy, his aspirations, his ideas are not Occidental, but Oriental. The spirit that breathes in the "Kreutzer Sonata" is not Christian so much as Buddhist. The aspiration is not so much for the coming of the kingdom of

God on earth as for the Nirvana which he thinks will thereupon immediately ensue. The conquest over passion he rejoices to believe will lead to the extinction of the race. This may be Puritanism, but it is Puritanism of the Asiatic variety; a Puritanism that is *toto cælo* removed from the Puritanism of the only other great artist who was Puritan. I sent the proof sheets to an esteemed friend of mine who is, perhaps, more familiar with the intimate thought of India than any other person in my acquaintance. She at once detected the Asiatic note. She wrote me :—

"Count Tolstoi seems to me to have a mind that has never got out of the Asiatic groove, and seems unable to assimilate some of the more representative phases of Western thought. He talks of love and courtship, &c., very much as some of my Bengalee friends do, knowing nothing of the very A B C of the matter. His notion is that what he calls romantic love is a mere disguise of physical passion, and ought not to dictate the marriage choice. But his knowledge of human nature, though extensive in quantity, is evidently very restricted in quality. He has no idea of that noble Anglo-Saxon type of love in which the physical attraction is hallowed and consecrated by all that is holiest and purest in imagination and in faith, and soul and body blend in one full chord to form the marriage tie—a lasting tie, and not the quite different tie of brother and sister which he wants to substitute for love. Let him look at such love as Robert Browning's, for instance, tested by twenty-eight years of faithful widowhood, or the love of Dante for Beatrice, and many others which also would certainly come under the head of 'romantic love.' The relation of this love to life is splendidly described by Emerson in his 'Essay on Love,' and is surely well known to all honest hearts that have any depth. But Count Tolstoi simply ignores it, and thus shows himself unfitted to deal with the subject as a whole."

This, no doubt, is largely true. When I was in Russia one who knew the Count well, after listening to my account of his anathema on romantic love, said simply: "But the Count has never been in love. He does not know what love is." I thought it a cruel sentence at the time but after reading his description of courtship and honeymoon in the "Kreutzer Sonata," I am constrained to admit that it was not unjust.

Love, as we know it, was quite unknown to the ancient Greeks. They regarded it much as the Russian peasants still seem to do, as a kind of insanity or frenzy. No doubt there is a great deal of what is called love which is, as Count Tolstoi says, the mere disguise of physical passion, and as evanescent as the animal instinct in which it takes its rise. But to confound all love under the anathema which is hurled against lust is blasphemy indeed. If, indeed, the human race be but, in Jeremy Taylor's striking phrase, a "mere herd of talking cattle," then the "Kreutzer Sonata" may be accepted as a faithful rendering of the relationship between man and wife. But to most decent people, who have never wallowed in the slough of

lawless passion in which Pozdnischeff spent his early life, the whole of the conception which inspires the "Kreutzer Sonata" must appear as revolting and as unreal as a theory of diet which assumed that we all were cannibals, and only dined because we wished to recall the toothsome delight of a human spare-rib or roast baby.

There is much in Count Tolstoi's story that is profoundly true, and much that is boldly and truly said. His denunciation of the infernal conventionalities which assume that immorality is the normal condition of men's lives, and his invective against the hideous superstructure of hell which is based upon this in the shape of "tolerated houses," *police des mœurs*, and all the other enginery of the devil, is admirable. But, unfortunately, he is so consumed with wrath against the abuse of passion, that he rages equally against the institution by which alone there is any hope of introducing some order into this disordered chaos. He seems to deny the very possibility of the existence of that marital love which our old divine well said is "a thing pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world."

How different this from the noble enthusiasm with which our own great poet pays homage to the divine side of true marriage :—

"Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety.
In paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting honest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced
Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love is golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels."

"I love love," said Mrs. Browning. "Truth's no cleaner thing than love."

"O Art, my art, thou'rt much, but love is more;
Art symbolises heaven, but Love is God,
And makes heaven."

All this Count Tolstoi ignores. In his pessimistic Orientalism he sees nothing but the purely animal, carnal, brutal, and, in his own words, "hoggish," in passionate love. Hence I cannot reproduce, as I had intended doing, his latest story. It is not only that his expressions are often coarse and brutal, but because I profoundly dissent from the whole strain and tendency of his teachings. This road is not the way of life. It is rather the pathway that leadeth downwards to death.

But at the same time, while deploring what seems to be the sacrifice of a great opportunity, we must gratefully

recognise the vigour of Count Tolstoi's protest against the "fleshly lusts that war against the soul," and thank him for his stern rebuke of the false views which are so widely accepted as to the exception of one sex from the obligations of the moral law that press equally on both sexes, but are recognised only by one.

His story is a terribly realistic delineation of the Nemesis that dogs the feet of those who, in place of true marriage, substitute a union for the mere gratification of physical passion. As such the latter portion can be printed as a psychological study by the first literary artist of our time. Here is the doom that awaits those

who, being spiritual, make themselves animal, and degrade the sacrament of matrimony into a mere sensual indulgence. The curse of maddening jealousy of the baser sort has seldom been more terribly depicted. Jealousy, not as in *Othello*, where the Moor most truly loved Desdemona, but jealousy of one who, never having really loved his wife passionately, revolts against the possibility of losing that monopoly of her person which alone he ever possessed. I pass then with a few hurried steps over the introductory part of the story, and then let Count Tolstoi tell the rest in his own words.

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

SELECTING as his text Matthew v. 28, and declaring that the sin therein condemned is committed equally whether the woman in question is married to you or is not, Count Tolstoi presents us with a sermon in the shape of a story.

The hero of the story is Pozdnischeff, a wealthy Russian landowner, a man who might with much greater truth than Lermontoff's creation, Petschorin, be called a hero of our own times, so utterly prosaic are his philosophical virtues, so hopelessly selfish his conduct of life. This typical individual, after some preliminary small talk with three or four passengers in a train during a railway journey of some days, singles out one of them to whom he narrates the history of his very uneventful life, endeavouring to convince him that his painful experiences are in the main those of most married men. His tale, though a sad one, is made up almost exclusively of the record of mental suffering, which finally unhinges his mind to such an extent that he murders his wife in a fit of jealousy. The connection between his crime and the ignoble views of the relations of the sexes, which society inculcated upon him from his youth upwards, is sought to be established in the first half of the story; the murderer endeavouring to lay bare what he believes to be the roots of the crime hidden deep in the foul corruption in which modern society is sunk. In the second half, which is descriptive rather than discursive, the author finds scope for his wonderful artistic gifts, and presents us with a piece of psychological analysis which for truth and delicacy and graphic power Dostoeffsky himself has seldom matched and never surpassed.

Pozdnischeff's contention is that society's share in his crime is quite as large as his own, and possibly the consciousness of this induced the jury, who represented society during his trial for murder, to acquit him in spite of his plea of guilty. Lack of respect for the female sex, and a base view of the woman's mission here on earth, is really in last analysis the origin of his sufferings and his crime. Hence his life before marriage gives the clue to everything that follows.

AN ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

Pozdnischeff expounds this theory in the shape of an autobiographical confession of a dissolute youth, the abominations of which he recalls with unutterable horror, and fiercely upbraids the conventional ethics of Russian society which teaches that such a mud bath is the natural, proper, and necessary initiation of a young man into life. After spending some years in this slough of selfish in-

dulgence, he believed that he "fell in love," at the age of thirty, with the daughter of a landowner in Penza, whose curls looked bewitching in the moonlight, and whose jersey was most becoming. She was pure and innocent; and he recalls the horror and despair and stupefaction which she experienced when, after betrothal, he gave her some insight into the life which he had been leading. When she knew and understood, she wanted to break off all relations with him there and then. Unfortunately for her, she did not carry this intention into effect. The life which Pozdnischeff had led seems to have utterly sapped his moral nature. They quarrelled on the honeymoon; they went on bickering. Her features, he says, combined to express perfect coldness and hostility, and a peculiar bitter hatred sprang up between the two. They did not, however, cease to live together. Children were born to them, and he flattered himself that because he was not unfaithful to her he was living a pure family life and was leading a perfectly blameless existence. Love had long since died out of the hearts of both. When his first child was born the doctors forbade his wife to nurse the infant, and from that time jealousy awoke.

THE BIRTH OF JEALOUSY.

My wife's exemption from the cares and duties of a mother manifested itself in the awakening of that female coquettishness which had previously lain dormant in her; while I began to be tortured with the agonies of jealousy, which had never given me a moment's rest during my married life, but now grew unbearably excruciating. This feeling of jealousy is no peculiar characteristic of mine; it is the common lot of all husbands who live with their wives as I lived with mine. Having seen with what a light heart she set at nought the moral obligations of a mother, I naturally, if unconsciously, concluded that she might with equal facility trample upon the duties of a wife, especially as she was in the enjoyment of perfect health.

But the presence of children did not prove a peace-giving factor in the lips of the Pozdnischeffs. They constituted a new element of discord ever since the birth of the first child; they were the subject and also the instrument of disunion. We quarrelled, as it were, through the children. Each of us specially favoured one child, which was our pet instrument in the quarrel. Thus I generally employed Vasa (the eldest); she made use of Liza. Later on, when the children grew up and their characters unfolded themselves, they gradually became our allies, which we sought to enlist on our side by every

means at our disposal. The results told terribly on their bringing up, poor things ! but we had no time or leisure during our endless warfare to give this a thought.

AFTER SOME YEARS.

And in this manner we continued to live, our relations growing gradually more and more hostile, until at last it was no longer difference of views that produced enmity, but settled enmity that engendered difference of views. No matter what opinion she might advance, no matter what wish she might express, I always dissented in advance, and she treated me in the same way. In the fourth year of our marriage we jointly came to the conclusion that there was no hope of us ever being able to understand each other, to agree with each other, so we ceased to make any further attempt to come to an agreement. Each of us held his or her opinion about the most matter-of-fact subjects, about anything connected with the children, for instance. The views that I advocated were not by any means so dear to me that I could not sacrifice them ; but she was of the opposite way of thinking, and to give up my opinion would mean to yield to her, and whatever else I might agree to. This I could not think of doing. It was the same with her ; she looked upon herself as having acted rightly and justly by me, and I in my own eyes was invariably immaculate. When together we were reduced to something like silence, or such conversations as the very brutes, I am convinced, can carry on among themselves : "What o'clock is it ?" "Is it time to go to bed ?" "What shall we have for dinner to-day ?" "Where shall we dine ?" "What is in the newspapers ?" "Shall I send for the doctor ? Mary has a sore throat."

THE HELL OF AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

A single step beyond the bounds of this circumscribed circle of conversational topics was enough to provoke the renewal of hostilities. Skirmishes and expressions of hatred were called forth by the coffee, the table-cloth, the carriage, the card played at whilst—in a word, by things and incidents that could not possibly be of the slightest importance to us. Speaking for myself, I can say that I was boiling with hatred towards her. I would watch her pouring out the tea, waving her foot to and fro, lifting up the spoon to her mouth, smacking her lips, and drawing in the liquid ; and I hated her for all that, as if she had committed a really bad action. It would have been terrible to live thus had we realised and understood our position, but we did not understand it. And herein lies the salvation as well as the punishment of men who lead irregular lives, that they can always raise a cloud before their eyes, which hides from them the misery of their situation. It was thus that we acted. She sought to forget the dreadful reality by giving her attention to absorbing and always urgent occupations, household cares, the furniture, her own dresses and those of the children, their schooling and their health. As for me, I had my own ways of intoxicating myself ; there was the intoxication of my service, the intoxication of the chase, the intoxication of cards. Thus we were both of us always occupied, and both of us felt that the more assiduously we were occupied the more spiteful and malicious we could be to each other. "It's all right for you to go on making your grimaces," I would say of her to myself, "but you worried me to death all last night with those scenes you made, and here now I've got to go to the meeting of the committee." "You have no reason to feel uneasy," she on her side would not only think but say aloud to me, "but I have not slept a wink all night with the child."

And thus we lived in a perpetual fog, unable to see and realise the position in which we were. And if the episode which occurred later on had not taken place at all I might live to be an old man without once ceasing to cherish the belief that I had led a good life, not a remarkably good one, but not a bad life. I might never have got a glimpse of that abyss of misery and odious lying in which I was floundering hopelessly. We were two prisoners hating each other, and chained together ; we poisoned each other's lives, and tried to shut our eyes to what we were doing. I did not know at that time that 99 per cent. of all married people are plunged in just such a hell as mine. I was not aware then that I was in such a hell, and consequently never imagined that others were.

A PRETTY WOMAN WITHOUT A CURB.

We left the country and came to settle in the city. In a city unhappy people breathe much more freely than in the country. A man may live a hundred years in a city without the fact ever once dawning upon him that he has been dead and rotten for ever so long. He has no leisure to take stock of himself ; he is always occupied ; and his life is a hollow sham. It was thus that we lived, growing less susceptible to the sufferings caused by our daily intercourse. Moreover, at first we had the pleasing pastime of settling down in the city, establishing ourselves in our new lodgings, and the consequent journeying to and fro between the city and the country. The second winter after our arrival an incident occurred, without which none of the subsequent episodes of my life would ever have taken place. She was delicate in health, and the scoundrelly doctors forbade her ever again to become a mother. I set my face against it ; but she insisted on obeying the doctors, stubbornly refusing to yield to my representations. She had her way. Two years more rolled by ; my wife's appearance improved ; she grew more attractive than ever—the last mellow beauty, as it were, of summer. She felt this, and thought a deal about herself. Her beauty was of a provoking, perturbing kind, such as would naturally characterise a pretty woman of thirty, well fed, irritable, and no longer fatigued by the cares and responsibilities of motherhood. Wherever she passed she was sure to attract the looks of men, to magnetise them as it were. She resembled a well-fed horse that has long stood inactive in the stables, and from whom the bridle has been suddenly removed. There was no curb of any kind, as there is no curb of any kind to hold in 99 per cent. of our women. I felt this, and I was seized with horror.

THE ABUSE OF THE WORD LOVE.

Yes, she seemed to have recovered her senses after a drunken fit ; to have awoke to the fact that there was a whole God's world full of joys and happiness which she had somehow forgotten, in which she had not known how to live. "I must endeavour not to let this slip from my grasp ; time will fly by very quickly, and it will be too late." This at least is what I fancied she thought, or rather felt, and I do not see how she could have thought or felt otherwise, seeing that all her education had had but the one object of persuading her that there is only one thing worthy of attention in the world—that thing being so-called "love." Marriage, instead of being for her the ideal paradise of which she had longed for, had brought with it a cruel disenchantment. She had met with many disappointments, disillusionings, sufferings in marriage, among them the torture of which she had never even dreamt—children. This species of

suffering had wearied and harassed her until the obliging doctors came along and informed her how to shirk the duties of motherhood. So she rejoiced, and acted on their advice.

But love with a husband whom jealousy and hate rendered odious was not what she yearned for; and she began to dream of another love, pure and new—at least, I thought so—looking about her in vague expectations as it were of something. I saw this, and could not but feel uneasy in consequence. Especially as about this time she would lose no opportunity of expressing such thoughts in conversation with others, intending them, of course, for my ear; and this, notwithstanding the fact that only an hour previously she might have said just the opposite. Thus she would often maintain, half seriously, half in jest, that maternal solicitude is a delusion; that it is a pity to sacrifice one's youth for one's children, instead of taking one's share of the joys of living. She cared less for her children then and more for herself, attending to her personal appearance—though she tried to conceal this—to her pleasures, and even seeking to perfect herself in certain accomplishments. Thus she set herself again to practise music—she had formerly played the piano with a certain technical skill and delicacy—and this was the visible beginning of the catastrophe. . . .

THE RIVAL.

Yes, it was then that that individual appeared on the scene. . . . A vile fellow he was in my eyes. This I say, not because of the important part he played in my life, but because it is really so. But the fact that he was a sorry character only shows what an irresponsible being she was; had it not been this man, it would have been another. It was necessary that this thing should come to pass. . . . He was a musician, a violinist, partly a professional, partly a fashionable amateur. His father, a landowner, had been my father's neighbour, and had ruined himself financially years ago. He had three children, all boys, who were provided for in one way or another; the youngest being sent to his godmother in Paris, where he had studied in the Academy of Music, as he had a gift for music; and he came out a violinist and took part in public concerts. He was a man who . . . Wishing to say something bitter, Pozdnischeff made an evident effort to restrain himself, and speaking very rapidly continued, I don't know how he lived then; I only know that he came back to Russia that year and called upon me. He had almond-shaped eyes, rosy, smiling lips, waxed moustaches; his hair was cut and dressed in the latest fashion; his face was of the insipidly agreeable kind which women term "not bad-looking"; he was of weak build, but not misshapen, with very developed hind parts, such as are said to characterise Hottentot women. They are also said to be musical. He was inclined to strike up a tone of familiarity to the full extent which the circumstances seemed to justify; but he was at the same time peculiarly sensitive, and always prepared to stop short if he met with the slightest check or discouragement, not, however, without a due regard for his own outward dignity. His boots, of the approved Parisian shade, were with buttons; his neck-tie always of some crying colour,—in a word, he had adopted all those little peculiarities which take the attention of all foreigners in Paris, and by their originality and novelty catch the eye of a woman and prepossess her in favour of the wearer. Outwardly, he was always good-humoured. He had a way of speaking about everything by means of allusions and fragmentary expressions, just as if you knew all about it, and remembered it vividly, and could finish his phrases for

him. This was the man who, with his music, was the cause of all that followed.

SEPARATION OR MURDER?

On my trial all the facts of the case were dovetailed together in such a manner as to make it appear as if I had killed my wife from jealousy. This was not so; at least, I mean, it requires to be considerably modified before it can be true. No doubt was entertained in court that my wife had sinned against me, and that I had killed her to avenge my outraged honour (that is what they call it), and I was acquitted in consequence. I endeavoured on my trial to put the facts in their true light, but my efforts were interpreted as the result of a desire on my part to rehabilitate my wife's good name. But, in truth, her relations to that musician, whatever they may have been, mattered really very little to me or to her either. What did matter very much is what I have already related to you,—my sensuality. It was all caused by the fact that there was that yawning, bottomless abyss between her and me because of the terrible strain of mutual hatred whereby the slightest touch, the least impulsion, was quite sufficient to precipitate the crisis. Quarrels, too, had grown very frequent between us at that time.

So that if he had not come upon the scene, some one else would have played his part as effectually. If one pretext of jealousy had not been forthcoming, another would have been unearthed. What I mean to affirm is that all husbands who live as I lived must, sooner or later, give themselves up to debauch or separate from their wives, or else must kill themselves or their wives as I killed mine. If there are people to whom none of these alternatives has proved a necessity, they are very rare exceptions. Before I ended as I did, I was several times on the point of committing suicide, and more than once my wife had attempted to poison herself.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Things had come to a pass in which the only issue seemed murder or suicide a short time before the end. We had been living for a little while during a cessation of hostilities a kind of informal truce; and in the absence of grounds for violating it, we began to talk about a certain dog at the Exhibition which had, I said, obtained a medal. Not a medal, she replied, but an honourable mention. And then the dispute began, during which we jumped from one topic to another, reproaching each other at every step: "Ah yes! I knew that long ago, it's always so with you." "You said so yourself." "No, I said nothing of the kind." "I am a liar, then, I suppose," and so on. And you feel that a minute more a terrible struggle will begin, in which you would like to kill yourself or your antagonist. You know that it will begin presently, and you are in terror of it, and would like to restrain yourself, but hatred takes possession of your whole being. Her state was, if possible, still worse; she deliberately put a wrong construction upon everything I said, and every word that she uttered herself was saturated with venom, and she was careful to prick my tender spots and re-open old sores, with every one of which she was perfectly familiar. As the dispute advanced matters grew worse. "Silence!" I thundered, at last, or some such exclamation to this effect. She rushes out of the room in the direction of the nursery, I following and striving to stop her in order that she should hear me out; as I seize her by the sleeve she pretends that I have hurt her and screams out, "Children, here's your father beating me!" On which I roar out, "Don't tell lies!" To which she replies in the same high key: "This is not the first time you've done it." The children run up to her and she calms them, while I continue,

"Don't make believe!" "It's all make believe in your eyes. You are quite capable of killing a person and then saying that she only pretends to be dead. Oh, I've found you out by this time. This is what you are longing for."

"I wish you were dead, like a dog!" I shouted out in reply. I remember how surprised and horrified I was when I uttered those terribly coarse words; I cannot explain how they could have passed my lips. As soon as I had pronounced them I ran out of the room into my study, sat down and began to smoke. From there I could hear her in the ante-chamber making ready to go out. I called out, "Where are you going?" but she made no reply. "The devil speed her!" I said to myself, as going back to my study I lie down again and smoke. A thousand different plans of revenge crowded into my brain, and ingenious combinations, by means of which I was to make everything good again and repair what had been said and done. I ponder upon all this, smoking the while with all my might. It occurs to me to run away from her, to conceal myself, to emigrate to America; I actually go so far as to consider how I can best rid myself of her altogether, and please my fancy with the thought that after that consummation everything will again be as it should be. I shall then link myself to another lovely woman, fresh and pure. And the way of getting rid of her will be her natural death, or else I shall sue for a divorce, and then I mentally discuss with myself the best means of bringing this about. Then I become aware of the fact that I am wandering from the main point at issue, that my thoughts are not what they should be, and in order to cloud my clear consciousness of this I smoke.

WILL SHE COME BACK?

Meanwhile things at home were taking their usual course. The governess arrives, and inquires, "Where is Madame? When will she return?" The lackey asks, "Shall I serve the tea?" I repair to the dining-room. The children are there, and they look at me interrogatively, reproachfully; especially Liza, who is already beginning to understand the meaning of these things. We drink our tea in silence; *she* is not come yet. The whole evening passes away, and still she has not returned. Meanwhile two different feelings alternately take possession of my soul: anger that she is torturing the children and me by her absence, the upshot of which will be that she will come back in the end; and fear that she will never return—that she will lay violent hands upon herself. I would go and fetch her, but where is she? At her sister's? But it would look so silly for me to go there and make inquiries; and besides, I don't care. If she wants to pain me, then let her torment herself too. If I were to worry myself and run hither and thither to look for her, I should be merely playing into her hands—for that is just the end she had in view when she left the house—and she would thus be encouraged to do worse next time. But what if she be not at her sister's, but has in some way made away with herself? Eleven o'clock has struck. Twelve o'clock. I do not go into the bedroom. It would be stupid of me to lie down by myself there and wait. But even here in my study I do not lie down. I wish to undertake some kind of work that will occupy me—to write letters or to read, for instance—but I find that I am incapable of doing anything, and so I watch and wait by myself in my study, tormenting myself, boiling with rage, listening to every sound, real and imaginary. It is already three o'clock. It has struck four, and she is not yet come. Towards morning I fall asleep. When I awoke she had not

returned. Meanwhile everything in the household went on as before, only every one had a puzzled, dissatisfied air, and they all looked at me interrogatively and reproachfully, as if they felt that all this had been caused by me. And all this while my soul was the arena in which the same struggle for the mastery went on as before, between anger at her having left me, and fear lest something had happened to her. At eleven o'clock her sister drove up as her envoy, and the old procedure was gone over again as if it were new. "She is in a terrible state; what's it all about?" "Nothing has happened." I emphasize her impossible character, and affirm that I did nothing to her. "Yes, but things cannot remain as they now are, at all events," her sister exclaims. "That's her affair, not mine," I answer. "I will not make the first advances. If we are to separate, then let us separate." And so her sister returned without having accomplished anything. I had said boldly that I would not move first in the matter; but as soon as she had gone, and I went out and saw the sad and frightened faces of the children, I was perfectly willing to take the first step. I began to walk to and fro as before, and to smoke. I drank whisky and wine at lunch, and attained thereby the object I had in view, which was to hide from myself the infamy of my own position.

HER ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

About three o'clock she drove up herself. As she made no remark when she saw me, I inferred that she had resolved to make peace, and I told her that it was she who had provoked me with her reproaches, and thus originated the quarrel. She turned to me with a harsh, uncompromising look in her face, which bore traces of profound suffering, and intimated that she had come, not to ask for terms, but to take away the children, as it was impossible for us to live any longer together. On this I began to explain that I was not to blame, that it was she who had lashed me into fury with her stinging reproaches. She again fixed her harsh, triumphant gaze upon me, and exclaimed, "Say no more, you have repented." To which I made answer that I hate comedies. She then screamed out something which I did not catch and rushed off to her room, and turned the key in the door. I pushed the door several times, but elicited no reply. I then went off infuriated. Half an hour later Liza ran up to me in tears, "What has happened? I cannot hear mamma." We go together to her room; I push the door, and the bolt being badly drawn, both of the folding-doors open at once, and I walk up to the bed. She is lying in an uncomfortable position on the bed, dressed in her petticoats and high boots; on the table by the bedside there is an empty bottle that has had opium in it. We bring her to herself; tears follow closely on the first signs of returning consciousness, and everything winds up with a reconciliation. In our hearts, however, we foster the same hatred for each other, to which is superadded the feeling of exasperation caused by the pain and suffering that accompanied this quarrel, which each of us puts down to the account of the other. But it was indispensable to end this in one way or another, and life moves forward again in its old groove.

And such quarrels as these, and still worse ones, were continually occurring, now once a week, now once a month, now every day, and always the same old story, without variations or modifications. Once, things went so far that I applied for a foreign passport. That quarrel lasted two days, but it, too, finished with a half-hearted explanation and reconciliation, and I did not go abroad.

This is the sort of life we led, these were the relations in which we stood to each other when that man, Trookhatschewsky was his name, made his appearance. He came to Moscow and called upon me one morning. I bade the servant show him in.

TROOKHATSCHESKY.

In former times he and I had been on terms of familiarity; now he felt his way carefully before venturing to treat me on the old footing himself, and employed expressions and spoke in a tone equally far removed from distant formality and the familiarity of comrades. I quickly solved his doubts by treating him as a mere acquaintance; he took his cue readily, without a moment's hesitation or awkwardness. I disliked him exceedingly from the first moment I looked upon him. But some strange fatal force moved me not only to refrain from repelling him, but to draw him nearer to me. What could be simpler than to exchange a few words with him, to bid him good-bye, chillingly, and not to introduce him to my wife. But no; I must talk about his play, and tell him that I had heard he had given up music. He said it was not so; that he had never practised more assiduously all his life than at that moment, and passing from himself to me, reminded me that I, too, had played in times gone by. To this I replied that I did not play now, but that my wife was a good musician. It is very curious. From the very first day, from the very first hour I saw him, my relations towards him were such as they could only have been subsequently to everything that occurred later on. There was something very strained in my intercourse with him; I took note of every word, every expression uttered by him or by myself, and invested them with a significance justified by nothing that I then knew. I introduced him to my wife; the conversation at once turned upon music, and he proffered his services to accompany her on the violin. That morning, as during all that later period, my wife looked extremely elegant, seductive, and provokingly beautiful. It was evident that he pleased her from the very first; moreover, she was also delighted at the prospect of playing along with a violin, a pleasure which she relished so highly that she had hired a musician of one of the theatres to accompany her. This satisfaction was reflected in her looks, but as soon as her eyes met mine she guessed my feeling, and instantaneously changed the expression of her face. Then began the game of mutual deception all round. I smiled winsomely and looked as if I were delighted. He, eying my wife pretended to be interested exclusively in the topic under discussion, that is to say, in the very thing that was utterly devoid of interest in his eyes. She endeavoured to seem indifferent, but was disconcerted somewhat by the false smile on my face, which denotes the jealous man, and was quite familiar to her, and by his wistful, passionate gaze. I saw that her eyes gleamed with a peculiar brightness from the moment she first saw him, and that, owing perhaps to my jealousy, an electric current seemed to connect them and establish uniformity in their looks and smiles, so that when she would blush he would blush, and as soon as she smiled he smiled also. We chatted a little about music, Paris, and various trivial commonplaces, and then he rose to leave, and smiling, with his hat pressed against his trembling thigh, stood looking now at her, then at me, as if waiting to see what we should do.

THE FATAL INVITATION.

I distinctly remember that moment, because during those short-lived seconds it lay in my power not to invite him to our house, and then that episode would never have occurred. But I glanced at him and at

her: "Do not for a moment delude yourself with the idea that I am jealous of you," I mentally said to her, "or that I have any fear of you," I mentally said to him; and I thereupon asked him to come and see us in the evening, and to bring his violin with him, to play along with my wife. She looked at me in astonishment, blushed, was fluttered and frightened as it were, began to decline the offer, saying that she could not play well enough for that. I well recollect the strange feeling with which I looked at the back of his head and his white neck set off by the black hair which was carefully combed back on both sides of his head, as with frisky, saltatory motion, suggestive of the hopping of a bird, he walked out. I could not disguise from myself the fact that this man's presence was a torture to me; it is in my power, I said to myself, to act in such a way that we shall never be troubled by his visits any more. But to act thus is to admit that I go in fear of him, and I have not the slightest fear of him. That would be too degrading, I said to myself. And in the antechamber, as he was preparing to go, I insisted, knowing that my wife would hear everything I was saying, on his coming again in the evening, taking his violin with him. This he promised to do, and left. In the evening he came, and they played together; but for a long time their play was inharmonious. They had not the music that my wife wanted, and she was unable to play, without preparation, the music they had. I was very fond of music myself, and I rather liked the idea of their playing together; and I arranged the music-stand and turned over the leaves for him. They managed, at last, to execute a few pieces: some songs without words and a sonata of Mozart. He played magnificently, for he possessed in the highest degree what is termed *ton*, over and above which he was endowed with a delicate, refined taste, which seemed wholly out of harmony with his character. He played much better than my wife, of course, and assisted her, at the same time respectfully praising her play. She seemed interested only in the music, and behaved simply and naturally. As for me, although I pretended to be interested in the music, I was suffering indescribable torture from jealousy all the evening.

THE NEMESIS OF A DISSOLUTE PAST.

From the first moment that his eyes met my wife's, I could see that the wild beast dormant within them both roused in spite of all the conventionalities of the world and the exigencies of their position, I could also see that he never expected to find in my wife, who was a Moscow lady, an attractive woman; and he was delighted that he was so agreeably disappointed. As to doubts whether she would *consent*, he had evidently none whatever. The pivot of the whole question was the necessity of hoodwinking the odious husband. Now, had I been pure myself, I should never have understood all this; but as I, like most men, had harboured exactly such thoughts of women before my marriage, I could read it all just as if it were written in so many words. And yet, in spite of this, or rather perhaps by reason of it, an invisible power compelled me against my will to be not only extremely courteous, but affectionate towards him. I am unable to specify the motive which prompted me to act thus—whether it was to prove to my wife and to him that I was not actuated by fear, or to deceive myself, I cannot say. I only know that from the very first my relations with him were not natural and unaffected. In order not to give myself up to the desire to kill him on the spot, I felt compelled to treat him caressingly. I entertained him at supper with costly wines, went into ecstasies over his musical talent, spoke to him with a peculiarly affectionate smile, and invited him to dinner on the following

Sunday, and to play along with my wife in the evening. I said that I would ask some musical friends of mine to come and hear him. And so that day came to an end.

THE GREAT-COAT IN THE PASSAGE.

Here Pozdnischeff was overcome with emotion, and changing his position he again made that peculiar noise. "It is surprising how I was affected by the presence of that man," he resumed, manifestly putting forth a strong effort to compose himself. I was returning from the exhibition three or four days after this, and on entering the house I suddenly felt oppressed at heart, as if a heavy stone were weighing me down; and at first I saw nothing to account for the feeling. Then I remembered that it originated in my having desecrated something, as I was passing through the ante-chamber, which reminded me of him. It was only when I was in my study that I was conscious of what that something was, and I immediately returned to verify the discovery. Yes; I was not mistaken, it was his overcoat. You know—a fashionable great-coat.

I was extremely sensitive to everything relating in any way to him, noticing it at once, even though I was not always distinctly conscious of it.

I then asked the servant. Yes, he was there. I then went to my room, not through the parlour, but through the children's class-room. My daughter Liza was reading a book, and the nurse at the table with the youngest child was spinning the cover of some vessel. The door leading into the drawing-room was open, and I could hear the measured arpeggio and the sound of her voice. I listened, but could not distinguish any words. It was evident that the notes of the piano were evoked merely for the purpose of drowning their conversation—their kisses, perhaps. Good God! what a wild beast was roused up within me! What horrible imaginings thronged my mind.

THE MADNESS OF JEALOUSY.

Even now I am filled with horror at the mere recollection of the fury that then took possession of my soul. My heart contracted, stopped, and then suddenly thumped against my breast like a sledge hammer. The predominating feeling in this, as in all rage and hatred, was pity for myself. "Before the children, before the nurse," I said to myself. There must have been something terrible in my face; for Liza looked at me with terror reflected in her eyes. "What am I to do?" I asked myself. "To go in?" I cannot. God only knows what I shall do if I go in. And yet I cannot go away! The nurse looked at me as if she understood my position. "I cannot but go in," I said to myself, and quickly threw open the door. He was seated at the piano practising the arpeggio with his large white fingers turned upwards; she stood at a corner of the piano, some open music spread out before her. She was the first to see or hear me, and she turned her eyes upon me. Was she frightened, and her external composure only simulated, or was she really composed? I cannot say; but certain it is that she did not start or move in any way when I entered; she merely blushed, and even that was not till afterwards. "I am so glad you have come; we have not yet decided what to play next Sunday," she said in a tone of voice that she would never have employed, had we been alone. This and the "we," referring to him and herself, incensed me. I saluted him in silence; he shook me by the hand and immediately went on to explain to me, with a smile, that I considered derisive, that he had brought some music in order to prepare for Sunday, but that they were not agreed what to play; whether it was to be something difficult and classical—namely, one of Beethoven's sonatas, with the violin—or light, trivial pieces? All this was so simple

and natural that I could not find anything to cavil at; and at the same time I saw and was convinced that it was wholly untrue, and that they had been concerting measures to play me false.

DISSEMBLING.

It was clear that I disconcerted the pair by my own embarrassment; for a long time I could say nothing; I resembled a bottle turned upside down, from which the liquid cannot escape owing to the bottle being too full. I wanted to load them with reproaches, to expel him from the house; but I felt, on the other hand, that I ought to appear amiable and affectionate towards him. And I appeared so; I pretended to approve of everything, in obedience to the impulse that made me increase my outward civility and affection towards him, in proportion as the mental sufferings caused by his presence grew more acute. I said that I felt perfect confidence in his taste, and I advised her to follow my example. He remained just as long as was absolutely necessary to remove the disagreeable impression which I had caused by suddenly walking into the room with a terrified face, and continuing to preserve an awkward silence after I had entered; then he left, pretending that now they had fixed what pieces they would execute on the morrow. I was persuaded that in comparison with the thoughts and plans that were uppermost in their minds, the question of the musical programme was utterly indifferent to them. I accompanied him with marked obsequiousness to the ante-chamber (how could I treat less courteously the man who had come to disturb the peace and ruin the happiness of the family?), and I pressed with unwonted warmth his soft white hand.

AN OUTBURST OF FRENZY.

All that day I did not speak to my wife. I could not. Proximity to her provoked such an upheaval of hatred within me that I was frightened of myself. At dinner she asked me in presence of the children when I intended to go to the country (I was obliged to go to the country the following week to attend the District Sitzings of the Zemstvo.) I mentioned the date. She asked me whether I needed anything for the journey. I said not, and sat on in silence till the end of the dinner, and in silence rose up from the table and went to my study. Of late she never used to come to my room, especially at that time of day. I had lain down in my study and was giving myself up to a horrid and absurd suspicion when I heard her footsteps approaching. The door suddenly creaked on its hinges, and there on the threshold stood her tall, well-proportioned, handsome figure, her face and eyes expressive of timidity, of a desire to ingratiate herself with me, a desire which she endeavoured to conceal, but which did not escape my notice. I held my breath so long that I was nearly suffocated, and continuing to regard her I caught hold of the cigarette-case and began to smoke. "How can you now? A person comes to sit down and have a quiet chat with you, and here you take out your cigarettes and smoke!" and she seated herself on the sofa beside me, leaning gently up against me. I moved a little farther off, so as not to be in contact with her. "I see that you are annoyed that I am going to play on Sunday," she said. "I'm not annoyed in the least," I answered. "Do you think I don't see it?" "I can only congratulate you, if you do. The only thing that I can see is that you conduct yourself like a *cocotte*." "Oh, if you want to abuse me in Billingsgate language, I will go." "Go, but mark this; if the honour of the family is not dear to you, it is not you who are dear to me (the devil take you), but the honour of the family is." "What do you mean?" "Leave the room; leave the room, for

God's sake!" I do not know whether she only made believe that she did not understand me, or she really did not understand me, but she took offence. She rose, but did not go, and continued standing in the middle of the room. "You are making yourself positively unbearable. You have a character that makes it impossible even for an angel to live with you," and bent, as usual, upon stinging me in the most sensitive place, she reminded me of how I had once treated my sister. (I had once lost my temper and spoken very coarsely to my sister, and the recollection of this was always extremely painful to me. Hence she chose this sore place to prick me.) "If you treat your own sister in that way, nothing that you could do would surprise me," she concluded. "Yes, she is not content with offending me, humiliating me, disgracing me; but she must make it appear that I am to blame for it all," I said to myself, and I conceived such a consuming hatred for her as I had never in my whole life felt before. For the first time I longed to give my hatred physical expression. I started to my feet and moved towards her, but just as I was doing so, I remember I became conscious that I was moved by angry passion, and I asked myself whether I was doing right to abandon myself to its power, and instantaneously came the answer that it was right, because that would terrify her, and so instead of withstanding, combating my rage, I began to fan it into a still more powerful flame, taking a peculiar delight in the contemplation of its rapid spread and growing intensity. "Leave me, or I'll kill you!" I screamed, and going up to her I caught her by the arm. When pronouncing these words I deliberately pitched my voice in a higher key to express my anger; and, no doubt, I did look terrible, for she was so awed and terror-stricken, that she had not the force to leave the room. She only said, "Vasa, what's the matter with you?" "Leave me," I vociferated still louder, "only you can drive me mad; I can't answer for what may happen!"

Having let loose my angry passion, I drank it in with inebriating delight, and I felt a desire to do something extraordinary, something which would mark the culminating point of my insane rage. I conceived an almost insuperable desire to beat her, to kill her, but I was aware that this could not be; therefore, in order to give loose reins to my rage, I seized the *presse-papier* that lay on the table, and screaming out once more "Leave me," I dashed it to the ground close to where she stood. I had carefully aimed so as to miss her. Thereupon she left the room, but remained standing on the threshold; and while she was still looking at me (I did it expressly that she should look) I snatched up various articles that were on the table: the candlestick, the ink-bottle, &c., and flung them to the ground, continuing to cry out—"Leave me, take yourself off. I cannot answer for what I may do!"—She left and I instantaneously ceased. An hour later the nurse came and said that my wife was in hysterics.

RECONCILIATION.

I went to her room; she was sobbing, laughing by turns. She could not speak a word, and her whole body trembled violently. She was not making believe, but was really ill. Towards morning she grew calm, and we made up the quarrel. In the morning when, after the reconciliation, I confessed to her that I was jealous of Trookhatschevsky, she was not at all confused, but laughed in the most natural way conceivable; so queer did it seem to her, she said, that an attachment on her part for such a man should be deemed a possibility. "Can such a man as he cause any other feelings in a respectable woman than pleasure at his musical performances? If you like, I am willing to refuse to see him any more. Even on Sunday—although all the guests have been invited—write and say I am unwell, and there's an end to the matter.

There is only one thing irritating about it, that is, that any one, especially that he himself, should for a moment suppose that he is dangerous. And I have too much pride to let anything of the kind be imagined." And this was not a lie. She honestly believed what she was saying; indeed, she hoped by those words to evoke within herself a feeling of contempt for him, and by means of it to defend herself from his attacks. But she failed. Everything was against her, especially that accursed music. In this way the incident was wound up, and on Sunday the guests gathered together, and the two performed again.

THE SOIRÉE MUSICALE.

I deem it superfluous to say that I was extremely vain. Life without vanity is become almost an impossibility. On Sunday I endeavoured, to the best of my power, to give a *recherché* dinner, and to arrange the *soirée musicale* with taste and success. I even went out, myself, to purchase certain things for the dinner, and personally called on the guests. By six o'clock the guests had come, and he also was there in evening dress with diamond shirt-studs of questionable taste. He seemed perfectly at his ease, replied to all questions hurriedly, with a smile of assent and approval, and with that peculiar expression which is meant to suggest that everything you say or do is precisely what he had been expecting. All his unfavourable traits and characteristics were noted by me with unusual satisfaction that evening, because they were calculated to tranquillise me and prove to me that the level on which he stood was too low for my wife, who could not degrade herself to stoop down to it. I did not permit myself to be jealous now. In the first place, I had suffered from the pangs of jealousy till the farthest limits of endurance were reached, and I now needed repose; and in the second place, I desired to put faith in my wife's assurances, and I did put faith in them. But although I was not at all jealous, yet, do what I would, I could not be natural in my intercourse with him and with her during the dinner and all the first half of the evening until the music began. I was continually watching and scanning their movements and their looks. The dinner was as dinners generally are, tedious, conventional. The music began at an early hour. Ah, how I remember all the circumstances, even the most trivial incidents, of that *soirée*! How he brought in his violin, opened the box, removed the covering (which had been worked for him by a lady), took out the instrument, and began to tune it; how my wife took her place at the piano with a look of indifference, beneath which I could see she concealed considerable diffidence, chiefly diffidence in her own powers; how, as soon as she was seated, the usual preparatory notes were extracted from the piano and the violin, the usual rustling sound of the music was heard as it was spread out on the stands; then how they looked at each other, glanced rapidly at the guests who were seating themselves, and began. He took the first accords, his face instantaneously becoming serious, severe, sympathetic; and, as he listened to the notes he was producing, he drew his fingers cautiously along the chords. The piano answered him, and the concert began."

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

Here Pozdnischeff stopped, and uttered that peculiar sound of his several times in succession. He was about to resume his story, but merely snuffed, and lapsed again into silence. After a pause, he went on: "They played the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven. Do you know the first *presto*? Eh? Ah!" he exclaimed. It is a strange piece of music, is that Sonata. Especially that first part of it. And music generally is a strange thing.

I cannot comprehend it. What's music? What effect does it bring forth? And in virtue of what does it produce the effect that we see it produce? Music, they say, acts on one by elevating the soul. That is absurd. It acts upon us, it is true—acts with terrible effect; at least, I am speaking for myself—but is far from elevating the soul. It neither elevates nor depresses the soul, but irritates it. How shall I make my meaning clear? Music forces me to forget myself and my true state; it transports me to some other state which is not mine. Under its influence I fancy I experience what I really do not feel, that I understand what I do not comprehend, that I am able to do what is completely beyond my power. I explain this by the supposition that music acts like yawning or laughing. Thus, although not sleepy, I yawn if I see others yawning; although I see nothing to laugh at, I burst out laughing simply if I hear others laughing. Music instantaneously throws me into that state of feeling in which the composer of it found himself when he wrote it. My soul blends with his, and along with him I am transported from one frame of mind to another. But why I am so ravished out of myself I know not. He who composed the piece—Beethoven, for instance, in the case of the Kreutzer Sonata—knew perfectly well why he was in that mood. It was that mood that determined him to do certain things, and therefore for him that state of mind has a meaning. For me it has absolutely none. This is why it is that music only causes irritation—never ends anything. It is a different thing if a military march is played; then the soldiers move forward, keeping time to the music, and the end is attained. If dance music is played, people dance to it, and the object is also accomplished. If a Mass is sung, I receive Holy Communion, and here too the music is not in vain. But in other cases there is nothing but irritation, and no light how to act during this irritation. Hence the terrible effects that music occasionally produces. In China music is a state business, and this is as it ought to be. Could it be tolerated in any State that any one who takes the fancy may hypnotise any one else, and then do with him whatever he has a mind to?—especially if this magnetiser is—Heaven knows who!

THE MAGIC AND THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

It is indeed a terrible weapon in the hands of those who know how to employ it. Take the Kreutzer Sonata, for example; is it right to play the first *presto* in a drawing room and then to applaud it, and immediately afterwards to eat ice creams and discuss the latest scandal? Such things are only to be executed in rare and solemn circumstances of life, and even then only if certain important deeds that harmonise with this music are to be performed. It is meant to be played and then to be followed by the feats for which it nerves you. But to call into life the energy of a sentiment which is not destined to manifest itself by any deed, how can that be otherwise than baneful?

Upon me, at least, this piece produced a terrible effect; it seemed as if new feeling were revealed to me, new possibilities unfolded to my gaze, of which I had never even dreamt before. "It is thus that I should live and think, and not as I have hitherto lived and thought," a voice seemed to whisper in my soul. What that new object and knowledge was, I could not satisfactorily explain to myself; but the consciousness of its existence was most delightful. All the people whom I knew, my wife and he among the number, appeared to me in an entirely new light. After this *presto* they executed the splendid but traditional *andante*, which has nothing new in it, with commonplace variations and a very weak *finale*. Then, at the request

of the guests, they performed an elegy of Ernst, and several other light pieces; all of them excellent in their way, but they did not make even the one-hundredth part of the impression on me which the first piece produced. I was cheerful and good-humoured for the rest of the evening. I had never before seen my wife as she appeared to me that evening: those gleaming eyes, that severity and gravity of mien while she played, that dissolving languor, that soft, melting, blissful smile that played over her features when they had finished. I saw all that, but put no other construction upon it than that she was undergoing the same experience as myself: that feelings new and never-before experienced were revealed to her—brought dimly within the range of her memory, as it were. The *soirée*, which was a complete success, came to an end at last, and the guests took their leave. Knowing that I should have to leave for the Interior in two days' time, Trookhatschevsky said, as he was bidding me good-night, that the next time he came he hoped to renew the pleasure he had experienced that evening. I inferred from this that he did not see it possible to visit my house in my absence, and this gave me satisfaction. It was clear that as I should not return before his departure from Moscow, we should not see each other any more. For the first time I shook his hand with unfeigned pleasure, and thanked him for the treat. He also took a kind leave of my wife. And their leave-taking appeared to me in the highest degree natural and correct. My wife and myself were both quite delighted with the *soirée*.

THE WILD BEAST ROARS IN HIS DEN.

Two days afterwards I departed for the country in the calmest and happiest frame of mind, after having taken leave of my wife. In the country I had always found plenty of work awaiting me, and a new life—an original little world, different from the one in which I usually lived. I worked for ten hours a day, two days in succession, in the Department. The day after my arrival in the country I was sitting in the Department, engaged in my work, when a letter from my wife was delivered to me. I opened and read it there and then. She wrote about the children, about her uncle, the nurse, about various purchases which she had made, and among other things—and, as it were, a trivial circumstance—she wrote that "Trookhatschevsky called and brought the music that he promised, and offered to play again, but I declined." I had no recollection of his having promised to bring any music; I had the impression that he had taken leave for ever, and this piece of news was consequently extremely disagreeable to me. But I had so much to attend to just then that I had no spare time to think the matter over, and it was only in the evening, when I had got back to my lodging, that I read the letter over again. Besides the circumstance that Trookhatschevsky had called in my absence, the whole tone of the letter appeared to me enigmatical. The furious wild beast of jealousy roared in his den, and endeavoured to escape thence; but, fearing it, I made haste to shut the door. "What an odious feeling this jealousy is," I said to myself, "and what could be more natural than what she writes?" And I went to bed and commenced to think about the affairs that I should have to take in hand the next day. During these sittings of the Zemstvo, I never could go to sleep very soon, owing, partly no doubt, to the unfamiliar place; this night, however, I very quickly fell asleep.

SELF-TORTURING COGITATIONS.

And as often happens in such cases, I felt something in the nature of an electric shock, and awoke. I awoke thinking of her, and of my passion for her; of Trook-

hatschevsky, and that the worst had taken place between them. Horror and rage crushed my heart between them, but I strove to listen to the promptings of reason. "What absurd suspicions!" I said to myself; "there's not a shadow of foundation for them; nothing of the kind has taken place. And how can I degrade her and myself by supposing such abominations. On the one hand a fellow who might almost be described as a hired fiddler, known to be an immoral man, and on the other an estimable respected mother of a family—my wife. How preposterous!" This was one current of ideas. There was also another; and the thoughts that composed it were very different: "Why should it not happen? What incongruity is there in supposing that such an intelligible thing may have occurred. He is not married, he is in exuberant health and not only devoid of principle, but by the rule that one must take whatever pleasures one finds in one's way. And between these two beings there is the connecting bond of music—the most refined lust of the senses. What considerations are likely to keep him in bonds? None. On the contrary, everything conspires to lure him on. And she? What is she? She is the mystery that she ever was. I do not know her. She is only an animal; and nothing is capable of restraining an animal." It was only at this moment that I called to mind their faces as I saw them that Sunday evening when, after they had executed the Kreutzer Sonata, they played some little piece, I forget by whom; I only remember that it was grossly passionate. "How could I have been foolish enough to leave the city?" I asked myself, as I called their faces to mind. Was it not as clear as daylight that on that evening not only was there no barrier subsisting between them, but that they both, especially she, felt some little shame at the recollection of what had taken place between them. I recollect how she smiled feebly, tenderly, and blissfully, wiping the perspiration from her flushed face, as I approached the piano. Already then they avoided looking at each other, and it was only at supper, when he was pouring her out some water, that they glanced at each other and smiled almost imperceptibly. I now shuddered when the look that I caught on their faces came back to my mind, accompanied as it was with that feeble smile. "Yes, they are plainly guilty," one voice whispered into my ear. "You are half demented; don't you know that that cannot be?" exclaimed the other voice. There was something very weird and ghastly, it seemed to me, in my lying there in the darkness, a prey to these thoughts; so I struck a match, and all at once a feeling of indescribable dread came over me, as I looked around me in that little room with the yellow wall-papers. I lighted a cigarette, as it always occurs to you when you are moving round and round in the same circle of insoluble contradictions to smoke, so I smoked cigarette after cigarette for the purpose of clouding my reason and avoiding the sight of the contradictions. I did not fall asleep any more that night, and at five o'clock, having come to the conclusion that I should no longer remain in that state of mental tension, I got out of bed, called the doorkeeper who usually waited upon me, and sent him for the horses. I scribbled a note to the Department, to say that I had been summoned to Moscow on very urgent business, and to request that my place be temporarily taken by another member. At eight o'clock I took my seat in the *tarantass** and drove off.

* A Russian vehicle, without springs, in which one's bones are shaken out of joint, and one's head makes holes in the canvas roof.

THE DRIVE IN THE TARANTASS.

I had to drive thirty miles in the *tarantass* and then travel eight hours by rail. The drive was magnificent. It was a frosty autumn morning with bright, cheerful sunshine; the roads were smooth, the rays of the sun brilliant, and the air bracing. The riding in the *tarantass* was pleasant. As soon as day broke and I set out, I felt eased at heart. Looking at the horses, the fields, the pedestrians we met, made me forget whither I was bound. At times it seemed as if I were only out for a drive, and that none of the circumstances that had combined to make me undertake the journey had ever had any existence in fact. And I felt a peculiar pleasure in thus forgetting myself. Whenever I did recollect on what errand I was bound, I said to myself, "Don't think about that now; we'll see then what's to be done." When we had got half way to the station, an incident occurred which stopped my progress and distracted me still more from my thoughts,—the *tarantass* broke down and had to be mended. This accident was of still greater importance than was at first apparent, inasmuch as it occasioned the delay on the road which prevented my catching the express, and so I had to wait some hours and go on with the passenger train, thus getting into Moscow not, as I intended, at five o'clock, but at midnight, and reaching my own house towards one o'clock. The drive over for the waggon, the work of repairing, the payment, tea at the inn, and my conversation with the door-keeper,—all these things diverted my thoughts from what might otherwise seem their natural channel. By twilight everything was ready, and I resumed my journey, which was still more pleasant after dark than during the day. There was a young moon, a slight frost, a splendid road, a jovial driver, and I drove forwards, scarcely once reverting in thought to what was awaiting me; or was it that I enjoyed myself so thoroughly precisely because I knew what I had to expect, and was taking leave of all the joys of life? At all events, the calm state of mind and the power of controlling my feelings came to an end with the drive in the *tarantass*.

IN THE TRAIN.

The moment I entered the train the conditions changed completely. This eight hours' journey in a railway carriage was a terrible experience for me, something I shall never forget to my dying day. Whether it was that having once taken my seat in the train I realised in a more lively manner than before that I was nearing the goal of my journey, or that railway travelling in general produces feverishness and unrest, I cannot decide, I only know that from the moment I entered the compartment I lost all control over my imagination, which went on without cease, painting in the most vivid colours an endless series of pictures one after the other, one more cynical than the other, and all of a nature to inflame my jealousy, all treating the one theme,—the doings that were going on at home in my absence, and how she was proving false to me. I was consumed with indignation, hatred, and a strange feeling of inebriation, produced by my very dishonour, as I contemplated these pictures, powerless to tear myself away from them, unable to avoid looking at them, impotent to rub them out, too passive to hinder them from rising up before me. Nay, more, the longer I looked at them the more firmly did I believe in their reality. The life-like brightness with which these pictures presented themselves to my mind seemed to stamp with the impress of truth the scenes they delineated, and thus the phantoms of my brain succeeded in assuming all the appearance of reality. It seemed as if, against my will, some devil was employed in fabricating and suggesting to me the most horrible

fancies and conjectures. A conversation that I had had many years before, with Trookhatschevsky's brother, recurred to me now, and applying it to Trookhatschevsky himself, and my wife, I employed it to lacerate my heart.

"No, this thing is impossible," I would then say to myself, terrified, "it cannot, cannot be! Nay, there was not the slenderest grounds for supposing anything of the kind. Did she not herself assure me that she regarded the very possibility of my being jealous of her, as dishonouring? She did; but then she lies; yes, she is always lying," I exclaimed, and thereupon everything began again *da capo*. There were only two passengers in the compartment, an old woman and her husband, both of them very close-tongued, and when they got out at one of the intermediate stations and I remained alone, I was exactly like a wild beast in a cage; now I would suddenly jump up and run to the window; then reeling to the middle of the compartment I would begin to pace rapidly forward, as if trying to overtake the railway carriage; and the carriage with all its seats and windows went on shivering and shaking, just as ours is doing at this present moment." And here Pozdnischeff started to his feet, paced up and down for a few seconds, and then sat down again. "Oh, how I fear, how I fear these railway carriages. They fill me with dread! Yes, it was a terrible time," he resumed. "I would say to myself, come, I must think of something else; let it be the proprietor of the roadside inn, where I drank tea to-day." And then before the eyes of my imagination, I would see the doorkeeper rising up, with his long beard, and his grandson, a little boy of the same age as my Vasa. My Vasa! My Vasa will see how a musician kisses his mother! What will take place in his poor soul, at the sight? But what does she care? She is in love forsooth. . . . And the whole thing began again. No; no! Let me think of the inspection of the hospital; yes, yesterday, I recollect, a patient complained of the doctor. The doctor with the moustaches like Trookhatschevsky's. How shamelessly, how impudently, he deceived me—they both deceived me—when he said that he was going to leave Moscow. And then the same racking thoughts began again. There was no subject that I could think of that was not in some way connected with them. I suffered terribly. What tormented me most was the uncertainty, the doubt, the vacillation, the ignorance I was in, whether I ought to love or hate her. My anguish was so excruciating that, I remember, it occurred to me to go on to the line, lie down on the rails, let the train pass over me and end my pains. And the idea pleased me, for then at last, I reflected, I should be troubled no more with torturing doubts. The only consideration that prevented me from acting on this impulse was pity for myself which, in turn, instantaneously called forth hatred towards her. Towards him I had a very strange feeling of hatred, mingled with the consciousness of my humiliation and his triumph, but for her my hatred was terrible. "I cannot make away with myself and leave her behind me," I said to myself; "it is only right that she should suffer somewhat, that she should at least feel that I have suffered." I got out at every station on the way to seek for distractions. At one station I saw people drinking in the refreshment-room, and I at once went up and poured myself out some whisky. A Jew stood beside me at the counter and entered into conversation with me; and in order not to be quite alone in my carriage, I followed him to his third-class compartment, filthy though it was, reeking with stale tobacco smoke and littered over with the husks of sunflower seeds, and I sat down on the wooden bench beside him. He was relating a number of anecdotes to me, which I did not understand nor even hear, because I con-

tinued to think of what was absorbing my own mind. He noticed this and began to demand my attention to what he was saying, and then I got up and went back again to my own carriage. "I must think it all over again," I said to myself; "I must sift and compare all the *pros* and *cons*, and see whether there is really any ground for the anguish I am causing myself. And I sat down with the intention of weighing the matter calmly in my mind, and that very instant, instead of a calm analysis, the old train of thoughts was started afresh, and in lieu of arguments I saw the old pictures and imaginings. "How often have I tortured myself," I then thought, "exactly in the same way before (I here called to mind my former paroxysms of jealousy) and all for no reason, as it afterwards proved. It may be that my present suspicions are equally groundless—indeed, I am sure they are; when I get home I shall find her asleep, and by her words and looks I shall feel that nothing wrong has taken place, and that it was all a phantom of my brain. Oh! how delightful that would be!" "But no, it has been so too often; this time it will assuredly be otherwise," an interior voice seemed to say . . . and the flood of bitter corroding thoughts rushed in upon me again. Yes, that was in truth a torture! If she has not sinned, but is bent upon sinning—and I know perfectly well that she is so bent—the situation is still worse; it would be much better if she did what she wanted to do, so that I should know for certain what to think, and get rid of all these horrid doubts and fears." I could not formulate what I wanted or desired. I wished her not to desire that which she must necessarily desire. This was madness pure and simple. At the last station but one, when the guard came in to collect the tickets, I got all my things together and went out on the platform where the brake is worked; and standing there, the consciousness that the consummation was near only intensified my feverishness. I felt a sensation of extreme cold, which was soon followed by the chattering of my teeth. We reached our destination at last, and I left the station mechanically with the crowd, called a droschky, took my place, and drove home.

HOME!

During the drive home I gazed at the rare passers by, the door-keepers, and the houses, and the shadows projected by the vehicle, now before, now behind, thinking of nothing the while. When we had gone about half a mile from the station my feet became extremely cold, and I remembered that I had taken off my woollen stockings in the train and put them in my travelling bag. Where was my travelling bag? Was it here in the droschky? It was, and where was the trunk? Then I became aware that I had forgotten all about my luggage; but having searched for and found the receipt for it, I decided that it was not worth my while to go back for it now, and I drove on. I have never been able since then to reach the state of mind in which I was during that drive home from the station. What were my thoughts? What were my wishes? All that now is an utter blank. I only remember that I was conscious that something terrible was brewing, an event of extreme importance in my life impending. Whether that important thing took place because I thought thus, or because I foreboded it, I cannot say. It may be that after that which subsequently happened all the moments that immediately preceded it were tinged with dismal hues in my memory. I drove up to the door. It was near one o'clock. A few carmen were stationed before the street door waiting for fares, a reasonable expectation enough, to judge by the lights in the windows (in our lodgings the windows of the drawing-room and parlour were brilliantly lighted up). Without attempting to explain to myself why there

was light in our rooms at such a late hour, I walked up the door-steps in that same state of expectancy, foreboding something terrible, and having rang the bell, George, the lackey, a good, zealous, but extremely stupid man, opened the door.

THE GREAT-COAT AGAIN!

The first thing that struck me in the antechamber was the great-coat hanging from the clothes rack, along with other articles of clothing. I ought to have been astonished at this; but I did not feel the least surprise, because I expected it. "Just what I thought," was the mental commentary I made, when in reply to my question who is here, George mentioned the name of Trookhatshevsky. "Any one else?" I asked. "No, no one else." I remember the tone of voice in which he said this, as if he were desirous of giving me pleasure, and dispelling my apprehensions that there might be somebody else there. "Exactly," I muttered, as if aloud to myself; "and the children?" "The children, thank God, are well; they have been asleep ever so long, sir." I could not breathe out freely, nor could I stop the chattering of my teeth. "So," I said to myself, "it is not there, as I thought it might be. Hitherto I used to imagine misfortunes, and always found that I had been mistaken, and that all was well. This time it is not as of yore; here I am face to face in grim reality with all that existed in my imagination, and, as I believed, only in my imagination. Here I find it is all lifelike and real. I was on the point of sobbing aloud, but at the moment the devil whispered: Whine and growl, give yourself up to sickly sentimentality, and give them time to separate, and then pass your life in heart-corroding doubts and torments. And all at once tenderness for myself disappeared, and was succeeded by a strange feeling, you will scarcely believe it—a feeling of joy that my torture was about to come to an end, that I could punish her now, rid myself of her, give reins to my hatred. And I did let loose my hatred, and it metamorphosed me into a wild beast, a malignant, cunning, savage beast. "Stop! stop;" I cried to George, who was about to go into the parlour, "look here! take a droschky, and drive over to the station as quickly as ever you can, and get my luggage. Here is a receipt, lose no time." He went along the corridor to get his overcoat. Apprehensive lest he should disturb the pair, I went with him to his little room, and stood by while he was putting his great-coat on. Through the parlour, from which I was separated by another room, came the sound of voices, and the noise of knives and plates. They were eating, and had not heard the bell. "I pray Heaven they may not leave the room yet," I mentally ejaculated. George at last put on his coat, and departed. I let him out, and shut the door behind him; and I was seized with a weird, eerie feeling, when I saw myself quite alone, and bound to act quickly. To act how? I did not know yet, I only knew that it was all over then, that there could be no longer any doubts about her guilt, that I would punish her presently, and break off all relations with her for ever. Therefore I had had hesitations; I had said to myself: "Perhaps it is not true; perhaps I am mistaken." I did not say or think so now; everything was decided once for all, irrevocably. "Alone with him, without my knowledge, and at night! This argues complete forgetfulness of everything." Or still worse: "this audacity was adopted as the result of cool calculation; this assurance in committing crime was relied upon as a proof of innocence. It is all perfectly clear. There can be no manner of doubt about it." The only thing I felt any uneasiness about was that they might escape, might hit upon some new way of device to baffle and deceive me,

and might thus deprive me of the evidence of my senses, the possibility of proving their crime. And in order to lose no time in coming upon them, and catching them, I went to the drawing-room where they were sitting, not through the parlour, but along the corridor and through the nursery, walking on the tips of my toes. In the first of the two rooms occupied by the nursery the boys were sound asleep. In the second the nurse stirred and moved as if she were about to awake, and I had a very vivid presentiment of what she would think if she knew what was going on.

THE PITY OF IT.

I was filled with such profound pity for myself that I could not hold back my tears, and in order not to wake the child I ran back along the corridor on the tips of my toes to my study, where I flung myself on the sofa and sobbed aloud.

"I, an honest man, the son of such respectable parents, —I, who all my life cherished the dream of domestic happiness in the bosom of my family,—I, her husband, who was never unfaithful to her. I have lived to see this thing! The mother of five children, and to throw herself shamelessly into the arms of a musician, because he has rosy lips! No, she is not a human being. And all this in the room next the nursery where the children are,—the children whom she has all her life been pretending to love. And then, again, to send me such a letter as she sent me; and to throw herself so shamelessly into his arms! Nay, how do I know, possibly this has been going on for ever so long. Had I come to-morrow instead of to-night, she would have met me, her hair tastefully done up, her slender waist becomingly set off, with her languid, graceful movements, and the wild beast of jealousy imprisoned for ever within me would have torn my heart to pieces. What will the nurse think? and George? and poor little Liza? (she was already of an age to understand something of what was going on). And this shamelessness! And this hypocrisy! And this sensuality, which I know so well," I exclaimed to myself.

I wanted to rise, but I could not. My heart beat so violently that I could not stand on my feet. "I shall have a stroke of paralysis and drop down dead," I thought. "She will indeed be the death of me. That's what she wants. Killing would be nothing to her. But no, my death would be too much of a godsend to her; I must not give her this pleasure. Why, here am I sitting in my room, while this very moment they are eating and laughing and . . . And why did I not strangle her then?" I asked myself, as I called to mind the moment, a week ago, when I thrust her out of my study and smashed the things on the table. I had a most lively recollection of the state of mind I was in at that time; and not merely a recollection, but I experienced the very same desire to beat, to destroy, that animated me then. I remember how I wished to do something, to act, and how all considerations, except those that were indispensable for action, vanished from my mind in a twinkling, and I was left in a mood identical with that of a wild beast, or of a human being under the influence of physical excitement, in time of danger when a man naturally acts with precision, not hurriedly, and yet without losing a single moment, and all with a single, definite object in view.

SURPRISED!

The first thing I did was to take off my boots; and then in my stockings I went to the wall, where my guns and daggers were suspended above the sofa, and took down a crooked Damascus blade that had never been used, and was exceedingly sharp. I unsheathed it. The scabbard slipped from my hands and fell down behind

the sofa; and I remember saying to myself, "I must look for it afterwards, or it may get lost." Then I divested myself of my great-coat, which had remained on me all that time, and, stepping out softly in my stockings, I went *there*; and, stealing up inaudibly, I suddenly threw open the door. — I remember the expression of their faces. I remember it, because it afforded me an excruciating pleasure. It was an expression of terror, and that was precisely what I desired. To my dying day I shall not forget the regard of mingled despair and terror that was visible on their faces the first moment they beheld me. He was seated, I think, at the table, and as soon as he saw me, he started to his feet and stationed himself with his back leaning against the cupboard. His features were expressive of unmistakable abject terror. Her face wore the same expression, but there was something else there besides; and had it not been for that something else, had I discovered no trace of anything but terror, perhaps that which happened a little later would have never taken place at all. For an instant, and only for an instant, her looks betrayed — to my thinking at least — the disappointment, the vexation she felt at being disturbed in her love-making, at having her happiness in his society broken in upon. She seemed to have but one thought, but one wish — namely, to be left alone to enjoy her happiness unmolested. Both of those expressions lingered but a second on their faces; his was instantaneously replaced by an interrogative glance at her which said: "Is it possible to right things by lying? If so, then it is time to begin. If not, something else will take place; but what?" Her look of vexation and disappointment was succeeded, I fancied, the moment her eyes met his, by solicitude for him. For an instant I stood on the threshold, holding the dagger behind my back, and that instant he smiled and began to speak in a tone of voice so studiously unconcerned, that it seemed positively comical. "And we were at our music . . ." he began. "Well, this is a surprise," she exclaimed, the same moment, following up the cue he had given her. But neither he nor she finished what they were going to say. The insane frenzy that I had felt a week previously had again taken possession of me; once more I experienced the same mania for destroying, for using violence, for assuring the triumph of madness, and I gave myself up to it, body and soul.

MURDER!

They never finished the sentences they had commenced. That other alternative happened which he was so greatly afraid of, and it swept away in a trice all that they were going to say. I threw myself upon her, hiding, all the time, the dagger, lest he should hinder me from plunging it into her side, under her breast. I chose this spot from the very first. Just as I was flinging myself upon her, he saw what I was about, and — what surprised me very much from him — caught me by the arm, and shouted out at the top of his voice: "Bethink you of what you are doing! Help!" I freed my arm and rushed upon him without uttering a word. His eyes encountering mine, he all at once turned as pale as a sheet, his very lips became bloodless and white, his eyes glistened with an unwonted lustre, and — what likewise surprised me very much — he dived under the piano and fled from the room. I rushed after him, but felt a heavy weight suspended from my left arm. It was she. I struggled and tried to tear myself from her, but she weighed me down still more heavily, and effectually prevented me from moving. This unlooked-for hindrance, the dragging weight, and her touch, from which I shrank as from a loathsome thing, served only to inflame me still more. I felt that I was perfectly raging, and that I could not but strike terror into her,

and I exulted in the thought. I struck backwards with my left arm with all the force I could gather, and I hit her with my elbow in the face. She screamed and let go my arm. I was on the point of running out in pursuit of him, when I reflected that it would be ridiculous to rush off in my stockings after the lover of my wife, and I did not wish to be ridiculous, but to be terrible. Notwithstanding the irrepressible fury that was driving me, I was conscious all the time of the impression I produced on others. At times, indeed, that impression served to guide me. I turned round to her. She had fallen on the couch, and, pressing her bruised eyes with her hands, was looking at me. Her face was expressive of terror and of hatred for me, her enemy; it was just such a look as a rat might give when the trap in which he has been caught is being raised up to the light. At least, I saw nothing but fear and hatred in her features, just such fear and hatred for me which love for another would inevitably call forth in her. Still I might, perhaps, have restrained myself yet, and might not have done what I did, if she had only remained silent. But she all at once began to speak and to clutch at my hand, the hand that held the dagger. "Think what you are doing. Nothing has passed between him and me, nothing. I swear to you, nothing." I might still have wavered, had it not been for those concluding words, from which I inferred that the opposite was true, viz., that everything had taken place. These words required a reply. And the reply would have to correspond to the state of frenzy up to which I had lashed myself, and which went on *crescendo*, and would still go on gaining in intensity. Fury has its laws as well as other mental states. "Do not lie, hell hag!" I screamed, seizing her arm with my left hand. But she wrenched herself away from my grasp. Then, without relinquishing my hold of the dagger, I caught her with my left hand by the throat, threw her over on her back, and began to strangle her. How tough her neck seemed! She seized my arms with both her hands, tearing them away from her throat; and, as if I had only been waiting for this, I struck the dagger, with all the strength I could muster, into her left side and under the ribs.

Whenever people assert that in a paroxysm of madness they do not remember what they are doing, they are talking nonsense, or lying. I knew very well what I was doing, and did not for a single second cease to be conscious of it. The more I fanned the flame of my fury, the brighter burned within me the light of consciousness, lighting up every nook and corner of my soul, so that I could not help seeing everything I was doing. I cannot affirm that I knew in advance what I was going to do, but the very moment I was doing anything, and I fancy some seconds beforehand, I was conscious of what I was doing, in order, as it were, that I might repent of it in time, that I might afterwards have it to say that I could have stayed my hand. Thus I was aware that I was striking her below the ribs, and that the blade would penetrate. The very moment I was doing this I knew I was doing something terrible, a thing I had never done before, an action that would be fraught with fruitful consequences. But that consciousness was instantaneously like a flash of lightning and the deed followed so close upon it as to be almost simultaneous with it. My consciousness of the deed and of its nature was painfully distinct. I felt and I remember the momentary resistance of the corset, and of something else, and then the passage of the knife cutting its way through the soft parts of the body. She seized the dagger with both her hands, wounding them, but without staying its progress.

Afterwards, in prison, when a moral revolution had already worked radical changes in my being, I would ponder for hours at a time on the thoughts and sensations.

that had filled my mind during that fatal instant, recalling all possible details. I remember that a second, but barely a second, before the act was accomplished, I was terribly conscious that I was killing, that I had killed, a woman, a defenceless woman, my wife. I recollect the indescribable horror of this state of mind, and I infer from it, and in fact I may add that I have a dim remembrance, that having plunged the dagger into her body, I instantaneously drew it out again, anxious thereby to remedy what I had done, to stay my hand. I then stood motionless for an instant, waiting to see what would happen, and whether it was possible to remedy it.

AFTER THE BLOW.

She suddenly sprang to her feet and screamed out: "Nurse, he has murdered me!" The nurse, having heard the noise, was already on the threshold. I was still standing motionless, expectant, incredulous. Suddenly the blood welled forth from under her corset, and then I saw that what I had done was past remedying, and the same instant I decided that it was not desirable that it should be remedied, that this very thing was what I wanted and what ought to have been done. I lingered on still, till she fell, and the nurse exclaiming "Good God!" ran to her assistance; it was only then that I flung away the dagger and quitted the room. "I must not get excited: I must think of what I am doing," I said to myself, not looking at her or the nurse. The nurse screamed and called the maid, I walked along the corridor, sent the maid to her mistress, and went to my room. "What must I do now?" I asked myself, and at I once knew what. Going into my study I went up to the wall, took down the revolver, examined it—it was loaded—and placed it on the table. I next picked up the scabbard from behind the sofa, and then seated myself on the sofa. I remained thus seated for a long time, thinking of nothing, recollecting nothing. I was conscious, however, of a considerable stir in the other rooms. I heard a vehicle driving up to the door with someone; then another. Then I heard and saw George coming into my study with my luggage—as if anyone wanted it! "Did you hear what had happened?" I asked him. "Tell the *dvornik* to go and inform the police." He went out without making any reply. I rose from the sofa, got out my cigarettes and the matches and began to smoke. Before I had smoked one cigarette, I was overcome by drowsiness and fell asleep.

I slept for about two hours. I dreamt that she and I were living on terms of affection, that we had quarrelled, but were making it up, and that there was some little obstacle in the way, but that at bottom we were friends. I was awoke by a knocking at the door. "That's the police," I thought; "I fancy I murdered her. But perhaps it is she herself who is knocking, and that nothing at all has happened." The knocking at the door was continued. I did not answer it, but strove to decide the question, Had all that really taken place, or not? Yes, it had. I remembered the resistance of the corset and the passage of the blade through the body, and the recollection sent an icy cold chill along my back and made my flesh creep. . . . Yes, it had taken place. There was no mistake about that. Now it's my turn, I thought; but even while I was still saying that to myself, I knew that I would not kill myself. And yet I rose and took up the revolver again. It seemed strange; I remember how many times before that I had been on the point of committing suicide—the night before, in the train, for instance—and it had always seemed to me such an easy thing to do; it had seemed easy because I considered that to be the most effectual means of striking terror into her. But now, not only could I not only take my own life, but I could not even harbour the thought. "Why should I kill myself?" I

asked. And no answer was forthcoming. The knocking at the door continued. "Ah, yes, I must first see who is at the door. There will be always time enough for this," I thought, as I laid the revolver down on the table and covered it over with a newspaper. I then went to the door and drew back the bolt. It was my wife's sister—a well-meaning, silly widow. "Vasa, what's all this?" she exclaimed, and the tears—always ready with her—flowed abundantly. "What do you want?" I asked, gruffly. I knew that I ought not to be rude to her, that I had no reason to be rude, but I could not hit upon any other tone. "Vasa, she's dying, Ivan Zakharievitch said so." Ivan Zakharievitch was the doctor—her doctor, and adviser. "Is he here?" I enquired, and all my hatred for her revived. "Well, and what if she is?" I continued, "Vasa go to her. Ah! this is dreadful!" she sighed. "Shall I go to her?" I asked myself. And I at once decided that it was my duty to go to her, that it was the correct thing to do in such cases; that when a husband kills his wife, as I had done, he is bound to go to her. If it is always done, I reasoned, then I suppose I must go. Yes, if it should prove needful—I said to myself, thinking of my intention to commit suicide—I shall have plenty of time to do it afterwards, and I followed my wife's sister. Now I shall have to prepare for grimaces and phrases, I said to myself, but I must not let them affect me. "Wait a moment," I exclaimed to my sister-in-law, "it is so stupid to go without boots, let me just draw on my slippers."

DEATH.

Strange as it may seem, as I left my study and passed through the familiar rooms, I once more conceived a hope that all this had not really taken place, but the pungent smell of the abominable drugs, of iodine, of carbolic acid, overpowered me, and I knew that it had really taken place. Passing along the corridor by the nursery, I saw Liza; she gazed at me with a terrified look in her eyes. I fancied the whole five children were there and were steadfastly looking at me. I went up to the door of her room, and the maid opened it and went out. The first thing that struck me was her light-grey dress lying on the chair, all black with blood. She was in bed, in my bed, which was easier of access than her own, lying on pillows in a very sloping position, her knees upraised, her *camisole* unbuttoned. Something had been laid on the place where the wound was. A nauseous smell of iodine pervaded the room. What impressed me in the first place, and more profoundly than anything else, was her swollen bruised face, the eyes and part of the nose being of a bluish-black colour: these were the effects of the blow I had struck her with my elbow when she was trying to hold me back. No trace of beauty was left; but instead of it I noticed something repulsive in her. I stopped at the threshold. "Go up to her; go up to her," exclaimed her sister. "Yes, she probably wants to repent," I thought. Shall I forgive her? "Yes, as she is dying I may forgive her," I decided within myself, striving to be magnanimous. I then went up close to her bedside. With difficulty she raised up her eyes to me, one of which was greatly bruised, and said falteringly, stammering over the words: "You have your way now; you have killed me." And I noticed on her face the expression which was struggling with physical pain for the mastery; in spite of the nearness of death, it was the old, familiar, cold, animal hatred. "The children—you—shall not—have; I will—not give—them—to you! She (her sister)—will take them." As to that which was the most important point of all, for me—her guilt, her faithlessness—she did not consider it deserving of even a passing allusion. "Yes; admire what you've done!"

she exclaimed, slowly turning her eyes in the direction of the door, and sobbing. On the threshold stood her sister with the children. "Yes; see what you have done!"

I looked at the children and then at her bruised, blue face, and for the first time I forgot myself, my rights, my pride; for the first time I saw in her a human being; and so frivolous and mean did everything appear that had wounded me, even my jealousy, and so grave, so fateful the thing that I had done, that I was ready to fall at her feet, take her hand in mine, and say, "Forgive me!" But I did not dare. She closed her eyes and remained silent, evidently too weak to speak. All at once her distorted face quivered, a frown passed over it, and she pushed me feebly away from her. "Why has all this happened? Oh, why?" "Forgive me," I exclaimed. "Forgiveness; all that is rubbish. Oh, if I could only keep from dying!" she ejaculated, raising herself up a little and fixing on me her eyes, that gleamed with a feverish lustre. "You have worked your will. I hate you! Oh, ah!" she exclaimed, evidently frightened of something, as her mind began to wander. "Kill me now; kill me! I'm not afraid. Only kill them all; kill him too. He's gone; he's gone!" The delirium continued to the end. She recognised no one. The same day at noon she passed away.

Before this, at eight o'clock in the morning, I was taken to the police station and transferred from there to the prison, where I remained eleven months awaiting my trial. It was there that I meditated upon myself and my past life, and succeeded in getting a true insight into its

meaning. Three days afterwards they took me over to the house. . . . He was going to say something more, but he could not muster strength enough to repress his sobs, and he was obliged to stop. Making an effort, he continued: "I only began to see things in their true light after I had looked upon her in her coffin." He sobbed again, but went on hurriedly: "It was only when I had gazed upon her dead face that I realised what I had done. I then felt and realised that it was I, I who had killed her, that through my instrumentality it had come to pass that she who a little while before was living, moving, warm, was now still, wax-like, cold, and that this could be righted nowhere, never, by no one. He who has not experienced this is not capable of understanding. . . . Oh! Oh!" he ejaculated several times, and lapsed into silence.

We remained seated in silence for a long while; he sobbing and shivering, opposite me. "Good-bye," he called out at last, and turning his back to me lay down on the seat, covering himself up with his plaid.

When we came to the station where I had to get out (it was eight o'clock in the morning) I went up to where he lay, to take leave of him. Whether he was asleep or only pretended to be asleep, I could not tell, but he did not move. I touched him with my hand. He uncovered himself, and then I saw that he was not sleeping. "Good-bye," I exclaimed, holding out my hand to him. He stretched out his hand and smiled almost imperceptibly but so piteously that I had like to cry.

"Yes, good-bye," he said again, repeating the words with which he had finished the story.

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THE NEW BOOKS AND BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

PERHAPS the most striking thing in connection with the current literature of the past month is the number of books about Browning which have come from the press. It is but a few months ago that the poet died, and already the reading public has been favoured with three or four studies of his writings, and with one biography. Mr. William Sharp's "Life of Robert Browning" has been very hurriedly put together, and can scarcely hope to be more than what he himself calls it, a *Mémoire pour servir*. The ascertainable facts of the poet's life are clearly enough set forth, and his works are criticised with insight. Probably the next few months will see other biographical sketches of Browning; for, to adapt a stanza from Lord Tennyson,—

... Now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old;
But of him—ere he scarce be cold—
Appears the "brief biography."

The number of novels published during March—of which a selection only is given in the following list—shows that the spring publishing season has already commenced. The more important books promised, however, are yet to come.

ART.

PERROT, GEORGES, and CHARLES CHIPPEZ. *History of Ancient Art in Sardinia, Judæa, Syria, and Asia Minor.* (Chapman & Hall.) Two vols. Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Price 36s.

Translated from the French, and edited by Mr. J. Govino. The book contains nearly 400 illustrations.

Photogravure of the Boat Race, 1890. (Topographic Etching Co.)

A reproduction, in artistic form, of a view from nature, executed entirely in three hours.

BIOGRAPHY.

BESANT, WALTER. *Captain Cook.* (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 190. Portrait. Price 2s. 6d.

A volume of the "English Worthies" series. Mr. Besant possessed three qualifications for the task of writing this book—knowledge of the eighteenth century, a traveller's acquaintance with the Pacific, and the novelist's art of telling a story. He has produced a pleasant biography.

GOWER, LORD RONALD. *Rupert of the Rhine.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Cr. 8vo. Buckram. Pp. x. 130. Price 6s.

A biographical sketch of Prince Rupert, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Cumberland, &c. The book contains three portraits after Kneller, Dobson, and Vandyke.

HUNTER, SIR WILLIAM WILSON. *The Marquis of Dalhousie, and the Final Development of the Company's Rule.* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. London: Frowde.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Portrait and map. Price 2s. 6d.

The first volume in a new series entitled "Rulers of India," about to be issued under Sir William Hunter's editorship. They aim at "presenting the history of the Indian Empire in a carefully-planned succession of political biographies."

LOWE, CHARLES, M.A. *Prince Bismarck: an Historical Biography.* (Cassell & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two volumes. Portraits.

Mr. Lowe has seized an opportune moment for the issue of a popular edition of his book on Bismarck. The work is largely historical. Vol. I. extends from Waterloo to the Declaration of King William I. as Emperor of Germany at Versailles in 1871; Vol. II. deals with Bismarck in connection with the united German Empire.

SHARP, WILLIAM. *Life of Robert Browning.* (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 220 and xxii. Price 1s.

A volume of the Great Writers series. Mr. John P. Anderson, of the British Museum, appends a full and useful bibliography.

STEPHEN, LESLIE, and SIDNEY LEE (Editors). *Dictionary of National Biography.* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) Large 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 449. Price 15s.

The twenty-second volume of this valuable work of reference. It extends from Glover to Gravel, and is chiefly remarkable for the large number of comparatively unimportant names which it contains. The Glovers, Goddards, Goodalls, Goodwins, Gordons, Grahams, and Growls occupy most of one volume. Goldsmith (Leslie Stephen), General Gordon (Colonel Veitch), and Gower (Sidney Lee) are articles worthy of mention.

WILLARD, FRANCES E. *Glimpses of Fifty Years.* (Chicago: Women's Temperance Publishing Association.) Large 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 698.

An interesting autobiography, written by order of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, with which Miss Willard has for many years been connected. Introduction by Hannah Whitell Smith. The book is excellently "got up," and is adorned with numerous portraits and illustrations.

WOOD, THE REV. THEODORE. *The Rev. J. G. Wood: His Life and Work.* (Cassell & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi., 318. Portrait.

An account of the popular naturalist's life, prepared by his son. It will doubtless be read with interest by the late Mr. Wood's many admirers.

GEOGRAPHY, ETHNOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BARTHOLOMEW, J. G., F.R.G.S. *The Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer of the Dominion of Canada.* (John Walker & Co.) Small 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxiv. 276. 36 plates. Price 2s. 6d.

This excellent little work of reference comprises a statistical and descriptive introduction and a complete index and gazetteer, together with thirty-six carefully-executed maps. The whole work has been revised by Dr. Harper, of Quebec.

BARTHOLOMEW, JOHN, F.R.G.S. *The Pocket Atlas of the World.* (John Walker & Co.) Small 8vo. Cloth. 72 maps and plans. Price 2s. 6d.

A new edition, revised and enlarged. The maps—now seventy-two in number—are accompanied by a complete index of names, and useful statistical notes.

BENNETT, ARTHUR. *John Bull and His Other Island.* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. vii. 152. Price 2s.

An attempt to describe Ireland from an English standpoint—the record of three holidays in "that realm of mingled beauty and misfortune."

PASCOE, CHARLES EYRE. *London of To-day: An Illustrated Handbook for the Season, 1890.* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 414. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

An account of London, with especial reference to the Society of the Metropolis. It is an annual publication—being revised and brought up to date every year—and ought to prove as useful to the visitor as it is interesting to the Londoner bred and born.

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, ETC.

CESARESCO, COUNTESS E. MARTINETGO. *Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Demy 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 396. Price 16s.

Sketches of the lives and careers of sundry Italian patriots—including, among others, Bellino Ricasoli, Constance d'Azeglio, Ugo Bassi, Daniel Manin, The Caviolis, Luigi Settembrini, and the Poerios.

FERGUSON, RICHARD S., M.A., F.S.A. *A History of the County of Cumberland.* (Elliot Stock.) Demy 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 312. Price 7s. 6d.

A volume of the "Popular County Histories" series. Mr. Ferguson (who, by the way, is Chancellor of Carlisle) sketches the history of the early inhabitants of the county, of the Roman occupation, of the Baronies, the city, and the church, and of the Scottish war, and also describes the country in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the ill-fated insurrection of '15 and '45. The book is an attempt to discharge the functions of the "general introduction" to the old-fashioned County History, and is supplied in a bibliography and index.

PARKINSON, THE REV. THOMAS, F.R.Hist.S. *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions.* (Elliot Stock.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x. 260.

A second series of legends, historical and apocryphal, drawn from wide and often dissimilar sources. They are for the most part given in the words of the original narrators.

ROSS, DAVID. *Mnemonic Time Charts of English History.* (Edward Stanford.) 8vo. Cloth. 14 charts. Price 2s. 6d.

These charts profess to "show at a glance" in chronological relation the various kings, Parliaments, and Ministries of England, as well as the civil and foreign wars; together with a selection of the leading men and important general events. We are bound to confess that we have not found Mr. Ross's mnemonic system by any means so simple as it might well have been.

RUTLAND, JOHN, DUKE OF (Editor). *Correspondence between the Rt. Hon. William Pitt and Charles, Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1781-1787.* (Blackwood & Son.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 186. Price 7s. 6d.

An interesting contribution to the history of England's relations with Ireland towards the close of the eighteenth century.

LAW, POLITICS, AND SOCIETY.

BUXTON, SYDNEY, M.P., and GEORGE STAPLETON BARNES. *A Handbook to the Death Duties.* (John Murray.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 109. Price, 3s. 6d.

In this little handbook, a Radical Member of Parliament of some reputation in finance, sketches in a popular style the history of the so-called Death Duties. The duties are also described, and certain fiscal reforms in connection with them are advocated.

FORD, DOUGLAS M. *Promotions and Prospectuses.* (Argus Printing Co.) Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 84. Price 1s. 6d.

This little book consists for the most part of articles contributed to the leading columns of the *Financial News*. It sets out the law on the subject in popular language, and will no doubt prove useful to the company promoter and his possible victims.

DOWSETT, C. F. *Striking Events in Irish History.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 451. Price 2s. 6d.

A batch of newspaper extracts, invariably culled from Unionist journals, and thrown into volume form without the slightest attempt at arrangement. Mr. Dowsett's skill as a bookmaker may be represented by a minus quantity; while his general intelligence stands condemned in the fact that he still thinks some of the Pigott forgeries may be genuine. His book is a not unworthy successor of a sometime successful pamphlet called "Parnellism and Crime,"—but a comparatively expensive one.

SCOTT, BENJAMIN, F.R.A.S. *A State Iniquity: Its Rise, Extension, and Overthrow.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 401. Price

The City Chamberlain, an honoured worker in the noble cause of which he has become the historian, describes his book as "a concise history of the system of State-regulated and licensed vice,—its Pagan origin; its introduction into and extension in Christendom; its adoption by the

British Legislature; the struggle for its suppression, and the final overthrow in Great Britain and her Colonies." Four appendices contain (1) a list of workers; (2) literature of the repeal movement; (3) specimens of appeals addressed to the Legislature; and (4)—saddest of all—a "registration ticket." An excellent work, none the less welcome because the great battle against vice and tyranny which it describes has been fought and won.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

I.—POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES LOWDER." *The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.* (W. H. Allen & Co.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. xiii. 128. Price 2s. 6d.

A translation of the whole drama, together with an introductory description. The songs of the chorus are given both in German and in metrical English. The translation is crude in parts, but will prove useful to the tourist unacquainted with the German tongue.

EDMONDS, CHARLES (Editor). *Poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin."* (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxviii. 342. Price 7s. 6d.

It was to the *Anti-Jacobin*, or *Weekly Examiner* (1797-8) that Canning contributed his famous poem on the "Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife Grinder." Other contributors of political and satirical verse and of *jeux d'esprit* were Wellesley, J. H. Frere, Ellis, Gifford, Carlisle, and Pitt. The present edition of the book contains much new matter, and is embellished with six plates by James Gillray.

IBSEN, HENRIK. *Ghosts: An Enemy of the People: The Wild Duck.* (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. v. 382. Price 3s. 6d.

The second volume of the authorised English edition of Ibsen's Prose Dramas, containing some of his most representative work. The translations are from the pen of Mr. William Archer, which means that the best possible rendering has in every case been secured.

JAMES, IVOR. *The Source of the "Ancient Mariner."* (Cardiff: Owen & Co.) 12mo. Paper covers. Pp. 88. Price 2s.

An interesting *brochure*. Mr. James endeavours to prove that Coleridge got the idea and many of the incidents of the "Ancient Mariner" from "The Strange and Dangerous Voyage of Captain Thomas James" (1633). His arguments are plausible if not quite convincing.

KINGSLAND, WILLIAM G. *Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age.* (Jarvis & Son.) 12mo. Portrait. Price 2s. 6d.

This excellent little Browning "primer" first appeared two or three years ago. Mr. Kingsland has taken the opportunity of the poet's death to issue a new and revised edition. Among the biographical additions are several letters from Browning to the author, one of which is reproduced in *facsimile*.

MACCOLL, MALCOLM, M.A. *The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.* (Rivingtons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. ix. 98. Price 3s. 6d.

A seventh edition. Canon MacColl supplements his account of the Ober-Ammergau performance by some remarks on the origin and development of miracle-plays.

MATTHEW, CHARLES (Translator). *Comedies by Molière.* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth gilt. Pp. 521. Price 2s.

A new translation, revised by Mr. G. T. Bettany, the editor of the "Minerva Library of Famous Books." A portrait of Molière and a biographical introduction are prefixed.

MOORE, EDWARD, D.D. *Dante and His Earlier Biographers.* (Rivingtons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 182. Price 3s. 6d.

A reprint of some valuable lectures delivered in 1889 at University College, London. Dr. Moore deals with the two lives of Dante attributed to Boccaccio, and with the lives written by Villani, Brunetti, Manelli, Filelfo, and others. No better introduction to the earlier biographers of Dante could be desired.

SHARP, FARQUHARSON (Editor). *The "Lady of Lyons" and other Plays, by Lord Lytton.* (Walter Scott.) 12mo. Cloth. Pp. xxx. 322.

A volume of the "Canterbury Poets" series. Contains "The Duchesse de la Vallière," "The Lady of Lyons," and "Richelieu," together with a critical introduction.

II.—FICTION.

The following list is believed to contain all the more important works of fiction published during March:—

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

The Emancipated. By GEORGE GISSING (Bentley).
By Woman's Favour. By HENRY ERROL (Bentley).
The Nugents of Carriconna. By TIGHE HOPKINS (Ward & Downey).
Without Love or License. By HAWLEY SMART (Chatto & Windus).
One Another's Burdens. By MARY E. MANN (Bentley).

TWO-VOLUME NOVELS.

Joshua. By GEORGE EBERS (Sampson Low—Tauchnitz).
The Lloyds of Ballymore. By EDITH ROCHFORD (Chapman & Hall).
Briars. By A. M. MUNRO (Griffith, Farran, & Co.).

ONE-VOLUME NOVELS.

Mumford Manor. By J. ADAMSON (Fisher Unwin).
The Oglivies. By DINAH H. CRAIK (Macmillan).
Olive. By the Same (Macmillan).
The Pariah. By F. ANSTEV (Smith, Elder, & Co.).
Vanity Fair. By W. M. THACKERAY (Smith, Elder, & Co., is.).
Agnes Surriage. By E. L. BYNNER (Sampson Low).
Paul Patoff. By F. M. CRAWFORD (Macmillan).
The Sanctity of Confession. By the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE (Kegan Paul).
A Society Scandal. By "RITA" (Trischler).
The House of the Wolf. By S. J. WEYMAN (Longmans).
Daide Cortis. Translated by L. S. SIMEON (Remington).
Dollis Brooke. By CARTER HARRISON (Remington).
The Holy Rose, &c. By WALTER BESANT (Chatto & Windus).
Six to One. By EDWARD BELLAMY (Putnam's Sons).
A Walf of the Plains. By BRET HARTE (Chatto).
Lothair's Children. By "H.R.H." (Remington).
The Mynn's Mystery. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN (Warne).
A Lover of the Beautiful. By LADY CARMARTHEN (Macmillan).
A Queen of Roses. By BAYNTON FOSTER (Ward & Downey).

III.—BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

ANNANDALE, CHARLES, M.A. (Editor). Blackie's Modern Encyclopædia of Universal Information (Blackie & Son). 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 512.

The fifth volume of an excellent book of reference for the general reader. Extends from "Image" to "Momus." Some of the illustrations seem superfluous—the pictures of the telegraph insulators, for example, give no idea of their peculiar construction, nor does the text afford any information on the point.

IV.—MISCELLANEA.

ELLIS, HAVELOCK. The New Spirit. (George Bell & Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 242. Price 7s. 6d.

Mr. Ellis thinks that we are on the eve of a new era, the "new spirit" of which has already manifested itself in the writings of Diderot, Heine, Whitman, Ibsen, and Tolstoi. These manifestations are discussed in the book before us.

GARNETT, EDWARD (Editor). The Adventures of a Younger Son. By EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNEY. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 521. Price 5s.

The initial volume of the "Adventure Series." Mr. Edward Garnett, son of the distinguished Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, contributes a biographical and critical introduction of twenty-five pages, and there are numerous portraits and illustrations. The work, as a whole, is a fair specimen of the better class of cheap reprints.

HODGETTS, EDITH M. S. (Editor). Tales and Legends from the Land of the Czar. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x. 324.

A collection of interesting stories, translated from the Russian

HOWE, WALTER (Editor). The Garden as Considered in Literature by Certain Polite Writers. (Putnam's Sons.) 8vo. Cloth gilt. Price 1 dollar.

A "Knickerbocker Nugget," comprising extracts from Bacon, Sir William Temple, Addison, Pope, Lady M. W. Montague, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, and others.

MASSON, DAVID (Editor). The Collected Writings of Thomas de Quincey; Vol. VI. (A. & C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 448. Price 3s. 6d.

The latest volume in the standard edition, comprising the "Historical Essays." Among the articles contained in the book are "Homer and the Homeridae," "Philosophy of Herodotus," "The Theban Sphinx," the "Toilet of the Hebrew Lady," "Cicero," the "Cæsars," "Ælius Lamia," and the "Philosophy of Roman History."

WILKINS, A. S., Litt.D. Roman Literature. (Macmillan & Co.) Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 130. Price 1s.

Though but a primer, this little book is a most excellent work of its kind. It constitutes a brief, concise, and scholarly introduction to the subject with which it deals; and supplemented by the use of good translations, it ought to enable any intelligent person to obtain a working knowledge of the Latin classics.

RELIGION.

CARPENTER, J. ESTLIN, M.A. The First Three Gospels: Their Origin and Relations. (Sunday School Association.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xv., 398. Price 3s. 6d.

An attempt to set before the ordinary English reader some of the results of recent critical study of the Synoptic Gospels.

FARRAR, FREDERIC W., D.D. (Editor). The Gospel According to St. Luke. (Cambridge: at the University Press.) Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160. Price 1s.

A volume of the "Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools," edited with map, introduction, and notes. The notes are printed at the bottom of each page, and there are three excurses and a useful index. An excellent book for Sunday schools and youthful readers generally.

KITCHIN, REV. J. G., M.A. The Bible Student in the British Museum. (Cassell & Co.) Sm. 8vo. Pp. 80. Price 1s.

An excellently-arranged little guide to the principal antiquities at the British Museum which illustrate and confirm the sacred history.

MACLEAR, REV. G. F., D.D. The Gospel According to St. Mark. (Cambridge: at the University Press.) Sm. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 127. Price 2s.

Uniform with the preceding volume.

MARTINEAU, JAMES, LL.D. The Seat of Authority in Religion. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 4s.

An attempt to make clear the ultimate ground of pure religion in the human mind, and the permanent essence of the religion of Christ in history. The book is addressed to the requirements of educated persons interested in the results of modern knowledge.

SCHENCK, F. S. The Ten Commandments in the Nineteenth Century. (Funk & Wagnalls.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 140.

The Commandments are taken one by one, and their utility and force at the present time lucidly set forth.

SCIENCE.

BRYAN, BENJAMIN. The British Vivisectors' Directory. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. vii., 120. Price 1s.

"A Black Book for the United Kingdom," with a preface by Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Several hundred vivisectors (including not a few distinguished scientists) are put in Mr. Bryan's pillory.

FERNIE, W. T., M.D. Influenza and Common Colds. (Percival & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x., 129. Price 2s.

A discussion in non-medical language of the causes, character, and treatment of the ailments mentioned.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

I.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

ARMEL, HENRI. **Chansons et Chansonniers.** (Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

An interesting and readable history of ballad music and popular song from Anacreon to the café concert.

BARINE, ARVÈDE. **Princesses et Grande Dames.** (Paris, Londres : Maison Hachette.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

A work likely to prove of real value to the historical student, who will find some hitherto unpublished details on Marie Maucini, Christina of Sweden, the Duchesse du Maine, the Margravine of Bayreuth, and an extraordinary picture of Eastern life as told in the authentic memoirs of an Arab princess married to a German merchant of the name of Ruete.

BOSQUET, EM. **L'Art du Relieur.** (Paris : Librairie Polytechnique, Baudry et Cie.) Bound. Illustrated. Price 12 fr. 50 c.

Practical and thorough history and guide to bookbinding in all its branches.

FRANCKE, AD. (Professeur). **Nouveaux Essais de Critique Philosophique.** (Paris, Londres : Hachette et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Thoughtful review of contemporary philosophical literature, by a well-known member of the French Institut. Among the works which will be here found carefully analysed may be mentioned Vacherot's *Nouveau Spiritualism*, Guyau's *l'Irréligion de l'Avenir*, Bausserie's *Principes de la Morale*, and Ludovic Carrau's *La Philosophie religieuse en Angleterre*.

G. G. **Essais de Critique Militaire.** (Paris : Librairie de la *Nouvelle Revue*.) 400 pages. Price 10 fr.

Reprints of a series of remarkable articles by anonymous writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*. With appendix, and numerous maps and plans.

GAUCHER, MAXIME. **Causeries Littéraires.** (Paris : Armand Colin et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Collection of articles on French contemporary writers, including Renan, Daudet, Dumas fils, de Maupassant, Pierre Loti, &c., &c.

GODEFROY, FRÉDÉRIC. **Histoire de la Littérature Française.** (Paris : Gaume et Cie.) Ten vols. 8vo. Price 65 fr.

Work commended by the French Academy. Survey of French literature from the sixteenth century to the present time.

HENNEQUIN, EMILE. **Quelques Ecrivains Français.** (Paris : Librairie Académique Didier.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Collection of clever critical essays on the modern French school of fiction—Flaubert, Zola, Hugo, de Goncourt, and Huysmann, by a sometime disciple of Zola.

HENRIOT, BARON. **Histoire des Missions Catholiques.** (Paris : Gaume et Cie.) 4 vols. 4to. Price 40 fr.

History of Roman Catholic missionary enterprise from the thirteenth century to the present time. Work compiled with the aid and approval of the College of the Propaganda in Rome. Numerous curious illustrations.

LEGOUVÉ, E. **Fleurs d'Hiver—Fruits d'Hiver.** (Paris : Paul Ollendorff.) Small édition de luxe. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

This volume will form the sequel to the well-known writer and playwright's "Recollections." A very interesting picture of contemporary Parisian literary life.

NEUVILLE DE HYDE, BARON. **Mémoires et Souvenirs.** (Paris : Plon, Nouvrit, et Cie.) 8vo. Price 7 fr. 50 c. Portrait of author.

Conclusion of Baron de Neuville's "Recollections," comprising the Restoration, the Hundred Days, and the reign of Louis XVIII.

NEUKOMM, EDOUARD. **Berlin tel qu'il est.** (Paris : Ernest Rolf.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Lively, amusing account of Berlin life in all its phases by a not unsympathetic observer.

RENAN, ERNEST. **L'Avenir de la Science.** (Paris : Calmann Levy.) 4to. Price 7 fr. 50 c.

Work probably destined to arouse much attention in the religious and scientific world. By the author of "La Vie de Jésus."

SAY, LÉON. **Le Socialisme d'Etat.** (Paris : Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Thoughtful study on State Socialism by a moderate Republican.

II.—FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

CHERBULIEZ, VICTOR. **Une Gageure.** (Paris, Londres : Hachette et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Novel by the author of "Le Comte Kostia," "Samuel Brohl et Cie," etc. Interesting study of French life.

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE FILS. **Nouveaux Entr'actes.** (Paris : Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New volume by author of "La Dame aux Camélias."

FEUILLET, OCTAVE. **Honneur d'Artiste.** (Paris : Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New novel by the well-known académicien, author of "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme pauvre," "Monsieur de Camoir," etc.

GAUTIER, JUDITH. **Poèmes de la Libellule.** (Paris : G. Melet.) Printed on vellum. 4to. Price 15 fr.

Very curious collection of Japanese poems, translated by the daughter of Theophile Gautier, who is noted for her knowledge of Japanese folk-lore, and exquisitely illustrated by a young artist M. Yamamoto.

HERVIEU, PAUL. **Filrt.** (Paris : Boussod, Valadin, et Cie.)

Encouraged by the success of their illustrated edition of Halevy's "Abbé Constantin," a great firm of French art publishers again commissioned Madame Madeline Lemaire, the well-known water-colour artist, to illustrate a novel for them. The illustrations, both in execution and reproduction, leave nothing to be desired, and well merit admiration. The story, however, is decidedly below French novel mark.

HUE, FERNAND. **Autour du Monde en Pousse-Pousse.** (Paris : Lecène et H. Oudin.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

The author imagines a French Rip Van Winkle, who, waking after a centennial slumber, pays a visit to the Great Exhibition of last year. The idea is ingeniously worked out and many curious parallels drawn between the state of things in 1799 and 1889. Copiously illustrated.

LAURIE, ANDRÉ. **Mémoires d'un Collégien Russe.** (Paris : Hetzel et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr.

One of the series "La Vie de Collège dans tous les Pays." Gives a very fair picture of Russian schoolboy life. Admirably illustrated by G. Roux.

MALOT, HECTOR. **Paulette.** (Paris : E. Dentu.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New story by author of "Sans Famille," etc. Illustrated by Ferdinand Fau.

MENDÉS, CATULLE. **Méphistophéla.** (Paris : E. Dentu.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

First came out as feuilleton in *L'Echo de Paris*.

MONTÉPIN DE ZAVIER. **La Tireuse de Cartes.** (Paris : Dentu.) Two vols. 8vo. Price 6 fr.

Story by very popular novelist, first appeared as feuilleton in the *Petit Journal*.

PARISIS. **La Vie Parisienne.** (Paris : Paul Ollendorff.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Collection of short witty articles which have appeared under the above title in the *Figaro* during the past year. Reprinted by their author, Emile Blavet. Paper cover, illustrated by Cheret.

SAMARAY, JEANNE. **Les Gourmandises de Charlotte.** (Paris, Londres : Hachette et Cie.) Price 4 fr.

Charming children's story, written by well-known actress of the Théâtre Français, with a preface by Edouard Pailleron, and illustrated by Job.

WODZINSKI, COMTE. **Caritas.** (Paris : Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Novel by new writer.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE following list comprises all the more important Blue Books issued during the month of March. A complete list can be obtained of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, Queen's Printers, East Harding-street, E.C.

I. ARMY AND NAVY.

The Annual Return of the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain for the year 1889.

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Preliminary and Further Reports of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Civil and Professional Administration of the Naval and Military Departments, and the relations of those Departments to each other and to the Treasury.

The blue book of the month. The Commissioners include Lord Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Campbell Bannerman, and Sir Richard Temple. Pp. 103. Price 2s. 3d.

Army and Militia. Annual Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting.

From this it appears that 29,401 recruits have enlisted in the regular army during the year—1,000 less than in 1885. Pp. 46. Price 5d.

II.—COMMERCIAL.

Board of Agriculture. Third Annual Report of Insects and Fungi injurious to the Crops of the Farm, the Orchard, and the Garden.

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Shows estimated total produce, extent of statute acres, and average yield per acre of principal crops for the year 1889. Pp. 53. Price 4d.

Trade and Navigation. Accounts relating to Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom for February, 1890.

A monthly return of trade and shipping compiled by the Custom House and the Board of Trade. Pp. 125. Price 6d.

Provisional Commercial Agreement between Great Britain and Servia.

Signed at Belgrade, February 2, 1890. Pp. 3. Price 1d.

Correspondence respecting proposed Labour Conference at Berlin.

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Correspondence respecting new Commercial Convention in Egypt.

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Scotch Education Department. Return of Expenditure on Grants; Number of Schools, and Results of Inspection for year ended 30th September, 1889.

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Army Estimates of Effective and Non-Effective Services for 1890-91.

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The foreign blue-books include the usual Consular Reports on the trade and finance of foreign countries, including Italy, France, Greece, Bulgaria, Russia, the United States, Turkey, Austria, Tripoli, the Argentine Republic, and Chili. These reports may usually be bought for a halfpenny or a penny. Other foreign blue-books are—"Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Crete" (pp. vi. 210; 2s.); "Correspondence respecting the action of Portugal in Mashonaland, &c." (pp. 231; 1s. 11½d.); "Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Zululand" (pp. 417; 3s. 7d.); and "Correspondence on the Affairs of Bechuanaland" (pp. 254; 2s. 10d.).

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We have received from Messrs. Gale & Polden, of Chatham and Aldershot, a selection of the latest editions of their Military Series. The space at our disposal, however, precludes our doing more than to mention the names of a few of this Series, which number in all some forty volumes. Those which we have seen are models of what military hand-books should be—clear, concise, and accurate. Captain Mayne's book, of which this is the latest Edition, is now a standard work on the subject with which it deals.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

Ant. , Antiquary	C. R. , Contemporary Review	L. F. , Little Folks	P. M. Q. , Primitive Methodist Quarterly
As. , Asclepiad	C. S. , Cassell's Saturday Journal	L. H. , Leisure Hour	P. R. , Parents' Review
A. W. , Amateur Work	D. R. , Dublin Review	Lip. , Lippincott's Monthly	Ps. , Psyche
A. R. , Art and Literature	E. , Expositor	L. M. , Longman's Magazine	Q. R. , Quarterly Review
A. M. , Atlantic Monthly	E. H. , English Historical Review	L. Q. , London Quarterly	Q. , Quiver
A. Q. , Asiatic Quarterly	E. I. , English Illustrated Magazine	L. S. , London Society	R. G. S. , Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society
A. R. , Andover Review	E. R. , Edinburgh Review	Luc. , Lucifer	S. , Sun
Arg. , Argosy	E. T. , Expository Times	Mac. , Macmillan's Magazine	Soots. , Scots Magazine
Art J. , Art Journal	F. , Forum	M. Art. , Magazine of Art	Scrib. , Scribner's Magazine
Art R. , Art Review	Fl. , Fireside	M. E. , Merry England	S. G. M. , Scottish Geographical Magazine
Ata. , Atalanta	F. R. , Fortnightly Review	M. M. , Murray's Magazine	S. G. S. , Proceedings of the Scotch Geographical Society
B. , Baily's Magazine	F. Q. E. , Friends' Quarterly Examiner	M. Q. , Manchester Quarterly	S. H. , Sunday at Home
Bel. , Belgravia	G. M. , Gentleman's Magazine	M. R. , Missionary Review	S. M. , Sunday Magazine
B. M. , Blackwood's Magazine	G. O. P. , Girls' Own Paper	N. A. R. , North American Review	S. R. , Scottish Review
B. O. P. , Boy's Own Paper	G. W. , Good Words	N. C. , Nineteenth Century	S. T. , Sword and Trowel
B. T. J. , Board of Trade Journal	H. C. , Home Chimes	Nat. R. , National Review	St. N. , St. Nicholas
C. , Cornhill	H. M. , Harper's Magazine	N. E. M. , New England Magazine	S. W. , Shipping World
Cent. , Centennial Magazine	H. R. , Homiletic Review	N. H. , Newbery House Magazine	T. , Time
C. F. M. , Cassell's Family Magazine	H. Y. P. , Harper's Young People	N. R. , New Review	Th. , Theatre
C. J. , Chambers's Journal	I. M. , Irish Monthly	O. , Outing	Tin. , Tinsley
C. L. G. , County and Local Government Magazine	I. N. M. , Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine	O. D. , Our Day	U. S. M. , United Service Magazine
C. M. , Century Magazine	I. S. , Industries Special	P. , Portfolio	U. R. , Universal Review
C. M. I. , Church Missionary Intelligence and Record	In. M. , Indian Magazine	Phren. M. , Phrenological Magazine	W. M. , Worker's Monthly
Cos. , Cosmopolitan	Ig. , Igdrasil	P. M. M. , Primitive Methodist Magazine	W. R. , Westminster Review
C. Q. , Church Quarterly	K. , Knowledge		W. W. , Woman's World
	K. O. , King's Own		

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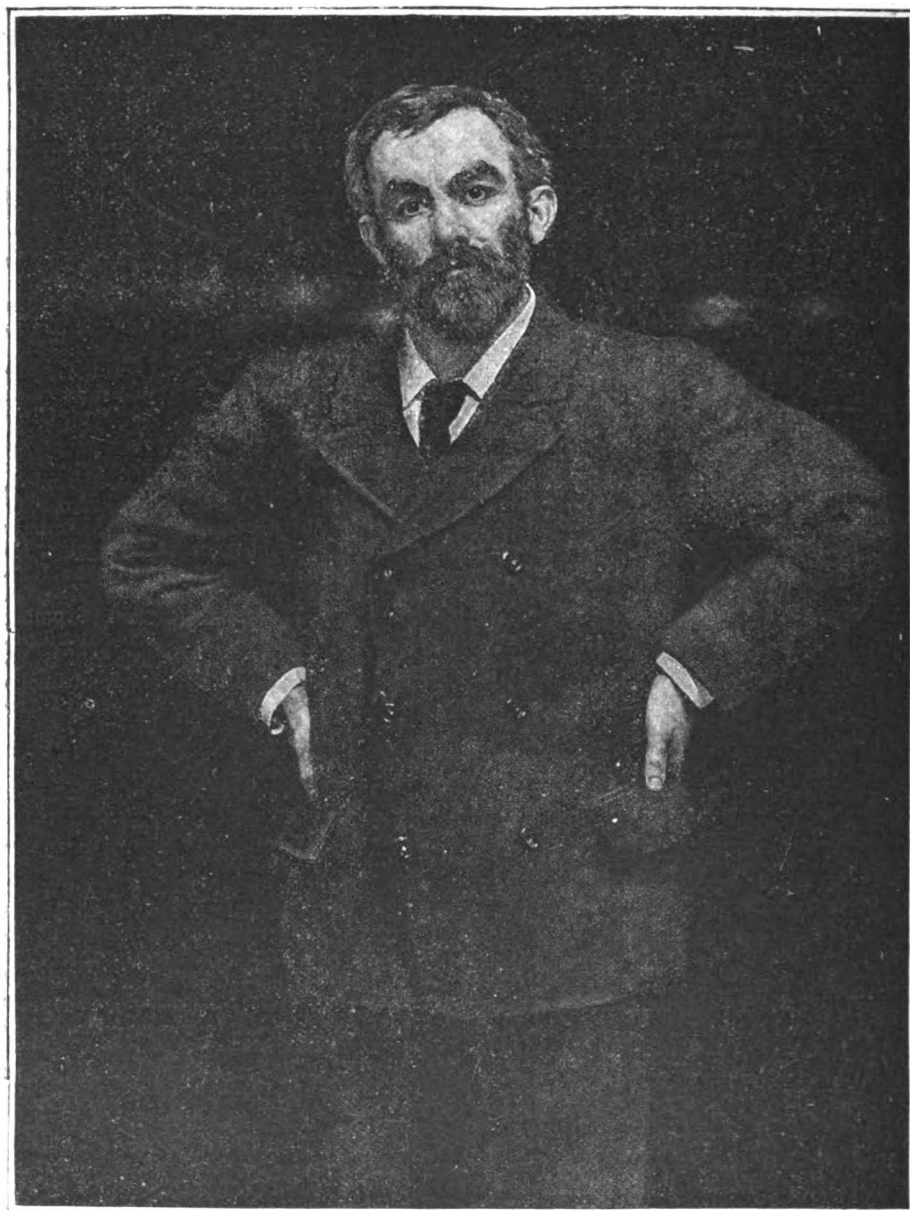
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*Joseph
John Burns*

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During last month, by an arrangement mutually satisfactory to both parties, the partnership by which the **REVIEW** was originally brought out came to an end. The **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** will henceforth be edited and published by its sole proprietor. This unity of control and concentration of responsibility will, I hope, enable me to carry out more completely the ideal with which the **REVIEW** was founded.

As a first step I have the pleasure of announcing that from this number the **REVIEW OF REVIEWS** will be permanently enlarged. According to the original announcement, it was to consist of **Seventy-two** pages of literary matter and advertisements. In order to enable me to execute the original purpose of the **REVIEW** by the development of its leading features, it will, from this number, consist of **Ninety-six** pages and advertisements. As it is now the most widely circulated of all the literary **Reviews**, it also contains more reading matter than any monthly **Review** published in the English language. Our sixpennyworth absolutely contains more matter than the quarterly reviews, which are published at six shillings.

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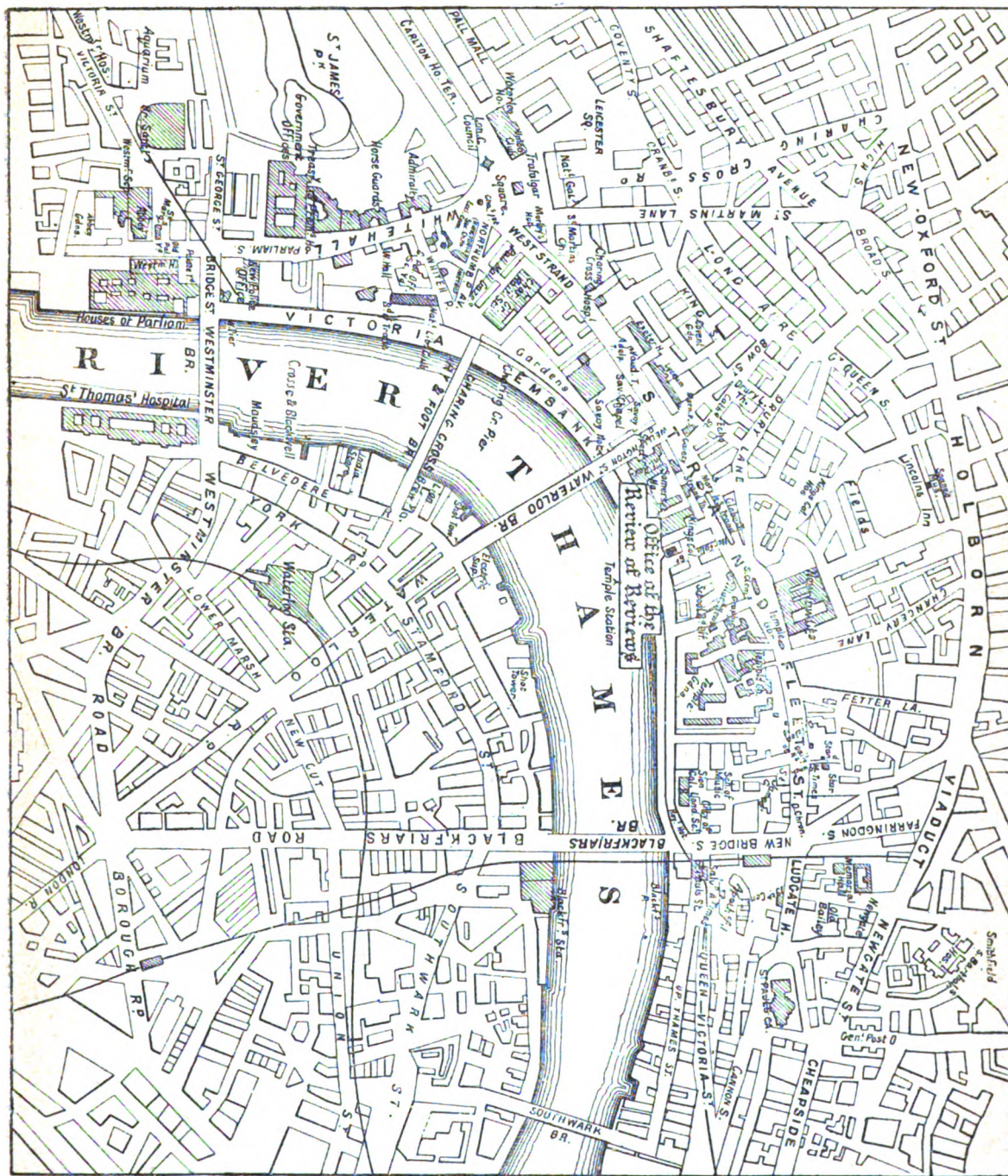
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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

London, April 30, 1890.

THE glories of May-day have long since departed, and no jocund crowd of revellers will to-morrow celebrate the festival of spring beneath the flower-crowned May-pole. But this month witnessed in London, in strange, unexpected fashion, what may be the germ of a new May-day in the making. On Primrose-day the decoration of the base of the statue of Lord Beaconsfield at Westminster with the yellow flower that the Primrose League has dedicated to his memory, was the occasion for a popular gathering which encourages the hope that ere long we may see some revival of the beautiful and suggestive festival of the month of May. The growing taste for flowers on the part of all classes is, perhaps, the most marked of the minor social changes of the last ten years. The immense popularity of Primrose-day, and the delight which even political opponents took in the picturesque effect of the celebration at Westminster, would seem to show that the habit of offering floral tributes to the statues of eminent statesmen may yet become naturalized amongst us. If the Palmerston statue had been done up in roses the crowd would probably have been just as great and quite as enthusiastic. The instinct which makes the Church cover the Mary altar with spring flowers in the month of May is so deeply seated in the human heart as to demand expression even by such strange devices as the celebration of the Festival of the Primrose in honour of a man whose memory is more or less obnoxious to one half the nation.

The merry, the jocund month of May-day. May brings this year anything but jocund mirth to the Governments of Europe. For a

month past, the authorities at Vienna, at Madrid, and at Paris have been preoccupied with preparations against the May-day Demonstration in favour of the Eight Hours Day. Last year, at the International Labour Congress at Paris, it was suggested as a happy thought that the workers of Europe should take holiday on May-day, in order to assemble in their collective millions to demand the Eight Hours Day. The experiment was novel, and far in advance of the present organisation of the working classes. In this country the prospect was not seriously entertained. In other countries the demonstration would have been very partial if the authorities had had the good sense to sit tight and say nothing. Even if the workers all turned out, which they would not have done—the artisans being by no means universally inclined to sacrifice a day's wages to demand what they regard as a utopian dream—they would have blown off their steam, and on May 2nd everything would have gone on as it did before. Fortunately for the success of the demonstration, the Governments of Austria and France undertook to advertise it regardless of expense. Prohibitions were issued, troops were mustered, menaces were indulged in, and, in short, the proletariat, which contemplated nothing more than a somewhat imposing public meeting, was promised all the thrilling excitement of being treated to preparations for the suppression of an incipient revolution.

It is very curious that the two capitals in Europe where the demonstration of May-day has been treated as a symptom of possible insurrection, are those where the International Finance Ring, which is commonly

but unscientifically confounded with the Jews, is practically supreme. Both at Vienna and at Paris, as we are constantly being reminded by M. Drumont and his allies, the Jew is the uncrowned king alike of Empire and Republic. English visitors to Paris this Easter have been amazed at the extent and the virulence of the anti-Jewish propaganda. In Vienna Jew-baiting has been one of the features of the month. At present there seems no reason to think that the Eight Hour Movement, even in France and Austria, has anything of an anti-Jewish complexion. It might, however, easily assume such a phase if M. Drumont and his disciples were able to point out that the adoption of a policy of repression directed against the International of the Workers was confined to the Governments, which were mere puppets in the hands of the International of Finance.

Leo the Thirteenth, who, in the seclusion of the Vatican, studies with almost feverish interest the development of the social question, has this month selected as his speaking trumpet for addressing mankind the somewhat unusual medium of a *New York Herald* reporter. It is true this gentleman had one eminent qualification for such a service. He had been snubbed by Signor Crispi, and had been telegraphing all the evil he could about Italy. There is nothing wins a prisoner's heart so much as abuse of his gaoler, and the Pope unbosomed himself with touching effusion to his sympathetic interviewer. His Holiness first—metaphorically of course—fell on the neck of the Americans and blessed them, "Protestants and all." He complimented the American constitution, paid a tribute to the press, and declared, "I want Protestants as well as Catholics to esteem me." He will not find it difficult to win the esteem of Protestants if he acts up to his declared intentions. He declared war against:—(1) Slavery, (2) Inhuman conditions of labour, (3) The standing army system of Europe. He was all for arbitration, and as for the amelioration of the condition of the workman, he said he was about to form committees of the social question in every diocese in the world. The Bishops are to preside over committees of working men and their sympathisers, who are to meet on fast days or holidays and to call the toilers together for discussion of matters affecting the interests of labour.

Clearly the Pope is getting in train for summoning a world-wide demonstration—say on the first Sunday in October—in favour of one day's rest in seven. He is the only man living who could evoke such a demonstration, and it is quite on the cards that he may do it.

The German Emperor continues to excite and interest the world. During his visit to Bremen, on April 21st, he made one of those short speeches of his which vibrate through Europe. In the previous month he told us how he meditated on the politics of the world on the quarter-deck. Last month he again took us back to the deep sea. Speaking at the banquet on board the North German Lloyd steamer *Fulda*, he said:—

As a friend of maritime affairs, I follow the phenomena of Nature. When I sailed the Baltic with a squadron for the first time the question of a change of course arose. The change was made, but the ships were separated in the fog in consequence. Suddenly the German flag emerged from the mist high above the clouds—a surprising sight, which filled all of us with admiration. Later, the whole squadron, accurately steering its new course, emerged after the fog had blown off. This seemed to me a sign. Whatever dark hours may come to our Fatherland, we shall reach our goal by dint of pushing forward, according to the grand watchword, "We Germans fear God, and nothing else in this world."

A ruler who sees signs in this fashion is perhaps not rare. A ruler who in these sceptical days dares speak of them in this fashion has hitherto been unknown. It is magnificent, but it is very risky. Not even the German flag above and the indomitable German heart below can make the steaming at full speed through a fog other than a very hazardous proceeding.

Gen. Von Caprivi made his maiden speech on April 15th to the Prussian Chamber. "Prince Bismarck," he said, "whose fostering care, genius, iron will, and intense patriotism had made the German Empire strong enough to resist the force of wind and weather—had retired from public life. But by a most particularly gracious dispensation of Providence, the personality of our young and august Monarch was made conspicuously manifest. That personality was now about to assert itself." Beside a force like Prince Bismarck's, so self-dependent and single-minded as was his way of thinking, the ideas and wishes of others were thrust into the background. The Emperor was about to change all that. It would be

The New
Chancellor.

his first care to give each of the Ministers greater independence and individual prominence, and each member of the Prussian Cabinet would now be restored to a footing of Constitutional equality, and direct responsibility to the Crown. In other words, Prince Bismarck, who was the first, is to be the last German Prime Minister, in an English sense. The Kaiser is now to be his own Prime Minister, so that the evolution of Constitutionalism in Germany may be said to have sustained a check by the dismissal of Prince Bismarck.

The Old Chancellor.

For dismissal it is, Prince Bismarck himself being responsible for the cruel phrase. The old Chancellor, who left Berlin, as he grimly said, with all the honours of a first-class funeral, no sooner reached his rural retreat at Friedrichsruhe than he began to prepare for his resurrection. Amid much that is confused in the current rumours, it seems plain that Bismarck is chafing at his "dismissal," and that he is impelled to take an active part in opposition to the new *régime* by sincere alarm at the way in which the Kaiser is "rushing things," and by bitter personal resentment. If Bismarck were five years younger, he might triumph as the leader of a hostile parliamentary party. But if he is right in believing that he has only two more years to live, nothing but a serious crisis in Europe or in Germany will bring him back. If Germans were to find themselves menaced by foreign war or threatened by intestine revolution, they would instantly send for their Pomeranian Coriolanus. But at present his activity seems but to advertise at once his resentment and his impotence.

Bismarck interviewed.

For twelve years Prince Bismarck has turned a deaf ear to the wiles of the interviewer. But sweet are the uses of adversity, and the *New York Herald*, which has this month landed the Pope, has achieved the greater triumph of interviewing Prince Bismarck. The great man talked excellent good sense, and his discourse upon the folly of interfering with the free demonstration of May 1 was admirable. "If I were still a Minister," he said, "I would abstain from interference, and carry out a policy of observation. Awkward attempts to prevent mischief are often the sole reason of the mischief existing. To take every possible precaution against every possible evil is some-

times to suffer more ill than if you calmly waited the issue." The struggle between capital and labour is, said Bismarck, in its nature eternal, being, indeed, the condition of all progress. It can be avoided only by slavery. Socialism is a species of slavery—a sort of penitentiary system. How true that last remark of Bismarck's is, no one who has not been in prison can properly understand. I remember waking the first morning in Coldbath Field Gaol with a strange sense of being transported into a kingdom of realised socialistic ideals—perfect equality, regular rations, uniform clothing, diffused warmth—and no liberty!

Prince Bismarck's remarks on the dangers of popular Government are equally noteworthy and characteristic.

Owing to the idiotic prejudice which leads our newspapers for the most part to boycott each other, the following passage will probably have missed the eye of nine hundred and ninety-nine Englishmen out of every thousand. Speaking of the working of the system under which Government is carried on by the rivalries of parties, Prince Bismarck said:—

In their greed for and pursuit of votes they do not keep before their minds the danger and suffering civilised society would be exposed to when ruled by the least educated and least intelligent portion of the population, whose ignorance is easily led by any eloquent liar, whose stock-in-trade is "the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to," for which they will denounce any existing Government as responsible, while they themselves indulge in large promises at cheap rates. That is what I consider being a liar. The mob is a sovereign that needs flattery as much as any Sultan. Socialism will give a good deal of trouble yet. Governments have sometimes been reproached with the lack both of energy and of tenderness. I do not call it tenderness if a man is a coward and yields to the pressure of a manifestation. It is sometimes true benevolence to shed blood—the blood of a riotous minority—in the defence of a peace-loving and law-abiding majority. The first requisite in a Government is energy—not to be a time-server—not to sacrifice the future to an arrangement of convenience purely temporary. A Government should be steadfast. The firmness, indeed, the fierceness of the ruling power, is a guarantee of peace both abroad and at home. A Government always ready to yield to a majority, either local or temporary, Parliamentary or riotous, and which keeps up its authority by concessions, each one of which paves the way for a new concession, is in a sore strait.

M. Constans shows but little sympathy with Prince Bismarck's philosophy. His measures against the anticipated riots in Paris have been taken with the thoroughness of a general face to face with an imminent insurrection. Paris to-night is in military

occupation. All the vital points are guarded by soldiery. Troops of cavalry are kept in readiness to sweep the streets. A marquis and Louise Michel have been arrested. One thousand four hundred street vendors have been clapped into cells as a measure of precaution, and all but a handful of chairs have been removed from the Champs Elysée. Cavalry cannot charge with advantage over an avenue sown by garden seats. Domiciliary visits have been made by the police, iron-tipped cudgels are said to have been discovered, and M. Constans has avowed his intention of seizing the present opportunity to clear out of Paris some four or five thousand foreign revolutionists who have hitherto found refuge in the French capital. That is bad news for us, for most of these rapsallions will come over to Leicester-square.

**The Presence of
the Unknown.**

No one knows what will happen in Germany. A friend who has just had long conversations with the German Socialist leaders, declares that they are profoundly dissatisfied with the Berlin Conference, and utterly distrustful of the Kaiser. They have not yet forgotten the threat to shoot the Westphalian miners, and they are inclined to believe that so far as an International Conference would have helped labour, it would have been more helpful at Berne in free Switzerland rather than in Berlin under the shadow of the Empire. Meanwhile, the young Emperor goes his way undaunted. He issues his decrees with the sublime confidence of a Cæsar born in the purple. His rescript against luxury in the Army was one of those declarations of policy worthy of the bravest of the Hohenzollerns. "I heartily wish that each one of my officers may enjoy himself after having done his duty; but the increase of luxury in the Army must be put a stop to." Equally peremptory, although perhaps less in accordance with the family, was his decision against any interference with the May-Day celebration. He has been speech-making at Bremen, exchanging visits with the Queen, sending cannon to Capt. Wissmann, and generally bustling round in a fashion that is utterly destructive to the peace of mind of all the old ladies of Europe. To those to whom politics are but as the drama of existence, Wilhelm II. is at present by far the most popular actor on the boards

**France and
Dahomey.**

France, which for fifty years was the Sarah Bernhardt of the European theatre, is now little better than a general utility nonentity in the contemporary drama. Paris is still the great gossip-shop of the world, but she produces neither statesmen, ideas, nor even dramatic situations. So dull has been the French record for the month, that for the only item of interest—if we except the preparations against the May Day Demonstration—we have to go all the way to the West Coast of Africa, where the French garrison on the borders of Dahomey has experienced a smart reverse at the hands of the Amazons. Kotonou and Porto Novo are worth about as little as any spots on the Gulf of Guinea. But it is a point of honour to keep the tricolour flying, and the French Government has not even the courage frankly to admit a reverse which the more candid correspondent of the *Temps* telegraphed on April 21 from Kotonou:—

A French reconnoitring force of 350 men encountered yesterday morning, when seven kilometres from Porto Novo, the Dahomeyan troops commanded by King Badazin. After stubborn fighting, lasting two and a-half hours, the French column fell back on Porto Novo, followed by the Dahomeyans over one half of the distance. A touch of humour is added to the situation by the letter from the King of Dahomey, in which he, the heir of all the savageries of Africa, upbraids President Carnot, the heir of all the courtesies of Europe, with not knowing how to behave, inasmuch as he never sent him condolences on the death of his father! The other Powers were more punctilious, and France must now suffer for her bad manners. The affair is without importance, but it is to be hoped that it will not lead to the extinction of the solitary State which continues to make practical proof of the martial aptitude and physical vigour of the weaker sex.

**Emin Pacha and
Mr. Stanley.**

The sensation of the beginning of the month was the sudden resolve of Emin Pasha to enter the German service and return to the central regions of Equatorial Africa. As this is dealt with at some length elsewhere, it only need be mentioned here as an instance that even in the matter of African incident Germany leaves France far behind. Mr. Stanley's return to England was the most notable incident at the end of the month. His welcome has been as hearty as it has been well-deserved. There is a general expecta-

tion that he will return to Africa to undertake the government of the dominions leased to the British African Company. But that is in the future. For the moment he is being lionized to the limit of human capacity, and in May all the world will be devouring his book. It promises to be the most interesting of all his writings. His last sojourn in the wilderness has ripened his mind and matured his judgment, and the passages in the book which will be most prized will not be those describing his adventures, but the chapter in which he sums up his judgment upon men and things, and donning the mantle of the seer, forecasts the future of Africa and her dark-skinned sons.

It is announced that the British East Africa Company have succeeded in making arrangements which place the whole of Uganda within the British sphere of influence. It is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury has made terms betimes with the headstrong young ruler at Berlin. Otherwise there is nothing but trouble awaiting both Powers from the scramble for the Equatorial heart of Africa. Further South the Portuguese appear to have suffered reverses in their attempt to force their authority upon the tribes between the coast and Lake Nyassa. Major Serpa Pinto has arrived at Lisbon, but the temporary effervescence occasioned by our action in the Shiré uplands appears to have died away.

The Budget. Mr. Goschen has at last had his opportunity as a financier. This year he has had a surplus of £3,000,000 to distribute, and in a singularly interesting Budget speech he explained how singularly little he proposed to do with it. His Budget, though ingenious and characteristic, has failed to impress the popular imagination. Composed of a multiplicity of small proposals, its general effect is disappointing. Here is a brief summary of his scheme:—

Increases of Taxation.		Reductions of Taxation.	
Foreign spirits, 6d. per gallon.....	£223,000	Abolition of gold and silver plate duty ..	£ 200,000
British spirits, 6d. per gallon.....	695,000	Reduction of tea duty, ad. per lb.	1,500,000
		Reduction of currant duty from 7s. to 2s. per cwt.	210,000
		Decrease of house duty on houses from £20 to £60	540,000
	<u>£918,000</u>		<u>£2,450,000</u>

In addition to the above actual alterations in the taxation of the country, Mr. Goschen made the following propositions:—

Increased Expenditure.	
On building barracks ...	£300,000
Increased grant to volunteers	100,000
Reduction of Imperial postage	80,000
	<u>£480,000</u>

Transfer to Local Authorities.	
The new spirit tax	£918,000
Last year's new beer duty	386,000
	<u>£1,304,000</u>

The chief impression produced by the above scheme is caused by the twopence off the tea duty, the £80,000 sacrificed in order to place our colonists in the position of foreigners, and the addition of sixpence to the spirit duty.

Rushing to Rum. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that the financial sensation produced by Mr. Goschen's Budget proposals were entirely thrown into the shade by the moral impression produced by his very sensational representation of the "rush to alcohol," which he declared had accompanied the revival of trade. No doubt a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who owes £1,800,000 of his surplus to the increased consumption of intoxicants, felt bound to give the toper full credit for value received, but he overdid his part. No doubt it is somewhat disheartening to discover that the progressive diminution in the consumption of strong drink upon which all temperance reformers have been so much flattering themselves of late years could not stand the test of a revival of prosperity. But the facts are not so black as they appear at first sight. Supposing that we take the increase of £1,800,000 in the revenue from intoxicants to represent an increased expenditure of twice that amount, or, as nearly as possible, £10,000 per day, what does that come to? Less than threepence a day extra spent in drink by a million moderate drinkers would realise the sum. The most sanguine teetotaler knew that, notwithstanding the progress of the temperance reformation, there are still several millions who would gladly drink more if they could get the chance. There is, therefore, no need for discouragement. A revival of trade also naturally brings the toper to the fore. The teetotaler is less affected by bad times than the drinker. What regular employment there is goes to the steady man. When bad times come it is the toper who goes first to the wall. Hence, paradoxical though it may appear, good times always increase the spending power of the toper out of proportion to that of the sober man. The latter may get a rise of wages, but the former passes from no

wages at all to a regular income. Hence the so-called "rush to rum," which in reality only means that the unemployed fringe once frozen out by lack of work has reacquired capacity for absorbing moisture.

**The War
against the
Publican.**

The result, however, of this misconception will be to strengthen the hand of the Reformer. Lord Randolph Churchill has taken up his parable against the "Trade," and, judging from his article in Mr. Grove's newly-started halfpenny weekly, promises to out-do Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the vehemence of his denunciation of the trade. The chief point, however, in his latest tirade has been to remind us all of the folly of the Reformers, who, in 1872, indignantly rejected the Licensing Bill, which, if it had been carried, would by this time have reduced the number of public-houses from 100,000 to 32,000. On the 29th he introduced his Licensing Bill to the House of Commons in a speech notable chiefly for the vehemence with which it denounced intemperance and asserted the right of the publicans to compensation. So long as Reformers scout the idea that half a loaf is better than no bread, and the Trade regards every attempt to diminish the sale of drink as a capital crime, the publican will remain master of the situation. At present, however, he is being sorely pressed, his citadel is being approached by sap and mine. The Welsh Sunday Closing Committee appointed to condemn the law has blessed it altogether, and recommended that it should be made more stringent. Parliament has read a second time a Bill making Sunday closing permanent in Ireland and making a further inroad upon the sale of drink by proposing to close the public-houses at nine on Saturday night. Mr. Goschen has clapped an extra sixpence a gallon on spirits, and in the background Local Control grows ever more menacing. If once a practical arrangement can be arrived at as to compensation, something may be done. Till then "confiscation" blocks the way.

**Mr. Parnell's
Right-About-
Face.**

It may appear a wild dream to imagine Sir Wilfrid Lawson proposing to compensate the publicans and perpetuate them as a permanent and necessary element of the body politic. But it would be no more startling transformation than that which was watched with speechless surprise, not unmingled

with dismay and even horror by some in the House of Commons this month when Mr. Parnell unfolded his scheme for the settlement of the Irish land question. Mr. Parnell is inscrutable as the sphinx, and almost as ruthless. He had given notice of an amendment proposing to read Mr. Balfour's Land Bill a second time that day six months. Expectation was on tiptoe when he arose. Consternation was on the face of every member of the Opposition when he sat down. For Mr. Parnell succeeded in the course of less than half an hour in stultifying his party by a speech which, although it may be absolutely correct and perfectly sound, was in the most flagrant antagonism to the whole spirit of the agitation which he has hitherto directed. Mr. Gladstone's face was a study during its delivery, while the less mobile countenance of Mr. Morley testified, only less strongly, to the universal sensation of stupefying dismay. Mr. Michael Davitt, who, I am glad to hear, is about to publish the *Labour World* next month in London, watched the scene from the gallery with blank and undisguised consternation. He had told the Parnell Commission that Mr. Parnell was a Conservative. He hardly expected such an overwhelming confirmation of the truth of his statement

**The New
Dogma.**

The old accepted orthodoxy used to be among Mr. Parnell's followers, that Irish landlordism was doomed; that the landlords must go; that the dual ownership must disappear, giving place to a peasant proprietorship or a nationalized system of land tenure; that the tenants, large and small, were rackrented by oppressive landowners, as corollary from which it followed that any suggestion that the landlord should be compensated for a remission of unjust rent by the State was the height of folly, the very monstrosity of political criminality. All that was most firmly believed to be the true, orthodox and catholic faith which it was necessary for any one to hold who hoped to be admitted into the Parnellite fold. Imagine, then, the blank amazement with which the House heard Mr. Parnell repudiate each and all of these propositions, and wound up by an explicit proposal to compensate the landlords by a State loan for the reduction of their rents! Mr. Parnell said, in plain English, that the Irish resident landowners must be

preserved ; that there was no need for abolishing dual ownership ; that the establishment of peasant proprietorship was neither expedient nor possible ; that 45 per cent. of the Irish tenants, including all the larger farmers, had no grievances left to be redressed ; and that all that remained to complete the settlement of the land question was to adjust a dispute involving 30 per cent. between the landlords and their smaller tenants. He therefore proposed that the State should lend the landlords a sum equal to twenty years' purchase of the 30 per cent. reduction at 2½ per cent. After which, there will be no more land question in Ireland !

No comment of mine can add to the significance of such a recantation from such a man on such an occasion.

Home Rule in excelsis —or in extremis. Mr. Parnell had consulted no one — at least no man — among all those who were supposed to be in his confidence. Mr. Dillon, who has just returned from a tour round the world in time to hear this strange anticlimax ; Mr. W. O'Brien, who has just achieved a notable literary success by his prison novel, "When we were Boys" ; Mr. Sexton, who may possibly be installed as

Mr. Parnell's successor before the Session closes ; Mr. Morley, the official link between the English and Irish Home Rulers, — were all left equally uninformed as to the line which their chief was taking. This, surely, is the principle of Home Rule carried to the very extreme *reductio ad absurdum*. It reminds us of the familiar description of the anarchy that prevailed in Ireland a long time ago, when every one did what seemed right in his own eyes. In 1515, so ran the old record, "There be in sixty counties some sixty chief captains, some kings, some princes, some dukes, each of whom obeyeth to no other temporal

person save only to himself that is strong." Mr. Parnell is the legitimate descendant of these sixty chief captains. It is, however, much to be desired that Home Rulers should not detest the Union so much as to be so incapable of union among themselves on so vital a matter as that of Irish land.

The debate on the second reading of Mr. Balfour's Bill, which closes to-morrow, brought forth one remarkable speech in addition to that of Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Chamberlain's support of the measure was so qualified with candid but caustic criticism, that Ministers

must have regretted his return from Egypt. His chief points were the danger of mortgaging local resources against the protest of their owners, and the injustice of conferring the whole of the gigantic boon offered by this Bill upon a handful of tenants. Mr. Chamberlain fumbled for a moment on the fringe of the true solution of the agrarian question. If we are to bribe the Irish into contentment, we ought at least to nationalize the bribe. Under the Government Bill a new privileged hierarchy is created, whose younger sons will join the forces of disorder

on the first opportunity. The true formula for Ireland is, "first nationalize the Government and then nationalize the land."

There has been a slight ripple this month in the placid, not to say stagnant, waters of Russian life. A trivial disturbance in the Universities of Moscow and St. Petersburg was magnified by eager correspondents into the mutterings of revolutionary agitation. One of my helpers, now travelling in Southern Russia, writes me in amazement at the ridiculous exaggerations telegraphed abroad concerning the state of the



MR. W. O'BRIEN.

The Ripple in Russia.

Russian universities. A mere handful of students have been punished, and the affair is already almost forgotten. Madame Novikoff, who has been appointed a Prison Directress by the Emperor, and who finds in her duties a congenial field for the exercise of her natural compassion and immense energy, upbraids me for having contrasted the arrest of Madame Tshekihrova with the permission given to every Russian subject to address letters to the Tzar. You may write letters, she says, but if you abuse the privilege by converting your letter into a vehicle for insult, that is another affair. I should have thought that a Tzar stood so high above ordinary men that he could have ignored the "insult" of being frankly told that, in the opinion of a Madame Tshekihrova, he was on the wrong tack. It is so obviously to a ruler's interest to encourage frank confidences on the part of his subjects, that it would be wiser to treat the diplomatic reticence of the courtier as a greater insult than the plain, blunt speech of a man or woman of the people. Madame, however, has been sent home from St. Petersburg to her native village, and there for the moment the matter ends. Incidents of this kind always make an exaggerated impression on the outside world. In the crypt of the Pantheon in Paris, the echoes caused by the slamming of a box-lid reverberate as if it were the roar of cannon. To outsiders Russia is very like that crypt.

The Centripetal Forces in America. The Pan-American Conference, from which Mr. Blaine hoped such great things, has dispersed without establishing an American Zollverein. The Republics agreed to refer minor differences that might arise to arbitration, but beyond that the great American idea made no progress. It did not deserve a better fate. The true basis of union is not continental or hemispherical, but the national unity that is attested by identity of language, literature, law, and religion. There is something grotesque in contrasting Washington's advances to Valparaiso to the indifference displayed to Melbourne or London. It is with England rather than with the Argentine Republic

that arbitration treaties should be made, for these islands are the home and cradle of the English-speaking race. We hear with indifference the news that the five small Republics of Central America have determined to federate. They may do so if they please, they lie outside the orbit of our destinies. But we grudge every month that passes which does not bring us nearer to the reunion of the two great members of the English-speaking family.

The Root and Model of the English Race.

Mr. George Meredith, in a letter that will be found elsewhere, expresses some gloomy misgivings as to the incapacity and general unworthiness of our countrymen to take their proper part in the leadership of their race. I prefer to conclude this month's survey by echoing the more cheerful note which Lord Rosebery made audible last week. Speaking at the People's Palace in East London on the 23rd, he said:—

What an enormous influence for good, what a preponderating, overwhelming influence for good, must be possessed by the English-speaking nations in times to come! Now it would be well, as some have hoped, that that English-speaking influence should all be welded into one great league—Australia, Canada, the United States, Great Britain, and so forth—and so control the world. That may come, but before that can come you must first federate yourselves. Before the British Empire can really hold out its hand to the United States and say "Let us form a league without the voice and permission of which no shot shall be fired in anger throughout the world;" before that can take place the British Empire must speak as one. Now I do not doubt that in Canada and in Australia there are great nations to arise; but however great, however powerful they may become, and that is the authority which that word "home" gives throughout the British Empire. In these islands are the title-deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race. In these islands we mean to keep them. And no one can take from that Imperial race to which you and I and all of us in this hall belong, one particle of the historical authority, the Imperial reputation, which comes from our descent and the locality we inhabit. There will be great names, great heroes, great men of genius yet to rise up, both here and in those great countries beyond the seas; but whatever men may arise, they cannot wipe out those who have gone before them. They cannot wipe out in one department Wellington and Marlborough and Nelson. They cannot wipe out Shakespeare, they cannot wipe out Milton, they cannot forget Bacon. These great names belong to the whole English race, but they belong in the first place and especially to these islands, which must always be the centre and the home of that race.

SOME AUTOGRAPHS AND WELCOMES.

WITHOUT originally intending it, the autograph has become one of the characteristic features of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE HON. PAT EGAN, CHILL.

This month has brought me a letter from one whose name is familiar to a very wide public. There are few who will not be interested in seeing the neat caligraphy of the quondam treasurer of the Land League, and in glancing at the accompanying reproduction of a portrait which has been lent me for the purpose by Mr. Michael Davitt. Mr. Pat Egan dates from the United States Legation, Santiago, the following letter, which is reduced for purposes of printing by about one half:—



THE HON. PATRICK EGAN.

Dear Mr. Egan

The mail just to hand brings me a second copy of the Review of Reviews and I hasten to convey to you my congratulations upon the happy thing at which suggested its publication coupled with my best wishes for its success.

The Review of Reviews - calculated to meet a great want long felt by all those who desire to keep abreast with current literature in fact its utility is so apparent that most people will wonder why they had not themselves hit upon the idea before.

In your hands, the new magazine is assured of a brilliant career.

I remain

Dear Mr. Egan,

Yours very faithfully,
Patrick Egan

William J. Stansbury
London

Whatever may be thought of Pat Egan as a politician, it must be admitted that as a neat caligraphist he stands at the very top of the tree.

SIR HENRY NORMAN, GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND.

The poet who surveyed mankind from China to Peru,

did not take a wider sweep than the REVIEW, which has been welcomed equally in Chili and in Queensland. Sir Henry Norman is the first of Australian Governors to send us a greeting from the Antipodes.

Summerplace, Southport, Queensland,
Feb. 22, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I have received your note of January 11, and shall be very glad to receive the REVIEW OF REVIEWS regularly. As I only receive here about half a dozen of the reviews and magazines named on pages 28 and 29 of your first issue, it will be a distinct benefit to me to take in your new publication.

Yours faithfully,
H. W. Norman

THE REVS. DR. ALLON AND DR. CLIFFORD.

In sending their adhesion to the memorial about the penny postage, the Rev. Dr. Clifford and the Rev. Dr. Allon both send me kindly greetings about the REVIEW. Dr. Allon, who was for many years the editor of the *British Quarterly*, writes:—

May I take this opportunity of thanking you for the REVIEWS. I have looked through each number with interest. Although I see as many periodicals as it is perhaps good for a man to see, it is yet an advantage to be directed to what might otherwise be missed, and that it would be a loss to miss. Heartily wishing you all success,

I am, faithfully yours,

Henry Allon

Dr. Clifford, who is one of the foremost Baptists in the world, sends us this kindly and emphatic word of encouragement:—

Let me add a word of hearty thanks for your REVIEW OF REVIEWS. It is a signal service to men like myself, who wish to read everything and cannot, and therefore require help in making selections. I appreciate it more and more.

*Very sincerely yours
J. Clifford*

FROM A SWISS PRISON.

The following autograph of a prisoner for conscience sake, comes to me from Major Clibborn, of the Salvation Army, whom the Swiss, paying the scantiest regard to the rights of British citizens, or the provisions of treaties, have clapped into Neuchatel gaol.



*Neuchâtel Prison
Cell 1020
Apr 9 1890*

Dear Mr. Stead
Just a line to congratulate you on your new magazine. I only came across the first number of the other day and feel much sympathy with your leading article, & rather your introduction, article.

*Yours truly for the Salvation of the World
J. J. Clibborn*

Prisoner for Conscience

Mr. Clibborn comes from a highly respectable Quaker family in the North of Ireland, and thus by descent as well as by conviction can suffer gladly in the cause of religious freedom. It is, surely, an infamy that

Englishmen should be clapped into gaol merely for preaching the Gospel, and if our zeal for liberty of



MAJOR CLIBBORN.

conscience and the rights of British citizens were a reality, so great an outrage as this would not have passed without indignant notice.

MARK TWAIN.

"From grave to gay." After this greeting from gaol a word of recognition from the first living humourist of America. The following is a slightly reduced facsimile of the handwriting of the author of the "New Pilgrim's Progress" and "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur":—

Massport March 17/90

My Dear Mr. Stead

I have a long time thanking you for giving my *Yankees* such a handsome amount of space but I do thank you all the same.

I am by a floating item that somebody in New York borrowing your name was going to do a review of reviews. It is not matter for surprise. Magazines have so mightily increased in number in these latter years that some swift way of getting at their suggestions without having to pore over their whole mass was become a kind of necessity.

Yours truly

Sam Clemens

PENNY POSTAGE FOR THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

TWO PENCE HALFPENNY TO-DAY—A PENNY TO-MORROW.

WE have this month to rejoice over the recognition of the justice of the plea, which we have pressed since our first number, in favour of a reduction of the excessive postage-rates between Britain and her colonies.

Everyone on hearing Mr. Goschen's announcement, hastened to congratulate Mr. Henniker Heaton, to whose weariless pertinacity the public quite rightly attributed the Ministerial concession. We then learnt that Mr. Raikes had been so completely converted, he had come to believe that it was he and not Mr. Heaton who had been pressing in season and out of season for the reduction in the postage, his repeated declarations against the change notwithstanding. The conversion of Saul of Tarsus was nothing to it. Saul, at least, never persuaded himself that he had not held the clothes of the young men who stoned Stephen. If Mr. Raikes had been in his place he would have told Cornelius that it was Stephen who had stoned him. A truce, however, to poor Mr. Raikes, whose pious intentions were buried so deep in his own bosom, that no one, not even his own tongue, seemed to be acquainted with them, and let us see what Mr. Henniker Heaton has to say after his victory. In answer to my inquiry, he replies as follows:—

DEAR MR. STEAD,—It is stated that I ought "to rest and be thankful" for the concession given by Mr. Goschen. By the same post that brought me your congratulations, I received the following pleasant and touching post-card:—"There is a particular young lady friend of mine in Australia, and in her name and my own I thank and congratulate you on the reduction in postage. I shall be able to write to her weekly instead of fortnightly, and for less cash." But you appear to think that now is the time to "be up and doing," and I have no objection to supplying you with facts which you rightly place above everything in the crusade. Let me now ask all thoughtful men to remember—

1. That I simply ask for a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the feasibility and cost of establishing penny postage to all parts of the empire and to America.

2. Before that committee I will undertake to prove that the initial loss to the revenue will be a ridiculously small amount, and will soon be recouped by increase of business.

3. I will point out that we now have universal penny post for newspapers, and that a newspaper 4 oz. in weight can be sent to-day from London to the antipodes (Australia) for 1d., but that a letter the same weight, and conveyed by the same train and steamer, costs 4s. I offer 8d., i.e. 1d. per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. for eight letters, the same weight as a newspaper that costs 1d. for postage.

4. The calculation that penny postage cannot be established on account of the heavy charge for train service by France and Italy of 1d. per letter, is easily met. France and Italy charge 1d. per letter for con-

veying it 1,000 miles, from Calais to Brindisi. America charges us $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per letter for conveying it 3,000 miles (from New York to San Francisco) on its way from London to Australia. France and Italy charge £1 per train mile for conveying our letters. The actual cost is 5s. per train mile.

5. The Select Committee will naturally consider the trade of the empire, the present rate of increase of correspondence, and the cost.

6. Our postal correspondence with Australia and with America has more than doubled during the past ten years.

7. By our contracts with the Orient and P. and O. Company with Australia, India, and the East, we pay them a fixed subsidy for all correspondence, and it is a matter of no importance to them whether we place six letters or sixty letters on board. No increase will be made in the cost.

8. One penny per letter is £300 per ton. If we pay shipowners £100 per ton (ordinary goods being conveyed for £2 per ton) we shall have £200 per

ton left for cost of distribution of letters.

9. To-day the postal authorities only pay $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per letter for carriage to non-subsidized steamers from Liverpool to America; and less than 1d. per letter for carriage to non-subsidized fast steamers from Plymouth to New Zealand. Yet the postal authorities say penny postage is impossible.

10. Up to the present moment the postal authorities have declined to furnish statistics to prove penny postage would not pay. I have statistics to prove it will pay as soon as they accord me a committee composed of honourable, sagacious merchants, and representatives of the people, selected from the House of Commons, which, in common justice, I must assume will be granted without delay.



*Very faithfully Yours
Henniker Heaton*

A MEMORIAL TO HER MAJESTY.

THE Jubilee of the establishment of the uniform penny as the postage rate for all letters within the limits of the United Kingdom has been celebrated by a banquet. It is now for us to consider whether it cannot be appropriately commemorated by making a serious and practical effort to extend the benefits of that uniform penny postal rate to all the English-speaking communities beyond the seas.

Mr. Goschen in his Budget proposes to devote a sum of £80,000 this year, and £105,000 hereafter, to remove the gross and scandalous anomaly of treating our Colonies worse than foreigners, by promising to raise them all to the foreign level. This, no doubt, is good so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough, and even so far as it goes the good intentions of the Government will not be operative unless there is a strong expression of public opinion in favour of cheap uniform postage on both sides of the sea.

NOT AS FOREIGNERS, BUT AS BRETHREN.

It is not sufficient to treat our kinsmen in the United States, in India, and the Colonies on a mere equality with foreigners. One fundamental principle is that they must not be treated as foreigners, but as brethren, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. And the present occasion offers all those who wish to affirm their adhesion to the vital principle of the solidarity and unity of the English-speaking race, whether under the British or the American flag, an opportunity that ought not to be lost for securing an emphatic expression of public opinion in all the English-speaking communities in favour of using the Post Office as a great means of uniting into one family the English-speaking world. Not as foreigners, but as brethren, should be our watchword all round the world, and the outward and visible sign of our determination to ignore the barriers of distance which are often hekl to be insuperable obstacles to the establishment of the union of our folk, is to ignore them on our postal tariffs, by making the penny the universal rate of postage throughout the English-speaking world. If we cannot do this in so small a matter as the postal service, how can we hope to overcome the much greater difficulties that confront us elsewhere?

WILL ENGLAND TAKE THE LEAD?

This can only be done by the co-operation of the whole English-speaking communities; it is therefore most desirable that all those who share this sentiment should give formal expression without delay to the faith that is within them; such a declaration of opinion would only do good and could not possibly do harm. It would strengthen the hand of the Government in carrying out the tentative proposal of which they have given notice; it would give a healthy lead to public opinion in the Colonies and in the United States, where they have a much larger surplus to dispose of, and they are already meditating the adoption of a cheaper postage over sea; and it would at the same time afford an opportunity for placing on public record the deep underlying aspirations of our people for union all round the world.

I venture, therefore, to ask for signatures to the memorial to the Crown which I respectfully submit herewith for approval.

A PRACTICAL OBJECT-LESSON.

The way in which I came to take the initiative in this proposal is very simple; when I started the REVIEW of REVIEWS at the beginning of the year I had the honour to receive an assurance from the Prince of Wales that "he hoped that I would be successful in accomplishing the object which I had in view."

That object was to establish a new and cheaper medium of communication between all the widely-scattered members of the English-speaking race. A very short experience, however, sufficed to convince me that without a very simple and obvious reform, the need for which is now frankly recognised by Her Majesty's Government, it is idle to dream of making the mother-country the centre from which any such medium of intercommunication is issued.

Were it not that the experience which I have acquired on a very small scale has been common to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and that the difficulties which impede the success of my modest venture perpetually affect the whole of the vast commercial interests of the Empire, I would not have ventured to say anything on the subject. But a single practical illustration, on however small a scale, drawn from personal experience, is often so much more effective than any number of general statements, that I hope it will not be regarded as presumption on my part if I briefly describe the actual result of our present postal rates, which, notwithstanding Mr. Goschen's offer, may still remain unchanged unless public opinion expresses itself decisively on the subject.

HOW OUR POSTAL RATES HANDICAP US.

There are only three or four nations with whom we are in active commercial competition and political rivalry in various parts of the world. With Russia we contest the Persian, Afghan, and Indian region of Central Asia, with Germany the markets of Southern Africa, while France and the United States are our rivals in the Farther East. Imagine, then, my amazement and disgust on discovering that so far from the capital of the British Empire being the most convenient centre from which to communicate with the English-speaking folk in these quarters of the world, it was actually cheaper to despatch letters and publications to India from Russia than from England, that the English postage to South Africa is nearly double that of Germany, that if I wanted to secure a circulation through the post in the British Colony of Hong Kong it would save me 50 per cent. to post everything in France, and that if I wrote to the Straits Settlements it cost me twice as much to send my letter from London as it would do if I transferred my office to New York.

Our Post Office rates have, in fact, destroyed for practical purposes the great natural advantages which London possesses as the centre and capital of the English-speaking world, and transferred the advantages of cheap communication to our competitors and rivals.

This is a serious statement to make, but here are the facts, which, although based on my own brief experience on a very small scale, are common to the whole commercial world. After all, you do not need to drink a hogshead of brine in order to know that the sea is salt.

FAVOURING RUSSIA IN INDIA,

To have posted 10,000 copies of the first number of the REVIEW of REVIEWS to India from London would have cost in postage £500, or one shilling per copy, a tax of 200 per cent. But if I posted them in Russia they would have been delivered in India for £200, at fourpence a copy, a postal tax of only 40 per cent. as against one of 200 per cent. levied by the Post Office. The postal tax on letters is exactly double. A Russian can write to India for 2½d., it costs an Englishman 5d. If I had wished to post 10,000 circulars to correspondents in Persia—a market in which England and Russia eagerly contest every point—it would have cost me £62. 10s. to post them in London; but if I sent them in bulk to St. Petersburg and posted them in Russia, they would all be

delivered for £20 16s. 8d.; that is to say, it costs three times as much to post circulars to Persia from London as from St. Petersburg.

FRANCE IN CHINA.

The case as to Australia is quite as bad. To write to that new and continental Britain at the Antipodes costs me sixpence a letter of half an ounce, and a book packet one shilling a lb. if I post them in London, whereas if I post them in Germany, they go for 2½d. for the letter and 4d. for the book. The Englishman's missive of affection or letter of business is taxed more than 100 per cent. as much as the German's. In Australia, fortunately, no foreign influence rivals ours. But in the Farther East France runs us close, and in South Africa German competition is keen. Yet our Post Office handicaps our correspondence by charging fivepence for every letter to Hong Kong and Shanghai, which the French Post Office will deliver for 2½d.

AND GERMANY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In South Africa the German is pressing us hard. Her commercial travellers are ubiquitous, her spheres of influence and her protectorates are crowding our colonies in the East and the West, yet when I write to South Africa from London each letter costs me fourpence, while if I post it at Hamburg it only costs me 2½d. Thus alike in our own Colonies, and in those Territories where our merchants are contending for commercial supremacy, our postal rates handicap unfairly those whose interests our Post Office ought to be the first to consider.

It is not surprising that with these several instances of the way in which communication between Great Britain and Greater Britain beyond the seas is taxed, 100, 200, or 300 per cent. above the postage levied by the Post Offices of Powers who are our competitors both in empire and in commerce, that my attention was turned to the question of promoting cheaper postage throughout the English-speaking world. On this subject I venture to set forth some of the salient facts and figures, which justify a belief that it is possible to treat English-speaking communities a little better than foreign nations without incurring a ruinous expense.

CAN THE PENNY PAY?

The fundamental principle of Rowland Hill's great reform, the recognition of which has enabled our Post Office to earn a net profit of three millions a year, was that the cost of carriage was an inappreciable element in the cost of Post Office work. This principle, which was ridiculed by the Post Office authorities when first propounded by Sir Rowland Hill in relation to the inland post, has never obtained recognition as regards the over-sea post. Yet as the cost of freight by sea is almost infinitesimal as compared with the cost of land carriage, the same rule should apply with even greater force in the case of ocean-borne letters.

It is, of course, absurd to compare the freight paid on merchandise in bulk with the rate that may fairly be demanded for the carriage of letters. But even if fifty times as much is charged for the carriage of mail-bags as is paid for the most costly merchandise, the cost of carrying the letters from here to Australia would not exceed one farthing each. At present postage is sixpence per half-ounce for letters, or £1.720 per ton, as against £37 per ton paid for the carriage of newspapers, and £2 per ton for the carriage of silk goods, and less than £1 5s. per ton for ordinary cargo.

DISTANCE NO GUIDE TO COST.

The distance between terminal points supplies no guide to the rate of postage. A letter posted in New York for

Singapore, is carried for 2½d., while one posted in London costs 5d., although the former has to cross the Atlantic before it can take its place in the mail-bags with letters on each of which 5d. has been paid. A London newspaper costs 1½d. postage to Ceylon, but if it is sent 5,000 miles further, it only costs one penny. A still more striking illustration is supplied by the fact that a letter to Australia from London costs sixpence, but if it is carried by the same steamer a thousand miles further to New Caledonia, the postage from London is reduced to 4d., twopence less for the longer journey. In some cases the postage out costs more, and in some cases less, than the postage home. From London to Queensland it is 6d., from Queensland to London, 4d.; from London to Fiji, 6d.; from Fiji to England, 10d. It is further from London to Chili and the Argentine Republic than it is to the Cape or to Natal, but to the most distant foreign country the postage is only 4d., while to the less distant British Colony it is 6d.

FROM THE IMPERIAL POINT OF VIEW.

But after all the great question is that of the human and political importance of recognising the unity of the English-speaking world.

In a well-remembered speech, delivered some years ago, the Prince of Wales admirably expressed the true policy needed to maintain the unity of the Empire, when His Royal Highness remarked that an Englishman at Melbourne or Cape Town should be regarded as being quite as much an Englishman as if he lived in Sussex or in Yorkshire. But so far from this being the case, as Mr. Goschen admitted, we have hitherto refused to our fellow subjects in British Colonies the facilities which we extend to foreigners. If any one wishes to write to the Colonial Governors of South Africa and Australia, he has to pay 6d. a letter, whereas he can write to the Colonial Governors of France, Spain, Portugal, and Holland for 4d. or 5d. That is, if he is so unfortunate as to be compelled to post his letters in London. The French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch can write to their Colonists for 2½d. a letter. If a foreigner writes to our Colonists he only pays 2½d., whereas we have to pay 5d. and 6d. if we write to our own kinsfolk. So far as postal rates are concerned, unless Mr. Goschen's tentative proposals are carried into effect, it would be a distinct gain to many of our colonists, amounting to an immediate reduction of 50 per cent., if the whole of our Colonies passed under a foreign flag. At the present moment there are no fewer than forty British Colonies and dependencies whose inhabitants have to pay 2½d. more on every letter they send home than they would pay if they were annexed by France, Germany, or Russia. It is cheaper by 50 per cent. to write to the Governor of Siberia or the Governor-General of Algeria than it is to write to the High Commissioner of the Cape or the Viceroy of India.

EMIGRATION AND THE PENNY POST.

Prejudicial as these high postal tariffs are to British trade, and repugnant as they are to the elementary principles of a wise Imperialism, they are still more objectionable on the grounds of humanity. While we have a congested population in these small islands at home, we have vast empty continents waiting for colonisation at the other side of the world. That which more than anything else militates against the popularity of emigration is the heart wrench that takes place when the emigrant leaves his native land. Half that pang would disappear if, wherever the emigrant went, he carried with him the penny post. A sixpenny postage minimises correspondence and multiplies tenfold the sense of separation. No expedient could be devised more certain,

first, to increase the hatefulness of emigration, and then to convert fellow-subjects into foreigners and strangers than this hateful barrier of a sixpenny postage. These emigrants, 300,000 of whom go abroad every year, send back to their relatives in the old country in dribblets of post office orders, nearly two-and-a-half million sterling per annum, the tribute of affection and the recognition of a filial indebtedness on the part of our children over the sea to their parents in the motherland at home. Upon the letters conveying these remittances our Post Office levies tax and toll 100 per cent. higher than the rates charged by foreign governments which have no political or national interests at stake. No doubt it would be a step in the right direction to reduce this to 2½d., but the alternative goal of our endeavour will not be reached until the penny is the universal postal rate through the English-speaking world. The question of cost is not serious. If, for instance, Mr. Henniker Heaton ingeniously argues to reduce Australian postage from 6d. to 2½d. costs only £105,000, or £15,000 for each half-penny reduction, it would only cost about £30,000 to

reduce it another 1½d., and so establish the penny! I makes no difference to the subsidised times how many letters are carried.

Regarded from the point of view of commerce our high postage is suicidal: from the point of view of the Empire it is insanity; but from the point of view of the family and the home it is a crime.

THE JUBILEE OF THE PENNY POST.

This being the case, I venture to submit with all deference to your consideration the urgent importance of seizing the opportunity afforded by the Jubilee of the establishment of the Inland Penny Post to secure an expression of the public at home and over sea in favour of the extension of the manifest and manifold advantages of the Penny Post to the whole English-speaking world.

As a means of securing the expression of opinion I propose as a first step, to be followed by a similar action in America, to draw the appended memorial to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

WE, the undersigned, loyal and devoted subjects of your Majesty resident in the United Kingdom and Ireland, venture, with all respect, to express our earnest desire to strengthen the natural ties which unite the English-speaking family all round the world. Believing that nothing would tend more to that end than the establishment of a Penny Post between the old mother-land and the new and vaster Britains that have arisen beyond the seas, we would approach the Throne with the humble but fervent prayer that the Jubilee of the Penny Post at home may be commemorated by taking steps to secure as speedily as may be the establishment of the Penny Post throughout the English-speaking world, a reform which would contribute immensely to the happiness of millions and to the glory of your Majesty's illustrious reign.

The memorial to Her Majesty has already received the following signatures:—

LORD COLERIDGE, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
 CARDINAL MANNING, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.
 SIR HENRY A. ISAACS, LORD MAYOR.
 THE BISHOP OF LONDON, FULHAM PALACE
 SIR JAMES WHITEHEAD, CHAIRMAN OF THE INLAND PENNY POST JUBILEE COMMITTEE.
 SIR A. ROLLIT, CHAIRMAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS.
 MR. BENJAMIN SCOTT, CHAMBERLAIN OF LONDON.
 MR. BARON HUDDLESTON, BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER AND OF THE HIGH COURT.
 SIR HENRY HAWKINS, OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.
 MR. JUSTICE MATHEW, OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.
 MR. JUSTICE STIRLING, OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.
 MR. COMMISSIONER KERR.
 SIR ANDREW CLARKE, LIEUT.-GENERAL.
 THE RIGHT REV. F. A. O'CALLAGHAN, BISHOP OF CORK.
 MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.
 MR. J. AGAR, LORD MAYOR OF YORK.
 MR. A. BAXTER, MAYOR OF LONDONDERRY.
 MR. J. A. FROUDE.
 MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.
 GENERAL BOOTH, OF THE SALVATION ARMY
 REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D., UNION CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.
 REV. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D., EDINBURGH.
 REV. J. CLIFFORD, D.D., WESTBOURNE CHAPEL.
 REV. R. W. DALE, LL.D., BIRMINGHAM.
 REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.
 REV. H. HANNA, D.D., LL.D., BELFAST.
 REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, WESLEYAN WEST LONDON MISSION.
 REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A., ST. JAMES'S, MARYLEBONE.
 REV. JOHN MCNEILL, REGENT SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN.
 REV. DAVID MACRAE, DUNDEE.
 REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., CITY TEMPLE.
 REV. W. W. TULLOCH, B.D., GLASGOW.

Accompanying the signatures, some of those who signed sent me independent expressions of opinion, from which I make the following extracts:—

LORD COLERIDGE.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, writing as his father's private secretary, says:—

"The Lord Chief Justice of England desires me to say that you may append his name to the memorial about the penny post, but that he should have preferred to have joined in an effort to extend the cheap postage to the whole civilized world, and not merely to the English speaking peoples."

THE BISHOPS OF MANCHESTER AND OF CORK.

The Bishop of Manchester writes:—

"I do not know whether the State can afford to establish a penny post for the whole empire; if it can do so, the measure will certainly be to the common good."

The Right Rev. Bishop O'Callaghan writes:—

"The extension of the penny postage to America and the Colonies would most certainly bring about a closer union between all English-speaking people, and I consider it more feasible and less beset with difficulties than was the introduction of the penny post into the United Kingdom."

SIR JAMES HANNEN.

Sir,—I should willingly sign a memorial in favour of an uniform postage throughout the English-speaking

world, but I am not able to fix upon a penny as the proper amount.

If you should think fit to modify your memorial in this respect I should be happy to sign it, but I am probably in a minority on this point.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES HANNEN.

MR. G. MEREDITH AND MR. FROUDE.

Mr. George Meredith sends the following characteristic note from his eyrie on Box Hill:—

"I sign. But when you say that 'nothing could tend more to unite,' I am reminded that a manly nation showing signs of heart and brain, showing courage to face, and illumination to see the whole round of questions continually coming up to be solved or to solve us, is much more needed to effect Federation. . . . How can we have it with colonies we are not leading intellectually and could not physically protect, yet might endanger? Examine this people, and ask yourself whether it can be called an Imperial people, which potters over the smallest of questions offered for solution, lives on patchwork, dares not do anything thoroughly, and fawns to the strong because it will neither pay money nor undergo discipline to pass it through a crisis."

Mr. Froude says:—

"I sign the petition with pleasure. To include the colonies within our own postal system will show the colonists that we at least do not regard them as foreigners, and will form one more of the magnetic links that hold us together in spite of political crochetsmongers."

OUR ASSOCIATION OF HELPERS. SERVICE FOR MAY.

THE object of the service that is suggested this month for the concerted action of our Helpers is the interrogation of the leading people of their locality on the subject of the Penny Postage. This is a step in advance beyond anything yet submitted to them, and it will afford an excellent test of the capacity, energy, and zeal of those who have joined the Association.

Wherever there is only one Helper in any town or district, he is requested to obtain the signature of the leading citizens to the suggested memorial, or a statement of their reasons for refusing to sign it. A reprint of the article "How to Celebrate the Jubilee of the Penny Post," with a form of the suggested memorial, should be sent to, or left with, the ten or twelve most influential persons in the district, with a request for their signature. Say, for instance, with the following:—(1) The Mayor, (2) the Town Clerk, (3) the Chairmen of the County Councils, (4) the School Board, (5) the Board of Guardians, (6) the Conservative Association, (7) the Liberal Association, and (8) of the local Bench, (9) the Vicar and the leading Nonconformist ministers, (10) the editors of local papers, (11) the leading trades unionists, (12) the most influential woman, and so forth.

If any Helper shrinks from essaying what appears so formidable a canvass, I have to ask that he will immediately advise me of the fact. If he does not decline service, I shall expect from him, on or before the 21st instant, a return enclosing the slips with the signatures of those who have signed the memorial, specifying the status of each below his signature, and a brief statement as to why the others withheld their names to the proposed memorial. From the returns so made up it will be possible to form an idea of how many Helpers really mean to help in carrying out the design with which the Association was started.

In towns where there are more Helpers than one, it is most desirable that they should meet before taking any steps, and that the work should be distributed amongst them. Every Helper has the name and address of all the other Helpers in his district, and a concerted action would immensely simplify matters as well as overcome much of the difficulties with which an isolated Helper has to deal. For simplification of correspondence it would be well if the local Helpers should, at their first meeting, appoint a Secretary, to whom all communications for that district should be addressed.

THE SUPPLY OF LITERATURE TO WORKHOUSES.

INFORMATION RECEIVED DURING APRIL FROM OUR HELPERS.

Name of Workhouse.	Inm'tes.	Men.	Women.	Children.	Periodicals.	Newspapers.	Toys, &c.
ENGLAND.							
Bath	700	200	250	250	Several monthly.	Daily occasionally.	2 doz. childrens' maga- zines.
Boston	153	101	60	82	None.	Very few.	Very few of either.
Bramby, near Leeds	120	95	25	25	Irregular.	4 or 5 local.	Some at Christmas.
Bri. h on	830	490	40	60	Good supply of old.	Good but irregular.	Sufficient.
Burton-on-Trent	Library.	Good supply.	Good supply.
Cockermouth	150	69	64	19 under 5	Fairly good.	Fairly good.	Children at district school.
Darlington	154	51	42	61	A good many.	Local weekly, some dailies every day.	Sufficient.
Devizes	139	47	50	42	Well supplied.	Well supplied.	Plenty of toys, &c.
Dewsbury	304	151	89	64	Good supply.	Good supply.	Not mentioned.
Erdington	1000	300	400	30	Very inadequate.	Inadequate.	Not mentioned.
Falmouth	Not	given.	Limited.	Limited.	Toys at Christmas.
Guildford	Not	given.	Fairly good.	Fairly good.	Require picture-books.
Hailshaw	150	Not divided.	A few.	6 religious.	Not stated.
Hartlepool	280	Mostly aged.	66	66	Library 100 books.	...	Small stock.
Haverford West	113	34	66	43	Fairly well.	Fairly well.	Have cricket and treats.
Hereford	199	77	57	58	Fairly well.	Fairly well.	Fairly well.
Holbeck, near Leeds	88	55	19	14	None to depend on.	Do.	Not stated.
Islington, St. Mary's	Not	given.	Fairly well.	Fairly well.	At Christmas.
Kennington Lane, Lambeth	1050	Mostly	elderly	...	Have boxes at Waterloo	Station, which bring in a	tolerable supply.
King's Lynn	131	44	31	56	7 interesting.	2 weekly, 1 daily.	Like more coloured picture-books.
Kingston	421	204	166	44	30 monthly.	Good supply.	39 children's picture- books.
Leeds	522	231	287	4	9 monthly.	30 daily, 19 weekly.	Not stated.
Liverpool—City	3272	1363	1563	346	30 monthly.	260 weekly.	Not enough toys.
Macclesfield	301	141	108	52	Good supply.	Fairly good.	Not mentioned.
Nottingham	736	360	321	55	5 monthly.	Good supply.	Have rocking-horses and games.
Patterspring	50	15	30	5	3 Gospel.	None.	Not mentioned.
Ripon	Not	given.	Tolerably well off.	...	Have some.
Rochdale	425	220	164	41	Good library.	No daily or weekly.	...
Royston	Very well supplied.
Scarboro'	Not	given.	Fairly good.	Fairly good.	Have toys and treats.
Sheppy	150	65	45	40	Well supplied.	Well supplied.	...
Stone	124	Sufficient, but not regular.
Tavistock	A number monthly.	Sufficient daily.	...
Tendring	183	78	45	60	8 monthly.	None.	Not enough.
Tiverton	128	50	38	40	5 or 6 monthly.	5 or 6 weekly.	Good supply. Toys too frail.
Tisbury	Not	given.	Fairly good.	Fairly good.	Some occasionally.
Totnes	224	92	66	66	Illustrated occasionally.	Now and then.	Not mentioned.
Wandsworth (New)	Not	given.	Plenty.	Plenty from Station.	Plenty at Christmas.
West Bromwich	684	361	273	50	21 monthly.	24 daily.	Not stated.
Wigan	330	Not divided.	Have enough.	Enough.	Not stated.
Whitechapel	274	115	139	22	Small library.	Enough from Ry. Station.	Not stated.
WALES.							
Aberystwyth	65	20	21	15	Occasionally.	2 weekly.	Very few.
Bridgend	38	27	21	10	Home Committee think so.	...	No school children.
Llanelli	69	31	21	17	Have library.	1 daily, 3 weekly.	...
SCOTLAND.							
Dumfries	76	29	33	14	From Railway Station.	2 local and <i>Sunday at Home</i> , <i>2 British Workman</i>
IRELAND.							
Cork	2133	597	1778	358	The R.C. badly supplied.	About 100 Protestants have plenty.	...
Enniskillen	162	75	87	...	None.	None.	A friend sends a good many.
Fermanagh	30	10 Old	20	None.	None.	None.	...

READING FOR WORKHOUSES.

A RECORD OF HELPERS' SERVICE FOR APRIL.

THE reports which have poured in upon me on this subject from all parts of the country during last month have been very cheering. In a journalistic career that has now lasted nearly twenty years, I do not remember—with one great exception—any case in which so much prompt local effort has been evoked by the simple setting forth of a series of facts.

As soon as the reports of our Helpers were received, I wrote to the administrators who had in time past been responsible for the department now known as the Local Government Board, calling their attention to the Report in the current number of the REVIEW, and asking them the following four questions:—

WORKHOUSE LITERATURE.

- (1.) Whether the time has not come for recognising the principle that the inmates of our workhouses should be at least as well supplied with reading matter as the criminals in our gaols?
- (2.) Whether, considering that all children in the workhouse are compelled to learn to read, some supply of reading matter should not be added to those necessities which should be provided for the adult inmates out of the rates?
- (3.) Whether a certain minimum supply of newspapers and periodicals should not be added to the expenditure which the Board of Guardians may legally incur?
- (4.) Whether, if you answer the above questions in the negative, you have any other suggestion as to the best way of meeting this want?

MR. VILLIERS.

The Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, the veteran who alone survives of those who were foremost in the fight for the establishment of the untaxed loaf, is also distinguished as being the oldest ex-President of the Poor Law Board. Mr. Villiers is now 87 years of age, but he lost no time, not merely in answering my inquiries, but also in making inquiries of his own. He has written me the following letter:—

50, Cadogan-place,
London, S.W., April 26, 1890.

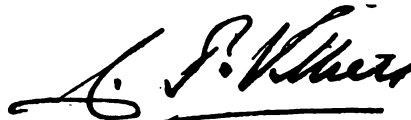
Dear Sir,—I regret the delay that has occurred in replying to your letter, but it is now nearly twenty-five years ago since I held the office of President of the Poor Law Board, and I have no recollection of any question having been raised as to the legal right of the guardians to provide newspapers and books for the pauper inmates of workhouses. I have now, however, been informed that the matter has in recent years been brought under the notice of the present department, who have decided that the guardians may legally supply the inmates with such articles as may reasonably be deemed requisite for their

use, and that a supply of newspapers and periodicals, especially for the aged and infirm, comes within this description.

It would seem, therefore, that the law, as now interpreted by the central authority, is quite sufficient to authorise the expenditure from the rates of a reasonable sum for the purpose in question; and I may perhaps add that, looking to the circumstances of the present time, and the general spread of education, I see no sufficient reason to depart from that decision.

But at present I should not be disposed to do more than leave the guardians with this discretionary power which, aided by the efforts of benevolent people, and the facilities that might be much more generally afforded for having collecting boxes for newspapers at the railway stations, ought in most cases to be sufficient to secure the object desired.

The cases of the criminal and the pauper, I may say, are not quite identical. The criminal is under a silent system, and his reformation is one of the chief objects contemplated, but, in the case of the pauper, the main object is the relief of existing destitution.



MR. STANSFIELD.

My dear Mr. Read.

I answered your two previous questions in the affirmative with regard to the third & fourth questions. I think that a minimum would be to make some minimum provision in the same manner as the voluntary gift of newspapers & books; & I should not consider the political press. I have given you the political column. I have also given you the necessary exact object of the law. Yours truly, L. J. Villiers

The Right Hon. James Stansfeld was the first President of the Local Government Board, and was also President of the Local Government Board a second time in Mr. Gladstone's last Administration.

LORD MONK BRETTON.

When Lord Monk Bretton was the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson he held the office now occupied by Mr. Ritchie. Here is his letter:—

Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of April 15th, and of the accompanying number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. In reply, I would briefly say that the suggestion made in the REVIEW that people should, out of their superfluity, contribute newspapers and periodicals to the authorities of workhouses calculated to interest and entertain the inmates of such establishments, appears to be a very proper and reasonable one. Gifts of suitable books, and, in some cases, of toys, are not less desirable. These objects, however, are, as instances cited in the REVIEW show, especially suited to and readily accomplished by benevolence or voluntary organisation, and I should regret to see them, at all events without further experience, made a precedent for adding to the charges already borne by the rate-payers generally.

The attention called to the matter by the REVIEW will, it may be hoped, bear fruit and lead to an extension of the practice already followed in several unions. The consideration of the reading matter provided in prisons should not, as it seems to me, affect the determination of what ought to be done in workhouses.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently
Monk Bretton

From these letters it would appear that, on the part of those who represent the Central Administration, there is

a general disposition to recognise the necessity for supplying the inmates of our workhouses with reading matter. Mr Villiers' letter is very important. It shows that the Local Government Board is prepared to sanction a reasonable expenditure on the part of the guardians, under the head of Literature for the Workhouse. This is not generally known. Again and again our helpers have been told that the guardians are forbidden by law to supply the inmates of the workhouse with papers or books.

AN APPEAL TO MR RITCHIE.

I would, therefore, respectfully but earnestly appeal to Mr. Ritchie to take effective means of reminding the

guardians of the fact, and at the same time to employ the machinery at his command to procure an exact return of (1) the books at present in the workhouse libraries; (2) the expenditure incurred annually on literature out of the rates; (3) the provision made for (a) newspapers and periodicals for adults and (b) toys, and picture books for children. The mere fact of such a return being called for by the Local Government Board would stimulate the guardians to action in the matter.

What is wanted is, to bring all the workhouses in the country up to the level of the best. We aspire after no unrealisable ideals in this matter. It is not an impossible formula to ask that every

workhouse shall be as humane and well equipped as, say for example, that of Stoke-upon-Trent.

A MODEL WORKHOUSE.

The master of Stoke-upon-Trent Workhouse sends me the following interesting account of the establishment under his care:—

"The number of inmates at present here is 807. I am happy to say that it is our guardians' wish that the sick, aged, imbecile, and children should be made as happy as possible, and in view of that object they have erected splendid separate schools and large hospitals, which are made bright with paint, pictures,



MR. STANSFELD.

illuminated Scripture texts, pictorial almanacs, &c. There is also a library containing several hundred volumes of books to meet the needs of the various classes:—biographical, historical, theological, with a good sprinkling of light reading, &c., &c.

The guardians also provide sixty-nine monthly magazines, and the *Illustrated London News* weekly.

We receive frequent parcels of illustrated papers, besides a large number of dailies and weeklies sent for by inmates themselves and officers, who give theirs to inmates,—in fact we endeavour to see that papers, books, tracts, &c., are distributed about in abundance.

After the perusal of periodicals they are collected and I have them bound, thereby adding to the efficiency of the library. I like your suggestion as to having receiving-boxes outside; these we have not got, but have intended having some fixed, one gentleman having promised to attend to one. (I am permitted to collect money each Christmas for treats, toys, &c.)

I have found this fund very useful. The result is that our infants' department and children's sick wards are well replenished with toys and large rocking horses (means of much amusement), musical instruments, &c.; we have one fiddle, one organ accordian, two arizons, one organette, one small harmonium.

The children have a field (two acres) set apart for football, cricket, &c.

We often try to lighten the burden of the poor sick ones by giving concerts, and also by inviting noted choirs from outside to visit sick wards.

If this can be done at Stoke, why not elsewhere? Nothing is more healthy and effective a stimulant to improvements than the spectacle of good results, not merely talked about, but actually attained.

A WORD TO THE GUARDIANS.

The master of a workhouse, who has a newspaper in every ward and pictures on every wall, sends me the following sensible observations:—

The scandals you instance are the result of the neglect and apathy of the guardians of the poor and their officers.

The guardians have it in their power to supply literature out of the rates. Why then should not food for the mind be forthcoming as well as for the body? It ought to be compulsory.

If statesmen and poor law guardians wish to de-pauperize the poor, let them give workhouse or pauper children a wider and healthier training, as also their able-bodied paupers. Surely healthy literature would assist in this.

The heads of poor law institutions have it in their power to remedy much of the want of reading matter amongst the inmates committed to their keeping, by taking an interest in them. And if they do take this interest, they will not rest satisfied until they see a good supply of books and games, &c.

Lady visitors, "judicious ones," help very much to relieve the monotony of the aged and sick in a workhouse. These should be encouraged, and a master or matron who is trying to do one's duty, need not be afraid—but will find them a great help. Much of the misery in workhouses is owing to the management

THE REPORTS OF HELPERS.

I have been much pleased by the reports which I have received from our helpers all over the three kingdoms as to the promptitude and energy with which they have entered upon the service for April. They have written to the local papers, interviewed guardians, and set on foot

in all directions the collection of newspapers and periodicals. I have not space to attempt to summarise these reports. I can only give a few samples. Here, for instance, are extracts from the reports of Mr. Alexander Howell, Talford-house, Elm-grove, Southsea:—

April 21.—I have seen the editors of the two leading local papers, and induced them to take up the subject of the supply of papers, &c., to this workhouse, and I enclose extracts from both of them. As you will see, I have had my letter to the *Evening Mail* reprinted, and I am now sending this reprint and a copy of the "Workhouse Christ" to all the principal tradesmen and hotels in the four towns (Portsmouth, Portsea, Landport, and Southsea) with a circular-letter, a copy of which I also beg to enclose. I have received many letters on the subject already, and not a few parcels of papers.

April 25.—In continuation of my letter of the 21st to you, I have now much pleasure in informing you that the subject has been taken up most warmly by all classes, and the board of guardians have just passed a special vote of thanks to me on the proposition of the chairman for the efforts I have been making. Papers are continually coming in.

Our helpers in Peckham report that:—

We have agreed to concentrate our united resources, that we may more effectively perform what we feel to be a much needed work. Briefly stated, we have banded ourselves together as the Workhouse Aid Society. The work has been divided, we shall share the expenses, and while each member is actively employed in direct work in the direction you have indicated, we are obtaining additional strength by the admission into our society of other friends interested in this particular work.

There were several inaccuracies in our last month's returns, some of which were due to the inexperience of the Helper, and others to the erroneous information supplied by the workhouse officials. Halifax may perhaps have been rated too high, and Bradford certainly was unjustly accused. But, on the whole, the information supplied has done wonders in stirring up attention, and I hope that attention will not be relaxed until every workhouse has got a good library, and every ward a supply of papers and magazines. We have got to make every workhouse as much like home as is possible, with pictures on the walls, toys and picture-books for the children, and plenty of pleasant varied reading for the adults, most of whom, as our returns show where the question has been asked, can read. Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., publishers, of Paternoster-row, London, E.C., have kindly promised to send a specimen parcel of their illustrated publications to any one who is interested in the supply of literature to the workhouse.

I regret that the extreme pressure upon my space renders it impossible for me even to name the newspapers which have inserted letters on the subject, and the boards of guardians which have debated it, or to quote from the letters of our Helpers describing the eager response with which their appeals have been met. I have quoted enough to show that the conscience of the community has been touched, and that close to our doors, open to all, irrespective of creed or party, lies a great field of helpful human service. If our Helpers keep it up, who knows but that from this small beginning there may spring a beneficent reformation which may ultimately affect the whole of our workhouse administration. It is a great thing if we can but focus the eye of the public upon the condition of the derelicts of society, for the great difficulty arises from the truth of the old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind."

CHARACTER SKETCH : MAY.

V.—DR. EDUARD SCHNITZER ALIAS EMIN PASHA.

ON the last day of last March the following telegram from Bagamoyo startled Europe:—

Emin Pasha, who has long been dallying between the English and German administrations, has now finally accepted the proposals of Major Wissmann. He has definitely entered the German service on a salary of £1,000 a year, abandoning all thoughts of returning to Europe. Accompanied by several German officers and 200 Soudanese soldiers, he will leave Bagamoyo with a large caravan for the interior about the middle of April. The porters engaged say they are to receive extra wages to march with the greatest speed to Lake Victoria Nyanza. The evident intention is to make treaties for Germany in all directions.

Next day came another despatch from Zanzibar, stating that the "Zanzibar shops were being ransacked to supply presents for the new German subjects to be enrolled by Emin." A German proclamation closed all trade routes through German territory into Central Africa to all caravans. Peace was patched up with Bwana Heri, and a proclamation signed by Emin Pasha was distributed broadcast among the Arabs of Zanzibar, disclaiming all responsibility for the law-suit brought by Mr. Stanley against Tippoo Tib.

EMIN'S NEW DEPARTURE.

Such a sudden and unexpected development of German colonial enterprise, coming as it did almost immediately upon the heels of Prince Bismarck's retirement, created no small commotion for a time in Europe—commotion which even now has not quite subsided. What was Emin after? What, in the name of common sense, was the meaning of this sudden determination to plunge back into the dreary region from which, at such cost of blood and treasure, he had so recently been extricated? There were two distinct theories on the subject. The first was Sir Samuel Baker's. He was quite sure that the Germans had their eye on the abandoned Soudan. They were going to strike for Victoria Nyanza, cross that great lake, ally themselves with Mwanga, the King of Uganda, annex Ungora, and from thence reconquer the Equatorial provinces, out of which Emin had escaped so recently, carrying his life in his hand. The other theory, which seems more in accordance with common sense, holds that Emin has no intention of striking northward across the rear of British East Africa. His objective lies not in the *Hinterländer* of the English, but in those of the Germans. In other words, Emin, when he reaches the Victoria Nyanza, will strike not northward but southward, and push forward a line of German stations from the Victoria

Nyanza to Lake Tanganyika in such a way as to interpose an insurmountable barrier to the British advance from the south. A glance at the accompanying map will show better than any amount of explanation the suggested alternatives before Capt. Wissmann and his new recruit.

FROM A BRITISH POINT OF VIEW.

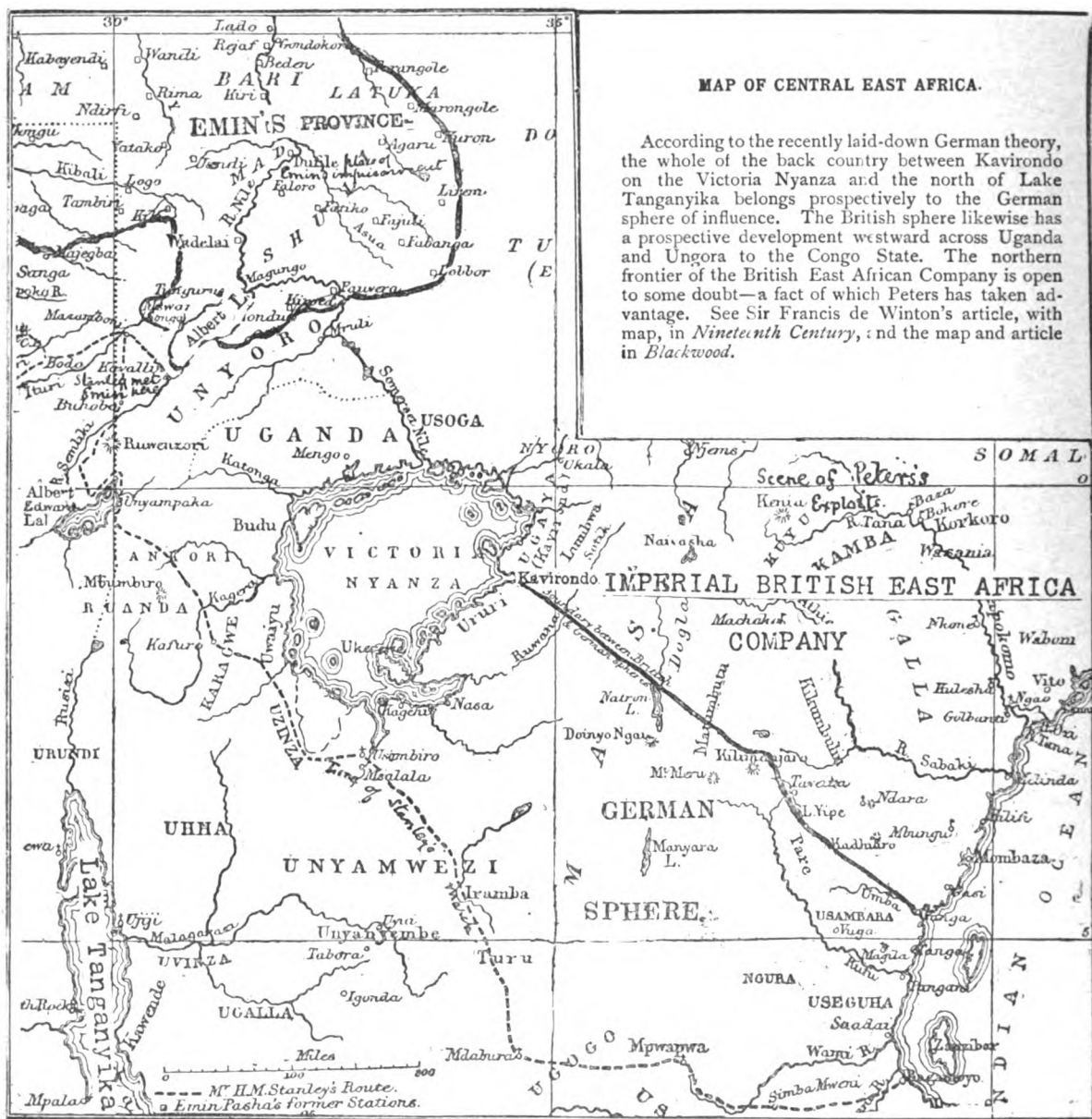
From a British point of view it does not matter much what Emin is going to do. Emin is no longer a force in African affairs. He is only a figurehead. The development of European ambitions in Central Africa has not yet reached so advanced a stage as to make us nervous about what the Germans may do either against the Mahdi or north of Lake Tanganyika. They may if they please break their teeth upon the savage tribes in the heart of the Dark Continent. If they so decide, we wish them joy of their task. We know something of what African warfare involves, what it costs, and what scanty return can be reaped even after the most brilliant victories. Campaigning on the Equator is no joke, even when you are within a day's march of the sea. But campaigning midway between the East and West Coasts—that is not an enterprise which we begrudge our Teutonic rivals. They may help to mark the way for the ultimate advance of British colonisation by the skeletons of not a few of the Pomeranians whom Prince Bismarck refused to waste in Bulgaria, but that is all. Sooner or later, when Mahdism has spent its force, and Germany has tired of African adventure, the African map will be painted bright British red all the way from Alexandria to the Cape.

With this healthy and robust confidence in the future of our race we can afford to be just to Emin. Nor should a single trace of ill-feeling disfigure the references which our press is making to the interesting German savant who has just made a fresh plunge into barbarism. He is doing our work, and if we have any regret it is only that he is not strong enough to do it better. For Emin, although wiry, is far from being strong either physically or mentally. He knows a great deal, no doubt. But knowledge is not always power, and it is possible, as Robert Hall once said, to put so many books on the top of your head as to crush out your brains. It is not books with Emin so much as butterflies and birds and languages. Indecision, vacillation, and an utter lack of the qualities of leadership appear to be his leading characteristics. He has wilted under the suns of Africa. He

never was a man of iron. He is now a mere man of straw. His eyesight is nearly gone. He suffers from cataract in both his eyes, and in less than two years he will,

WHO IS EMIN PASHA?

Emin Pasha is a German of the name of Eduard Schnitzer, who, when he accepted his new post on March



according to Dr. Parke, be completely blind. He is not a blind old Dandolo, the octogenarian chief who, in his sightless old age, achieved victories for Venice. He is that most pathetic of all human objects, an observer whose existence lies in eyes which are gradually going out in thick darkness.

31st, had just entered his fiftieth year. He was born of respectable mercantile folk in Silesia, who brought him up as a Protestant, and educated him as a doctor. He took his diploma at Berlin University in 1864, and forthwith gave the rein to the one mastering passion for foreign travel which has just driven him back into the wilds

of Africa. He attached himself to the staff of Hakki Pasha, and for nine years accompanied him in his official peregrinations through the Ottoman Empire. After the death of his patron, he returned home and tried to settle in Germany as a student of natural history. It was in vain. I remember Captain Boyton telling me long ago that from his boyhood the passion for the sea would seize and possess him with such overmastering power, that, no matter what he was doing, or where he might be situated, he must abandon everything and plunge into the waves. A similar fierce and uncontrollable desire for an escape from European atmosphere seems to haunt Dr. Schnitzer, and probably explains his sudden decision to go back into the interior. In 1876 he entered the Egyptian Medical Service, and soon after was sent up to the Soudan to serve under General Gordon. In 1878 Gordon made him Governor of the Equatorial province, and there he remained, suffering many vicissitudes until Mr. Stanley-burst in upon his desolation, and carried him off to the East Coast. That in brief is his life story for the first half-century of his existence. He took the name Emin, which signifies "Faithful," because he believed that he could only gain the full confidence of the Easterns by entirely merging his Frankish origin. He dressed as a Turk, lived as a Turk, and so naturally enough he assumed a Turkish name. "I have so completely adopted the habits and customs of the people," he wrote from Trebizond as far back as 1871, "that no one believes an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish name. Don't be afraid; I have only adopted the name. I have not become a Turk." That no doubt was and is true. Emin, he might call himself, but he was in heart always Schnitzer—German to the core.

A TYPICAL SAVANT.

Dr. Schnitzer-Emin Pasha is extremely interesting as a finished type of the kind of product which the scientific

culture of the modern world turns out. Our own Mr. H. H. Johnston is another illustration of the scientist proconsul, but Her Majesty's representative at Mozambique, although to outward appearance the meekest and mildest of men, has more iron in his little finger than Emin has in his whole body. Johnston goes into politics as science. Schnitzer-Emin can never feel that politics are other than a disagreeable interruption to the much more important pursuits of beetle-catching and bird-

collecting. Schnitzer-Emin is the naturalist who, although he has acted as Governor Pasha and Commander-in-Chief, is always first and foremost a man of all the ologies. Entomology, ornithology, zoology, everything but theology absorbs his attention. Not that he is actively opposed to religion. On the contrary, he once offered to support a station of the Church Missionary Society in his province at his own expense, although he desired "less religious ballast and less psalm-singing." He even thought at one time of appealing to Cardinal Lavigerie. In all his voluminous letters there is not a trace of anti-religious bitterness. His attitude is entirely negative. He is concerned solely with the material. It is almost impossible to



Dr. Emin Bey

imagine a more different man from General Gordon than Schnitzer-Emin, and this not only in his way of looking at God, but quite as much in his way of regarding man. Emin, like Gordon, is kindly, considerate, good-natured, helpful. But you always feel that to him you are first and foremost an anthropological specimen, whereas to Gordon you were a brother. That makes a considerable difference. And then again, Schnitzer-Emin has an almost total absence of that sense of humour which is distinctly one of the highest qualities of the mind. That bright and lambent flame which illumines every page of Gordon's journals is absent entirely from the letters of Schnitzer-Emin. There is as little of the higher element in his writings as there is in a catalogue of the natural history

department at South Kensington. We like the genial collector, we admire the kindly-hearted savant, but he excites no enthusiasm. We do not feel in his presence that we stand before the hero manifest in the flesh. Yet he is more than a man who, as Wordsworth bitterly said, "Would peep and botanize upon his 'mother's grave.'" He would do that, no doubt, and think that it was the best way of doing honour to his mother; but he would do more than that.

A SCIENTIST WITH A HEART.

Scientist though he is, he has within him a heart that occasionally finds expression even in protests against the scientific spirit. Here, for instance, is one of the few passages that reveal the higher nature of the man. It is taken as, indeed, almost all extracts must necessarily be taken, from the valuable and portly volume, entitled "Emin Pasha in Central Africa," edited by Dr. Felkin, and published last year by Messrs. Philip & Son, 32, Fleet-street. Writing to Dr. Felkin on the subject of medical practice, Emin said :—

Keep yourself well in hand, and do not follow without very just cause the two modern developments of medicine. A sick man is no subject, but a feeling and suffering being, whose sensibility is greatly heightened. Be to your patients, in the first place, friend, then doctor. Our mission is a high and holy one, and the murmured thanks of a poor man is of far higher value than a few guineas, and the knowledge that one has saved a sick child for its mother is a far more brilliant reward than can ever follow a brilliant but risky operation, or the humbug of the so-called "scientific medicine." Do not laugh at my words. I have grown old and grey in the battle of life, for it is just this idealism which has helped me over many a bitter hour. My strife and work draw near to their close (p. xix.)

That is Emin at his best. Such teachers are, however, all too rare. Dr. Felkin, who spent some time in the Equatorial provinces, and who is unbounded in his expressions of admiration, declares that, however regretfully Schnitzer-Emin might abandon science for administration, he never allowed his scientific pursuits to stand in the way of his official duties. Yet, as he says,—

The amount of work which Emin Pasha has performed in making zoological collections, observations, and notes, is astonishing in the highest degree. It could only have been performed by a man whose heart was aglow with the pure fire of scientific interest, with enthusiastic, absolutely unselfish love of Nature, and with an irresistible impulse to add to the knowledge of her treasures to the full extent of his powers (p. xxii.)

THE PASHA NATURALIST.

Reading his journal is, however, but dry work to any but expert naturalists. Here, for instance, when he arrived at Magúngo, is the record of his doings :—

Myzereba contained a splendid sycamore, the thick foliage of which harboured numerous creatures. Besides the birds which were crowding there (*Spermestes cucullatus* and sweet-voiced grosbeaks, *Certhia musica*) tree snakes were crawling about as well as chameleons. . . . I caught numerous insects, chiefly *Lamellicorix*s, and *Oryctes nasicornis*, apparently a cosmopolitan, was very common. . . . In

the neighbouring wood, to my great joy, I succeeded in finding a colony of magnificent *Coryphænathus albifrons* and I took its nest and eggs (p. 146).

So it is all through. It is birds, butterflies, and frogs,—as the Americans say,—with occasional interludes descriptive of the beasts and humans. The latter he describes more as specimens than fellow creatures. The following is one of the very few passages in which there is any touch even of a feeling of horror in his description of what he sees and hears. Describing his visit to King Mtesa's country, he says :—

Corpses in the middle of the path compelled us to step aside; at our approach the small Uganda vultures left their ghastly meal with a noisy rush. Four dead bodies were lying there, slain by the hand of the executioner; young and old lay gathered there: the throat of one was deeply gashed to the very spine, the head of another had been smashed by a heavy blow, and every day, nay, every hour, people pass these corpses, themselves perchance only too soon to meet a like fate (p. 125).

GORDON'S HEIR.

Schnitzer-Emin, says Dr. Felkin, "in every sense is Gordon's heir"; and in one respect he resembles his great chief. He has a keen eye for landscape. His descriptions of nature are broad and full of colour :—

Frequently, when I wake up in the night I hear a noise on the roof of my hut like the pattering of heavy rain, for even in such places the indefatigable ants build their passages and destroy the work of human hands; indeed, a life here in the interior of Africa is a constant struggle with the superior forces of nature and the overwhelming life of plants and animals.

Strange to say, all animal life seems to die out of these grass forests during the day; one hardly hears the twittering of the birds or the distant trumpeting of the elephant. . . . Even the traveller is silent and presses forward, anxious to reach some open space.

No sooner does the moon flood its silver light upon the grass waving in the night breeze, no sooner do fantastic shadows close round than the land is filled with ghostly life. There is a rustling and a surging, the spell is broken—the animal world awakes.

These passages might almost be mistaken for extracts from Gordon's Diary. Emin admired Gordon immensely, like all those who knew him personally and saw his work. It was, no doubt, his memory of Gordon's heroic resolve not to desert his garrison which led Emin to shrink so much from the inevitable retreat. Writing long before Mr. Stanley reached him, Emin said :—

If, however, the people in Great Britain think that as soon as Stanley or Thomson arrive I shall return with them, they greatly err. I have passed twelve years of my life here, and would it be right of me to desert my post as soon as the opportunity for escape presented itself? I shall remain with my people until I see perfectly clearly that their future and the future of our country is safe.

The work that Gordon paid for with his blood I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and in his spirit. When my lamented chief placed the Government of this country in my hands, he wrote to me :—"I appoint you for civilisation and progress sake." I have done my best to justify the trust he had in me, and that I have to some extent been successful and have won the confidence of the natives is proved by the fact that I and my handful of people have held our own up to the present day in the midst of hundreds of thousands of natives. I remain here the last

and only representative of Gordon's staff. It therefore falls to me, and is my bounden duty, to follow up the road he showed us. Sooner or later a bright future must dawn for these countries; sooner or later these people will be drawn into the circle of the ever-advancing civilised world. For twelve long years I have striven and toiled, and sown the seeds for future harvest—laid the foundation-stones for future buildings. Shall I now give up the work because a way may soon be open to the coast? Never! (page 509.)

EMIN'S ACCOUNT OF GORDON'S WORK.

Emin had the best reason for having a high opinion of Gordon. He followed him to the Equator and saw his work. Here is the account which he sent home of the administrative miracle achieved by General Gordon in the Soudan:—

Thanks to Gordon Pasha's eminent talent of organisation; thanks to his three years' really superhuman exertion and labours in a climate which very few have hitherto been able to withstand; thanks to his energy, which no hindrances were able to damp, the whole immense country, from the ninth to the first degree (Sobat to Mruli), is so well organised and so entirely secure, that a single traveller can wander through the length and breadth of it with all the comfort that is here attainable, and carry on his studies in peace. Arms and ammunition, except for pursuit of the chase, are certainly not required. Only one who has had indirect dealings with negroes, and has been dependent upon them for a transport of goods, the supply of provisions, &c.; who has seen and experienced the glowing sun and the fever-exhaling swamps of this territory; who knows what it is to be for long years shut out from all society, and to dispense with the most ordinary comforts of life, can form a true estimate of what Gordon Pasha accomplished here. He was obliged, moreover, to create for himself the material with which to do his work—and upon negroes he had to rely! (p. 25.)

A WORTHY DISCIPLE.

Emin himself was no unworthy disciple of his great chief. When he was appointed, the provinces of the Equator had got into sad disorder. Dr. Felkin thus describes the result of his activity:—

Slowly but firmly, with ever-increasing success, he became master of the situation, and when I passed through his province for the second time, in 1879, a most wonderful change had taken place. Stations had been built, discontent was changed into loyal obedience, corruption had been put down, taxation was equalised, and he had already begun the task of clearing his province from the slave-dealers who infested it.

He had also got rid of almost all the Egyptian soldiers, replacing them by natives whom he had trained to arms. He had added large districts to his province, not by the use of his sword, but by personal negotiation with native chiefs. To all this must be added the cultivation of cotton, of indigo, of coffee and rice, the establishment of a regular weekly post through his dominions, the rebuilding of nearly all his stations, the construction of better and more permanent roads, the introduction of camels, and the transport of goods by oxen; and last, but not least, he was able in that year to show a net profit of £8,000, whereas, on his taking up the reins of government, there was a deficit of £32,000 per annum (p. xv.)

DESERTED AND AT BAY.

The parallel holds still more closely true, when Emin, deserted, like Gordon, had to trust to his own resources to hold his own against mutiny in his own camp and the constant menace of the Mahdi. He writes:—

I am still hoping and waiting for help, and that from England, whose philanthropic spirit will, I hope, keep her true

to her ancient traditions, notwithstanding the rise and fall of Governments (p. 503).

This lament about the absence of any attempt even to send him information was very like Gordon's:—

Up to the despatch of these letters (November 17) we were all well though in great straits, and intended to defend ourselves to the last man. I am certainly very doubtful whether these letters will ever reach their destination, but I have done my duty, and if the Government in Cairo or Khartoum had ever thought of this route, letters and news might have reached us long ago. They appear to have given us up a long time ago, and not to think it even worth while to try and put themselves in communication with us. The Danagla on the Bahr-el-Gazal are much more zealous, for they, from Christian—pardon! Mohammedan—charity, are bent on saving us from the negroes and bringing us to the light of the truth (p. 473).

His position was not unlike that of General Gordon's at Khartoum before the siege grew desperate. He writes:—

Now just think of my position. For fourteen months I had had no communication with Khartoum, or news from there, the magazines were quite empty of cloths, soap, coffee, &c., and though I had repeatedly pressed by letter for a consignment of a couple of hundred Remington rifles and a sufficient supply of ammunition, I had not received them; the whole of Makraka Rol, and part of Monbuttu were full of armed Danagla; in Lado itself there was a rabble of drunkards and clerks of my divan. The prospect was not brilliant. My soldiers, of little account under any circumstances, were scattered over a wide extent of territory, and their withdrawal had to be accomplished with the greatest circumspection (p. 463).

BUT NEVER DESPAIRS.

Nevertheless, though deserted and forgotten, he never despaired.

We get along as best we may. We have food, that is, white durrah, meat, and also vegetables; occasionally fruits also. Instead of sugar there is honey; we make famous candles of wax. In place of coffee we roast the seeds of *Hibiscus sabbdariffa*, and I can assure you that the decoction from them is not at all bad—it may even be more wholesome and beneficial. Shoes are made here, and very elegant ones too (p. 473).

At last, after long waiting for letters from Egypt, he received Nubar's despatch announcing the abandonment of the Soudan, and he comments upon it, in Gordonesque fashion, as follows:—

It is a cool business despatch, in the fullest sense of the word, not acknowledging by a single word the cares I have borne for three years, my fights with Danagla and negroes, my hunger and nakedness, nor giving me a word of encouragement in the superhuman task of leading home the soldier which now lies before me (p. 495).

The late Sirdar Ekrem Omar Pasha once said to me that in the East one must have powerful patrons, plenty of money, or a pretty wife, in order to obtain acknowledgment of one's services. Can he have been right? (p. 496.)

"I WILL NOT LEAVE MY PEOPLE."

Long before Mr. Stanley reached him Emin had expressed in the strongest terms his reluctance to leave his people. Writing to Dr. Schweinfurth on April 17, 1887, he said:—

If England wishes really to help us, she must try, in the first place, to conclude some treaty with Uganda and Umyoro, by which the condition of those countries may be improved both morally and politically. A safe road to the coast must be opened up, and one which will not be at the mercy of childish

kings or disreputable Arabs. This is all we want, and it is the only thing necessary to permit of the steady development of these countries. If we possessed it, we could look the future hopefully in the face. . . . At present, therefore, we occupy the whole of my former stations in Makraka : Rejaf, Beden, Kiri, Muggi, Labore, Khor Ayu, Dufile, Fatiko, Fadibek Wadelai, Songa, and Mahagi, nearly all the stations which were originally entrusted to me by General Gordon; and I intend and expect to keep them all. I should like here again to mention that if a relief expedition comes to us I will on no account leave my people. . . . All we would ask England to do, is to bring about a better understanding with Uganda, and to provide us with a free and safe way to the coast. That is all we want. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not! (p. 510-1.)

And yet no one knew better than Emin how utterly untrustworthy were those people, how few there were who cared for him. Over and over again he hints that he could not depend even on his own officers. Writing to Dr. Schweinfurth, he says :—

I must tell you that about a month ago all the older corporals, &c., in Lado, almost all of them men from Bornou, Adamawa, &c., conspired to kill all the officers, Soudanese, and others in the place, and establish a sort of free state. But an Egyptian officer heard of the plot, and informed his superiors of it, and the Major put the ringleaders in irons, releasing them, however, without punishment a few days later—an act of clemency unsuited to these times. In Dufile, also, the Sergeant-Major shot at his officer, but fortunately missed him (p. 500).

Again he writes—"I cannot depend with any certainty on my own officers." As for his officials, here is a suggestive story illustrating how little they were to be relied upon. His Kadi had been sent at the head of a mission to the Bahr-el-Ghazal to procure help. This is how he fulfilled his task :—

The members of the mission which was sent off from here had fallen out soon after their departure, and the Kadi, who had here assumed the character of saviour of his province, did not shrink from declaring openly before the soldiers and Danagla in Ayak that he was only going to the Bahr-el-Ghazal to fetch the necessary troops, when he would return, and after having hanged me, would have the officers and officials beheaded; we were one and all infidels, and deserved death.

Of this precious rascal we heard echoes this month in a story from Cairo, which accused Emin of complicity in the treason of his clerk !

WHY THE GARRISONS REFUSED TO RETIRE.

Poor Emin found it utterly impossible to induce his garrisons to leave the country. He would not leave them. They would not leave the province. What was a poor Governor to do? The reasons which led them to cling to the place were thus clearly set out by him long before Mr. Stanley reached Kavalli :—

The greater part of our soldiers, coming as they do from our own districts (Maraka, Dinka, &c.), and having never seen Egypt, naturally prefer to remain here and live as their fathers did, while the negro soldier sent hither from Egypt, whether he be an officer or a private soldier, has forgotten in the lapse of years what strict discipline means, and, further, has adapted himself to the country to such a degree that it has quite taken the place of his native land. Each has his family, often a very large one, if all its dependants be counted, and each has his couple of goats or cows. Every one knows that the journey is long and the toils great, that many days of hunger and hardship lie before

him, and that when he arrives in Egypt the loose bonds of discipline will be tightened again, that he must then say farewell to the Mrisa jug, and that the "T'ali ya valad" (Come, O boy) and "Ruh ya valad" (Go, O boy,) must come to an end. Besides it is quite possible to make a Soudanese understand why the Government has given up the Soudan, and he refuses in so many words to believe that a horde of Danagla is able to crush a well-trained army. Even now it is believed here that the news of General Hicks' defeat in Kordofan is a fiction. All my efforts during the last twelve months to concentrate the men of the south have had no other result hitherto than to draw from the first battalions stationed in Lado and the neighbourhood, or at any rate from the officers a categorical declaration that they would not give up Lado, &c. (p. 497).

The men agreed not to go south, for they say the seat of our Government does not run southwards, but through Lado to Khartoum, and they would rather return to their homes than go south, but if they are forced to do so they will seize all the arms and ammunition, kill any one who tries to stop them, and finally make their way homewards (p. 500).

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE DONE.

Emin would unquestionably have liked to Sarawak the Equatorial Provinces, and it is a thousand pities that he did not secure sufficient support early enough to make the attempt with some degree of success. If only a road could have been opened from the coast to the Equatorial Lakes, the attempt might have succeeded. The loss of the Northern Soudan and the withdrawal of Egyptian authority were by no means unmixed evils in his eyes. He writes :—

It will only be possible to produce salutary effects and to suppress outrages in this country when it is separated from Khartoum, and possesses an administration armed with all requisite authority. Here I sit gnashing my teeth and wasting my time in writing for permission to do this, that, or the other, which requests lead to nothing, while I might be up and doing (p. 421).

It can, in my opinion, only be done by uniting the negro district—the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Equatorial Provinces—and separating them entirely from the Arab portions of the Soudan. Then a capable European Governor must be found for them, who has a love for the work, and will take an interest in the country, not one who does not care whether "blue men or green live by the Albert Lake." He should have three or four steamers at his disposal, and should be commissioned to work out the details of the organisation, of the exploitation of the country, of the disposal of the products, and of matters affecting the slave-trade in conjunction with us, the local Governors (p. 425).

The war has in some respects done good, for the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal district has been totally freed from slave-dealers, who, according to the above account, were said to be following unchecked their nefarious traffic. In the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, I repeat, there is to-day no single Khartoumer remaining. It is true that a few of Lupton's old negro soldiers are still there, but they are living peaceably with the natives. In my province I have only sixty-two Danagla left, and I am quite able to prevent them committing any excesses. The reoccupation of these districts, which have been temporarily given up, could be carried out with the greatest ease, and if we could only get a few caravans sent, via Mombasa, Masai, Masala, Wakaori, and from thence either here or to Kabarega, it would be all that we want (p. 505).

WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO NOW?

Emin probably intends to carry out, so far as he can, his old ideas. The collapse of the Government of the Soudan he foresaw.

The mischievous prohibitive system, the half-measures, the trifling with the slave question, the hollow phrases about the

equal rights of the Soudanese—all these are bearing fruit now, and my prophecies have proved only too true (p. 468).

He will therefore, if he can, establish a system which will not trifle with the slave question, and which will not indulge in hollow phrases about equal rights, and which will not concern itself whether blue men or green live by the Albert Lakes. In other words, he will do what he can to establish a German Government based on the suppression of the negro and the importation of the Chinese. He shared Gordon's great admiration for the Chinese. I remember General Gordon telling me that the Chinese were destined to overrun the whole world. Emin Pasha is convinced that they are the inevitable instruments for civilising Africa.

I cannot get over the conviction that if it is possible for Central Africa to be opened up, it can only be accomplished by means of the Chinese; and that our beautiful country, with all its rich resources, and with the possibility which it affords of establishing good communications between each settlement by means of such workmen, would repay a thousandfold such an undertaking. This idea has been one of my dearest projects for four years, but I kept silence because I hardly expected to obtain a single response to such wishes (p. 417).

After many years' experience of the negroes, and intimacy with them, I have really no hopes at all of a regeneration of negroes by negroes—I know my own men too well for that. Nor have I yet been able to bring myself to believe in the hazy sentimentalism which attempts the conversion and blessing of the negroes by translations of the New Testament and "moral pocket handkerchiefs" alone; but I do not on that account despair of the accomplishment of our task, viz., the opening up and consequent civilisation of the African continent (p. 426).

HIS DREAM IN 1881-3.

How then is it to be done? It is to be done by the Germans plus the Chinese. This is the dream which he dreamed when still in possession of his province, the dream which he is now about to do what he can to realise in more southern regions.

A great deal of money is given nowadays—unfortunately in Germany as elsewhere—for the exploration of the worn-out routes which lead from Zanzibar into the interior; men and money, too, are sacrificed on the West Coast, while there lie here scientific treasures within reach and no one heeds them.

Will you not let German explorers have the honour of opening up this new, rich field? (p. 416.)

If only a thousandth part of the sums expended on those expeditions, which were, however, intended to form stations, had been employed in fitting out a small expedition—of Germans, of course, I should prefer—and sending it here, I would have sent it forward into the still unoccupied country to the south of Makraka—a real paradise. The men would have been within a few days' march of us and in constant contact with the world, in a healthy mountain region, and would have become a protection and a blessing to the surrounding negroes. Small stations would in a very short time have been thrown forward to the Congo through the entirely unknown district extending from the western shore of the Albert Nyanza to Nyangwe, or an advance might have been made to the Beatrice Gulf, and finally to the Tanganyika. Has the King of the Belgians no means of forming such a station? And would it be quite impossible for you to start something of that sort? Of course, you must not mention me in connection with it, but you may be sure that the men who come may depend on my complete and most zealous support. I must, however, make one remark. I am not speaking of an exploring party, but of the

founding of a station, a centre, in fact, for future explorations. The station should maintain itself by hunting, tillage, gardening, &c. [ivory!] The staff should be chosen with a view to this—men who are not able to command and to take the altitude of a star, but who know how to work occasionally, and do not disdain to take a look into the cooking pot (p. 427).

TO BE REALISED IN UGANDA?

The only light that can be thrown upon the place where Emin wished to realise his dream, comes from Father Schynze's account of his journey to the coast. This priest, in repeating Emin's conversation, says:—

The land is worth more than the whole of Africa, for this reason—nowhere else did I see such eagerness among the populace to learn. It would be wise to concentrate all men and means on this land; from here Christianity will beam out to other countries as from a star.

If Emin tries to concentrate all his men in Uganda he will find himself forestalled. According to a Reuter's telegram, dated Zanzibar, April 30—

Letters received here report that the caravan of Mr. F. J. Jackson, one of the officers of the British East African Company, who left the station of Machakos last August for the northern end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, in order to open up the country and possibly assist Mr. H. M. Stanley's expedition, has reached Uganda. It is added that Mr. Jackson has concluded treaties with M'Wanga and his chiefs, placing the King and his country, and all the Uganda territory and possessions, exclusively under the influence of the British Company.

EMIN'S ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY.

This is a sketch of Emin's character, not a record of his adventures. I therefore pass by without more than a passing allusion to the latter period of his sojourn in the Equatorial Provinces. The papers have been full of the incidents of his captivity, and when Mr. Stanley's book appears they will be filled with them once more. It is sufficient to say that power had departed from him, that his own soldiers were practically his own gaolers, that his eyes were failing him, and that Mr. Stanley is absolutely convinced that if the expedition had not arrived Emin would now have been a slave in chains in the streets of Khartoum.

TWO SKETCHES OF EMIN.

All that is, however, of less importance to us than the following pleasant little glimpse of Emin afforded us by Father Schynze:—

The difference between Emin and Stanley is very marked. The former is absorbed in scientific research, a very plain man, who lives more for science than anything else, and is a learned linguist. Emin is in delicate health; but when we offer him wine, which we keep for Holy Mass, he brings it back without tasting it. "I am going to ask for it some day," he says, "for a sick man; please save it until then." It is a riddle to me how he can live and stand the journey. In the morning he has a cup of Turkish coffee without anything to eat. Then follows the march, during which he does not get down from his ass. In camp it is often evening before his men can attend to him. I never saw a European in Africa who could get on with so little. On the other hand, he cannot work without his desk and chair. His time belongs to science; his spare moments to his little daughter, whom he guards as the apple of his eye. She is always carried just before him, so that he can watch her, in spite of his poor sight.

Here is Surgeon Parke's sketch of Emin—

"It is a wonder he was not killed," he said, "when he walked out of the hotel window, but he is a wiry little fellow, with a wonderful amount of reserve force, a brilliant conversationalist, amiable and charming when discussing scientific subjects, but by no means so easy to get along with, I should imagine, when dealing with business matters. All along the march to the coast he spent much of his time looking for bugs and beetles, and never ate a meal without having a cloth properly laid with knives and forks, and as many of the equipments of a table as he could rake together. I devoted myself to him earnestly after his accident, and, I believe, saved him, but since he went over to the Germans we have not heard a word from him."

WHAT MR. STANLEY OFFERED HIM.

Before concluding this somewhat desultory sketch of Schnitzer-Emin, it may be well to state that the Expedition was sent at his request. "You will not leave me to die as you left Gordon," was the message which led to the despatch of the Stanley Expedition, and his ultimate rescue at the cost of £30,000. When Mr. Stanley met him for the first time he made him the three following propositions:—

1. Emin to become Governor-General of the Equatorial Province and the Congo State at a salary to be fixed by himself, and with an administrative fund at his disposal of £12,000, to be raised from the natural stores and ivory wealth of the province.

2. Emin to collect all his military and other forces and make an exodus with them to Kavirondo, on Lake Nyanza, where he would solidly establish himself and found stations, while Mr. Stanley would make tracks for Mombasa, whence he would soon return with two portable steamers, wherewith the two would then organise an expedition to conquer Uganda and Unyoro, and create out of these two provinces and Equatoria a dominion, of which Emin, with a princely salary, was to be the ruler in the service of the British East Africa Company. A railway would be built through the continuous line of territory from the coast to the sources of the Nile.

3. To take him out there and then.

Emin said that he would think it over, and Stanley went away. When he returned, Emin was a prisoner in the hands of his own soldiers, and all that could be done was to bring him away, with the mere handful of followers who were willing to leave the districts. 570 started in May. Only 280 came down to the coast.

EMIN'S PORTRAIT.

In the last days of April the African mail brought to Dr. Felkin, of Edinburgh, a letter from his old friend Emin enclosing the first photograph of the late Governor of the Equatorial Province that has reached this country. Dr. Felkin placed it at my disposal, and I am glad to be able to reproduce it here. The portrait on the first page

of the sketch is a copy of the portrait in Dr. Felkin's book.

MR. STANLEY'S ESTIMATE OF EMIN.

I will conclude this sketch by reproducing Mr. Stanley's own estimate of Emin, as given by him on his arrival on the coast to Mr. Stevens, of the *New York World*:—

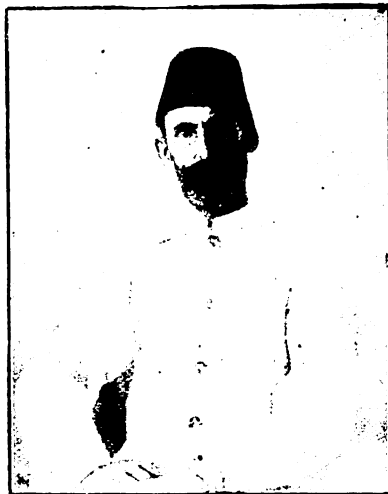
As regards material wants, Emin Pasha and his people were not so badly off. They had plenty of food: his people had learned to make a coarse kind of cotton cloth to clothe themselves with, and Emin himself had been in Africa so long that he was able to live very comfortably and contentedly on the products of the country. Ammunition was his greatest need. We turned over the ammunition that we had brought for him, but it afterwards fell into the hands of the rebels.

Emin didn't know what he wanted to do, neither at our first nor our second visit to him. Emin said he would go if the people would go, the people said they would go if Emin would go. Casati said he would go if Emin would go, and that is the state of indecision we found them all in! Nobody, from the Pasha down, seemed to know what they wanted to do. I never saw such an exhibition of indecision, such a lack of judgment in a critical situation in my life. After, he had nine

months to think it over, but still didn't know what he wanted to do. The fact is, the Pasha had but the vaguest idea of the ground he was standing on. Emin Pasha has many admirable traits of character. I respect him highly. He is a kindly soul, a man who would forgive to-day the wretch who tried to stab him in the back yesterday if the miscreant but knelt and begged forgiveness. This is an excellent, Christ-like character for a man to possess, but still not exactly the spirit one needs to cope with a set of scoundrelly Egyptian officers like those Emin had with him in the Equatorial Province. I admire the Pasha greatly. In his proper place he is a wonderful man. He is a great linguist. He will talk to you in English; turn to Capt. Casati there and talk in Italian; to Baron von Gravenreuth and talk German; to that Egyptian officer in Egyptian; to the people in Swahili. He knows a dozen European and Asiatic languages and a number of African. He is a good botanist, entomologist, &c., and he takes an enthusiastic interest in the different races of people, their manners,

customs, and history. It is in these that the Pasha is great. All this I concede to him, and more. He has proved himself a good administrator of his province in the face of many difficulties. But with all this—mark my words—Emin Pasha and Capt. Casati but for the expedition would have been in chains at Khartoum, betrayed by the people Emin persisted in trusting so blindly.

Writing, as I must do, before Mr. Stanley has spoken in England, I have been compelled to fall back upon the published letters of Emin and such testimony about him as could be gleaned from the contemporary annals of our time. The picture is not unpleasing. Emin is an amiable man, a scientific enthusiast, whom it is impossible not to like. But all that is known about him up to the present seems to preclude the idea that he is destined ever again to play a great role in Central Africa.



EMIN—1890.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

COUNT MATTEI, THE CANCER CURER.

LADY PAGET'S TESTIMONY.

LAST year I was inexpressibly grieved to receive a letter from an old friend of mine, in which she informed me that she had been attacked by cancer, that all hope of recovery was vain, and that all she could hope for was a respite of some months, in which she hoped she might complete an important biography on which she was engaged. Imagine then my surprise and delight on hearing last month that the incurable cancer had been cured, that the sentence of slow death by steadily increasing torture had been reversed, and that, in short, my friend was given back unexpectedly to life and work. But how had this miracle been wrought? Not by any operation, I was told, but simply by the Mattei system. But what is the Mattei system?

The other day, as I made a railway journey with Commissioner Tucker, the subject of medicine came up. He produced from his portmanteau a case of small phials with Italian labels. "Here," said he, "is my only medicine chest. In India or at home I am never without them. They cured me of a seven years chronic dysentery which had baffled all the doctors, and they keep me in perfect health. We use them constantly in the Salvation Army, and with the best results." And then I learned that these small red, white, blue, and yellow phials with the curious labels were the wonder-working specifics of Count Mattei, the Italian nobleman, who is the original discoverer of the system and medicines that bear his name. Commissioner Tucker had visited the Count and liked him, and in short he seemed as fully convinced that the Mattei globules and liquid electricity were safe to cure all the physical ills which flesh is heir to as he was of the sovereign efficacy of the faith which the Salvation Army is preaching as a remedy for the moral evils of the world.

I naturally turned, therefore, with some eagerness to Lady Paget's article in the *National Review*, which is entitled "A Visit to Count Mattei." Lady Paget visited him last autumn at his seat at Riola, near Bologna.

My principal reason for advocating this course is that the only certain cures of cancer through medicine which have ever come to my knowledge were those of Count Mattei. As long as twenty years ago, the Pope, Pius IX., had given over to him a part of the hospital of Sta. Teresa, and eighteen or twenty cases were cured within an incredibly short time.

THE COUNT AT HOME.

She found that the Count, who is over eighty, did not look more than fifty. He has lived many years alone in the hills, but his manners are those of a man of the world and a perfect gentleman.

He advocates a constant use of *scrofoso giappono*, one of his latest discoveries, a combination of *scrofoso* and *febrifugo*; he says it combats most effectually what Hahnemann called the *psora*, and gives strength and power of resistance to the tissues. He is himself a most encouraging example of the results, for at eighty-two he looks like fifty, has all his teeth, eats and drinks and sleeps excellently well without ever taking any exercise. He said to me, "I feel so strong, I don't mind taking up with any boxer in England." With every meal he puts half a dozen grains of *scrof. giap.* in his wine or coffee, but by far the most effective way of taking it is putting a globule in a large glass of water, and drinking it in small gulps during the day. The oftener you take it, the oftener you receive an imperceptible electric shock, which is the principle and secret that distinguish his medicines from homœopathy.

"BLUE ELECTRICITY."

Lady Paget says that in his conversation with her, Count Mattei spoke of the blue electricity, which, used as a compress, stops bleeding of every kind, even that of arteries. In war this remedy would be of the utmost value, and no household, especially in the country, where doctors are not always at hand, ought to be without it. I know its wonderful properties of arresting bleeding from the experience of some of my friends, and I myself cured with it in three days a disfiguring enlargement of the veins under the eye, of several years growth, which three doctors, amongst whom was one of the greatest celebrities of the day, had declared could only be removed by excision, a rather difficult operation.

THE CURE DISCOVERED BY A DOG.

The marvellous discovery which has enabled the Count to effect such wonders was brought about by a mangy dog which every day ate the same plant in the woods. Before that time he had cured people of nervous disorders by putting them into a completely violet room, for violet, he says, is most soothing to the nerves. By trying a decoction of the plant used by the dog, he was able to cure skin disease.

His great secret, however, is the fixing of electricity in these decoctions; this secret nobody knows, not even his adopted son, and when the medicines are thus far prepared by other hands, he puts the supreme and finishing touch himself. He says that a great many more imitations of his medicines are sold than of the real article.

SOME MIRACULOUS CURES.

Lady Paget says:—

The Count told me many stories of the almost miraculous cures he had made, but it would lead me too far to enter into these details. He showed me two photographs of an American boy of eighteen. The first a huge, scarcely human, monster, who looked as if he had elephantiasis and leprosy both, and was about seventy years old; the second, after the cure, a thin and nice-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen. The Count showed me a letter from an Italian nun who presides over a hospital of 1,000 beds at Canton. They take in the poorest and most abandoned class of disease, and treat them entirely with Mattei's medicines. The sister could not say enough in praise of the almost miraculous cures which had been wrought with them, and begged for another provision of 500 francs worth.

LADY PAGET'S PRESCRIPTION.

Lady Paget has written a brief paper advocating the use of *anti-scrofoso* for some years by those who have a hereditary tendency to cancer, to be supplemented by a short cure of *anti-canceroso* during three weeks in the spring and three weeks in the autumn. The age at which this cure should be begun by those who have reason to fear the disease, and the way in which it must be carried out, are fully described, and one reason why she went to Count Mattei was to induce him to cause small cases to be composed, with the necessary medicines, for three or four years, to be sold together with this explanatory paper. Whether Lady Paget has succeeded in her object or not is not stated. But in order to anticipate numberless inquiries from those who will want to know all about the system which Lady Paget describes, I may add that Dr. Kennedy, of 22, Upper George-street, Hanover-square, London, is a qualified doctor who regularly prescribes the Count's medicines. I hope any of my readers who want information will apply direct to him instead of inundating me with their inquiries, as I know nothing more about the subject than what I have stated here.

BABY KILLING AS A "GOOD INVESTMENT."

AN AWFUL PAPER BY THE REV. BENJ. WAUGH.

MR. WAUGH, who wrote "The Gaol Cradle, and who Rocks it," has written a paper in the *Contemporary Review*, which might be called "The Baby's Grave, and who Fills it." It is an awful paper that reeks with hideous facts of appalling cruelty. Mr. Waugh is the director of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children. There is no more apostolic man alive. He travels all over the land night and day, weeks together, in order to save children from ill-usage, and he probably knows more about the administration of the law for the Protection of Children than all the judges put together. His paper in the *Contemporary* has incidentally risen out of his general campaign against all wrongs to children.

WHY THE BABIES ARE KILLED.

Because they are born without that which every living being ought to have in entering this world, viz., two parents, father and mother, legally responsible for their up-bringing. At present there are 54,000 children born in the land every year who have no legal father—one fact among many which leads many of us to believe that there will be no real solution of this question until paternity is regarded as entailing all the legal obligations of marriage. Of these 54,000 children, 17 per 1,000 would die if they had been born in wedlock. Being illegitimates their death-rate is 37. 20 per 1,000 therefore represents the extra mortality of bastards. Of these 1,080 babies who this year would have lived if they had had legal fathers, but who will all be in their graves by next New Year's Day, many are done to death by natural neglect—neglect, that is, which is not in any way criminal, neglect due to the lack of means on the part of the mother, and other obvious causes. But a goodly proportion are killed. Some are killed outright, as painlessly as the mother knows how, and when this happens society hangs the mother. The majority of the murdered, however, are slowly tortured to death for gain, and in those cases society hangs no one, and contents itself with applying as salve to its conscience that miserable sham, the Infant Life Protection Act.

HOW THE BABIES ARE CAUGHT FOR KILLING.

Mr. Waugh describes, in his own graphic style, the whole *modus operandi* of those who have taken to baby killing as a good investment. The business is carried on in two departments—one managed by the procurer, who collects the babies, the other by the "farmer," who does them to death. The procurer works through the advertising columns of the newspapers. Mr. Waugh says:—

When found, the procurer is mostly of clean, genteel, respectable clothing and manners. She often professes that she has been married three, five, or seven years, has had "no child," and is "anxious to adopt one from the birth." She wants something to compassionate and to love. For the receiving of the baby an appointment is usually made at a railway station, from which (when negotiations are successful) a wire to one of her receivers simply announces that she is on the way. Her business is to snare; her receiver's is to slay.

Judged from the extent of its advertisements all over the country (from which we selected haphazard for our investigation), this baby-procuring is now a prodigious business. We have found the same person's advertisements as far north as Sunderland, and as far south as Eastbourne. They appear very largely in those places of resort which have earned the name "gay," and extend to the resorts of the English on the Continent.

Another large and lucrative baby-hunting ground is police-court affiliation cases where "quality" is concerned, and which get into the papers. In one month we came across three children attempted to be captured in this field.

Besides the advertising procurer, there are procurers among the sort of women usually engaged at the birth of these illegitimates—low-class monthly nurses and midwives, nurses at work-houses, and keepers of lying-in houses—most of them probably helping the mother out of her "troubles," not for gain, yet sending to houses which exist for gain.

THE MARKET RATES FOR BABY KILLING.

Baby killing seems to be a good paying investment with very little risk. Mr. Waugh says:—

The price for the absolute disposal of a child varies greatly. On a shrewd guess as to the position of the persons—father as well as mother, if possible—who have to escape disgrace, the procurer puts out feelers and makes demands accordingly, from £5 for servants to £200 for genteel people. It is incredible to what lengths of confidence she will go when she no longer doubts that she has found somebody as knowing and as bad as herself, and sees a round sum of money in it. One who advertised, "A respectable married couple want charge of a baby, or to adopt," in conversation, with the greatest simplicity and straightforwardness refused £25 with child and £25 at death, on the ground that she had "better offers than that." She would take £60. She had been able, she said, to refer to her clergyman till lately, but she had given up going to church and gone to chapel, because the curate had asked if the last child she had was not "born in sin." Another, who advertised, "Happy home for a little child, with every care and attention; nice house and very healthy," agreed, also in conversation, to receive £100, the child to be dead in three months, adding, "The sooner I have it the better." Another, who put her proper and full name and address in her advertisement, and, to the paper she advertised in, gave her vicar as reference, undertook that for £50 a lady's child should not be born alive, adding, "It is easily done: the easiest thing in the world."

HOW THE BABIES ARE KILLED.

"The undertaker for the unwanted baby's death" is the woman who receives the child from the procurer. Here is Mr. Waugh's account of the way in which they provide for the babies' death:—

No. 1.—Here is the goal to which one skilful and busy procurer had conveyed five of her little victims. It was the back room of a tumble-down labourer's cottage, scarcely fit for a coal place, about twelve feet square. Crouching and sprawling on the floor, in their own excrement, were two of them. Two were tied in rickety chairs, one lay in a rotten bassinet. The stench of the room was so abominable that a grown man vomited on opening the door of it. Though three were near two years old, none of them could walk; only one could stand up even by the aid of a chair. In bitter March there was no fire. Two children had a band of flannel round the loins, one had a small shawl on, the rest had only thin, filthy cotton frocks. All were yellow, fevered skin and bone. None of them cried; they were too weak. One had bronchitis, one curvature of the spine, and the rest rickets, all from their treatment. There was not a scrap of children's food in the house. In a bedroom above was a mattress, soaked and sodden with filth, to which they were carried at night, with two old coats for covering. All the children's clothes in the place were the handfuls of rags they wore. And a man and his wife sat watching them die of filth and famine, so making their living. It was their trade. On one which had died a few months before was found a graceful memorial card, with the motto, "He shall gather them into His arms," which had been provided for the procurer who sent it. At the farm its mother was not known. These five weary creatures were all removed into restorative care: all injured for years, some for life. Two never recovered, and died in hospital.

No. 2.—Another “farm,” kept by a man and wife, consisted of one small room occupied night and day by six persons—the two adults and four children. In a cradle on the bed was a child sucking at a bottle. In a cradle by the bed was another suckling. On the bed lay a third. On the floor was a fourth child, and also the man and woman who lived upon savings out of these children’s keep. Two of the children were very ill, had been ill for some weeks; one seemed near death. Neither had had medical care. One had raw sores round the eyes, which were explained, “through the beetles getting at it.” They were on the body, too. When this child cried (“it was crying all day long,” a neighbour said), it was never taken up. This neighbour had seen the man angrily pile clothes on its head to silence it.

Usually the mothers do not know how their children are being done to death. But in one farm the mother watched the operation.

The place consisted of two rooms, one living-room and one bedroom. In the bedroom was one bed for her two and the two other children, and three adults. When the place was entered, the only children’s food in it was a bowl of putrid bread and milk. Her children had sat daily in chairs till their thighs were now horribly raw with the wood of the chair and their own filth. A chemise or a night-gown was their only clothing. They were now ill, and had lain for days unmoved on pillows, cold, wet, sodden with filth, and creeping with maggots, a piece of sacking over them. Twelve shillings a week the mother paid for them. She periodically visited them, and saw their deadly whiteness, their shrinking lips, their protruding teeth, the dry, hot, weary anguish in them. One died; still the mother visited and saw the other. She visited up to the last. Her children were in this place, wilfully put there one after the other, both being taken away from excellent care.

BABY KILLING MADE SAFE AND EASY.

Everything is made smooth for the baby killer. It is a highly protected industry.

The child cannot complain; the police are not informed; and the neighbours, when they know a little, do not interfere. One, on being asked why she did not tell somebody what she knew was happening, said, “You get no thanks for interfering for them sort of children.” The system of death certificates is but small security; as a rule, it is none at all. Disease generally supervenes, is named on the certificate, and is enough. Even that is often filled in from the lips of the woman who, in the cases supposed, knows that her liberty depends on lies easily and safely told.

In most districts there is a doctor who is, as one of the farmers expressed it, “not troublesome about certificates.” Where there is no respectable registered practitioner of the not-troublesome kind, there is, at least, an assistant, or a non-registered practitioner, or a registered one without integrity, and hard-up, who, for a consideration, will do almost anything. All this is well known in this shameless trade.

Unless she is a born idiot at her trade, it is only the baby-slaughterer who can supply the coroner’s inquest with the material for its judgment. Failing manslaughter, her conduct is nothing criminal. Besides this limit of the coroner’s power, there is the limit of the juror’s nature. That the baby they have just seen can have been deliberately made ill and left to die, by that clean, tidy woman before them, so jars on men’s usual notion of woman’s instincts, that it is dismissed from the jury’s mind with something like self-accusation. Inquests on babies usually last only five minutes.

HOW BABY KILLING SHOULD BE STOPPED.

Mr. Waugh says:—

Procurers as well as receivers must be put under conditions which protect a wretched mother from plunder; and secure an endurable life to the child that that mother commits to their charge. They must be punished for obtaining babies

by advertising lies. We have just raised a baby in England to the rank of a dog; we need now to raise it to the rank of a sixpence. To obtain money under false pretences, that is felony; to obtain a baby under false pretences, that must be felony too.

Receivers—drink-ruined monthly nurses, loafing labourers’ wives, and blind old tax-gatherers—to whom the little life that is obtained by the genteel-looking procurer goes—must be forbidden to eke out their own living by eking out a baby’s dying. The Infant Life Protection Act, 1872, is a pompous introduction to next to nothing. Excluding all infant lives from its protection, except when two under a year old happen to be found together, it leaves to the farmer’s mercies a hundred times as many as it even proposes to protect. Its main effect is to teach farmers how to escape its provisions and to conduct their business as they like.

For everybody’s sake, all round; for the child’s sake, first and above all; for the mother’s and even the father’s sake; for the sake of our own priceless national sentiment of justice and self-respect; it is urgent that there be made thorough and reasonable regulations for these unhappily greatly needed, and at present shamefully conducted, institutions.

A LOVE STORY IN HELL.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM THE DEAD MAN’S DIARY.

THE dead man in *Lippincott* is getting too tiresome for quotation. I will, however, give one more sample. In the new instalment, he tells us how he met the woman who, out of mere vanity, had set her cap at a friend of his, had won his love, and then had broken his heart. He says:—

Of all the faces which I saw in hell, there was one which had for me a fascination beyond any other. It was the face of a beautiful woman, queenly of manner and fair of figure as a full-blown lily, and with those deep dark eyes that seem to shine out from soul-depths, deep as the distant heaven, and yet may mean no more than does the shallow facing of quicksilver behind a milliner’s mirror. I recognised her instantly by the portrait, and never out of hell have I seen such misery on any woman’s face as I saw on hers. The sentence in punishment of her sin was a strange one. It was that she should now love him whose heart she had broken, with the same passionately intense but hopeless love with which he had loved her. It was a just but awful retribution. As some death-stricken and hunted creature presses frantically on as if to escape the arrow that it carries in its breast, so, heedless of all that was passing around her, heedless of shadow or shine, she pressed on and on through the realms of hell, her eyes fixed and wide-distended in agony, and her hands clutching ceaselessly at her bosom, as if the heart of her was being riven in twain. “Oh God!” I heard her cry, as she passed me, “my heart is broken! my heart is broken! and, alas, one cannot die of a broken heart in hell.”

I saw her once again. She had fallen to the ground, and with hopeless hands pressed against burning brows was writhing as if in physical pain, and with her very soul consumed of passion. One whom I knew—it was his sister—was kneeling beside her, and with gentle words he sought her to calm herself, but she pushed the ministering hand away despairingly, crying out: “A heart cannot break as mine is breaking without a shriek. If I had loved him, and he me, and he had died,” she said, “I could have borne it, knowing that I should meet him again hereafter, but to live loveless through a loveless eternity, that is the thought that kills me;” and then with a great cry of, “Oh! why should a merciful God let any poor human soul suffer as I am suffering now?” she rose up, and fled away before me.

I never saw her again, nor do I know whether or not it was given her to win back the love she had lost.

HOW TO RECONCILE SCIENCE WITH GENESIS.

BY MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE probably never set himself a more congenial task than when he undertook, in the current number of *Good Words*, to explain away all the contradictions which are supposed to exist between the first chapter of Genesis and modern science. It is impossible in the space at my disposal to follow him in all his ingenious explanations, it is only possible to indicate the broad general principle upon which he proceeds. Mr. Gladstone claims, not unfairly, that he is not unqualified for the task to which he has addressed himself. Any man whose labour and duty for several scores of years has included as their central point the study of the means of making himself intelligible to the mass of men is in a far better position to judge what would be the forms and methods of speech proper for the Mosaic writer to adopt than the most perfect Hebraist as such, or the most consummate votary of natural sciences as such.

WHY WAS GENESIS WRITTEN?

Mr. Gladstone lays rightly great stress upon the childlike intelligence of those to whom the creation story was first addressed. Before censuring the Mosaicist for not adhering more strictly to scientific accuracy in his narrative, he reminds us that he had to deal with grown children. He advises: "Let the adverse critic try his hand upon a little child. I believe he will find that the method and language of this relator are not only good, but superlatively good, for the aim he had in view." What was that aim? It was primarily to convey moral and spiritual training. This training was to be conveyed to human beings of childlike temperament and of unproved understanding. It was his business to use those words which would best convey the lessons he had to teach, which would carry *most truth* into the minds of those taught.

WHAT IS THE LESSON IT TEACHES?

Professor Huxley in the *Nineteenth Century* sneers, in passing, at Locke for treating "Adamic Mythology" as if it were serious history, but Mr. Gladstone says that Genesis was written to give man a moral infusion of the doctrine of evolution. To primitive man there was, in short, administered as much evolution as he could digest, in a form as simple as he could understand, in such shape as to appeal to his moral sense.

Man, childlike and sinless, had to receive a lesson such as this: It has not been by a slight or single effort that the nature in which you are moulded has been lifted to its present level; you have reached it by steps and degrees, and by a plan which, stated in rough outline, may stir your faculties, and help them onwards to the truth through the genial action of wonder, delight, and gratitude. This was a lesson, as it seems to me, perhaps quite large enough for the primitive man on the facts of creation, and one after hearing and digesting which he too might reasonably rest for generations.

WHAT ABOUT THE SIX DAYS?

"Oh," says Mr. Gladstone, "the days were simply chapters in the History of Creation."

In order that the narrative might be intelligible, it was useful to subdivide the work. This could most effectively be done by subdividing it into periods of time. And further, it was well to choose that circumscription or period of time which is the most definite. Of these the day is clearly the best, as compared with the month or the year—first, because of its small and familiar compass; and secondly, because of the strong and marked division which separates one day from another.

Mr. Gladstone replies to the objection which is taken by some to this interpretation, by pointing out that all figurative language is liable to be misunderstood, and that, in this case, the danger is reduced to a minimum, for not the smallest mischief could possibly ensue because some mistake the days of Creation to be pure solar

days of twenty-four hours, while the adoption of this method of arrangement had the benefit of impressing upon the Hebrew people a universal and familiar truth, a grand conception of orderly development, and which every race appear to have lost sight of.

AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF REVELATION.

As is usual with Mr. Gladstone when he sets about demonstrating anything, he ends by convincing himself so thoroughly, that what to other people appear obstacles in the way of belief come to him to assume the shape of conclusive arguments in support of belief. So after having dealt, one by one, with all the familiar difficulties about the existence of light before the sun was mentioned, the grouping of the birds with the fishes, &c., Mr. Gladstone winds up by declaring—

For myself, I cannot but at present, before and above all things, be impressed with the profound and marvellous wisdom which has guided the human instrument, whether by pen or pencil, which was first commissioned on high to hand onwards for our admiration and instruction this wonderful and unparalleled inspiration.

So far, then, from the first chapter of Genesis being a difficulty in the way of belief, "it carries stamped upon it the proof of a Divine revelation, which is more than can be asserted from the nature of its contents as to this or that minute portion of Scripture at large."

WHAT MODERN CRITICISM HAS DONE FOR THE BIBLE.

In the *Theological Review* the Rev. James Strachan, in his article upon "Some Recent Hexateuch Literature," reviews a detailed analysis of the Hexateuch (Welhausen), a specimen of such analysis (Kautzsch Socin), a critical history of the Old Testament priesthood (Baudissin), and the first volume of a new critical history of the Jews (Kittle).

THE TRIUMPHS OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

Mr. Strachan says:—

One great achievement of critical science is that it has analysed the Hexateuch into its primary elements. It has demonstrated that there are in the Hexateuch three different historical works and four or five different books of law. We are now the heirs of the critical labours of three generations, each of which may be said to have taken up one great problem relating to the Hexateuch and solved it. One generation solved the problem of the origin and purpose of Deuteronomy, a second discovered the sources of the Hexateuch, and a third has determined the relative age of these sources.

Mr. Strachan is full of a buoyant belief in the services which modern criticism is rendering to theology. He says:

The ultimate aim of true criticism is to enable the student of history to observe the growth of the ethical and spiritual ideal, and to perceive how the successive phases of revelation were adapted to the wants of successive ages. It enters the gallery of Old Testament pictures and arranges them in their historical order, and shows us the right light in which we should view each picture. By doing so it becomes the handmaid of faith. For orderly development and adaptation in history manifest design as clearly as orderly development and adaptation in nature. It is not come to destroy, but to confirm. It is true that simple faith, the recognition and acceptance of the perfect living Ideal, does not require its aid. But simple faith needs to be confirmed and instructed, and nothing—except experience—is so certain to make it strong and intelligent as a clear conception of the slow growth of the spiritual ideal in history, and a clear perception of the fact that the Old Testament Scriptures are records of that growth.

The *Jewish Quarterly Review* contains an article by Mr. Montefiore, in which he praises the second edition of the second volume of Kuenen's "Introduction to the Old Testament," as a book unsurpassed for completeness, sobriety, and accuracy of judgment.

A GERMAN CRITICISM OF ROBERT ELSMERE.

BY PROFESSOR BEYSCHLAG, OF HALLE.

IN the April number of the *Homiletic* Dr. Stuckenberg describes a searching review of Robert Elsmere which Professor Beyschlag, of Halle, published in the January number of *Deutsch-evangelische Blätter*. Beyschlag is a leader of the Middle Party, which wants to mediate between Christianity and modern culture. He admits that the catastrophe of Elsmere's loss of faith is brilliantly narrated, and gives evidence of theological knowledge surprising in a woman, but he nevertheless pronounces that catastrophe unpsychological.

WAS ELSMERE EVER A REAL CHRISTIAN?

In his conversation with the Squire, Elsmere himself declared that faith must attest its genuineness; that ultimately it does not depend on external things, but on the voice of the Eternal within the soul of man. This he seems to have forgotten wholly at the time of the catastrophe. His faith vanishes when he learns to doubt mere externals on which the saving faith of the Christian does not ultimately depend. Strange; no sting left behind by the loss of a Saviour, by the absence of the assurance of everlasting love, of reconciliation, and of sanctification! Beyschlag therefore affirms that the whole previous representation of Elsmere's Christianity must be false if the catastrophe is true to life. She represents as a living Christian by conviction a man to whom in reality Christianity was, unconsciously, only a natural idealism. Her fundamental error lies in the tendency of the English mind to base the truth of Christianity on so-called exact facts, or, to quote Luther, to construct stone pillars to support the heavens. If these pillars fall—verbal inspiration, the authenticity of all the books of the Bible, the actuality of all its miraculous accounts and the like—then the heavens themselves seem to fall. Long ago, since the days of Lessing and Schleiermacher, German thought freed itself from this childish procedure. German scholars do not imagine, as Mrs. Ward does, that one can operate with historical criticism as with a labourer's tool or with a mathematical formula.

WHAT GERMAN CRITICS HAVE DISCOVERED.

Having abandoned the old theory of inspiration, they seek by critical means to discover in the humanly and temporally conditioned tradition the kernel of truth. In doing this, facts are discovered which are too high, too holy, and too powerful in the world's history, to owe their divine impress to the fancy of the men who handed them down; facts which can as little be explained by the moods of the witnesses who communicate them, as the sun is explained by its reflection from the rainbow it produces.

What are these facts? First of all, amid the ancient religions of nature and fancy we find a religion of the conscience, which can be explained only on the supposition that God really permitted the human consciousness to behold through the rent veil of nature His holy countenance; a religion which to this day offers to us the elements of moral training which the mythologies of the most intellectual peoples failed to do. Then, for the fulfilment of this religion comes the Founder of a new covenant, standing as high above the old covenant as this stood above the most intellectual heathendom. Criticism cannot touch the Gospel account of a life which cannot have proceeded as a poem out of any human heart, or affect the fact of a life-power which till this day stands as the sun in the heaven of humanity, bringing forth blossoms and fruits such as the natural heart of man can never produce of itself.

MIRACLES "IMPOSSIBLE" OR NECESSARY?

For the rejection of positive Christianity Beyschlag can find no ground in Mrs. Ward's book, except the proposition that "miracles are impossible." Revelation is manifestly included among what are declared to be impossible miracles. Her denial of revelation is the death of all religion, yet she wants to preserve religion. The fact that the religious histories of all peoples are full of fancied miracles only proves that the religious spirit cannot rest in a God whose hands are tied by His own creation. Man's will can disturb the order of nature; then why not God's will?

The Halle professor cannot discover in Mrs. Ward's "new religion" either the novelty or the religion. The experiment advocated by Mrs. Ward was tried forty years ago in Germany and proved a failure. Mrs. Ward's theism is nothing but the old English deism of the seventeenth century, produced by the lukewarm churchism of the day.

WHAT A NEW RELIGION MUST DO.

He ridicules the idea that a new religion is to be made; and that by subtraction. A new religion, to become a substitute of Christianity, must reveal a progress of humanity, and therefore must have more to offer than the old Christianity; namely, a deeper insight into the secrets of the Deity, increased power to awaken the conscience, a surer comfort of forgiveness, and stronger impulses to sanctification. But in these respects the new religion does not even attempt to rival Christianity.

Professor Beyschlag attributes the state of religious opinion to which Mrs. Ward's book testifies to the fact that England has *no living theology*.

IS THERE ANY POWER IN ELSMERISM?

IN the *Theological Review and Free Church Quarterly* Dr. Blaikie contributes an article upon the "Old Pulpit and the New"—his introductory lecture to the class of Pastoral Theology—an extract from which may be appropriately quoted as a pendant to Beyschlag's article. Dr. Blaikie's chief point is that more stress must be laid upon the Atonement. Luther, Burns, Bunyan, and Chalmers, he said, and men of the profoundest experience in the divine life, felt—

That they could not enjoy any freedom or any success in serving God, so long as the problem of their guilt lay unsolved behind them? And did they not likewise feel that, when that problem was solved, when their guilt was removed, when they could look God comfortably in the face because they were reconciled by the blood of the Cross, they could enter on a new career of obedience, and rejoice all their life long in the glorious liberty of the sons of God?

The Church that ceases to advocate the scheme of grace, the Church that preaches a colourless doctrine, will perish. Dr. Blaikie gives a case from his own knowledge of the result of preaching a Broad Church theology:—

A good many years ago, a minister of the Free Church, a man of eminent gifts and most Christian character, a successful preacher of the Gospel and winner of souls, betook himself to Broad Church theology. How this came about I do not know. But what was the result? As he went on the Sabbath school was given up. The congregational prayer meeting was given up. The church was visibly thinned; very many of the people went over to the Established Church. And that, I believe, is just a sample of what must happen if the Gospel that has for its foundation the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the life of holy endeavour which comes from accepting Him as an atoning Saviour, cease to be proclaimed as of old in our pulpits.

WHO IS TO BE THE NEXT POET LAUREATE?

AUT SWINBURNE, AUT NULLUS.

ACCORDING to the anonymous oracle of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne is to be the Poet Laureate after Lord Tennyson. The *Fortnightly* reviewer, whose article occupies the first pages in the number, writes well, and the only hint afforded as to his identity is a negative one. He denies that he is either a poet or a professional critic. He excuses himself from the accusation of a desire to anticipate Lord Tennyson's decease, by pointing out that the Laureate's last poems were of the nature of a solemn farewell. The Laureateship, if injudiciously disposed, might weaken one of the golden cords by which the English World is bound together. The reviewer therefore addresses himself heartily to a consideration of the question as to who shall succeed Tennyson.

Twelve years ago he would have named William Morris for the post, but the good poet has given place to an indifferent preacher of socialist homilies, and William Morris has become a sad example that the poet who descends to preaching is lost. He has sacrificed his art, and would now refuse the Laureateship, even if it were offered him. Mr. Swinburne is, therefore, the only possible candidate. It is true that Mr. Swinburne in his hot youth was a fiery Republican, but he is now a vigorous Unionist—whose recent poems show that his riper judgment accepts the English Monarchy.

SOME VICTORIAN POETS.

The reviewer then sums up the claims of the other contemporary poets:—

Mr. George Meredith is thought, by those who relish his verse, to be not less powerful in verse than in prose. "The Star Sirius" is one of the memorable sonnets of our time. But Mr. Meredith the poet troubles himself even less than Mr. Meredith the novelist to conciliate the indolent reader; and he must be content to know that his poems are the delight of a few. Mr. Aubrey de Vere maintains alone, now Sir Henry Taylor has gone, the pure traditions of Wordsworth in a generation that dances more willingly to newer tunes. Lord Lytton, though not a man of letters by profession, would be a considerable poet if he had kept back all but his best. Mr. Coventry Patmore has survived all attempts to laugh him down. Sir Alfred Lyall's "Verses written in India" make but a little book, and that little is not free from inequalities; but his work rings sound and true, and with a note all its own. At last our Indian Empire has, by his hands and Sir Edwin Arnold's, brought its fitting tribute to English song. Mr. Andrew Lang has a vein of good metal as finely wrought as any man's, and often deeper than it seems. Mr. Austin Dobson has a skilled hand and complete knowledge of his instrument. Mrs. Browning has not left us without followers (we do not say nor mean imitators): Mrs. Augusta Webster, Miss Christina Rossetti, and, more lately, Madame Darnesteter, now of Paris (Miss Mary Robinson), and Mrs. Woods, of Oxford, have shown themselves capable of genuine and individual poetic expression. However, without offence to any of these or to others whom we might name, we may say that the required combination of intensity and volume is not to be found in this category. We may also say, on the other hand, that whoever aspires to be Laureate must be at least prepared to measure his work with the best of these.

MR. LEWIS MORRIS AND MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

The rest of the article is devoted to a very vigorous attack upon the author of the "Epic of Hades." The reviewer says:—

A probable aspirant, so far as one can judge by public signs, is the other Mr. Morris, Mr. Lewis Morris. He is a public favourite beyond contradiction. When Mr. Lewis Morris is not imitating, his form is either merely trivial, or else—as in his bombastic "Song of Empire"—thoroughly bad. His view of things in general is precisely that which is dear to the half-

educated middle classes, a facile optimism garnished with cheap philosophical phrases, and using the most awful names and ideas of religion as the counters of sentimental platitude. His principles consist in repudiating the whole history of English poetry since Byron, and his practice in imitating Byron, by no means to the exclusion of his faults, with considerable facility and creditable fidelity.

And of Mr. Alfred Austin, the writer says that if he had to choose between Mr. Austin and Mr. Lewis, he would make Mr. Austin the Laureate. He is not, however, shut up to this alternative, and he declares that

Upon Mr. Swinburne the choice ought of right to fall when the time comes for the Crown to make the decision which ought to be the visible symbol of the best English judgment in matters of poetry. If it may not be so, for any personal or other reason, then let the name and office of Laureate be done away rather than sink below the level at which we and our fathers have seen them maintained.

HOW SOUNDS ARE MADE VISIBLE.

THE STORY OF PICTURES MADE BY MUSIC.

WHEN our fathers were told that the sun could be made to turn artist they told the early photographer to carry such stories to the marines. Now when we are told that pictures can be made by notes of music we are equally incredulous. But it is true, and Mr. Rowbotham, in *Cassell's Family Magazine*, tells us all about it as follows:—

A lady, Mrs. Watts Hughes, who originally intended to devote herself to the art professionally, through failure of health renounced a public career and undertook instead delicate investigations into the nature of sound. The experiments are conducted as follows:—A hollow receiver is procured, over the mouth of which is stretched an elastic membrane. The surface of the membrane is covered with a semi-fluid paste, of such consistency that very light impressions can be easily received. The singer then approaching the apparatus sings on to the surface of the membrane, exercising the greatest care that his notes are singularly steady and perfectly accurate in the intonation of the given sound. At once the musical note mirrors itself on the paste, and in the most unexpected forms. The forms of flowers, as perfect as if they were drawn, occur among the rest, and, indeed, contribute the majority of the figures. Daisies, with every petal exactly shaped, are common; lilies, as symmetrically made, are not rare. A change of note, or of *timbre*, will produce a miniature tree on the paste. By some slight variation, impossible to estimate, the figure of a star-fish will appear on the surface of the membrane; another imperceptible difference of sound will lay, side by side with the star-fish, an anemone. Occasionally the vibrations—presumably owing to an unconscious augmentation of force on the part of the singer—will imprint themselves in the form of shells, beautifully voluted, the wrinkles in the scroll being so incisively indented that when photographed they appear as if creases in the picture. Suddenly deserting these marine forms as capriciously as it took them up, the sound will create ferns, suspend bunches of fruit, and otherwise adorn with similar emblems the surface. When the sound is producing flowers on the paste, the singer can at pleasure increase the number of petals by gradually making the tone ascend. At each fraction of a tone on which his voice rises, a new petal is added to the flower. He can thus by a careful management of his voice increase a pigmy daisy that lies first imprinted on the paste to a gigantic sunflower, occupying nearly the whole surface. In the other forms—e.g., the shells—this addition of piece by piece does not appear, and the scroll once fashioned remains.

The forms thus produced on the paste are photographed whilst the membrane is in sonorous vibration; or water-colour impressions are taken, which are transferred on to glass immediately after being produced. The advantage of the latter method is that the minute beauty and delicacy of the forms can be shown to perfection by the use of various colours for different parts of the same object.

THE AMERICANS AT HOME.

A SKETCH BY A FRENCH MARQUISE.

THE "Americans at Home," have found a feminine Max O'Rell in the person of the Marquise de San Carlos, who contributes the two instalments of what promises to be a bright and entertaining series of articles upon America and American society, to the two April numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue*. Madame de San Carlos insists strongly on the Anglo-Saxon origin of Modern America, and deduces from it some of the principal characteristics of the race.

THEIR IDEALS OF LIFE.

"As the principal basis of the moral edifice was brought from the North, the result is a cold and concentrated nature." To this "serious nucleus" have been added a variety of modifying elements; the spirit of adventure of the emigrant, the spontaneity and good humour born of his extremely incidental life, till, with the addition of the exciting effects of the climate, we get "the need of perpetual movement and agitation which expresses itself in the woman by a devouring passion for pleasure, and in the man by an insatiable desire for work. For the American woman life is pleasure, taken seriously; for the men it is work, which becomes the only pleasure. To the one a 'good time,' to the other 'business,' constitutes the ideal of happiness." Out of this contrast between the sexes Madame de San Carlos draws, we hardly follow exactly how, the most optimistic conclusions for the future. "It would," she says, "destroy a Latin race," but "it will end by making of the Americans the greatest people of the earth." In the meantime, without enlarging too much on the future, she gives a description of them as they are, which has the merit of being at once sympathetic and graphic. The casual nature of life and society seems to have struck her a good deal, but she found three currents persistent: good humour, energy, and truthfulness.

THEIR FUNDAMENTAL VIRTUE.

"The salient quality of every American, that which is perhaps the primordial cause of his universal success, is his frankness. The American is not acquainted with lying. The Englishman claims the same exemption, but then he is often a hypocrite, especially in the lower classes and when his personal interests are in question. The American is no more a hypocrite than a liar. He will take you in, it is true, as much as he possibly can by his advertisements, but he looks upon that as fair war. This great fundamental virtue gives birth to a number of good qualities. People are neither mean nor jealous in the United States. They are often rough, impertinent, careless, there is the fault of a want of sentiment,—they are too superficial, but at least they are true." George Washington, who "could not tell a lie," appears, therefore, to Madame de San Carlos as the typical American hero.

NEW YORK AND ITS ELEVATED RAILWAY.

Her description of New York is bright and vivid. She does justice to the magnificent bay and its surroundings. With regard to the town itself,—“Necessarily long and narrow, the town of New York is divided throughout its length by broad numbered avenues. These avenues are in their turn crossed by narrower streets, also numbered, the whole forming an immense chess-board.” Fifth Avenue (the Champs Elysées of New York), into which run all the aristocratic streets of the neighbourhood, leads to the Central Park, and divides the town into east and west. “This geometrical arrangement of the town has its very practical advantages. One can always calculate the distances which separate one place from another. Living in 18th street and wishing to go to the Deaf Mute Asylum in

128th street, you know that you have six miles to do, the distance between each street being the tenth part of a mile and the distance between each avenue the fifth part.” Methods of locomotion are no less commodiously organised for the benefit of a population which is in perpetual motion. The most striking of these, to European eyes, is, of course, the elevated railroad, which takes the place up in air of our district railway under ground. “Two great double lines of aerial railway traverse the length of the town, upheld by iron columns of 30, 50, and 60 feet in height. Near to 100th Street this marvellous scaffolding forms a double curve—a gigantic S. The impression made upon a stranger is terrible, all the more as the rush of air almost takes away your breath. This part of the town has the appearance of a plain. You are no longer surrounded by high houses. Isolated between sky and earth, you describe a giddy zigzag without seeing on what you rest, or perceiving anything but the tail of the train which turns after you. Well! every day 500,000 Americans pass, without blinking, over the fearful road.”

THE USEFULNESS OF THEIR HOUSES.

Madame de San Carlos does not admire American houses. “A medium-sized dwelling, which represents an income of from £2,000 to £4,000 a year, will have a width of from 3 to 6 metres, with a depth of 10 or 12 metres.” The frontage is in the street. At the back a courtyard separates it from other houses. There is a terrible resemblance to the small London house in the description which follows of a flight of steps leading up to the entrance, and another flight leading down to the basement. The narrow passage, dignified by the name of hall, the staircase so narrow that there is only room in it for one person; the arrangement of the house into back-room and front-room all the way up, with a dressing-room over the hall, sounds only too familiar. Large or small, Madame de San Carlos reports all American houses to be alike, and eminently unfit for the perpetual social gatherings which American hospitality and New York fashion prompt. In this part of the article we confess to a feeling that the foreigner has been tempted to generalise upon insufficient data.

THE DULNESS OF THEIR PARTIES.

Nevertheless, her description of American parties is more entertaining to read than, according to her, the parties themselves were entertaining to attend. Discomfort and dulness, combined with an almost incredible expenditure and display, appear to have been the prevailing characteristics. “At a single ball, the winter before last, there were two thousand pounds' worth of flowers; and yet I should not have remarked them, if the initials of the daughter of the house had not been pointed out to me. The monogram, composed of forget-me-nots and moss-rose buds, covered a panel over the chimney-piece. All along the bannisters of the stairs stood red camellias in blossom.” A florist in New York assured me that £1,500 a year was a comparatively common price to charge for a regular supply of house flowers, keeping up window-boxes, &c.” Women spend with corresponding extravagance upon their dress. At the same time, the rooms are so small, that to dance is impossible, and often neither dress nor flowers can be seen. Music and refreshments are provided on the same monstrous scale. Entertainments last for an inconceivable number of hours and overlap each other in a manner that renders them practically unceasing. Only Americans, Madame de San Carlos remarks, could do it and live; and even they pay the price in nervous prostration. Hence the popularity amongst them of the rest cure.

IS CIVILIZATION A FAILURE?

"AS THE CASE STANDS NOW, YES."—PROF. HUXLEY.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Professor Huxley winds up his articles on Rousseau and Rousseau's fallacies by a very noteworthy profession of faith. The Regimental Socialists, he says, have misunderstood him altogether. They imagine that he has written his articles in order

To justify those who, content with the present, are opposed to all endeavours to bring about any fundamental change in our social arrangements.

HIS DISSATISFACTION WITH CIVILIZATION.

This he repudiates. He says—

My aim has been altogether different. Even the best of modern civilizations appears to me to exhibit a condition of mankind which neither embodies any worthy ideal nor even possesses the merit of stability. I do not hesitate to express the opinion, that, if there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family; if it is true that the increase of knowledge, the winning of a greater dominion over Nature which is its consequence, and the wealth which follows upon that dominion, are to make no difference in the extent and the intensity of Want, with its concomitant physical and moral degradation, among the masses of the people, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet, which would sweep the whole affair away, as a desirable consummation. What profits it to the human Prometheus that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant, and that the spirits of the earth and of the air obey him, if the vulture of pauperism is eternally to tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction?

WHAT I HAVE BEEN DRIVING AT.

Assuredly, if I believed that any of the schemes hitherto proposed for bringing about social amelioration were likely to attain their end, I should think what remains to me of life well spent in furthering it. We have small chance of doing wisely in this matter (or indeed in any other), unless we think rightly. Further, that we shall never think rightly in politics until we have cleared our minds of the philosophical delusions which have infested political thought for centuries. My main purpose has been to contribute my mite towards this essential preliminary operation. Ground must be cleared and levelled before a building can be properly commenced; the labour of the navy is as necessary as that of the architect, however much less honoured; and it has been my humble endeavour to grub up those old stumps of the *a priori*, which stand in the way of the very foundations of a sane political philosophy. The task which I set before myself, then, was simply a destructive criticism of a *a priori* political philosophy, whether regimental or individualistic.

IF I HAD TO REGENERATE SOCIETY.

Reading and experience have led me to believe that the results of political changes are hardly ever those which their friends hope or their foes fear; and, if I were offered a free hand by almighty power, I should, like Hamlet, shudderingly object to the responsibility of attempting to set right a world out of joint. But I may, perhaps, without presumption, set forth some reflections, germane to the subject, which have now and again crossed my mind. About this question of government, it might be as well to proceed from the known to the unknown. A good many of us have had practical experience of the government of that elementary polity, a family. In this business, the people who fail utterly are, on the one hand, the martinet regimentalists, and, on the other, the parents whose theory of education appears to be that expounded by the elder Mr. Weller, when, if I remember rightly, he enlarged upon the advantages which Sam had enjoyed by being allowed to roam at will about Covent Garden Market, from babyhood upwards. Individualism, pushed to anarchy, in the family is as ill-founded theoretically and as mischievous practically as it is in the State; while extreme regimentation is a certain means of either destroying self-reliance or of maddening to rebellion.

I WOULD FOLLOW THE ANALOGY OF THE FAMILY.

When we turn from the family to the aggregation of families which constitutes the State, I do not see that the case is substantially altered. The problem of government may be stated to be, What ought to be done and what to be left undone by society, as a whole, in order to bring about as much welfare of its members as is compatible with the natural order of things? And I do not think men will ever solve this problem unless they clear their minds, not merely of the notion that it can be solved *a priori*; but unless they face the fact that the natural order of things—the order, that is to say, as unmodified by human effort—does not tend to bring about what we understand as welfare. On the contrary, the natural order tends to the maintenance, in one shape or another, of the war of each against all, the result of which is not the survival of the morally or even the physically highest, but of that form of humanity, the mortality of which is least under the conditions. The creature that survives a free-fight only demonstrates his superior fitness for coping with free-fighters—not any other kind of superiority.

This notable expression of disbelief in the excellence of the natural laws of the struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest, will probably do the anti-socialists more harm than all the damage done to the socialists by his swashing blow against regimentation.

THE HUMANITY OF THE SMALL-BORE RIFLE.

AS DEMONSTRATED BY A GERMAN PROFESSOR.

SEVERAL of the foreign military periodicals for April draw special attention to a book recently published by Dr. Paul Bruns, Director of Clinical Surgery at the University of Tübingen—"Die Geschoss-Wirkung der neuen Kleinkaliber-Gewehre. Ein Beitrag zur Beurtheilung der Schusswunden in Künftigen Kriegen." Professor Bruns, with a view to ascertaining the probable character of the wounds which will be inflicted by the new small-bore rifles, which have now been almost universally adopted by Continental armies, carried out an exhaustive series of experiments against living animals, and with portions of the human body collected from the dissecting rooms. He also carried out experiments to test the bullet penetration against iron plates, wood, earth, &c. Our few remarks, however, must be confined to the outcome of the Professor's experiments on the human body. In this series the bodies were arranged so as to represent a company, with intervals, in fighting formation, and the bullets were finally received in bags of sawdust, where, at the short ranges, they were found unaltered in shape. When firing at a range of 100 metres the bullets were found to pass completely through from four to five ranks, at 400 metres from three to four ranks, and at ranges between 800 and 1,200 metres from two to three ranks of a company in fighting formation, even in cases where the bullet had encountered the largest bones. In but rare instances was a bullet found to have lodged. The general results proved conclusively that the new weapons, as compared with the 1870-1884 patterns, caused greater penetration and less laceration. Professor Bruns sums up his experience in the following words:—

It is highly satisfactory to be able to state that the diminution in bore rendered necessary on tactical grounds, and especially the introduction of the "covered" bullet, which is inseparable from the system, is a direct step in the cause of humanity. In future wars more rifle wounds will probably be inflicted, but the proportion of clean, smooth wounds will be larger, and these, in consequence of the smaller dimension of the passage, will tend rather to a subcutaneous character; recovery will be more favourable, mutilation and crippling be more often avoided. *The new small-bore rifle is not only the best, but it is also the most humane by mitigation; as far as is consistent, the horrors of war.*

THE GROWTH OF CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

MR. BODLEY'S ARTICLE IN THE "EDINBURGH."

THE most notable article in the *Edinburgh* for April, is one on "The Catholic Democracy of America," in which Mr. Bodley chronicles the astonishing growth of Catholicism in the New World.

THE MODERN PURITAN ON THE ROMAN CHURCH.

In the *North American Review*, Dr. Lyman Abbott—surely one of the very pillars of New England Puritanism—uses the following remarkable words in his controversy with Colonel Ingersoll.

The most stalwart anti-Romanist, in his calmer and more candid moments, can hardly question that, were the Roman Catholic church abolished by instantaneous decree, its priests banished and churches closed, and the restraining influence of that form of the Christian religion taken away from its adherents, the disaster to American communities would be simply awful in its proportions, if not irretrievable in its results. The church has been and still is a Theseus struggling with the Minotaur; it is itself half Theseus, half Minotaur. He who desires to slay the Minotaur should be careful to so aim his blow as to help, not wound, Theseus.

This is a very remarkable testimony, for as Mr. Bodley tells us—

In no part of the United States has the growth of the Roman Catholic Church been so remarkable as in New England, where, till after the revolution, lingered the spirit which in the previous century had applauded the Puritan Governor Endicott, when he cut from the British flag the St. George's cross "as a Popish symbol savouring of superstition, and not to be countenanced by Christian men."

THE GROWTH OF CATHOLICISM.

Mr. Bodley's object in the article on the "Catholic Democracy of America," is to trace the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, briefly describing how—

from a small and quasi-aristocratic sect in a small corner of the British colonies, and from a missionary propaganda among the Indian tribes in other portions of the territory now under the American flag, it has grown into one of the most powerful and most democratic religious communities which the world has ever seen, and one which is fated to leave a lasting mark on the history of Christendom.

After describing its early struggles, he says that from 1820 onwards

The history of the Church in America is a record of swift and steady progress, and, though the results are of stupendous importance to the world and to Christendom, the details of the story are perhaps of local rather than of general interest. New sees were erected, provinces created, councils and synods summoned, seminaries founded, and religious orders established, so that as the stream of immigration increased, and the growing population opened up the vast continent, the needs of the new comers were provided for.

PLANTED IN LIBERTY.

Some Catholics, whose writings are under review in this article, deplore the early toleration that distinguished the Catholic settlement of Maryland. To them Mr. Bodley replies:—

It is the great glory of the Catholic Church in the United States that it has never been a persecuting body, and those blind guides who regret that in her early days she did not vie with the colonising Protestant sects in their intolerance must be Catholics of that retrograde type of mind who in Continental Europe have made Roman Catholicism synonymous with reaction, against the spirit of which the enlightened Cardinal now at the head of the American hierarchy has waged at least one bold and successful fight.

Of this a notable illustration is given in Cardinal Gibbons's declaration that the Act concerning religion passed by the Catholic majority of the General Assembly of Baltimore, which enacts that

The better to preserve mutual love and unity amongst the inhabitants, no person whatsoever within this province professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall be anyways troubled or molested for his religion, nor in the free exercise thereof, nor anyways compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his consent.

Of this Cardinal Gibbons says it is a noble Statute, which will reflect undying glory on the State as long as liberty is cherished in the hearts of men.

NURSED BY PATRIOTISM.

But the Church was not only founded on liberty, it was nursed by national patriotism.

Had the Church in America not been established upon a national basis, had it remained as a missionary organisation administered by a camarilla of foreigners in Italy, not only would it never have approached its present position of power, but it would have always been regarded as an alien institution, and the millions of Catholic immigrants who have peopled and fertilised the continent could never have been assimilated with the nation. From the consecration of the first bishop onwards the history of the Church in America is the history of the American people.

At the recent great Catholic Congress at Baltimore this was manifest. Says Mr. Bodley:—

We have sought in vain for any utterance which might wound the feelings of Protestant America. On the contrary, though no expression was wanting of devotion to the Church and of pride in its progress in the land, of which the imposing assembly was a symbol, throughout the orations and discourses there rang clear above all other sounds the note of ardent love of country. This is the secret of the strength of Catholicism in the United States.

NOT DUE SOLELY TO IMMIGRATION.

No doubt this immense increase is largely due to immigration. But, as the reviewer points out, although the Irish famine re-inforced the Catholics at a critical moment, the enormous growth of the Catholic population from half a million out of 13 millions in 1830, to 10 millions out of 65 millions in 1890

Is not exclusively due to immigration. Other causes of the increase are the annexation of territories, such as Florida, Texas and California, the scattered inhabitants of which were for the most part Catholic; conversions; and the multiplying of families. The last of these alone is numerically of importance. A considerable number of Protestants of influence have become Catholic, and no less than three archbishops and seven bishops of the American hierarchy in the last fifty years were born in other creeds. The chief result, then, of the influx and increase of Catholic population in the United States is that for the first time in the history of Christendom we find the Roman Catholic religion professed by a great democracy, speaking the dominant language of the earth, inhabiting a continent of boundless resources, forming a powerful section of the foremost in prosperity among the nations.

AN EDITOR'S LIBERTIES.

Mr. Bodley, who pays a well-deserved tribute to Cardinal Gibbons as a "great statesman," discovered to his amazement, when his article appeared in the *Review*, that the editor had tagged on a page altogether out of harmony with the ideas of his contributor. Says the editor, writing as if he were the contributor—

It fills us with unbounded astonishment that a people which claims to be, and is, so intelligent and enlightened, and which was once so ardent in the cause of religious freedom, should worship the idols of ecclesiastical despotism.

Whereat the contributor is righteously irate.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF MR. BALFOUR'S BILL.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

THE best article on the Irish Land Purchase Bill is that by Mr. Davitt, who contributes to the *Nineteenth Century*, and according to whom the Bill is a cross between the proposals which the Land League put forward in 1881 and the famous scheme of Mr. Giffen in 1886. Mr. Balfour has not, however, acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Giffen, but Mr. Davitt is quite right in thinking that the Bill would be immensely improved if he were to draw still more heavily upon that gentleman's ideas. Mr. Davitt's opinion is set forth in the following :—

The final settlement of the agrarian war in the national or State administration of the land, and the satisfaction of national claims to autonomy in the creation of a representative National Assembly in Dublin, would insure such peace and contentment as would enable the cost of government to be so reduced that an immediate relief of forty or fifty per cent. could be given in the matter of rent to the great and paramount industry of the land. This, together with statutory leases including the right of free sale but prohibitive of sub-letting, would satisfy every tenant farmer in Ireland, prevent the re-growth of landlordism, and enable Irish agriculture to weather the storm of external competition. "Congested" districts could be dealt with by County Councils which should follow the organisation of a National Assembly. The landlords, drawing the interest on their Consols from the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, out of Irish fiscal revenues, could remain in the country for the discharge of other and more useful functions, national and municipal, than they have ever performed as the "English Garrison;" while the popular or national sentiment of Ireland would become the best guarantee that those who should occupy the land, under the favourable conditions indicated in Mr. Giffen's plan, would faithfully fulfil their obligations, as not to do so, with the community as the "landlord," would insure popular odium instead of public sympathy for the tenant who should refuse to pay the fair rent of his holding to the Irish State.

MR. RUSSELL.

Mr. T. W. Russell, in his article upon the Irish Land Bill in the *Fortnightly*, bestows an emphatic blessing upon Mr. Balfour. The Bill, according to his view, is so good that one might almost suspect that it had been framed by the member for Tyrone. It is a great and wise effort, conceived in a statesmanlike spirit, which will effect a radical solution of a supreme difficulty; "it is even worth making great sacrifices for"! It is to be hoped that this view will commend itself to the landlords; although, as Mr. Russell states that rents are better paid to-day than they have been for twelve years, it is probable they may not see it in that light. Mr. Russell is candid enough to admit that although the Bill is mainly permissive, the landlords who refuse to sell and insist upon receiving their judicial rent will not lead a happy life; still, as it is always the greatest step of the century towards the pacification of Ireland, base would be the slave who would hesitate to make the sacrifice which Mr. Russell demands.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Justin M'Carthy declares in opposition to the views expressed by Mr. Russell that Mr. Balfour's scheme is not the outcome of an heroic effort that settles everything, but merely indicates a departure in a new direction. The best point in his article is expressed in the following sentence :—

I hope all British taxpayers will observe that this Chief Secretary, whose power and influence could not get a candidate rejected by a lesser majority than ten or fifteen to one in any Irish constituency outside the University of Dublin and a certain portion of Orange Ulster, undertakes to settle, in the name of

the Irish people, what three out of every four Irish tenants will be willing to sacrifice for a measure which brings them in no benefit whatever.

TWO OTHER VIEWS.

Mr. O'Connor Power, in the *Nineteenth Century*, blesses Mr. Balfour's Bill for dealing with the congested districts, and demands that the same principle should be applied to the crofters of Scotland and the overcrowded populations which fester in each large town in the United Kingdom. Mr. Goschen may, therefore, be congratulated upon the prospective demands that will be made upon the national purse. A very brief but interesting article is that of Lord Ebrington in the same review, who calculates what may be called the actual value of Irish land as estimated from its annual output. He proves, by a curious array of figures, what is the actual prosperity of the Irish farmer as estimated by the quantity of his potatoes, the yield of his oats, the numbers of his cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, asses, goats, and poultry. It can be proved that he is much better off in 1889 than he was ten or twenty years ago. Agriculture, therefore, in Ireland has thriven under agitation, and as Irish farmers are getting more out of their land since 1882 than they got out of it before the Land League was formed, there is some reason to believe that Irish land is becoming a more valuable security for investors.

FIRST STEPS TO HOME RULE IN INDIA.

MR. FREDERIC PINCOTT, in the *National Review*, writes an article under the title of "Home Rule Not Wanted for India," the gist of which is that India must have Home Rule. Mr. Pincott says :—

The most ardent Congressist has no wish to hurry on the introduction of sweeping reforms. What is wanted is an honest advance towards elective representation, by the creation of moderate constituencies from the abundance of material at the disposal of the Indian Government; in order that a reasonable number of really independent men may sit in the Councils and strengthen the Government by their information, and by the content which their presence will give to the people at large.

And he further remarks quite truly—

It will startle many to hear that it was not till 1881 that there were as many children in the schools of England as there now are in the day-schools of India.

And he declares—

A dispassionate examination of the present condition of India would speedily reveal the fact that there are many millions of people there profoundly dissatisfied with their present condition as nonentities, and that they are not wanting in natural good sense, while their respect for authority and obedience to law makes them of all people the safest to be trusted with political power.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Risley, in an article on "The Race Basis of Indian Political Movements," sketches out the following programme of steady progress towards self-government in India :—

The provincial system of government would readily lend itself to a partial extension of representative institutions. The *panchayat*, now officially rather discredited, should be raised in dignity and influence. The village itself will cease to be a mere mob of individuals, none of whom can assume any responsibility for the common interests. Given a number of villages thus organised, and the task of forming them into larger units for electoral purposes would be a mere matter of arrangement. Their representatives, the elected members of the village councils, would, I believe, in course of time become as capable of forming a sound judgment on the political questions submitted to them as the peasants of most European countries.

REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT BROWNING.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE AND MR. W. M. ROSSETTI.

In the *Magazine of Art*, which publishes several additional portraits of Browning, Mr. W. M. Rossetti says of his dear friend:—

No man was more inclined than he to meet all sorts of people upon equal terms, and to span with an invisible arch the chasm between his own superiority and the mediocrity of this person and that. He was a prince who of his free choice travelled *incognito*; one knew his sovereignty, and one gladly recognised it, but without being called upon for ceremonial acknowledgment.

THE POET'S EYES.

Mr. Rossetti mentions that, like many other people,

Mr. Browning had one eye long-sighted, and the other short-sighted. He mentioned the fact to me himself; and I have in some few instances seen him use one eye, without the concurrence (which would, in fact, have been the counteraction) of the other, for the purpose of inspecting some particular object at a given distance. I no longer recollect which of the two eyes, right or left, was the long-sighted one. This discrepancy of physical vision always appeared to me a singular parallel or emblem of the duality of mental vision which is so apparent in Browning's poems. One does not always like to see a man of the widest perceptions relishing the smallest of perceptible objects. A Galileo points his telescope at the solar system; a Browning supplements his telescope, adjusted to the "man in the moon," by a magnifying glass for the hop-skip-and-jump of some atomy in the herbage at his foot.

BROWNING AS A PIANIST.

Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, who was one of the poet's most intimate friends in his late years, contributes some reminiscences in a paper which appears in *Lippincott*, from which I take the following extracts:—

What a marvellous knowledge of everything in the world's history Browning possessed! He wrote a poem in Greek while still in his teens, and to the day of his death he kept his diary in that language. He possessed the gift of improvising at the piano. To listen was to be entranced as by the rapt strains of Beethoven's compositions or of Mendelssohn's glorious melodies, as the poet's hands swept the keys, passing from one theme to another; but you could listen only once to the same strains; the inspiration came and went; the poet could never repeat his melodies. Few there were who knew of this divine gift; for only to those who were most intimate with him did he reveal himself in this way. He shunned everything like ostentation. So far as I know, Mr. Browning never attended a Browning meeting, nor witnessed the performance of one of his plays, nor appeared at the supper given after the play was over.

KEELY AS CHILDE ROLAND!

Years after I first met Mr. Browning, we were walking in Hyde Park, one Sunday afternoon in June, and had seated ourselves, far away from "The Row," on a bench under the widespread branches of a tree. I asked the poet what he had symbolised in the dark tower and Childe Roland's bugle-blast,—thinking that he had intended to represent, by the tower, the stronghold of scepticism, of unbelief, of materialism, which would be razed to the ground when Science comprehends that the law which develops sound develops every natural law in the universe, and that at the first blast which she blows, with this knowledge, the dark tower must crumble, opening up such fields of research, beyond its walls, as the imagination of man has not yet conceived to be possible. Mr. Browning replied that Childe Roland was "only a *fantaisie*," that he had written it "because it pleased his fancy." As I interpreted to him its meaning,

in the light of Keely's discoveries, he listened with interest, and a smile of doubtful meaning played over his features; for Mr. Browning never expressed any faith in this "modern Prometheus," as to his commercial success, which I so fully believe in. Mr. Browning wrote, "Seeing must be believing in my case: still, for your sake I should be contented most cheerfully to pass with those who disbelieved in the steam-engine and electric telegraph. When Keely proves himself to be Vulcan I consent to be Momus."

OUIDA AND MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"Browning's death has changed everything" in life for those upon whom he had bestowed love and sympathy, "proffered in largess such as great souls give." It was at his request that I made my home in London, in order, he said, that we might live near to each other to the end of our lives upon earth. Christmas Day I was always to dine with them. From every quarter of the globe letters came to me filled with sympathy. From Florence, "Ouida" writes, December 28, "I cannot let the year end without telling you how grieved I am at the loss of the great and gracious life so intermingled and associated in friendship with your own. It is an irreparable loss. I shall never forget that I owe to you the inestimable privilege of his personal acquaintance, and, I think, of his personal sympathy."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS OBSCURITY?

There never lived a man who had so little of the egotist in him as Robert Browning. In the presence of a third person, with one exception, I never heard Mr. Browning speak of himself, nor of his poems. This exception was when Bishop Potter dined with him at my house: to him he spoke unreservedly, for each found in the other a kindred spirit. I remember the poet gave us the history of Pauline, and also that he said his early poems were so transparent in their meaning as to draw down upon him the ridicule of the critics, and that, boy as he was, this ridicule and censure stung him into quite another style of writing. Then the critics, who had not studied the esoteric meanings of his writings, pounced down upon him for his obscurity of phraseology.

SOME TRIBUTES TO ROBERT BROWNING.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

THERE is a first-class article on Browning in the *Quarterly Review*. "Browning," says the *Quarterly* reviewer, "is our greatest modern seer. He carried with him something of Byron's energy, Keats' artistic joy, Shelley's ideal passion, and Wordsworth's transcendentalism into the scientific age which succeeded the romantic period." The reviewer confines himself to an attempt to answer three questions.—"What were Browning's characteristic theme, distinctive method, and favourite instrument? Secondly, what was the kernel of his ethical teaching, and how does he apply its principles to life, religion, and love? Thirdly, what are his chief merits and defects as a poet?" He answers these questions as follows:—"The scope and nature of the soul is Browning's most characteristic theme; the introspective his distinctive method; the monologue his favourite instrument. The fullest realisation of each man's individuality is the core of his philosophy, and the progressive desire of each individual the dynamic force of human life. The doctrine of individuality is the basis of his art, the core of his philosophy, the key of his religion. He revels in the crises which break the torpor of life, the lightning flashes which relieve the blasted plain of quiescent inactivity. He is the Wordsworth of man. He finds in the individual struggles of individual wills the revelation of God which Wordsworth

detected in nature. Applying these teachings to life, Browning declares the use of life is spiritual growth, its law, progressive desire, its blessing, the simple discharge of duty, the curse, sluggish contentment. In religion, Browning is the greatest Christian poet we have ever known; though he rejects revelation, he is a powerful witness to the human proofs of Christianity. In art, his special task was to contrast the emotions which generate or rebound to artistic work, to investigate the mission of painting, sculpture, poetry, and music. To him love is a spark of the life divine, life's highest price and one enduring reality. The reviewer, while admitting many difficulties of form, declares that Browning's whole work leaves behind it a sense of healthy reality and greatness. The value of his influence can never be destroyed.

TWO JEWISH ESTIMATES.

The *Jewish Quarterly Review* for April devotes twenty-seven pages to Browning as a religious teacher and Browning as a theologian. The first is written by Mrs. von Glehn, and the second by J. Jacobs.

Mrs. von Glehn thinks that perhaps no one before has ever helped educated men and women so much to the right estimation of what constitutes the real and permanent among the perishing circumstances of life. She thinks of him not as "a pure theist or as a Christian, but as a leader and fellow comrade of all those who seek after God." Mr. Jacobs says—

Speaking generally then, Browning's theology is that of the Broad Church with all its catholicity, but also with all its vagueness, and its want of touch with the practical religious life.

The tendency towards Broad Churchism is not towards Judaism but towards Unitarianism, and he makes an exceedingly interesting definition between Judaism and Unitarianism, which may be quoted.

Judaism is differentiated from Unitarianism by an additional element which may be called either racial or historical. The practical recognition of God in history, and of a divine mission for Israel is a necessary part of Judaism according to all schools, however much they may differ as to the mode of operation of the Divine Spirit in men's affairs, or as to the exact character of the function Israel is to play in order to fulfil the designs of that Spirit. It is this quality that makes Judaism, which, at first sight, seems so akin to Unitarianism, on closer investigation turn out to show a closer kinship with the Roman Catholic Church, as is after all only natural, as their historical relationship is really that of mother and daughter.

The Broad Church is singularly unsusceptible to the claims of history and of development in religion, and Browning shares in this quality of his school.

SOME DENOMINATIONAL CRITICISMS.

In the *Presbyterian and Reform Review* for April, Ethelbert D. Warfield, of Miami University, groans and is troubled over the poet's neglect of form. "What we must long for in Browning's poetry is a little art for art's sake." But the *Presbyterian* is delighted with the number of passages which might be cited to show the poet's hearty evangelical Christianity.

A broad optimism underlies his philosophy—an optimism which is consistent with man's total depravity; which rests on God's sovereignty, especially His sovereign love. Christian optimism and a broad humanity are practically synonymous.

In the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly* there is an appreciative essay on Browning by "B. A." He thinks that such work as Browning has done was never done before and will never be done again. "So original, so various, so virile, with such plastic gifts, we shall never see its like again." He exults that Browning remained down to the last steadfast to the liberal and nonconforming principles of his youth.

HOW TO UTILISE THE MAGIC LANTERN.

SOME VALUABLE HINTS TO TEACHERS.

In an article entitled "The Optical Lantern as an Aid to Teaching," Mr. C. H. Bothamley, in the *Photographic Quarterly* for April, gives some interesting particulars as to the use of the lantern in the class-rooms at the Yorkshire College at Leeds. Professor Miall demonstrated the possibility of using the lantern successfully in a room illuminated by daylight, and in this article Mr. Bothamley describes exactly how it was done. In the Yorkshire College almost every department has its lantern, and such widely different subjects as Biology and Engineering, Ancient History and Textile Industries, are illustrated by the same means.

THE LANTERN-SLIDE *vs.* THE DIAGRAM.

The question, of course, is one of lantern-slides *versus* diagrams. Diagrams are dear, bulky, and occupy much storage room, are subject to great wear and tear, and if at all large are very troublesome to put up for exhibition. Lantern-slides, on the other hand, can be prepared very cheaply, occupy very little space, and are easily exhibited. The most novel and important points are that *the slides are exhibited in a well-lighted room, and all the necessary manipulations are done by the lecturer or teacher without any difficulty.*

THE BEST SUBJECTS FOR THE LANTERN.

In the Yorkshire College, the lectures on Engineering, Dyeing, and the Textile Industries, are profusely illustrated by photographs and drawings (often reproduced by photography) of machines and parts thereof, of plants yielding colouring matters, &c., micro-photographs of fibres, &c., and designs for textile fabrics. The number of illustrations possible in this way is far greater than if diagrams were used. The lectures on Biology are illustrated by micro-photographs and photographs of drawings and of the actual objects. So convenient and successful has the plan proved that the microscope is rarely used for lecture illustrations, but is relegated to its proper place in the laboratory. A great saving of time is thus effected, for a lantern-slide of a micro-photograph can be seen by and explained to the whole class at once, whereas an object under a microscope must be shown to each student separately. Passing now to subjects more closely related to ordinary school subjects, the Professor of Classics, Principal Bodington, tells me that when teaching classical texts, he has found photographic lantern-slides invaluable for the reproduction and exhibition of maps and plans such as those which illustrate Napoleon III.'s account of the campaigns of Cæsar, whilst photographs of the famous localities and buildings of antiquity have been most useful in impressing students with the reality of the subjects which they were studying. In the department of Art and Design, photographs of the great masterpieces and other instructive examples are exhibited with great advantage to the students. Courses of lectures on Geography have been given to teachers engaged in the elementary schools of the district; and the use of the lantern enabled the lecturer to give a large number of illustrations which could not possibly have been given without its help.

WHAT DOES IT COST?

Cost is always an important consideration in matters of this kind, but no very formidable expenditure need be incurred. A useful lantern can be obtained for thirty-five shillings; and a really serviceable one, capable of being used on a large screen, for fifty-five shillings, including the jet. A Beard's Automatic Regulator costs thirty shillings. The cost of the screen and the stand for the lantern will vary according to circumstances, but should be under £1 for the two. We may, therefore, put the cost of a serviceable outfit at about five guineas, but to this of course must be added the cost of slides. Current expenses will be simply for limes and oxygen; no charge is made for the loan of the cylinders containing the oxygen, provided that they are not kept beyond a certain time. The example of Leeds has been followed on a smaller scale, but with very gratifying results, in several High Schools in the district; and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when an optical lantern, with its sets of slides, will form part of the equipment of every school, and its use be as common as the use of the blackboard.

A FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

THE VAIN DREAMS OF M. DE CYON.

THE article of the month in the French magazines is M. de Cyon's answer in the second number of the *Nouvelle Revue* to Colonel Stoffel's pamphlet in favour of a French and German alliance. It runs to the length of forty-five pages, and a footnote explains that the management of the *Nouvelle Revue* has thus exceeded by one-half the usual limits of their longest articles, in order that the effect of the arguments might not be weakened by division. There is not, indeed, a paragraph which could be spared. The article is interesting from its first line to its last.

COLONEL STOFFEL'S FRANCO-GERMAN ALLIANCE.

This is how the combination proposed to Germany in Colonel Stoffel's pamphlet is summarised. France is to get back Alsace and Lorraine, and, "in exchange, the whole of France shall become the vassal of Germany, and will send her military aid against Russia. . . . In a word, war for war, Colonel Stoffel prefers to fight on the side of Germany against Russia, to fighting on the side of Russia against Germany, and that only because Russia is too strong and too powerful." Needless to say that this is not exactly the manner in which Colonel Stoffel would have summarised his arguments in favour of a German alliance and peaceful retrocession of Alsace and Lorraine. Needless, also, to say what side M. de Cyon takes in such an argument. The article is divided into four parts. First, the dissection and exposure of Colonel Stoffel's arguments; then the history of French and Russian relations since 1870; next a sketch of the basis of an agreement between France and Russia; finally, the share to be assigned in such an agreement to Austro-Hungary.

THE STUPIDITY OF FRENCH GOVERNMENTS.

As for the arguments brought forward in favour of a Franco-German alliance, they are to be explained only by the extent of human stupidity. Napoleon the Third's work is summed up as follows:—"Napoleon made Italy one and founded the German Empire; he weakened Austria, and brought her to the subordinate position which she now occupies; by the Crimean War he saved the position of England in the East; and by destroying the Russian Black Sea fleet he rendered possible the loss of Egypt. . . . In a word, the external policy of Napoleon III. consisted in exhausting the strength of the nation, in order to create for it powerful enemies and to alienate its friends." The same inspiration is at work now in the breasts of M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, M. Stoffel, and the other apostles of a Franco-German alliance. Only by the extent of human stupidity can the position of Bismarck, who was allowed to become practically the Foreign Minister of all the European Powers, be explained.

BISMARCK, DICTATOR OF EUROPE.

He negotiated treaties, he chose ambassadors at his will. His object naturally was to prevent a Franco-Russian alliance. He chose the ambassadors who represented Russia in Paris, and the ambassadors who represented France in Petersburg. M. Mohrenheim, his most faithful ally, was the selection in the one case; M. Waddington, English in all his sympathies, was the selection in the other. With such diplomatic representatives France and Russia did not draw nearer one to another. The possible alternative of a serious alliance for France lies between England and Russia. She must throw her lot in with one or the other. With which? Which is her natural friend? Bismarck saw well enough, and, therefore, selected for her representative at the Russian Court a man whose sympathies were all given to England. In the section devoted to the mutual relations of France

and Russia M. de Cyon shows how, through the natural instinct of the French people and the political prescience of Alexander III., who is determined to uphold the position of France in Europe, the intrigues of German diplomacy have been of late years rendered vain.

THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

The interests of France and Russia are, he contends, in unison upon all the principal points of the political horizon. They have the same enemies and the same friends on all points of the globe. More than this, if they could join in a defensive alliance, not a shot could be fired in Europe without their permission. "If peace is at present precarious, if the fear of a general conflagration weighs so heavily upon Europe, it is because the Franco-Russian understanding is not sealed by any formal treaty. So long as the mistakes of French Governments allow Europe to suppose that France may one day become the accomplice and the vassal of Germany, Austro-Hungary also will ruin herself in armaments, which she justifies by the hope of future conquests in Poland and the Balkans. On the day on which a defensive treaty of alliance between France and Russia is signed and made public, Austria and Italy will no longer hope to recover their expenditure, and the peace of Europe will be assured."

RUSSIA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The interest of Russia is to open the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean to her ships. But this interest is in no way inimical to France. On the contrary, "the free access of Russia to the Mediterranean is of vital interest to France. It may be boldly said to be more important to her than the possession of Alsace and Lorraine." Deprived of these two provinces, France is still a great power, but if once her maritime power be broken, she sinks indeed amongst the nations. This is the blow with which England threatens her. "Who holds the sea holds the earth." England is the deadly enemy of France—she always has been, always must be. For centuries these two people have struggled with each other for maritime preponderance. "At the present moment Great Britain is incontestably the mistress of the world. In Asia and America she has enormous territories; Australia belongs to her, and foreseeing that the twentieth century will be filled with the struggle for Africa, she is tracing a vast empire for herself there. The maritime power of France is the only obstacle which prevents England from reigning also without a rival on the sea." Let France, therefore, look to her position in the Mediterranean, and encourage rather than discourage the growth of Russian naval power.

AUSTRIA TO BE SPARED!

Neither Russia nor France is to overwhelm Turkey, and while Russia will seek and, sooner or later, obtain the keeping of the Dardanelles, she does not want Constantinople; on the contrary, the proposal is that both France and Russia, who have many Mahometan subjects, shall make a friend of the Sultan of Turkey and strengthen themselves with his prestige. Austro-Hungary also, far from being opposed to a Russian advance in the Balkan Peninsula, will find her advantage in a Russian alliance. After centuries of existence, the character of a political organism cannot be changed, and to attempt to change the old Roman Empire into a Slav Empire is simply to hurry it to dissolution. Austria must concentrate; it cannot expand, but "for Russia, France, and the rest of Europe, the falling to pieces of Austro-Hungary would be a disaster, of which the effect is scarcely calculable. By the accession of his empire to the Franco-Russian agreement, Francis Joseph will find himself truly a member of the League of Peace."

"SIBERIAN HORRORS."

MADAME NOVIKOFF'S TRIBUTE TO TRUTH.

THE *Slavonic News* (the official organ of the Slavonic Society) publishes an article by Madame Novikoff (O. K.) on a subject which is engrossing at the present time a considerable amount of attention in England and America—the weird tales that have been related in such detail of Siberian prisons and prisoners. As the REVIEW OF REVIEWS in its first number acquainted its readers with the somewhat startling admissions of a Russian visitor to Siberian prisons, published in a Russian monthly, it is only fair that it should lay before them the statements brought forward on the other side; and, whether they are found convincing or unsatisfactory, it must be admitted that the reply comes with peculiar appropriateness from a lady who occupies an official position on the prison board of St. Petersburg. "A Tribute to Truth" is the attractive title of the paper, which begins with a bitter reproach to the English press, which has of late taken to publishing all kinds of absurdities about Russia, mainly, however, about Siberia. "Pictures are drawn which recall the horrors of the Inquisition in Torquemada's day, and the persecutions of Christians during the reigns of Diocletian and Nero; our prisons, according to English correspondents, are one hundred times worse than the 'leads' of Venetian prisons; and every private blunder which deserves to be regretted and investigated is puffed up into a systematic and normal plan of action on the part of our administration."

Madame Novikoff then goes on to say that these attacks on Russia are the regular results of every success scored by Russia in politics, social life, finances, or some other sphere of national activity. Envy engenders lying. "And yet how easy it would have been for England not to fear us, to live in good understanding with us! She need only cease from intriguing against us on the Balkan Peninsula! Moreover, what will be the outcome of her struggle? In the long run, justice will get its own, and Russia will yet rescue the East from the inimical influences now playing upon it!"

"At the present moment it is our financial successes that rob the *Times* & Co., of their peace of mind; so that the author of all this storm is our minister of finance, M. Wysznegradsky! Had he not converted so brilliantly all our foreign loans (an operation which effects an economy of tens of millions of roubles), had he not so evenly balanced our budgets, this agitation against us would never have arisen. For want of better arms people avail themselves of whatever are to be had, in their moments of utter helplessness, and the *Times*, in its sorrow, strikes up an alliance with the Nihilist press, forgetting, as it were, that if it is dishonourable to conceal the truth, it is still more dishonourable deliberately to garble it."

Thus far the introduction. The authoress then goes on to develop the thesis that not only is the English press expert in lying but that the elect, so to say, the venacious portion of English society ("and among my friends there are Englishmen who love truth not less than J. Aksakoff") is bound hand and foot and cannot speak out. Gladstone, who did speak out fearlessly, was accused "if not exactly of having been bought with Russian money, at least of having allowed himself to be fooled by our cunning, and of lacking the courage and the desire to learn the truth about Russia! . . . Even such a man is reduced to prove his disinterestedness, his incorruptibility!"

The British voter, Madame Novikoff goes on to say, is a despot, and members of Parliament are his abject slaves. This winter some jewels belonging to the wife of an ambassador were stolen in London, and the lady appealed to Lord Salisbury for assistance. The Prime Minister smilingly said: "I cannot promise you much. We must go to work prudently and politely; the thieves, it is just as likely as not, are of the number of our constituents, our masters." "Now, this joke," exclaims Madame Novikoff, "is very near the truth! Under such circumstances, of course, one cannot hope for a free and veracious appreciation of Russia from men bound hand and foot!"

Correspondents of journals are mentioned in the first place as agents deprived of personal freedom. "In like manner, members of Parliament and official persons are deprived of freedom. Lately, however, the work of a free Englishman appeared in a book written by M. de Windt, entitled "From Peking to Calais by Land" (Chapman and Hall, 1889, London). The English press scarcely mentioned it; this, however, is quite natural, for it contains a refutation of nearly all the "Siberian horrors," which at present ornament the pages of the principal English journals.* There is one reproach which might be made to the author. Accustomed as he is to English ways (in England people are hanged almost every week), he cannot understand why Russians should manifest such compassion as they do for criminals who, after the expiration of their term of punishment, enjoy liberty, and even sundry comforts of life. He even cracks a slight joke about them!

Among the various statements of Mr. de Windt cited and approved by Madame Novikoff, there is one to the effect that, although he fears that Englishmen will not believe him, yet he bears witness to the fact that people of the lower orders are so enamoured of the life of prisoners in Siberia, that they deliberately commit crimes in order to be sent there. He also saw Cossacks, and asserts that, although they are provided with loaded guns, yet they have no whips nor lances, and the prisoners sometimes talk, and even joke, with them; and he expresses, in consequence of all he has seen, his astonishment at the repugnance the Russians evince to show foreigners more. "Books like this," the writer affirms, in conclusion, "are rarely to be met with." "It deserves to be read through; for everything in it is curious, everything lively; occasionally even a vein of humour may be detected."

STATE SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

M. CHARLES GRAD contributes to the first April number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the third of his series of articles upon "State Socialism in the German Empire," and enters with great detail into the conditions under which State insurances against the disabilities of permanent ill-health and old age can be effected. He describes this law of compulsory insurance as the third part which, with the laws of insurance against accidents and temporary sickness, "completes the trilogy" of State Socialism in Germany. The article is very long, and must be read in order to grasp the full depth of it.

* Mr. de Windt's book came out in 1889, and was presumably written still earlier. To what date the alleged atrocities which O. K. tells us it disproves are to be referred, cannot be gleaned from that lady's article.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONGO STATE.

LEOPOLD II. OF BELGIUM AND I. OF THE CONGO.

THE May number of the *Leisure Hour* appropriately, considering the recent reception of Mr. Stanley at Brussels, adds the King of the Belgians to its series of the sovereigns of Europe.

Leopold is no great hero of ours, and his biographer in the *Leisure Hour* is not very enthusiastic in his praise.

Whoever studies attentively the physiognomy of Leopold II., present King of the Belgians, cannot fail to be struck with the rigid look of his countenance, which rather repels advances. This physiognomy does not belie the King. He is not, and cannot, be a favourite with men; he lacks the personal gifts to attract them. Imagination and the softer qualities are little developed in his nature. A perfect gentleman in his manners, a most fluent and charming talker, he yet strikes all who come into intimate contact with him as a man who, devoid of enthusiasms himself, is incapable of arousing them in others.

The following extracts from the article give an account of the personal habits and characteristics of Mr. Stanley's patron:—

The King above all loves a quiet life and devotion to scientific work. At the commencement of his reign he was rarely to be seen in the streets dressed in uniform. He is a most indefatigable walker, and with his long legs strides across the ground, tiring out almost all his companions. It is a characteristic trait that he never wears gloves.

From every point of view the King's life is one of great simplicity. He sleeps in a camp bed, and has a horror of anything that could enervate. He rises early, generally at six. After a light repast he goes into his study, where he carefully examines all the papers and documents concerning State business that have accumulated there since the previous day. To this work he gives the most minute attention, reading everything himself, and annotating with his own hand. Thus he gladly and readily pardons the condemned whenever possible, or commutes their sentences. Of capital punishment he is a zealous adversary. "Never," he said before his accession, "shall a drop of blood flow during my reign."

To the pleasures of the table the King is also insensible. He eats little, and prefers frugal to sumptuous meals. He hardly ever touches wine; water is his favourite beverage. Amusements, too, are not beloved by him. As for the theatre, he almost hates it, and never puts his foot inside one when he can absolutely avoid it. Riding is the King's chief pastime. He rides once or twice a day, generally going to the Bois, winter and summer. He reads enormously, and keeps himself posted up with all that goes on. And this love of being *au courant* he actually extends to a quite pronounced

liking for gossip, for hearing the chit-chat, the little scandals of the town.

One of the royal hobbies, which threatens to absorb him entirely, is the Congo State, which he may be said to have founded, and with the affairs of which the King is constantly and actively occupied; it is his hobby, his passion, for whose sake he has not hesitated to spend vast sums out of his private purse; and though he is immensely rich, it is said that his speculations on the Congo have embarrassed him not a little financially. Another hobby of his is the principle of universal military service; the third, the question of planting the sand-dunes.

As a wife, Queen Marie Henriette knows full well—what all the world knows also—that her husband seeks his pleasures away from her. She tries to find consolation and distraction in the Arts. Horsemanship and horses

are also a great delight of hers. She frequently goes into the stables and inspects her favourite steeds, even grooming them herself at times.

But this love of horses does not hinder her from being an artist. She is an excellent musician, playing well upon the piano and the harp. She often composes. Few know that she has even written an opera called, "Wanda, ou la puissance de l'Amour," which was once represented at the Court. She also paints, and is well versed in artistic matters. She is a great reader too, but her literature is of the lightest kind, consisting of most of the new French, English, and German novels that appear. She, too, prefers a life of great simplicity, and detests any luxury. Her dress is of a plainness many a burgher lady could imitate with advantage. The accompanying portrait, which is lent us by the *Leisure Hour*, is taken



KING OF THE BELGIANS.

from a photograph of the Stereoscopic Company.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

Art Weekly; Art Decorator; Book Chat; British Trade Journal; Bible Advocate; Children's Friend; Central Africa; Critic (Hull); Cabinet Maker; Christian Messenger; Christian Lay Church Messenger; Chronicle of the London Missionary Society; Day of Days; Edgbastonia; Expository Times; Fireside; Hand and Heart; Home Words; Homœopathic World; India; Imperial Federation; Inquirer; Infant's Magazine; Journal of Health Resorts; Juvenile Magazine; Journal of Medicine; Kirkby Stephen Messenger; Leather Record; Light; Mother's Friend; Munster Journal; Nursing Record; The News; Naturalists' Gazette; Nonconformist. Musical Journal; Open Doors; Oak and Ivy Leaves; Owen's College Magazine; Quarterly News of Women's Work; Regions Beyond; Railway Engineer; Steamships; The Sun; South Africa; Springtime; Textile Mercury; Teachers' Assistant; University Extension Journal; Union Signal; Vegetarian Messenger; Volkswohl; Welfare; World's Provider; Young Man; Zoophilist.

HOW TO SETTLE LABOUR DISPUTES.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THREE SIDES.

ONE of the most interesting articles in the monthly *Miscellanies* is Tom Mann's paper on "The Development of the Labour Movement," which has the first place in the *Nineteenth Century*. Every one who knows Tom Mann esteems him, and the general regard which he has won by the straightforward honesty with which he has conducted recent labour agitations will be enhanced by a perusal of his article. The point of his paper is that the workers of this country must work out their salvation by Trades Unionism, putting not their trust in politicians, having small confidence in Parliament, but pinning their hopes chiefly on the development of County Councils; which, in his opinion, are destined to become a most powerful factor for the rectification of our social wrongs.

Mr. Mann says:—

The hope for the future lies in the extension of labour organisations on the side of the workers, corresponding combinations of employers adjusting differences by conciliation or arbitration whenever possible, the work of trade unionism being supplemented by the local governing bodies, by workers habitually taking a direct working interest in connection with them, such bodies absorbing all smaller and at present conflicting authorities, thus developing the best qualities of the citizen in the true work of citizenship and gradually assisting in the development of the co-operative ideal.

In the *Contemporary* Dr. Spence Watson discusses the Settlement of Labour Disputes, in a paper which reads curiously like an address that he delivered before the Manchester Statistical Society. Dr. Spence Watson, after Mr. David Dale, is probably the most competent person to speak concerning the working of Boards of Arbitration and Conciliation. It is, therefore, a great service he has rendered to the cause of industrial peace, that he should put very simply and succinctly in a popular review the result of the experience gained between the Tees and the Tyne. Dr. Spence Watson's conclusion is set forth as follows:—

I think, then, that the best way to secure the peaceful solution of labour disputes is to promote the formation of Joint Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration in all branches of industry, and, in order that such boards may be readily formed with the greatest chance of success, to encourage combinations both of employers and of employed. I believe that there will be an increasing tendency, as such boards continue to perform their peaceful mission, for the unions to become allies, instead of competitors, to the great benefit of both classes, and of the community of which they form so important a part.

In the *National Review* Mr. Sidney Wyatt moralises concerning the Mining Federations and the rival rings of Labour and Capital in the Coal Trade. Mr. Wyatt devotes the greater part of his paper to a demonstration of the absurd results that have followed what may be called democracy run mad in the management of the miners' affairs. He considers the Coal Miners' Federation as the *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy. He maintains that the miners' delegates must either confess themselves overruled by those whom they profess to lead, or to confess themselves, in their capacity of delegates, to be not men, but mere automata. These things, however, will speedily right themselves, as Mr. Wyatt will very soon find out. Already he tells us that some means of keeping the peace between the opposing parties have been arrived at.

The details of the scheme of conciliation are not known as yet; but it has leaked out that the groundwork of it is an arrangement that in future, before any demand for advance or reduction of wages is made, the two Federations shall meet and discuss the situation in friendly conference. That is undeniably a great gain, not only to the masters and men, but to the trade of the country at large.

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.

A RECEIPT THAT KILLED 3,000 IN A NIGHT.

IN view of the devastating ravages of rats and mice in the Eastern Counties, it may be worth while to reproduce the following receipt for exterminating the rodent, from the gossipy article on "Rats" in the *Cornhill*:—

The best course to take, when the extermination of a colony of rats becomes a necessity, is to make them help to destroy one another in the following manner. A number of tubs, proportionate to the quantity of rats in the place which it is desired to rid of them, should be placed about, the middle of each occupied by a brick standing on end. The bottom of these tubs should be covered with water to such a depth that about an inch of the brick projects above it. The top of the tub should be covered with stout brown paper, upon which a dainty meal of bacon-rind and other scraps dear to the rat palate figures—a sloping board giving the rodents facilities for partaking of it. The feast should be renewed for several nights, so that all the rats in the neighbourhood may get to know of the good food which is placed within such easy reach. When it is judged that this policy has been pursued long enough, the centre of the brown paper should be cut in such a manner that any rat venturing upon it will be precipitated into the cold water below. . . . The first rat to find his trust abused and himself struggling in the water at the bottom of the tub, soon recovers sufficiently from the shock to ascertain that there is a little island of refuge, on to which he clammers, and squeals his loudest for help. Now, the squeal of a rat in trouble attracts every one of his kind within hearing, and very few moments will elapse before the victim of misplaced confidence is joined by one of his friends. The new-comer is as quick to discover the chance of escape from a watery grave that the brick offers as was the original victim; but when he attempts to avail himself of its presence, it becomes apparent that there is not room for more than one upon it. The first-comer resists with tooth and nail the efforts of his companion in trouble to dispossess him of his cogn of vantage, and the squeals which form an accompaniment to the fight for a footing upon the brick attract more rats to the scene of the tragedy. The conflict waxes more and more furious as rat after rat topples into the water, and, by morning, bedraggled corpses in plenty will gladden the eyes of the man whose losses at the teeth of rats have induced him to adopt this means of thinning their numbers. Some years ago the plan described above was tried in a City warehouse, with the result that more than three thousand rats were destroyed in a single night.

The only new story in the *Cornhill* article tells how a rat was employed to make a connection in the London telegraph system:—

Some years ago men were repairing one of the lateral wires, and carelessly omitted to attach it to a leading-line by which it could be drawn through the pipe to its place when mended. The blunder seemed likely to have serious consequences, for it was thought that the whole of the lateral pipe would have to be dug up in order to get at the broken wire. But one of the men came to the rescue with a happy thought, suggesting that a rat should be procured, and, with a fine piece of wire attached to it, sent through the pipe. This was done; but, to the dismay of the workmen, the new hand came to a stop after it had gone a few yards. The inventor of this idea was not yet, however, at the end of his resources, and by his advice a ferret was procured and started on the dilatory rat's track. There was a moment of suspense before it was settled whether the rat would show fight or run away, but this was soon ended by the paying out of the wire, and in a short time the latest addition to the staff of the Post Office appeared at the other end of the pipe. It was caught, the wire detached, and then it was set free in recognition of the service it had rendered. By means of the wire the telegraph line was secured, and a long and laborious piece of work saved.

A DUTCH VIEW OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

HAVING, in the March number of *De Gids*, brought his narrative of the Civil War down to the time of Charles's captivity at Holmby House, Mr. de Beaufort begins the second part of his article in the April number by discussing Cromwell's share in the responsibility of the King's execution. The latter act he unhesitatingly pronounces to be, not only illegal, but inexpedient. He has some difficulty in accounting for the fact that Cromwell sacrificed Charles to the army, in order to keep his position as leader. Oliver persuaded himself that the measure was inevitable. As soon as he was convinced of its unavoidableness, he assumed the full responsibility for the bloody deed with the true fatalism of the fanatic, for the Dutch scribe is incapable of realising that a religious man is not necessarily a fanatic.

HIS PACIFICATION OF IRELAND.

Of the Wexford massacres, Mr. de Beaufort remarks:—For this execrable manner of waging war, there is only one excuse to be made. The English of that time looked on the Irish as barbarians—an Irishman stood in their estimation about as high as an Atchinese in ours. The atrocities committed by the savage Irish on the English who had settled in their island were paid back in the same coin. We mention this ground of excuse, but consider it very insufficient. Cromwell's unheard of cruelty has no excuse, and every right-thinking man must feel indignant when he sees, in Cromwell's letters written during the Irish campaign, this frightful massacre described as a judgment of God on Ireland. {It must however be remembered that the difficulties of his position were exceptional, and that, in his eyes, a Roman Catholic was an idolater—to be exterminated like the Canaanites of the Old Testament.

CROMWELL AND THE CROWN.

Speaking of Cromwell's personal policy Mr. de Beaufort says:—

He might have grounded the republic on durable institutions, or he might have appeared as the founder of a new dynasty. The first he neglected, the second he was unwilling to do, even when it was urged upon him. The explanation of this strange way of acting we must seek in his peculiar character; and, in the first place, in his utter contempt for all legal rights and written constitutions. No prince or statesman ever showed greater disregard for existing laws and rights than Cromwell. He seems to have had no conscientious scruples with regard to the sacredness of the laws themselves. He transgressed them willingly and knowingly, with the greatest calm, in the full conviction that God's will—with which he believed himself to be fully acquainted—stood far above all human laws. Moreover, Cromwell had no idea that a nation could be ruled otherwise than by the unlimited power of one man. He found it impossible to govern by means of a parliament—even though that parliament had carried the expression of its confidence in him so far as to offer him the crown. His refusal was, perhaps, the greatest political mistake of his life. The reason for it probably lies in the quality alluded to above—his cool indifference to laws and forms of government, which had gradually degenerated into utter disbelief in political institutions. As he had founded no republican institutions, it was his duty to have strengthened the kingship. He would do neither, and thus, unpardonably left his people and country, at his death, to the caprice of chance.

After discussing at some length the relations of Cromwell to his parliament, Mr. de Beaufort remarks that the only difference, in this respect, between him and Charles was that he knew exactly how far he could with safety go, while Charles did not. "He was a great man, striving after great ends by great, and often rough means,—Charles, a small man, who, by petty means, sought to realise selfish aims."

HIS FOREIGN POLICY.

Before concluding with the account of Cromwell's last days and death, Mr. de Beaufort dwells on the two points

which have earned him most praise from his countrymen,—his efforts in behalf of religious toleration, and his foreign policy. With regard to the former, he considers that he was much less advanced with regard to this subject than is generally supposed, but he praises his foreign policy, the excellence of which he says has been acknowledged by his bitterest enemies. "To this, indeed, England owes the high place she has taken in Europe since the latter half of the seventeenth century. His great success was owing to the fact he acted in complete accord with the English national character, and the wishes of Englishmen. In all his negotiations with foreign powers he showed the courage—not to say roughness—which has at all times—witness the very latest events in Europe—been to the taste of the English Government and people. He could confidently speak a bold word when he knew that he would get what he wanted. Such an overbearing policy was after the heart of every Englishman, and when, under the king who, after Cromwell's death, once more ascended the throne of his ancestors, the Dutch fleet blockaded the English coast, and even burnt English men-of-war in the Thames, at a short distance from London—when England exercised no more influence on the Continent than her powerful ally, the King of France, found good in his own interests—then even the most loyal cavalier was forced to acknowledge that the lawful restoration of the Monarchy had been the fall of England's greatness and glory, and to blush with shame at the thought that the jewel of the national honour, which had been kept unstained in the hands of the regicide and usurper, had been abandoned as a worthless thing by the lawful king."

IS THE SUN COLD?

YES, AND INHABITED! BY S. M. ALLAN.

MR. STEVEN M. ALLAN, who signs himself A.M., LL.B., F.R.H.S., contributes an article, entitled "The Newly Discovered Law in Physics," to the April number of the *Arena*, in which he maintains that the sun is cold and probably inhabited, that the old theory of a fiery sun, can no longer rationally be sustained, that its place must be taken by the newly discovered law of "actien" which he explains as follows:—"Actien is the surplus energy thrown from central suns, which in itself is neither heated or luminous, but is an imponderable fluid which produces light, heat, electricity and magnetism by its conflict with ether. Light and heat, therefore, are not sent direct from the sun, but are the manufactured results by the combustion brought about when the actien enters the atmosphere of the earth. Mr. Allan asks, triumphantly, How can we believe that the sun emits light and heat directly when the nearer we get to it, the colder it becomes? At seven miles above the earth's surface the sun's rays are so dim that he resembles a copper-coloured moon, and all astronomers agree that the cold of the etheric space is immeasurably below freezing point. The sun, he thinks, is an inhabited globe with an atmosphere, the sun spots are clouds interposed to intercept the influx of actien and modify it for inner circulation and use upon the body of the sun. Mr. Allan maintains that the conflict between actien and ether results in the generation of atomic and molecular substance, which fly off into space, where they float until, driven by attraction, they resolve into a body which revolves upon its axis. The body then begins to grow. The moon, he maintains, is a child in the nursery of the earth, instead of being a worn-out world. The earth was formed and concentrated under great pressure, an atmosphere was created for it by the aqueous vapours as a necessary result. Thus, he maintains, we have the key to creation in our hands.

HOW THE SABBATH SHOULD BE KEPT.

FROM THE MODERN JEW'S POINT OF VIEW.

MRS. HENRY LUCAS, in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, contributes an interesting article upon "Jewish Religious Education." She gives the following account of the Sabbath and its ordinances, which she says is the most important item in Jewish ceremonialism, and one which more than any other thing affects the manner of Jewish daily life. Home services or later on synagogue attendance is, she says, the feature of the Sabbath morning of every Jewish family that has more of Judaism than the name, and she answers the question, "How the rest of the day should be spent," as follows:—

In our observance of the Sabbath, we, for ourselves and our children, have to keep three objects in view. First, we desire to devote a portion of it to religious duties and to make it an aid to our moral and spiritual development; secondly, we wish to set the day apart and create a distinction between it and others; and thirdly, it should be our aim to make it a day, not only of rest, but also of happiness.

The generally prohibited occupations may be briefly catalogued as including all forms of manual occupation, such as writing, drawing, or needlework, all riding or driving, and all such amusements as theatres and dances. To these, universal custom has added games of chance, such as cards, and almost equally universally the use of musical instruments. Custom has also to a considerable extent vetoed outdoor amusements, such as cricket and other athletic sports. Personally, I much regret that this should be the case, and I think there is so much to be said against their exclusion, that I cannot but hope that a change will ere long be made in this particular. One additional word as to not writing on Saturday, which many now-a-days consider an unnecessary and undesirable restriction. It is, however, one which I should be very unwilling to see withdrawn, inasmuch as writing on the Sabbath tends to lessen the difference between that and other days. If we once begin it on the Sabbath it is most difficult to draw the line and say, this letter is for pleasure, that for business, this piece of writing is an amusement, that a labour. I therefore think it right to refrain from writing on Saturday, and to cause our children to refrain from it likewise.

Books of all kinds, walks, many in-door and some out-door games and sports, and the social and family intercourse, which has always been considered especially appropriate to Sabbath afternoons, ought to be enough to make the day enjoyable. It is much more necessary for us to fence round our Sabbath and other ceremonial institutions with careful observances than it is for those whose day of rest is that of the whole country.

It will be well to read in connection with this article Mrs. Mayor's admirable paper "On the Seventh Day," which appears in the *Sun*.

NAPOLEON I. ON THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF HIS ALLEGED UTTERANCES.

DR. ALEXANDER MAIR publishes, in the *Expositor*, a critical study of the authenticity of the declaration imputed to Napoleon when at St. Helena on the subject of the Christian religion. Dr. Mair thinks they are genuine, and believes that he has cleared up the difficulty about the differences between the French and English versions of the conversation. He publishes a new translation, from which, as it will be new to most of my readers, I make the following extracts:—

"One evening at St. Helena," says M. Beauterne, "the conversation was animated. The subject treated of was an exalted one; it was the divinity of Jesus Christ. Napoleon defended the truth of this doctrine with the arguments and eloquence of a

man of genius, with something also of the native faith of the Corsican and the Italian. To the objections of one of the interlocutors, who seemed to see in the Saviour but a sage, an illustrious philosopher, a great man, the Emperor replied:—

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man.

"Superficial minds may see some resemblance between Christ and the founder of empires, the conquerors, and the gods, of other religions. That resemblance does not exist.

"I see in Lycurgus, Numa, Confucius, and Mahomet merely legislators; but nothing which reveals the Deity. On the contrary, I see numerous relations between them and myself. I make out resemblances, weaknesses, and common errors which assimilate them to myself and humanity. Their faculties are those which I possess. But it is different with Christ. Everything about Him astonishes me; His spirit surprises me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and anything of this world there is no possible term of comparison. He is really a Being apart.

"The nearer I approach Him and the more closely I examine Him, the more everything seems above me; everything continues great with a greatness that crushes me.

"His religion is a secret belonging to Himself alone, and proceeds from an intelligence which assuredly is not the intelligence of man. There is in Him a profound originality which creates a series of sayings and maxims hitherto unknown.

"Christ expects everything from His death. Is that the invention of a man? On the contrary, it is a strange course of procedure, a superhuman confidence, an inexplicable reality. In every other existence than that of Christ, what imperfections, what changes! I defy you to cite any existence, other than that of Christ, exempt from the least vacillation, free from all such blemishes and changes. From the first day to the last He is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely severe, and infinitely gentle.

"How the horizon of His empire extends, and prolongs itself into infinitude! Christ reigns beyond life and beyond death. The past and the future are alike to Him: the kingdom of the truth has, and in effect can have, no other limit than the false. Jesus has taken possession of the human race; He has made of it a single nationality, the nationality of upright men, whom He calls to a perfect life.

"The existence of Christ from beginning to end is a tissue entirely mysterious, I admit; but that mystery meets difficulties which are in all existences. Reject it, the world is an enigma; accept it, and we have an admirable solution of the history of man.

"Christ speaks, and henceforth generations belong to Him by bonds more close, more intimate than those of blood, by a union more sacred, more imperious than any other union beside. He kindles the flame of a love which kills out the love of self, and prevails over every other love. Without contradiction, the greatest miracle of Christ is the reign of love. All who believe sincerely in Him feel this love, wonderful, supernatural, supreme. It is a phenomenon inexplicable, impossible to reason and the power of man; a sacred fire given to the earth by this new Prometheus, of which time, the great destroyer, can neither exhaust the force nor terminate the duration. This is what I wonder at most of all, for I often think about it; and it is that which absolutely proves to me the divinity of Christ."

"Here the voice of the Emperor assumed a peculiar accent of ironical melancholy and of profound sadness: 'Yes, our existence has shone with all the splendour of the crown and sovereignty; and yours, Montholon, Bertrand, reflected that splendour, as the dome of the Invalides, gilded by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But reverses have come, the gold is effaced little by little. The rain of misfortunes and outrages with which we are deluged every day carries away the last particles. We are only lead, gentlemen, and soon we shall be but dust. Such is the destiny of great men; such is the near destiny of the great Napoleon.

"What an abyss between my profound misery and the eternal reign of Christ, proclaimed, worshipped, beloved, adored, living throughout the whole universe! Is that to die? Is it not rather to live?"

THE FALL OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

TWO FRENCH VIEWS.

In his article on the resignation of Prince Bismarck, M. Valbert takes the same sentence of the young Emperor, "Wer mich in meinem Werke hindert den Zerschmetterte ich," as having been directed specially and personally against the ex-Chancellor, and treats the whole diplomatic crisis in Germany as a duel between Sovereign and Minister, in which the nation has taken the side of the Sovereign. The subject is one eminently suited to the sparkling malice of treatment of which M. Valbert is a past-master; and though the article tells nothing which we did not know before with regard to the German situation, it throws such a literary light of clear statement upon it that it is well worth reading.

I.—M. VALBERT.

M. Valbert sketches Bismarck in touches which recall the clear and crisp portraiture of the novels written by his other self, and shows the statesman who has been on the whole so wisely moderate in external policy as an unendurable, uncompromising despot at home. Even his State Socialism, initiated for the benefit of the working classes, is turned inside out into mere autocracy. "Threats accompanied his benefits. It was rod in hand that he undertook to superintend the happiness of his people." He was like those "persons who, courteous to strangers, are tyrants at home, who treat their immediate belongings with disdain, annoy them by an overbearing temper and fill the house with perpetual thunderstorms." "In applications to internal concerns M. de Bismarck's exceedingly realist policy has always consisted in the sacrifice of principle to reasons of State, and his constant habit has been to create a majority by trafficking first with one party and then with another. 'Give and take' has been his motto, but he has always taken much and given little." He has always professed to be a good Christian. He is so—supremely by force of a profound and unshakable faith in the decadence and original corruption of man. He looks upon peoples as evil beasts, who require to be incessantly watched, disciplined, and kept under, and whose perverse instincts can only be restrained by the mysterious action of grace and the coercive power of government. "When the Chancellor quarrelled with the late Emperor Frederick on the subject of the marriage of the Princess Victoria, and threatened to resign, the nation was with the Minister and against the Sovereign, because the question involved was one of external policy. In the questions of internal policy over which the present resignation has been offered and accepted, the nation sides with the Sovereign; because sick of the cynicism and realism of Prince Bismarck's twenty-eight years of domination, it welcomes with relief the signs of the young Emperor's idealism." This dew falling in the desert has seemed to the thirsty nation good to drink. It was weary of the iron rod. At the risk of future regrets, it takes pleasure in indulging for the moment its faith in the miraculous virtue of the magician's wand which has brought water from the rock." Disenchanted old age and hopeful youth are the characters assigned throughout to the Chancellor and his Sovereign. The joy of Germany in the new springtide of life is easily conceived. But Europe? Will Europe gain? To Europe Prince Bismarck had become a habit, irksome possibly, but familiar as rheumatism to the old, and his existence was a guarantee against surprise. Now who knows? The young Emperor wrote of Bismarck's resignation that God had willed it, and his

part was to accept. M. Valbert comments, "God is of all the great personages of the world the easiest to quote, and that is why Europe is uneasy."

II.—MADAME ADAM.

Madame Adam does not restrain herself in her comments upon Prince Bismarck's fall to the subtle irony and historical analysis with which M. Valbert treats the same subject in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Where his brain speaks she gives way simply to a cry of the heart: "Ah, Victor, vanquished at last!" she exclaims; "the tears that you shed now console us for those that you have drawn from our eyes in the past." She makes no bones about the question of taste, but literally dances for joy over the prostrate body of her foe. She certainly does not subscribe to an opinion expressed by M. Valbert in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that in the relations of external policy Prince Bismarck has shown himself habitually courteous and forbearing; nor does she offer to the young Emperor any of the incense of praise which the literary exigencies of artistic contrast, rather, it must be admitted, than sincere conviction, appear to have drawn from M. Valbert. To her the Sovereign, the fallen Minister, and the Minister's successor, are alike worthy of the hatred and the scorn of France. Justice! To the winds with it on an occasion like this. We are patriots first. After that we will be men and women, the brothers and sisters of one human race. Needless to say that she knows well how to compel her pen to serve her mood, and the picture she gives of Bismarck as a caged lion, vanquished but not tamed by the figure of the young Emperor and his riding-whip, is as vivid as it is unrelenting. Like M. Valbert, she also doubts that the larger states of United Germany or the foreign powers of Europe have reason entirely to congratulate themselves in the Chancellor's fate.

M. TAINE ON LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

M. TAINE's article, in the second number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April, on the Reconstruction of France in 1800, is one of the most interesting French articles of the month, discussing as it does the relative duties, namely, of the State, and the units which compose the State. In other words, the article is a striking and thoughtful essay upon local government. If, says M. Taine, "the decision of the State withdraws the direction of the ship from those who are interested in it; if on this vessel which is theirs it establishes a foreign crew to whom alone power of action and command is given, then the ordinary man, being reduced to the humble condition of a passive taxpayer for whom everything is done, feels no longer responsible. Since the intruders have all authority let them have all the trouble. The working of the ship is their business, not his. He looks on as a spectator. It does not occur to him to give his help. "He crosses his arms, remains idle, and presently becomes a critic." M. Taine discusses various forms of local society, whether of the province, the department, or the commune and their common duties. Permanent proximity, he points out, establishes a bond which individual members of society are not free to reject or to ignore, but the nature of the bond must be carefully and logically defined. If the social obligation is absolute, it is also by its very nature limited, and the welfare and good government of communities depends upon the wise discrimination of the proper objects of common and individual effort. The article is well worth reading both by Radicals of the old school and by the modern State Socialist.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR AGAINST FASTING.

WHEN Signor Succi at the Aquarium vulgarises fasting by eating nothing as a raree show for forty days and forty nights, Archdeacon Farrar, who lives just across the way, has been moved to attack the practice in two of the monthly magazines.

In the *Expositor* Archdeacon Farrar, with the aid of the Revised Version, demolishes the doctrine that fasting is meritorious. He thus sums up his arguments :—

It will, I think, be conceded by all that, apart from occasions when fasting is a natural concomitant of the humiliation which accompanies great trials, the practice of fasting occupies in Scripture a far less prominent place than it occupies in the pages of many ecclesiastical writers. In the New Testament it is nowhere commanded, nor is it once represented as a necessary means of grace. Undoubtedly it is a duty to observe a far greater moderation and temperance in matters of food and drink than is ordinarily practised, and there are few who would not derive benefit from an abstinence which fully meets the ordinary definitions of ecclesiastical fasting. On the other hand, it is to be feared that many take a mistaken view of its value and meritoriousness; that they carry it to extremes which are detrimental to their work and usefulness, and that (as saints have confessed, and as physiologists are well aware) it acts on many temperaments as a direct stimulus to bodily temptations, instead of as a means of controlling them. When the latter is the case, it is surely better to substitute for physical fasting some other form of self-denial which is directly conducive to our own spiritual health and to the good of others.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* the Archdeacon deals with the same subject. He says :—

We daily pray "Lead us not into temptation," and we have no right to practise any form of fasting which only makes our temptations more severe, while it makes us less able to resist them. No injunction either of Scripture or of the Church requires us to subject our bodies, which are the instruments of our souls, to such weakening influences as make us more liable to the assaults of irritability, impurity, and sloth, and less powerful to overcome them. To suppose that we are bidden periodically to adopt this form of self-denial when there are so many other methods of abstinence which are of untold benefit both to ourselves and our neighbours, seems to me to mistake the meaning alike of the Law and of the Gospel. It is to place ourselves on the dizzy pinnacle and cast ourselves down in challenge of the promise that the angels shall bear us up so that we dash not our foot against a stone.

Let me not be mistaken. I advocate habitual moderation, habitual abstinence, constant self-denial, and from some things total abstinence. If there is no mean between the two extremes; if one is compelled to make a choice between the habits of hermits on the one hand, and the hearts "as fat as brawn," of

"Men full of meat whom most God's heart abhors," then I would hold up both hands ten times over for the miserablest Troglodyte of the Sketic Desert, rather than for drunken Nabal or luxurious Dives. But no such choice is forced upon us. And it is possible for us even to enjoy "spare fast which oft with gods doth diet," without extravagances which are the reverse of meritorious—extravagances of which many of the greatest saints from Francis of Assisi down to the Curé d'Ars have repented in their maturer years—and which in themselves constitute rather a hindrance than a help.

THE APOSTACY OF THESE LATIER DAYS.

A LAMENT BY MR. C. H. SPURGEON.

MR. SPURGEON commits to paper some "Thoughts about Church Matters," in the *Sword and the Trowel*, not of a very pleasant description. He says treachery anywhere is detestable, but to be a traitor to the truth would be a crime of high degree. Yet, is not this enormous evil among us so common as to be winked at, and even regarded as a proof of culture? A company of Christian men, regarding certain gospel truths as most worthy of maintenance and propagation, band themselves together, in the name of the Lord Jesus, for that purpose. Along comes a man who would fain be their minister, but who knows in his own soul that he does not believe the truths which form the basis of the fellowship. Nevertheless, he behaves himself subtly, and not only enters that fellowship, but accepts the position and the emolument of their preacher—a preacher of what he does not believe. Once sure of the position, he ridicules the old-fashioned beliefs which are avowed by the society of which he has become the minister. This he does, at first, in private; but by and by he is more bold, and openly declaims against the form of doctrine of which he is a recognised teacher. If this is honest, straightforward dealing, we know nothing about morals. Yet it is being done with impunity. Time was when good men would sooner have died than compromise themselves by seeming to profess faith in what they hold to be error; but this is now regarded as morbid scrupulousness. It would not astonish us to see professing Christians officiating in Mahometan mosques if the Moslem would permit them, and find them a salary. Yet, if a preacher finds himself able to subscribe a creed in which he has no faith he is a villain. A warp or twist in the conscience seems to be the rule in many communities. Either some mental defect has happened to this generation, or else its moral constitution is hard to account for. No doubt we shall be thought "narrow" and "old-fashioned"; but we must still confess that we do not understand the ethics of the broad school in their relation to religious matters. What shall we say of men employed by a Christian denomination to educate its young ministers, who, yet, are not in accord with the fundamentals of that denomination? To us it would seem that a Christian gentleman would decline the post, even if it were pressed upon him, if he did not feel that the statement of faith adopted by the church employing him was his own solemn conviction. Are other bodies of Christians about to follow in the road trodden by the clergy of the Establishment? Will they advance till they out-Herod Herod? Shall we ultimately see the Lion of Arianism lying down with the Ox of Orthodoxy? We are coming alarmingly near to that consummation. To warn and to be condemned for bigotry has been our lot. At any rate, we are clear. If we cannot stop the runaway horses, we have ventured reputation and friendship in the attempt; never regretting the sacrifice, but mourning that it should be in vain. It is for the Lord himself to interpose again in his own time, as He has done in former ages, in the hour of solemn declension. So far, Mr. Spurgeon. The article should be read together with Dr. Joseph Parker's open letter to the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in the *British Weekly* of April 24. We do not know what the Lion of Arianism is doing to the Ox of Orthodoxy, but the Bulls of the Non-conformist Bashan seem to think this the moment for some very vigorous bellowing—at each other. Meanwhile the Evil One, who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, must be having a very good time.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING.

HOW IT CAME AND HOW IT WORKS.

THE House of Representatives last month passed a Bill admitting the territory of Wyoming into the Union as a State, woman suffrage thereby being declared not to be at variance with the constitution of the United States.

Mr. Horace Plunkett, who has had a comparatively long acquaintance with men and things in the territory of Wyoming, discusses in the *Fortnightly Review* how Wyoming came to occupy the privileged position of being the pioneer State in the woman's movement, and gives some interesting information as to a practical working for twenty years of woman's suffrage in that region.

The Bill was carried partly in joke, and partly as a means of advertising the existence of the territory, a purpose which it effected beyond the utmost expectations of its originators.

WOMEN AS JURORS.

At first, women were somewhat apathetic in the exercise of the franchise, but some of the early officials, being strong in the faith, determined to rouse them up by securing the service of women upon juries. This it seems was not satisfactory, but for four years women acted as jurors. The experience thus gained by women in the jury-box was very curious.

Mr. Plunkett says :—

We gather that the women came out of the ordeal with conspicuous honour. On the grand jury they insisted on the enforcement of the laws regulating liquor houses, for the suppression of gambling, and for the observance of Sunday, enactments which the male jurors chose to disregard as altogether unfitted for the circumstances of frontier life.

Contrary to the general belief, the women jurors were much more merciless than the men. According to one authority (to use his own expression), they were "blood-thirsty" :—

He admitted that they were *just*, but denied that they were inclined to temper justice with mercy. When they had an instinctive perception of a man's guilt, no amount of reasoning would alter the impression.

WOMEN AS VOTERS.

Attempts were made to deprive them of the vote, but the Governor vetoed the Repeal Bill, and the two-thirds majority was never obtained to over-ride this veto. Consequently, woman suffrage has become an inseparable part of the State of Wyoming, which has the smallest percentage of illiteracy of any State or territory in the Union. One-third of the electorate is female, and about 80 per cent. go to the poll. Married women vote more than the unmarried, and their influence in elections is said to be distinctly good :—

Corruptibility is not a question of sex, but beyond doubt the purchasable element is a smaller proportion among women than among men.

Women have never run a candidate of their own sex for any office in the State, although every office is open to them. One result of the female vote is that they have legislated, not only against the keepers of houses of ill-fame, but also against the men who patronise them. Woman suffrage, above all, has not resulted in any evil influence upon the family life, nor has it in any way altered the popular view of the marriage-tie. On School Boards where women sit, bribery and corruption are said to be unknown. They have distinctly raised the standard of public morality :—

They will not vote for a man whose *record* is stained as to morality or integrity, and their habitual "scratching of their

tickets," instead of voting the entire party list, displays, I am told on the best authority, a righteous consideration of the fitness of candidates rather than the whims of individual caprice.

As a conclusion to the whole matter, Mr. Plunkett says :—

Never was a political experiment tried under less auspicious circumstances. Yet not one of the predicted evils, and they were many, have marred its history.

HOW WOMEN ARE WORKED TO DEATH.

THE LONG HOURS OF NURSES AND BARMAIDS.

THERE is not a grievance which man suffers which does not fall still more heavily upon woman. The practical outcome of chivalry, Christianity, &c. &c., is that women, when they have to earn their living, are almost always treated worse than men. Being weaker they are trampled on as a matter of course, in the fashion described by two writers in the current number of the *Woman's World*, one deals with the woes of hospital nurses, the other with the miseries of barmaids.

AN EIGHTEEN HOURS DAY FOR NURSES.

A hospital nurse says :—

An eminent provincial surgeon has, without expostulation, seen a woman who has worked from 6.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. without the break of more than half an hour for her hurried meals, resume at 9 p.m. her intercepted labours for twelve hours of night duty. It never seems to have occurred to him that twenty-two and a half hours out of twenty-seven might be deemed excessive for a navy or a docker. In another institution I have known a nurse on duty for *eighteen* hours running for *eight* days, in one foetid atmosphere, wherein she took such meals as she could force down. The exigencies of the case precluded possibility of sleep.

It is the practice of one most accomplished surgeon, after a certain operation in which he is *au fait*, to shut up nurse and patient in impenetrable solitude. For forty-eight, and often sixty hours consecutively, the nurse is left to watch her case minutely, ceaselessly and *sleeplessly*. I have watched its accomplishment, not once or twice merely, but again and again, four, six, and eight times throughout the year.

A whiff of fresh air daily, and a night's sleep, or, in the case of "night duty," very greatly diminished hours, do not seem, from a nurse's standpoint, exorbitant demands. It will be long, I fear, however, before they are universally conceded.

THE GRIEVANCES OF BARMAIDS.

Miss Clementina Black sums up as follows her case for the barmaids :—

They work very long hours—longer even as a rule than those of girls in shops, and this especially is the case with girls working in public-houses. When they work at railway buffets and big restaurants they not infrequently have to walk home at very late hours, which does not happen to shop-girls. They are exposed to great temptation in the matter of drink, in a way that other girls are not; and they are also, unless their employers are careful, apt to be exposed, hardly perhaps to actual insult, but certainly to disrespect at the hands of some classes of customers; and they are certainly also more or less exposed to advances and attentions of a most undesirable character. Again, many girls are subjected to deductions for breakages which naturally arise in the course of business, and which are as much ordinary trade expenses as the outlay on fuel for cooking. In regard to Sunday duty the barmaid generally is worse off than her sister of the shop. She often has to work almost as hard on Sunday as on week-days; in one instance a girl assured a lady known to me that at the provincial station where she worked she had not a whole Sunday off during her six months' stay. In some cases there is, however, no Sunday duty; and in one such we are assured that it is the rule to send the girls out at ten on Sunday morning and not to allow them to return till midnight.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

BY SIR HENRY PARKES.*

IN the *Centennial* (Melbourne, March 5), Sir Henry Parkes treats—first, of the object and limited function of the Melbourne Conference; second, the meaning and very nature of Federation itself.

The object of the Conference was not to frame a Federal Constitution; it was not even to lay down principles on which a Constitution should be framed. The business of the Conference was to consider two questions—

1. Whether the time is come for the union of the Australian Colonies under one Government.
2. The best means of framing the new Constitution.

No men could be chosen by any process of selection who would be more entitled to pronounce the public opinion of the seven colonies on the two pregnant questions stated above. They decided by a unanimous vote—first, that the time is come; second, that the best means of framing the Federal Constitution is by a national convention elected for the purpose by the several Parliaments. That was the work, and the only work, to be done, and the Conference did it with dignity and thoroughness, and with as much authority as any similar body could be held to possess.

My second subject is the full meaning of Federation. In so many words it is the making of Australia into a nation; and nation-making is not work for children or half-hearted men. It is, in fact, the sublimest work on which civilised man can engage. Federation, then, means, in the first place, avoiding, providing against, removing the causes of, the fratricidal animosities and conflicts which are certain to follow here as elsewhere, if we go on in separation and in hostile political action. Secondly, Federation means the life and power of a nation in contrast to those of a colony. It means a place in the family of nations, and a proud place ever increasing in importance before the world. With this nobler status would come a finer stimulus to nobler effort on the part of the people.

It is a fact not to be lightly estimated by the advocates of Federation that nearly every man in the past, of striking ability and forecast, has been a Federalist. Every cause worth living for is worth dying for, if need be; and in this cause of a United Australia men must free themselves from the benumbing hold of their daily pleasures and personal purposes. It must be seen, as Pym and Hampden saw in prospect the regeneration of the English monarchy. In the ranks of the Federalists there is no enemy of any single colony or of any single individual in any colony; "all are for the State"—the one great Australia of the future. On the other hand, it is hard to distinguish between the anti-Federalist and the Provincialist. If not for Union, where is the ground on which Australians can take their stand, except for disunion, dissension, disaffection, perpetual dissatisfaction and turmoil, aggression and reprisal, and, in the long run, border anarchy? Australia as one, or Australia torn to pieces: one or the other for one and for all. These are the only alternatives.

* In the Sydney House of Assembly, on April 30, Sir Henry Parkes gave notice that on May 7 he would move a series of resolutions expressing concurrence in the resolutions of the Federation Conference held in Melbourne last February, and proposing the appointment of New South Wales delegates to a National Australasian Convention empowered to consider and report upon an adequate scheme for a Federal Constitution for the Australian colonies, and requiring that the Constitution adopted by such a Convention be submitted for approval to the New South Wales Parliament.

DO THE AMERICANS READ BOOKS?

NOT AS MANY AS THE ENGLISH. ALAS!

MR. O. B. BUNCE in the *North American Review* for April explodes a popular delusion that the Americans read and buy more books than the English. When the American publisher hears that there are twenty readers of books in America to one in England he wistfully asks himself where are they? The evidence on the surface, says Mr. Bunce, is all the other way.

BOOKS THAT SELL IN AMERICA.

He finds the English literary journals teeming with announcements, he sees English houses ceaselessly producing volumes which would soon ruin any American publisher that should put his capital in them; and wonders again where the great body of American readers is to be found. For books of science, for standard histories, for books of information, there is considerable demand; but for books of imagination, outside of fiction, books strictly intellectual in character, books that come distinctly under the name of literature, there are very few buyers indeed. One of our great publishing houses fortifies itself with its periodicals, another with its school-books and cyclopædias, another with a great printing establishment; but no house can stand alone in the field of belle-lettres and survive. The houses that have attempted it have gone by. There is a public that devours the newspapers; there is a public that buys the magazines, sometimes mainly for the pictures; there is a public that idles over the last sensational novel; but the public that exhibits a genuine taste for higher reading, and is ready to welcome productions of genius in this field, is very limited.

THREE TESTS OF COMPARISON.

He goes into the matter very thoroughly and takes the test, first of all the comparison between the profits of authors in England and in the United States. Nothing of Longfellow, Mrs. Stowe, General Wallace, E. P. Roe, can compare for a moment with the sums paid to Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, George Eliot and Tennyson. Then, again, the number of advertisements of new books in the literary journals of the two countries show that there is five or six times as much literary activity in England as there is in America. As a third test, Mr. Bunce compares the sales to the libraries of the two countries. The total purchase of books by all the circulating libraries in the United States make but a paltry show by the side of Mr. Mudie's splendid orders. He thinks that the English library system with a large body of readers has been the foundation of much of our literary activity, whereas editions of books actually become smaller as libraries multiply in America. Mudie will buy more copies of high-priced books, even more than are sold at a lower price to the American public. Of Darwin's *Biography* the sale in England at double the price of the American edition was twice as large. The only books of which the Americans take more than the English are encyclopædias and dictionaries.

THE HIDEOUSNESS OF AMERICAN BOOKS.

The absence of a taste for good books is, Mr. Bunce thinks, due partly to the hideousness of the American book. 'In one thing we do, indeed, evince a great supremacy; for no nation equals us in a knowledge of the arts of how to make a book hideous. We need cheap and neat editions of standard authors, such as are produced in England, and for new publications an extended and thorough circulating-library system.'

In the same review Helen Marshall North asks "What Americans Read," the sum and substance of which is that they read nothing but the newspapers, "The American drinks the lees of literature while the rich sparkling wine is left untasted." "Attractive histories, powerful fiction, studies in political economy, the latest discoveries of the scientist, the development of art, and the progress in the religious world—all these are sealed treasures to the newspaper devotee."

A WOMAN'S PLEA FOR DIVORCE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH C. STANTON.

In the *Westminster Review* last month Miss Chapman protested against all divorce, and boldly challenged conclusions with Milton. In the *Arena* for the same month Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton, in an article entitled "Divorce versus Domestic Warfare," advocates exactly the opposite thesis, pleading for unlimited freedom for divorce. Mrs. Stanton starts, however, from some excellent principles, the first of which is that before any legislation is undertaken upon this subject the wife and the mother must have a direct voice in the halls of the Legislature. Her second good point is that the first step towards the realisation of ideal marriage is to educate our sons and daughters as to the responsibility of parenthood. "I would have them give at least as much thought to the creation of an immortal being as the artist gives to his landscape or statue." And she complains that to "the conception and antenatal development of the living child not one soulful thought is given." Even Darwin, she remarks, was almost criminally oblivious in his own case to the well-known laws of physiology. Mrs. Stanton enters upon more debatable ground when she declares that all laws that do not recognise the equality in the relation of husband and wife should be null and void. Companionship and conscientious parenthood are the only true motives for marriage, and if the relation brings out the worst characteristics of each party, so far from it being a holy relation it is not a desirable one. "If then the real object of marriage is defeated, it is for the interest of the state, as well as the individual concerned, to see that all such pernicious unions be legally dissolved." As against the doctrine of indissolubility of marriage Mrs. Stanton affirms the unity of marriage and asserts that so disastrous is disunity that where it exists every encouragement to divorce ought to be given. Divorce should be made respectable, recognised as a duty as well as a right. Marriage should be dissoluble by consent on a simple declaration by the parties concerned that the experiment had failed, that they were unsuited to each other, and were incapable of making a happy home. A new type of womanhood has, Mrs. Stanton thinks, been developed, demanding larger freedom in the marriage relation, justice and equality under the law; and the rapidly-increasing number of divorces, so far from showing a lower state of morals, proves exactly the reverse. It is the struggle of womanhood towards a higher ideal, a protest against a slavery that has become intolerable. Mrs. Stanton throws out one challenge of which we shall probably hear more. She recommends every rational person discussing this subject to gauge the moral status of the divorced people they know, and see if they do not compare favourably with the best men and women of their acquaintance. She declares that she knows two dozen divorced people "all as moral and gifted men and women as I ever knew."

"THE TERRIBLE SECRET OF JAPAN."

French thought seems to be much more alive than ours to the great fact of the gradual opening to Western influences of the closed countries of the East, and *à propos* of the discussions of the Labour Conference of Berlin, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu consecrates one of his somewhat severe but fully informed articles, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to a survey of the actual industrial condition of Japan. M. Leroy-Beaulieu views the whole problem naturally enough from the standpoint of the influence which the East is likely to have upon the West. His article is crammed with facts and figures, and the deductions which he draws from them indicate a very interesting situation.

IS CREMATION ANTI-CHRISTIAN.

THE PAPAL VIEW OF THE CASE.

THE Dukes of Westminster and Bedford, and other notables who are taking a leading part in the erection of Crematoria in this country, had better not read the *Dublin Review* for the current quarter, for the ninth article in that excellent, orthodox, and catholic periodical sets forth, with all the authority of the editor, backed up by the decree of the Pope himself, the condemnation pronounced by the Holy Roman and Papal Inquisition upon the practice of cremation. Cremation, says the article, quoting from a papal decree, is a detestable practice; it is a Pagan custom which is being revived by evil men belonging to the Masonic sect. The reviewer begins at the beginning and goes on piling up the agony page after page, until at the end the reader is left with a vague feeling that cremation, on the whole, is somewhat worse than body-snatching, and almost on a par with cannibalism. The teaching alike of the Synagogue and the Church, the example of the patriarchs of the old law and the saints of the new, and even of the Redeemer of mankind Himself, are pressed alike into the service of the case in favour of the time-honoured custom of earth-sepulture.

The burial of the dead has in Christian times always ranked among the corporal works of mercy on equal terms with those performed for the benefit of the living. Tertullian describes obsequies by fire as "most atrocious." The popes in all time have regarded the duty of protecting the corpse against dismemberment or mutilation, or other rough handling, as only second to the duty of preventing the conversion of living creatures into corpses. Earth burial was practised in patriarchal ages, in apostolic times, and not only by the Catholic Church, but by every denomination of Christians throughout the world.

The true object of the Masonic body, says the reviewer, which is disguised under the cloak of hygienic considerations, is to use cremation in order to obliterate the sentiment of reverence, to remove the fear of death, that great fulcrum of religion!

The conclusion of the whole matter is thus set forth:—

Thus condemned by the intuitive religion of the heart, as well as by the tradition of the divinely taught depositaries of revealed truth from the beginning of the world, cremation is now denounced by a decree of the Church, unmistakably enunciated. Its position is clearly defined henceforth as a perversion originally sprung from heathen error in those who had not known the light, and now revived by the worse prevarication of those who have rejected it. It comes to them recommended by its far-breathed perfume of Paganism, derived from the days when men worshipped the elemental fire-god on Syrian heights, and handed down through the practice of other nations, who had forgotten that early faith while inheriting its forms. Raked out from the lumber-room of history by those who adopt neither from creed nor custom, it is symbolical of the retrograde character of a philosophy which boasts of leading the van of progress, yet reverts to the primal age of the world to seek a weapon against Christianity in the cast-off trappings of effete superstitions. But to the Catholic who takes his teaching from the unwavering ray that alone leads onward and upward, cremation stands thrice condemned—by the instinct of nature, by the dictate of prudence, and by the decision of the Church.

WHO IS TO BE MR. GLADSTONE'S SUCCESSOR?

QUERY—DR. JOSEPH PARKER ?

In the *Homiletic Monthly* for April Joseph Parker, D.D., writes as follows on the Liberal leadership:—We may take it that with one great exception Mr. Gladstone's political vision has closed, and that the question of successorship may be discussed without incurring the charge of precipitancy or ingratitude. But before we can determine the Liberal leadership we must determine the Liberal programme. In the new Liberal programme I would call for a draft or tendency, rather than for detail. For example, a large policy with regard to land tenure I hold to be essential to any policy likely to rouse the deepest interest in the party of progress. Religious equality, rather than disestablishment, must be the watchword of the Liberal party. The Democratic settlement of social questions must be accepted as a general principle. Apart from names, I would describe the leader who is wanted as an upright, patriotic, clear-headed man, who knows the art of taking counsel and the wisdom of working by averages. I should not make eloquence a *sine qua non*, nor academic repute, nor even the cunning use of equivocation. I quite think that lying has had chance enough, and has signally failed. Sir William Harcourt is brilliant, but Sir William could not lead the policy which I have outlined. No joker could lead the new age. Sir William is brilliant, but is Sir William sincere? There are policies which Mr. John Morley could lead with immense advantage; but Mr. Morley is not the man to lead such a programme as I think the Liberal party ought now to adopt. A leader must understand men. A leader must be blind, deaf and dumb two-thirds of his time. A leader must not work toilsomely as if preparing for an examination; his mental action must be spontaneous; his moral sympathies must glow with religious zeal. I expose myself to the charge of narrow-mindedness when I submit that only a deeply religious man can lead the new Liberal policy. I do not mean a church-goer or a chapel-goer, or a nominal professor of this or that particular theological creed; I mean a man who has deep religious convictions, and whose morality is inspired and sustained not by motives of prudence but by motives of eternal righteousness.

I close as I began, by submitting that whoever may be the man to lead us, we should distinctly inform him as to the lines along which we have determined to move.

A FRENCH VIEW OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It is hardly surprising that a French critic of the "Problems of Greater Britain" should object to the dictum that the future destinies of the world belong to the Anglo-Saxon, the Russian, and the Chinese races, while France and Germany are before the end of the next century to descend to the position of mere pigmies. The patriotism which can take such a view is, in the opinion of M. de Flaix, who reviews Sir Charles Dilke's book in the *Nouvelle Revue* somewhat excessive, not to say outrageous, and Frenchman who has no faith in the system which will improve him off the face of the earth, he ventures to suggest a combination differing in some essential particulars from that which is so flattering to British self-love. There are at present fifty millions of Frenchmen, and, including the peoples of Austria, eighty millions of Germans in Europe. The other peoples who have been disposed of with a stroke of the pen, swell this total to 230 millions. Granting an ordinary rate of increase, they will, before the end of the next century, form a rich and compact group of 320 millions; the force of circumstances will weld them together, and it is presumable that they will

hold Europe and South America successfully against the invading Anglo-Saxon. M. de Flaix comments rather bitterly on the anti-French tone of the book, exaggerating it a good deal, and describing the two volumes as a long indictment of France. He puts his finger on the real point of weakness in the forecast of British greatness, when he says that before the end of the next century the disintegration of the English empire may have been accomplished.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says some genial things about his innumerable correspondents, with which every one who figures conspicuously before the public will heartily sympathise. He says:—

As it is extremely onerous, and is soon going to be impossible, for me to keep up the wide range of correspondence which has become a large part of my occupation, and tends to absorb all the vital force which is left me, I wish to enter into a final explanation with the well-meaning but merciless taskmasters who have now for many years been levying their daily tax upon me. I have preserved thousands of their letters, and destroyed a very large number, after answering most of them. A few interesting chapters might be made out of the letters I have kept—not only such as are signed by the names of well-known personages, but many from unknown friends, of whom I had never heard before and have never heard since. A great deal of the best writing the languages of the world have ever known has been committed to leaves that withered out of sight before a second sunlight had fallen upon them. I have had many letters I should have liked to give the public, had their nature admitted of their being offered to the world. What struggles of young ambition, finding no place for its energies, or feeling its incapacity to reach the ideal towards which it was striving! What longings of disappointed, defeated fellow-mortals, trying to find a new home for themselves in the heart of one whom they have amiably idealized! And oh, what hopeless efforts of mediocrities and inferiorities, believing in themselves as superiorities, and stumbling on through limping disappointments to prostrate failure!

But how many charming and refreshing letters I have received! How often I have felt their encouragement in moments of doubt and depression, such as the happiest temperaments must sometimes experience! If the time comes when to answer all my kind unknown friends, even by dictation, is impossible, or more than I feel equal to, I wish to refer any of those who may feel disappointed at not receiving an answer to the following general acknowledgments:—

1. I am always grateful for any attention which shows me that I am kindly remembered. 2. Your pleasant message has been read to me, and has been thankfully listened to. 3. Your book, your essay, your poem, has reached me safely, and has received all the respectful attention to which it seemed entitled. It would take more than all the time I have at my disposal to read all the printed matter and all the manuscripts which are sent to me, and you would not ask me to attempt the impossible. You will not, therefore, expect me to express a critical opinion of your work. 4. I am deeply sensible to your expressions of personal attachment to me as the author of certain writings which have brought me very near to you, in virtue of some affinity in our ways of thought and moods of feeling. Although I cannot keep up correspondences with many of my readers who seem to be thoroughly congenial with myself, let them be assured that their letters have been read or heard with peculiar gratification, and are preserved as precious treasures.

Let the writer of a truly loving letter, such as greets one from time to time, remember that, though he never hears a word from it, it may prove one of the best rewards of an anxious and laborious past, and the stimulus of a still aspiring future.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

AT CARLYLE'S GRAVE.

ZITELLA COCKE contributes to the *New Englander* a sonnet on her visit to Ecclefechan Churchyard :—

I stood by Carlyle's grave: the speedwell's bloom—
A gentle, blue-eyed darling fitly named—
Had struggled thro' the earth, and o'er the famed
And sacred dust, unfrighted by the gloom
Of Death, smiled in the face of mortal doom,
Like eyes in Paradise; and so methought,
That midst the strife this giant Thor hath wrought,
With hammer high uplifted, crying: "Room
For Truth,"—fierce and relentless to the wrong,
With thunder crushing out falsehood and sham—
The flowers of patient hope and love will grow
And richly blossom, fair to see and strong
To comfort fainting hearts that weary go
On life's rough journey, with a holy calm.

In *Good Words* there is a quaint little poem by A. H. Begbie, on the death of Susie, a little girl of sixteen. What does her death mean? asks the poet:—

Listen! God fashioned a house—He said
"Build it with care;"
Then softly laid the soul of a maid
To dwell in there.
It grew, I say, as your lilies grow,
Tender and tall;
Till God smiled, "Now, the house is too low
For the child, and small."
And gently He shut the shutters one night,
And closed the door;
"More room and more light to walk upright
On a Father's floor."
More room and more light for the maid you know—
Only sixteen;
And, on God's High Row, where angels go,
She smiles between.

IMMORTALITY BEFORE AND AFTER.

In the *Century* Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich touches upon the problem of pre-existence as follows:—

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

I LIKE YOU AND I LOVE YOU.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes winds up his May dissertation in the *Atlantic Monthly* by the following verses:—

I LIKE YOU met I LOVE YOU, face to face;
The path was narrow, and they could not pass.
I LIKE YOU smiled; I LOVE YOU cried, Alas!
And so they halted for a little space.
"Turn thou and go before," I LOVE YOU said,
"Down the green pathway, bright with many a flower;
Deep in the valley, lo! my bridal bower
Awaits thee." But I LIKE YOU shook his head.
Then while they lingered on the span-wide shelf
That shaped a pathway round the rocky ledge,
I LIKE YOU bared his icy dagger's edge,
And first he slew I LOVE YOU,—then himself.

WALT WHITMAN'S LATEST "SONG."

In the *Century*, Walt Whitman emits the following "Twilight Song" for unknown buried soldiers, North and South:—

As I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak-flame,
Musing on long-past war-scenes—of the countless buried unknown soldiers,
Of the vacant names, as unindented air's and sea's—the unreturn'd,
The brief truce after battle, with grim burial-squads, and the deep-filled trenches
Of gather'd dead from all America, North, South, East, West, whence they came up,
From wooded Maine, New England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,
From the measureless West, Virginia, the South, the Carolinas, Texas;
(Even here in my room-shadows and half-lights, in the noiseless, flickering flames,
Again I see the stalwart ranks on-filing, rising—I hear the rhythmic tramp of the armies);
You million unwrit names, all, all—you dark bequest from all the war,
A special verse for you—a flash of duty long neglected—your mystic roll strangely gather'd here,
Each name recall'd by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,
Henceforth to be, deep, deep, within my heart, recording, for many a future year,
Your mystic roll entire of unknown names, or North or South, Embalm'd with love in this twilight song.

ENGLAND: AN ODE BY MR. SWINBURNE.

The most ambitious poem in the May magazines is the sonorous ode of twenty-one swinging stanzas which Mr. Swinburne has contributed to the *United Service Magazine* in praise of England. A candidate in training for a poet laureateship could hardly have chosen an apter theme. Sometimes the long lashing line labours heavily with the weight of words, and not unfrequently the strain of eulogy becomes overstrained and false. There is no simplicity and too much brag. Now and then Mr. Swinburne breaks out into more natural verse, as when he sings of "Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand, Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust"; but his prayer that our hate may change not grates somewhat harshly upon the ear.

RETURNING HOME: BY MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

Mr. Alfred Austin, having spent the winter in Italy, celebrates in verse in the *National Review* his return to his native land. There are some lines which will give Mr. Austin's enemy cause to blaspheme:—

Though fresh from lands
Where soft seas heave on slumbering strands,
And soft winds moistened by the south
Seem kisses from an infant's mouth,
My northern blood exults to face
The rapture of this rough embrace,
Glowing in every vein to feel
The cordial caress of steel
From spear-blue air and sword-blue sea,
The armour of your liberty.
Braced by the manly air, I reach
My soul out to the approaching beach,
And own, the instant I arrive,
The dignity of being alive!

Mr. Alfred Austin, no doubt, is a good traveller, but the sensations of "reaching one's soul out," to the approaching beach, and feeling once more "the dignity of being alive," is a phenomenon by no means confined to poets. Most persons suffering from *mal de mer* have felt just like that, although they have never put it into rhyme.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE current number of the *Edinburgh Review* is almost exclusively devoted to history. Of its ten articles, at least seven are historical; one is political, and of the other two, one is devoted to Mr. Swinburne's Lyrics, and the other to Velasquez. The most important article, that dealing with the growth of Catholicism in the United States, is dealt with elsewhere. The first place in the *Review* is devoted to the last of a series of articles on the four Whig Prime Ministers who held office in the first part of the present century. It deals with Lord Melbourne, and is a very competent piece of workmanship. Two-thirds of the article is made up of extracts from Lord Melbourne's papers, but the scissors and paste work is deftly done, and the whole essay is very readable.

AN ESTIMATE OF LORD MELBOURNE.

In the opinion of the Edinburgh reviewer—

The student of character who regards the man and not the politician, will find him far more worthy of study than many statesmen who have filled a larger space for a longer time in the public eye. His originality, his broad and liberal spirit, his insight into men and things, his ripe experience, give him a place, if we also bear in mind his political position, of a unique kind.

The reviewer thinks that the lesson which stands out most prominently from the study of the careers of Granville, Grey, and Melbourne, is that one of the essential attributes of a Prime Minister should be a long-continued knowledge of foreign affairs. This, he thinks, is more than ever important in this democratic age. After eulogising Lord Melbourne's tact and prudence, he pays a high tribute to his enormous learning and his literary talent. It is, however, perhaps going a little too far to say that "if ambition or want had impelled him to adopt the career of a man of letters, he would have rivalled Charles Lamb as an essayist; might have been Sainte Beuve of English literature; and his aphorisms would have placed him by the side of La Rochefoucauld!

A VINDICATION OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.

The most interesting article in the *Review* is devoted to Mr. Bury's history of the later Roman Empire. The reviewer holds that Mr. Bury, although attempting one of the most formidable of tasks in the rehabilitation of the reputation of the Byzantine Empire, has performed his task with ability, impartiality, and justice. It will almost seem as if, in reaction from the excessive depreciation of Gibbon, the pendulum were about to swing about as violently in the opposite direction. We are now told that the leading characters of the later Roman Empire may challenge comparison even with those of the Republic.

The chapter of Byzantine art is contributed by Mrs. Bury, who seems to be almost as capable as her husband, judging from the following extract:—

By an ideally perfect division of conjugal labour, which one might wish were more frequent, the chapter on this subject is a contribution to Mr. Bury's history by his wife. So far as it goes, Mrs. Bury's essay does her much credit. It proves her possession of artistic knowledge, together with a refined and cultivated taste, and—which is perhaps a still rarer faculty—the power of presenting her conclusions in a literary form, which combines sight with lucidity.

LORD CARNARVON'S LORD CHESTERFIELD AND PRINCESS LIEVEN'S LORD GREY.

Among the minor articles in the *Review* there is one in praise of Lord Carnarvon's recent addition to our knowledge of Lord Chesterfield. The reviewer says that:—

Lord Carnarvon's volume does in a manner bring him back to life. It gives something more to what was known of him; it exhibits him in the pleasing relation of a kind teacher and monitor to a child; it somewhat raises him as a moralist and a critic; and it adds an interesting page to the memoirs of the eighteenth century.

Another article deals with the correspondence of Princess Lieven, over which the reviewer solemnly shakes his head in the following passage:—

But we cannot lay down these volumes without noticing, on general grounds, the indiscretion, not to say impropriety, of an intimacy between a leading British Minister and the intelligent female agent of a foreign power, to whom things are related which would not be addressed to a man. We have seen more recent examples of similar confidences on a far meaner scale and with more objectionable results. In the case now before us nothing comes to light which is not strictly honourable to both parties.

Readers are mercifully left to fill in from their own imagination who are those persons thus darkly alluded to.

There are two articles dealing with the French; one "Henri de Rohan and the Huguenot Wars," and the other, "Talleyrand and Napoleon the First."

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

The writer of "Federation or Independence" reviews Sir Charles Dilke's book, and in an article which owes what little interest it possesses to the fact that it represents a reflection of that work, on a mind of average intelligence with a fair share of Unionist prejudices. He gives a very uncertain sound, but after relieving himself by eulogising Mr. Balfour's Bill he ventures upon the following prediction:—

Thus, whilst in Australia, in America, and in Africa the tendency to confederate and to consolidate will surely strengthen with advancing years, at home there is every prospect that the attempt to break up the Parliamentary union of the three kingdoms will end, as such attempts have hitherto ended, in complete failure.

THE SCOTTISH REVIEW.

THE Scottish reviewers, and I suppose the Scottish readers, are too ponderously learned for us poor Southrons. It is creditable indeed that a quarterly so profound can find an appreciative public somewhere in the United Kingdom.

PROFESSOR RHYS ON HIS P'S AND Q'S.

The Oxford Professor of Celtic begins his publication of the Rhind Lectures on Archæology on the Early Ethnology of the British Isles and more especially of Scotland. He divides the Celts in that family into two groups, which he labels as P and Q, the P's being not such pure Aryans as the Q's. The articles must be read in full; it is impossible to do more here than merely mention their general purport.

THE NILE AND ITS WORK.

A posthumous paper by the late Mr. Francis Conder describes the work which the Nile has done and is being made to do in Egypt. Immense as this work is, Mr. Conder would make the river do more work still. His last words are :—

We hope to be pardoned for expressing the idea that by offering to the sovereigns of Egypt such an extension of the cultivable area as would be obtained by the re-fertilisation of Nubia, and the establishment of the best barrier against fanatical invasion from the south by the increase of a prosperous and contented peasantry, the Anglo-Indian engineers may lay a basis for treaty arrangements as to the permanent relations of the Court of St. James with those of Constantinople and of Cairo, with which no European power would have any just pretension to interfere.

Mr. S. G. Heatherly, proto-presbyter of the Patriarchal Œcumenical Throne of Constantinople, contributes a most erudite article on Coptic Ecclesiastical Music. As he is probably the only Englishman who could write such an article, criticism is lost in respectful admiration.

THE UNIVERSITY OF FINLAND.

The writer of the elaborate comparison between the Universities of Finland and of Edinburgh must surely be Mr. Nicolson of St. Petersburg. He compares the University of Finland with the Scottish Metropolitan High School: first, in regard to their teaching faculty; second, in regard to the rewards they offer to their alumni; and finally, in the spirit and ideal in which they are worked. The reviewer tells us that—

The truth is, our universities, in vainly attempting to conjoin the work of the foreign gymnasium and university (may we not almost say of the elementary school?), fail to do either efficiently. The highest part of the university is wanting. Without providing for the future equipment of its own chairs, the highest function of the University is not fulfilled. As a High School, it is deficient in what ought to be its loftiest aim and end. In our Finnish University, the students who are called to fill the docentships, and extraordinary professorships, are the very flower of its culture, the noblest fruits of its strivings after the aim and ideal of a University. They give body and character to its life, and show that its aspirations after the highest scholarship, culture and science, are not in vain. But in Edinburgh—and not in Edinburgh alone—the ideal, the noblest flowers and fruitage of the University are sacrificed.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE first article in the *Quarterly*, is entitled, "The Modern French Novel." As it concludes by postponing the treatment of all modern French novels to next quarter, the title is rather a misnomer. The article, however, is very interesting, and from the literary point of view, one of the best in the Reviews. The only authors with whom it deals are, Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, and Théophile Gautier. The reviewer regards Jean Jacques Rousseau as "the father of all the dramatic literature in prose which has as its most remarkable outcome the modern French novel." Romanticism and realism are phases of the same movement which has as its principle from first to last a desire to delineate life as it appears to the national French imagination. Their romance is the auto-biography of the nation. . . . The fact that Mr. Murray, the publisher of "The Viking Age," is also the publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, probably accounts for the fact that the review of M. du Chaillu's book is copiously illustrated with woodcuts from that author's monumental work. Really, if we go on at this rate, there will not be one unillustrated periodical left in our literature.

BUDDHISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

The review of Sir Monier Williams' "Buddhism" attempts to discriminate between the good and the evil of that religious system, and concludes with a very carefully-drawn contrast and parallel between the two religions of eastern and western Asia. Buddhism, says the reviewer, was false in its foundation, being based upon the doctrine that existence is necessarily bad, which is the exact contrary to the central truth of morality, and false in its aim, both in theory and in practice. Yet although false from start to finish, it has embraced much that is true, attractive, and ennobling. This, the reviewer accounts for by the personal character of its founder. Judged by its works, both in motive and in sanction, it has next to nothing to offer, Buddhist nations, having only a varnish of good humour and good temper over extreme untruthfulness, and shocking indifference to purity together with great spitefulness and cruelty. The vital distinction, however, between Christianity and Buddhism is that Christianity brings to man power from on high, which Buddhism does not. Hence Christianity, is to Buddhism what an engine is to a treatise on mechanics.

Contrast this estimate with the following in Mr. Forster's article in the current number of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly* :

Its precepts are those of the universal religion. In spite of its incrustations of priestcraft and statecraft, its errors of theology or non-theology, there yet remains at its core that leaven of righteousness which leaveneth the whole lump.

DARWIN'S SUCCESSOR.

An article on "The Beginning and the End of Life" is devoted to the careful examination of the startling doctrine of the immortality of the germ plasm, and the impossibility of influencing it by any qualities acquired by the individual who passes on the germ plasm to his descendants. This doctrine, which is rejected by the *Quarterly* reviewer, has been brought into prominence by the remarkable book of Prof. Weismann, of Freiburg.

A CATHEDRAL FOR SOUTH LONDON.

THE article on St. Saviour's, Southwark describes the history of the old Minster church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, for the restoration of which the writer pleads with much fervour. Rochester Cathedral is "absolutely and inevitably useless" as a rallying point for the forces of the Church of England, hence the need for developing St. Saviour's into a cathedral for South London, which is to be the working centre of Anglicanism south of the Thames, in touch with the people grimy with the London smoke and its stones worn by the feet of the London poor. . . . The article upon Sophocles is a review of Prof. Jebb's edition of "Sophocles," of which it declares is a "splendid example of the work that can be done by the English school of classics at its best, an ideal to be aimed at by other scholars, and a model of what the editing of classics in England ought to be." . . . The article upon "The French in Italy and their Imperial Project" describes the policy of France under Charles the Sixth from 1309 to 1415—a policy under which the French endeavoured to establish a monarchy in Europe upon the basis of French dominion in Italy.

NO HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

THE article upon the Parliamentary position of Scotland is a vigorous and telling plea against the extension of Home Rule north of the Tweed. The reviewer's thesis is, first, that Scotland is not inhabited by one nation, but by two, diverse in language, race, tradition, custom and creed. Scotland has its separate system of

laws, it is true, and is Presbyterian instead of Episcopalian; but political folly never conceived anything more fatuous than that of basing a national government upon such a narrow basis. The reviewer scouts the idea that the Scots are Radicals at heart, and he implores the Scotch, if they must be radical, to select their own type of Radicalism, and to repudiate the exotic Radicalism which has too much hold south of the Tweed. The story of the Parliamentary movement in favour of Scotch Home Rule is told with partisan vigour, the reviewer declaring that it had failed to make a single convert whose judgment deserves attention and whose influence is considerable.

GREATER BRITAIN.

The review of Sir George Bowen's "Thirty Years of Colonial Government," and Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain," affords us a rapid view of the condition at the present time of the English-speaking countries of the world. The reviewer declares that no matter what the growth of other races, the English language, by the strength of the English genius, is destined to overwhelm all others throughout the civilized world. As to the future, he thinks that the only possible fabric for Imperial Federation must be reared upon the basis of an arrangement of consistent plans for supporting British rule in all the component parts of the Empire.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

THE John Morris, of the Society of Jesus, writes on "Jesuits and Seculars in the Reign of Elizabeth," which is interesting chiefly from the criticism which the Jesuit of to-day finds it necessary to pass upon Father Persons, the Jesuit of the sixteenth century, who actively intrigued in order to bring about a Spanish Conquest of England. It is true, as far as the Mr. Morris says, that no less a man than the Blessed John Fisher, was very anxious to inaugurate a Spanish invasion in the time of Henry VIII.; but that only proves that men may be beatified and placed in the calendar who are very poor patriots.

Another article of a similar nature is that devoted to a glorification of Bloody Queen Mary. "More than any other Tudor," says J. M. Stone, the writer of the article in question, "Mary had the interest of the people at heart, and was willing to sacrifice everything to them, saving her conscience and her honour."

Rev. James Halpin contributes an article on "Temperance Legislation," which pleads strongly for prohibition. The United Kingdom Alliance will probably reproduce this in tract form, and they certainly might do worse. It sets forward the case in favour of the direct popular veto with considerable effect.

Buddhism is very much to the fore this month and the *Dublin Review*, like the other quarterlies, has something to say on Primitive Buddhism. The subject is introduced by Professor Colinet, who contributed the first part on this subject to this *Review* as far back as 1888. The article is almost purely expository. "The Early History of the Mass," "The Typical Character of the Covenant Sacrifice," and "Were there Four Months before the Harvest?"—an examination of John iv. 35, are articles too theological and ecclesiastical to be dealt with here. "Irishmen in the French Revolution" is an interesting chapter in the history of the Irish race in foreign lands. The subsidiary notices are very cleverly done. The only other article, which is upon "Cremation," is dealt with elsewhere.

"SUBJECTS OF THE DAY."

MR. JAMES SAMUELSON has hit upon a good idea, and rather spoilt it in the execution. Messrs. Routledge, in publishing a new quarterly review upon current topics, called *Subjects of the Day*, have fallen between two stools; they have not made a book of it, neither have they made it a magazine in the general acceptance of that term. It would be a very valuable book if it had a cloth back; it would then be a useful work of reference for the library shelves; it is, in reality, a bundle of pamphlets relating to one subject, stitched together instead of being bound; and if Mr. Samuelson is not above taking a hint, he will issue the next number in plain cloth covers.

This first number is devoted to considerations of "State Education for the People," and is solid enough to satisfy a German professor. We give, on another page, a complete list of the contents. The liveliest article is Mrs. Crawford's, which is very characteristic, a kind of glorified *Truth's* Paris Letter on the position of women from the days of Tacitus to those of Miss Balgarnie. The following is the editor's own summary of the scope of his first number, which explains better than anything we could say what he proposes to do, and the method in which he carries it out:—

We propose first to treat of the influence exerted by Western education upon the destiny of nations still living under ancient forms of civilisation, and as a typical illustration we have selected our own great Eastern Dependency, India. Next, we shall deal with the subject as it presents itself in the educational systems of the United Kingdom, and shall then glance at and compare it with those of Continental States, and with the great Republic across the Atlantic. In connection with the latter we believe the reader will find many new and interesting facts not generally known to Englishmen. Two or three subsidiary phases of the question will then be examined, commercial, technical, and female education; and if the forthcoming Education Code has been introduced into Parliament and has assumed a sufficiently definite form, an account of its main features will be appended, and some general conclusions on the whole subject will be summarised for the guidance of our readers.

The Review consists of 176 pages, and is completed by a comprehensive index and useful bibliography on the subject of Education.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE article on "The Real Cause of Prince Bismarck's Retirement," has nothing in it, except the title. All the reviewer says is that when two men ride on one horse, one man must ride behind, and as Prince Bismarck insisted upon keeping the first place, he had to be spilled, and was spilled accordingly.

Mr. Adolphus Trollope, in an article entitled, "Was I also Hypnotised?" gives his spiritualistic experiences, which, however, contains nothing that is not perfectly familiar to those who have studied this phenomenon. The only notable remark Mr. Trollope makes, is that with which he concludes his article. The subject, he says, in Mr. Aidé's words, "Was a puzzle to us then, and has remained a puzzle to at least one of us ever since. For myself, however, I may add that I do not think it will very long continue to be so completely one." Mr. Trollope is now a very old man.

The article on "The Persian Chaucer," by Mrs. Chas. Pickering, refers to Hakâm Farîdu 'd-din-Muhammed, the blind singer of Bukhârâ, who yields only to Firdausi himself as the father and formative spirit of the poets of Persia.

Mr Leonard West writes in a sympathetic, but rather inadequate article, on "The ~~First~~ Year of our County

Council. The new institution, this Conservative authority is constrained to admit, has worked very well, so well that he does not look askance at the proposal to give the County Council control of their own police.

"Dancing as a Fine Art," is written in a lively and pleasant manner by Mr. Rowbotham.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's contribution "Music Hall Land," is realistic and faithful.

Mrs. Fenwick Miller suddenly breaks out in a new place, and discovers in the Hive of the Bees a model of a socialistic community. Here is her description of the realisation of socialistic ideal in the hive.

The almost total extinction of the male sex, the reduction of the vast majority of the female sex to the position of mere toilers for offspring not their own, the rigid limitation of motherhood to selected females, and the denial to them of any other function, the obligation on every individual of untiring, incessant, exhausting toil, rewarded only by the bare necessities of existence—an obligation enforced we do not know how, but so rigorously carried out that the bulk of each generation dies at a quarter of the normal length of life solely from overwork—the pitiless murder of the sick and useless; such are the conditions of existence in the one successful Socialistic community thoroughly known to us.

It is high time that Mrs. Miller should set on foot an eight hour movement in favour of the bees.

Captain Goldsmith, writing on "The Newfoundland Fishery Question," declares that the difficulty with France must be met either in the form of compensation as a direct purchase or by an exchange of something for these treaty rights. They never should have had birth; but they exist, and we cannot repudiate them."

THE CONTEMPORARY.

THE May number is a good, solid average one.

SIR GAVAN DUFFY AS A HISTORIAN.

Sir C. Gavan Duffy begins what promises to be a very useful series of articles on "How British Colonies got Responsible Government." Mr. Bunting, it seems, has been worrying Sir Gavan Duffy for some time past to tell the story of the establishment of Responsible Government in Australia. Three times refusal met his efforts; but the fourth time he captured his man, and the result is now given in the current number.

Sir Gavan Duffy says—

In the history of human perversity, indeed, there is scarcely a chapter more marvellous, more grotesque, or more humiliating than the story how British Colonies obtained the liberty which they enjoy.

WHAT SCHOOL-BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

The Rev. J. C. Welldon, Head-master of Harrow, discusses "The Educational System in Public Schools" in an article which will probably create some controversy. Here is Mr. Welldon's suggestion as to the indispensable subjects for an English education:—

Divinity, mathematics, language studied for its own sake, French studied as an instrument of utility, some branch or branches of natural science, and the elements, at least, of English literature and history as well as of geography, will make up the sum of knowledge without which no person who may claim to be educated will enter upon life.

Mr. Welldon is a heretic on the subject of Greek learning, *i.e.*, he does not think that it is advisable to force boys who have not the aptitude for the language to waste the time that might be more profitably employed than by grinding at Greek grammar. He says:—

The need of the present day is not that all men should know Greek, but that all men should, if possible, be familiarised, by

books of translation, interpretation, and criticism, with the characteristics of Greek thought and literature. The study of such a work as the Master of Balliol's translation of the Dialogues of Plato does more to Hellenise the minds of the contemporary world than a large expenditure of time upon the Greek language.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT AS THE PROPHET DANIEL.

When Mr. Macdonell was on the *Daily Telegraph* he said that the only person on the paper who had a religious belief was Mr. George Augustus Sala, who devotedly believed in Hell; but there must have been an addition to the faithful, for Mr. Clement Scott declares in an article entitled "A Poisoned Paradise," descriptive of his first and last visit to Monte Carlo, that the recent earthquake in the Riviera was but the handwriting on the wall, a warning from above. He says that if Monte Carlo is ever to be reformed—

It will be by the innate force of its own social depravity, and the growth of the cancer-fibres of its own unbridled luxury. Vulgarities and knavery are the two worst enemies of the Monte Carlo administration. When the place becomes socially impossible to visit, its destiny is fixed.

And adds—

Already to Monte Carlo, that has turned its paradise into a pest-house, that has allowed luxury to run riot, and evil to triumph over good, has been given the awful warning, the tremendous doom that buried Pompeii, and reduced Herculaneum to ashes.

Mr. John Rae contributes a solid and well-informed paper on the "Betterment Tax in America." Mr. Romanes discusses Weismann's theory of heredity; or, rather, he sets up his version of it in order to demolish it at some future time. Mr. Geo. Aitken's article on Matthew Prior is the only distinctly literary paper in the Review.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is good this month; it starts with an article by Tom Mann and ends with one from the King of Sweden. Of the two, Mr. Mann's is of much the greater interest; and as the memoir of Charles XII. is to be continued, Mr. Knowles has bought his crowned head somewhat dearly.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY IN EAST AFRICA.

Sir Francis de Winton publishes a map which he has painted red as far as the country of the Uganda, the Equatorial provinces, and the tract lying to the south-west of Victoria Nyanza. Having done this as a preliminary, he pleads for a settlement with Germany, and urges the two Governments to arrange the boundary line of the interior, to set the boundary lines between the Italian Protectorate and the British East African Company, and to work on the basis of opposition to the introduction of fire-arms, alcohol, and the slave trade.

"Friendship," says Sir Francis, "is better than hatred," and he holds out the right hand of fellowship and good will to Germany. It is doubtful, however, whether that "peace and good will" would survive an attempt on the part of the Germans to push from the boundary suggested by Baron von Plessen in 1887 westward across the north end of Lake Tanganyika.

"The Art of the Painter-Etcher," by Mr. Francis Seymour Haden, is the President's address delivered to the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers in 1890. Mr. Haden graciously purrs his content and satisfaction at the fact "that Her Majesty has been pleased to make us a Royal Society and to grant us a diploma."

LORD BRAMWELL ON THE TITHES BILL.

Lord Bramwell, in a brief paper on the Tithes Bill, expresses his opinion thus :—

I firmly believe the present Bill to be honest and just. It respects every right, it increases no burthen, it leaves the duty of paying the tithes, where it is at present, on the landowner, and gives a remedy against his property, his rent, if he does not, and gets rid of the odious and mischievous procedure which exists at present.

Mr. Sibley, in his paper on Left-Leggedness, explains that all left-handed people are right-legged, and that all right-handed people are left-legged, and he maintains that this is due to an effort on the part of Nature to preserve as far as possible a bilateral individual.

Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, on "The Comte de Clermont," has a very interesting sketch of a very disreputable character who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century. Baron Ferdinand can write, an accomplishment which hitherto has not been cultivated by the family to which he belongs. Mr. G. Romanes criticises Darwin's latest critics, to wit, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Wallace, and the Duke of Argyll.

MR. GREENWOOD ON JOURNALISM.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood's article on The Newspaper Press is interesting and, on the whole, judicious. It is very satisfactory to one to read Mr. Greenwood's frank but somewhat belated tribute to the principles which distinguish the *St. James's Gazette*. Speaking of the journals addressed to the new democracy, he says :—

Mark that here we find a far greater "power of the press" at this moment than anywhere else in England. For it need not be said that the influence of which we speak depends more upon the receptivity of the minds it is applied to than upon the activity of those who exert it. But here there is more of activity, far more eagerness, daring, and ingenuity, than can be found in any other field of journalistic effort; and it works on a multitude of fresh minds eagerly receptive of their doctrine.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE two most important articles in the *Fortnightly*, dealing with the questions of the next Poet-Laureate and Woman Suffrage in Wyoming, are dealt with elsewhere.

ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

Mr. Wm. Morton Fullerton concludes his paper on the difference between his countrymen and the old folks in the Motherland. The second part is not so good as the first. He upbraids England for the careless indifference which lets her run the risk of losing a splendid Empire.

Her frantic endeavours to bite off her own nose are almost pathetic. She betrays dangerous symptoms of growing cataract, impairing clearness of vision. Her statesmen need a course in moral geometry and ethical conic sections.

He is equally vigorous in dealing with the shortcomings of his own country. America is selling her original birthright for a conglomerate mess of pottage, in which Irish stew, mulligatawny soup, corn-bread, sauerkraut, and Lager beer are staple ingredients. The following prediction is interesting :—

As democracy advances in England, and other nations more and more rub shoulders against the Englishman on the sacred soil of the paradise of his own patrimony, Englishmen will gradually take the American hue. Still insular, how fast is the Englishman becoming cosmopolitan and democratic, and how sad that he should not realise that his way has before been trodden by the New Englishman.

From one point of view this may be regarded with complacency, for Mr. Fullerton says :—

The Christian conception of the fellowship of mankind and love of one's neighbour has become far riper in America than in England, and it is usually more genuine when it exists.

IMPERIAL PROBLEMS ABROAD.

Mr. Geffcken contributes a solid article on the various "Fishery Disputes" which we have with France and the United States on either side of the Dominion. He thinks that the danger of the annexation of Canada to the United States is chimerical, but he warns us that in the pending negotiations John Bull will have to stick up to Uncle Sam, if Canada is not to come to the conclusion that she could make a better bargain by throwing in her lot with her neighbours than by continuing under the Old Flag.

An anonymous writer discusses "England's Outlook in East Africa," admonishing Lord Salisbury that he must keep as stiff an upper lip with the Germans as he has done in relation to the Portuguese. The writer suggests that Mr. H. H. Johnston (our Consul in West Africa) should be lent for a year to the British East-African Company for the better protection of British interests in that region. The Germans must be held to their bargain not to move a step north of Latitude 1, for if they once succeeded in shutting us from the interior, the East-African Company would have to liquidate and clear out. As an experienced and well-known officer is about to leave for Mombassa, with a staff of energetic colleagues, the East-African Company seems likely to make things lively, both for us and the Germans before many weeks are over.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood" might perhaps have been better styled, "A Lamentable Failure by Rudyard Kipling." Mr. William Archer describes "The Danish Drama of To-day," which is characterised by its direct and intimate relation to life. The Danish plays are founded upon original observation and thought. Their playwrights are artists, and not mere craftsmen. Mr. Curzon finishes his "Diary on the Karun River," and Mr. Beatty-Kingston describes his visit to the "Medoc Vintage of '89." He says that the wine produced in France last year would fill a canal 24 ft. wide and 12 ft. deep, extending from London to York.

THE ARENA.

THIS year has brought us another American Review, selling at, in America, fifty cents, and half-a-crown in England, in the shape of the *Arena*, edited by Mr. B. O. Flower, which is published in Boston. The title is suggested by Heine's verse :—

We do not take possessions of our ideas, but are possessed by them.

They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them.

The April number has a frontispiece of Bishop Spalding's portrait; a continued Story, "Ungava," by W. H. H. Murray; a remarkable idyl with a curious version of the creation of the world; and several other articles in which the gladiators fight vigorously enough. It may be noted, as a curious instance of the attempt to carry out this idea logically, that the names of the gladiator authors are printed where all other magazines print the matters discussed, the second place in the table of contents being allotted to the titles of the articles. Another novelty of this magazine is the fact that on one side of the cover the articles in the current number are to be found, the second page detailing those that will appear in the next number.

SOCIALISM A MASKED TYRANNY.

Mr. Lloyd Garrison, the son of the great reformer, denounces the socialistic ideal in "Looking Backwards" in good set terms, which Mr. Auberon Herbert might envy. Nationalism is to Mr. Garrison, "the mask of tyranny." He declares that land nationalisation is an anti-socialist movement, that Mr. Bellamy's "Utopia" is based upon mistaken assumptions, and that any attempt at its realisation would result in disaster. Think, says Mr. Garrison, of the irony of the situation, that a Government which is strangling its shipping by protection should be allowed to direct all foreign commerce! Dr. Manley, an aged divine, who in two years will be an octogenarian, sets forth in reasonable and temperate terms the scriptural argument against the doctrine of eternal punishment. Mr. James Realf writes a high-falutin and silly article upon Lord Beaconsfield, under the title "Of David's House." Mr. Realf says that Disraeli believed that "the hour for Russia's funeral had not quite come, although its grave had been well dug by the pen of Turgeneff." It is somewhat odd to find the worn-out delusions of the London Music Halls of 1878 reproduced in 1890 in a magazine published in the literary centre of America.

A ROBBERY OF THE CRADLE.

The only other article remaining to be noticed is the "Symposium on White Child Labour," in which six writers discuss the question of limited child-labour with more rhetoric than is desirable in framing an amendment to the Factory Acts. They say that the enormous extent to which child-labour is utilised in the United States, is the greatest reproach upon the Republic, and most of them propose that no boy or girl should be allowed to earn wages until he has passed his seventeenth birthday. "Year by year," says a New York inspector, "we have seen the demand increasing for smaller and smaller children, until it became a veritable robbery of the cradle to supply them." Over a million children under fifteen years of age are regular labourers, while the average age of labouring women is twenty-two. Note that most of the papers are strongly socialistic. "The battle for life is as fierce as ever it was," says one writer, "but the vanquished are murdered more slowly."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The *North American* for April is a fairly average number.

IN PRAISE OF THE AMERICAN BLUE-JACKET.

Admiral Porter writes an optimist article on discipline in the American navy. He begs leave to state—

That the sailors of the United States navy are better paid, fed, and clothed than those of any other navy in the world. I have been identified with the navy for sixty-six years, and have seldom known a case where there was a want of discipline, bravery, and seamanship in time of danger. During the war I had under my command three hundred and seventy-five vessels and some 50,000 men and officers, and do not remember a case of cruelty and injustice from officers to seamen.

As he says, this is saying a good deal for the discipline of the service, considering that in no other navy is there such a cosmopolitan set of men. The American navy is almost entirely manned by foreigners, and many of their crews do not understand English. Mrs. Amelia Barr, in an article on Conversational Immoralities, says many strong things concerning the licence which American young ladies allow themselves in these modern times—a licence which has reached such a point that Mrs. Barr is almost inclined to deplore the abolition of duelling, which she thinks had something to do with the growth of immoral conversation among the sexes. Mr. Robert Lowry, who governed Mississippi for eight years, takes

two or three pages to say that the needs of the South are organised labour, more capital, and less legislation. Mr. Breckinridge continues the endless controversy upon Free Trade or Protection, from the free trade point of view.

THE SOCIAL OUTLOOK IN GERMANY.

Oswald Ottendorfer does not say much that is new in his article on Socialism in Germany. He does not expect great things from the conference, and thinks that the only effect of the Emperor's action will be to demonstrate once more the foolishness of trying to solve the social problem by dictates from above or below. From which we gather that Mr. Ottendorfer is a man of phrases. Surely it nothing is to be done from above or from below, civilisation will evolve under difficulties if it evolves at all. Evolution has become a cant word in many mouths to cover indolence or apathy. The true doctrine of evolution, however, does not lead a man to lie on his back in the middle of a field leaving the tares and wheat to grow as they please all around him. It reminds him that he himself is a factor in the evolutionary forces, and urges him to act accordingly with due sense of his responsibilities.

THE RED-SKIN AND THE BISHOP.

There is a very interesting article by Bishop Whipple, in which he describes his life among the Red Indians. Bishop Whipple tells the following story illustrative of the quick perception of the Indian. The Bishop had been reproving Wabasha, the head chief in the Dacotah mission for holding a scalp-dance over a murdered Chipeway and threatening him with divine vengeance on the great day of account. This was the Indian's effective response:—

The old chief smiled, drew his pipe from his mouth, blew a cloud of smoke upward, and said:—"White man go to war with his own brother in the same country; kill more men than Wabasha can count in all his life. Great Spirit smiles; says, 'Good white man; he has my book; I love him very much; I have a good place for him by-and-by.' The Indian is a wild man; he has no Great Spirit book; he kills one man; has a scalp-dance; Great Spirit is mad, and says, 'Bad Indian; I will put him in a bad place by-and-by.' Wabasha don't believe it."

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOUR AND THE EIGHT HOURS.

Mr. Powderley, of the Knights of Labour, writes an article on the Eight Hours Day question, which he bases upon the worker's need of leisure to think. Every surrounding of the workman, he thinks, has changed for the better.

Should this much-desired reform be inaugurated by strikes? is asked. Not necessarily. In a given occupation or trade the employers and workmen throughout the country should agree on the establishment of the eight-hour work-day. To institute it by means of a strike in one part of the country would but place the short-hour employer at the mercy of his long-hour competitors. To demand the same rate of compensation for short hours as is now paid would be unjust. To rush the system through would unsettle affairs; and for that reason Knights of Labour ask for a gradual reduction of the hours of labour.

Mr. Francis Galton contributes an article upon kinship and correlation, the object of which is to give a first idea of the law of correlation, and explaining its first and principal result.

SOCIETY IN PARIS.

The only other article which calls for attention, and which comes upon us with considerable surprise, is Madame Adam's article on Society in Paris. The editress of the *Novelle Revue*, herself a social figure of the first

importance, describes the great world of Paris in fifteen pages. "It is only the artistic world," she says, "which has really liberated itself from the great nobles. Writers, painters, sculptors, artists of all sorts have become the favourite caste of the democracy, who honour them, enrich them, and make them live." There is more truth in this remark than in the observation with which the prophetess of *La Revanche* concludes. "The more æsthetic qualities a people possesses, the greater its power; and power is still the best means of conquering brute force." From which we infer that Madam Adam thinks that it was the Assyrians who conquered Macedon, and that Rome went down before æsthetes of Hellas!

SCRIBNER.

MILLET's picture of the Angelus has created so much sensation in America, that the account of that painter's country will naturally attract much attention. The article upon "Co-operative Home Winning" is a copiously illustrated account of the practice of building societies in the United States, which members of English building societies will read with interest. Some of the houses that are built by the building and loan societies are ugly enough to have been erected by the speculating builder at home. The paper on the "Theatres of Japan" is about the best we have ever seen illustrating this subject. No woman goes on the stage in Japan, but the men who represent the female characters apply themselves solely to their impersonation, so that even when in the street they are often mistaken for women.

There are some interesting facts in the article on the "Rights of the Citizen as a User of the Public Streets." Among other things, the writer mentions that when an enterprising advertiser in New York took to dressing the heads of a party of seven sisters in his shop window, the authorities interfered, owing to the crowds which assembled blocking the thoroughfare. "The court considered such an exhibition highly sensational, and the consequent obstruction a public nuisance." Col. John Hay, author of the "Ballad of Little Breeches," contributes a dozen distiches (from here and there), some of which are cynical and some of which are wise. No. 6 is,—

Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns,

Utter the You twenty times where you once utter the I.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

THE *Cosmopolitan* is an American magazine, which will soon be better known in this country. It has now a sale of 50,000 in the United States, and its circulation is rising. The April number contains a very excellently illustrated article upon the German Army by Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, which enables us to understand better than we should otherwise have done the significance of the Kaiser's new rescript against extravagant expenditure by the officers. There is a good article on Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. "The Land of the White Elephant" is an article giving interesting account of the writer's visit to Siam. Miss Elizabeth Bisland, the lady who sped round the world in competition to Nelly Bly, gives the first chapter of her experience which carries her as far as San Francisco. There is also a copiously illustrated article describing Princeton University. The number of American girls studying art in Paris, gives interest to the account of the Académie Julian, and those interested in the survivals of ancient Italy will enjoy Mrs. Brewster's article on Siena's Medieval Festival.

The *Cosmopolitan* for May reached us with the rest of the American magazines before the end of April. From an illustrative point of view it is perhaps the best of the American magazines. The interesting paper by Professor Evans on "Artists and Art Life in Munich" is accompanied by some admirable pictures by Gabriel Max. A full-length picture of Marie Bashkirtseff, in French Empire costume, illustrates a paper containing the personal reminiscences of a fellow-student. The article upon "The Thieves of New York" is very effectively illustrated, and the pictures with "Monching," make a short paper very interesting. Athletes and those interested in gymnasia will turn with much pleasure to the account given of the gymnasium at Harvard, with its many cunning machines, enabling men to train for rowing, sculling, etc., without so much as getting into a boat. "Miss Bisland's Flying Trip Round the World" promises to develop into a very pleasant book of travels, if we may judge from the second instalment, which brings her to Japan. "The Factors of Growth in a Modern City" shows how Denver, from a few wigwags in 1860, has developed its present population of 140,000 in somewhat less than thirty years. Among the other articles, which are profusely illustrated throughout, are "The Rise of the Tall Hat," and a sketch of "The Duc de Morny," illustrated by his portrait. The special feature of this *Cosmopolitan* is the way in which almost every other page has a picture, a few are wanting in clearness of outline; but, taken as a whole, they are very good.

THE CENTURY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON occupies the place of honour—frontispiece and first article as well, to the extent of some 26 pages. Not even the apotheosis of the Father of his Country makes Washington other than a drab, a very drab figure in the historical drama. The two other elaborate illustrated articles are "Chickens for Use and Beauty" with admirable pictures, and an entertaining sketch, with many portraits of the women of the French salons of the seventeenth century. Mr. George Kennan describes, for the benefit of those unversed in the ways of the Russian censor, how obnoxious articles are blacked out in all literature sent by book-post, and admitted without check if sent in a closed envelope. Mr. Powell continues his powerful plea for federal action in reclaiming the arid lands of the Far West. Joseph Jefferson's autobiography contains interesting sketches of life in Australia. From the comparative study of valour and skill shown by North and South in the great Civil War, I take the following calculations:—

A list of fifty battles fought before 1864 gives twenty victories to the Confederates, an equal number to the Federals, and leaves ten which may fairly be called drawn. In these fifty battles, at the point of fighting contact, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by an average of about two per cent. After 1864 the preponderance of the Federals became too great to permit of a fair comparison. The following figures also are curious:—

	Percentage of killed and wounded of number engaged.
Prussians.—Up to Waterloo, in eight battles ...	18.42
" At Königgrätz.....	3.86
Austrians.—Up to Waterloo, in seven battles...	11.17
" Since in two	8.56
French.—Up to Waterloo, in nine battles	22.38
" Since in nine	8.86
Germans.—Since 1745, in eight battles	11.53
English.—In four battles	10.36
Federals.—In eleven battles	12.89
Confederates.—In eleven battles	14.16

EAST AND WEST.

THIS magazine appears this month in a new cover and apparently under new editorship. It is immensely improved in every respect. The chief feature is Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's story, "Come Forth!" which is laid in the time of Christ. Miss Phelps, who is now Mrs. Ward (although she retains the name which is familiar in England and America as that of the authoress of "The Gate's Ajar") is assisted in writing this story by her husband, the Rev. Herbert D. Ward. The story is very American, and we read of the "suburbans" as applied to the dwellers in the vicinity of Jerusalem. We are told that Martha, the sister of Lazarus, was a widow! Here is a passage describing a conversation between Mary and her brother Lazarus—

"Think you, Lazarus," she asked timidly, after a pause, during which she had crept upon a low ottoman near her brother's feet; "think you that he wearieth of us?" "I have seen many desert him," answered Lazarus. "I never knew him forsake a human creature!" Mary nodded silently. A beautiful luminousness stole into her large eyes. She lifted them to the mountain-top towering above her; her whole face and figure seemed to be at prayer. At this moment Martha entered, bustling. "Come, come! Supper is served, and you two sit here like mummies, while I play slave for you. Come, Mary! Hasten and serve. Come, Lazarus! What bothers you now?"

The other serial is "Miss Wentworth's Idea," by W. E. Norris. Miss Louise Imogene Gurney writes a sensible article on "Keats' Love Affair with Fanny Brawne;" but the most interesting contribution is Max O'Rell's description of English, French, and American women. He maintains that there is no country where men and women go through life upon such equal terms as France, which is a nation of Darbies and Joans. In England and in Germany the man thinks himself a much superior being to the woman. In America a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt. But surely Max O'Rell should not have suffered himself to pen this sentence: "The English woman has no faculty for fitting herself for a higher position than the one she was born in; like a rabbit, she will always taste of the cabbage she fed on."

TIME.

To *Time* Mr. Belfort Bax contributes a characteristic article upon "Courage," in which he says that "the appearance of cowardice is one of the symptoms of the dawn of civilisation, and the first faint glimmerings of introspection." In an advanced civilisation it is the exception to find a man in whom moral and physical courage are indissolubly blended. He hopes that our present position between physical and moral courage will give place to a different and an intrinsically higher courage, more constant in the disinterestedness of its purpose and more sustained in the definiteness with which that purpose is conceived. Mr. Bax thinks that courage, both quantitatively and qualitatively, reached its highest point in the Russian revolutionary movement of our day. "Here the greatest conceivable suffering is endured for ends which are absolutely impersonal."

Felix Moscheles writes concerning "The Greater Brotherhood." This optimist forecasts that as "man struggling into existence finally threw off his tail, he is all but ready to cast away his claws, his fangs, and his venom." The principle of Free Trade and of Universal Brotherhood is dictated by Nature herself. He confidently trusts and believes that the day is not far off when a Christianity based upon peace and goodwill shall be introduced into every State of the civilised world.

Sarah Corbett pleads for a liberal Government grant for

schools where certificated kindergarten teachers are employed.

Mr. Frederick Engels contributes the nonsense article to the number in a discourse on "The Foreign Policy of Russia." How nonsensical Mr. Engels can be when he tries may be gathered from the suggestion which he makes in all seriousness, that "the German Emperor might perhaps be tempted into sending an army to restore the authority of the Tzar." Before that day comes, however, he will probably have found more useful sport in carrying coals to Newcastle or ice to Greenland.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE article on Ibsen's early career is somewhat meagre. The paper on Sir Peter Osborne describes the struggle made by the Royalist commander to hold the Channel Islands for the King in the great civil war. A melancholy interest attaches to the account of the funeral of Mary, Queen of Scots, based as it is on material collected by one whose projected work on the interments of kings was interrupted by his own funeral. Katherine Hillard crams quite an astonishing amount of lore into her entertaining paper on the Easter Hare, which, it seems, is closely related to the moon on one hand and the resurrection on the other. In "Over the Teacups" Dr. Wendell Holmes divides human beings into the *Ifs* and the *Ases*.

If it were,—*if* it might be,—*if* it could be,—*if* it had been. One portion of mankind go through life always regretting, always whining, always imagining.

As it is,—this is the way in which the other class of people look at the conditions in which they find themselves. I venture to say that if one should count the *Ifs* and the *Ases* in the conversation of his acquaintances, he would find the more able and important persons among them—statesmen, generals, men of business—among the *Ases*, and the majority of conspicuous failures among the *Ifs*.

Cornhill.—There is a very interesting paper in *Cornhill*, apparently written by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, on "The Last of the Calverts," describing a famous old lady of Crosthwaite who, when a girl, knew intimately the Lake poets, and who in her extreme old age saved Latrigg from the landgrabber, who tried to exclude the public from their ancient right-of-way. The football story, "The Match of the Season," is a humorous exaggeration farcically told. "Rats" is good, but commonplace. "The Lion's Tale" describes how the Lion of the Piræus, brought to the Arsenal of Venice, came to be inscribed with Runic characters. The paper on "Dinner Tables" criticises and describes some of the follies of fashion in the table decoration.

Harper.—As "Old New York Taverns" is the chief feature in *Harper*, the magazine appeals more to the American than to the English public. Mr. Child's illustrated article on "Some Modern French Painters" has a very vivid frontispiece by Morot, depicting the charge of Cuirassiers at the battle of Rezonville. Mr. Howells finishes his "Shadow of a Dream." There is a pleasantly-written illustrated paper on "Australian Travels." Professor Butcher discourses on "The Evolution of Humour," and comes to the conclusion that it is the shock of surprise at painless incongruity that produces the pleasure of the pure ludicrous. The last stage in the upward ascent of the ludicrous is reached when it is associated with sympathy. The article on "English Lyrics Under Charles I." is copiously illustrated with portraits of the poets dealt with, from Montrose to Drummond of Hawthornden.

Merry England.—*Merry England* for this month opens with a "Table Talk about the *Tablet*," which will be of interest to Catholic readers. The *Tablet* celebrates, on the 16th, its fiftieth birthday, the reminiscences—especially that part which deals with the original political unanimity of English Roman Catholics—are highly interesting. The article on the "Letters from the Vatican," gives the point of view of the English Roman Catholics, who after all are the most interested in such a subject. I have no space to do more than notice Mr. Thompson's "Daphne"—written in his usual style—only more so! And a very excellent paper on Coppée—appreciative, and above all, most uniquely sensible.

Parents' Review.—There is a very good article in the *Parents' Review* on the teaching of religion to children, by the Rev. William Danks. Mrs Southwood Hill's "Observations and Experiments in Education" will be read with interest by all mothers. Mr. Dawson's article on "Journalism as a Profession" is about the best article I remember having read from his pen. "Notes and Queries" is a new department which has been added, and it promises well.

Scotland's Liberator (Wigtown) is a small monthly review, devoted to the conversion of Scotland to the Catholic Faith, and is the organ of the Confraternity of St. Ninian, a saint of whom, it is recorded, that he broke the claims of Caledonia, and placed the broken chains in the walls of its cathedral. The aspiration of the Confraternity is to deal with Scotland in like manner as their saint, by releasing it from the fetters of Presbyterianism. One curious feature of the *Liberator* is a table of saints formerly honoured in Scotland, from which we learn that there were as many as from fifty to ninety each month.

The New Englander.—Mr. William Clarke writes an article on Mr. Gladstone from the point of view of the advanced young Socialist, who finds Mr. Gladstone pretty well played out and not capable of keeping pace with the times. Mr. W. W. Johnson gives an interesting account of the life-saving service in the United States, which might be of interest to the life-boat brigades on our coasts. There is a biography with a striking portrait of Speaker Reed. But the best portrait is that of Miss Amelia Edwards, which appropriately prefaces a very elaborate article on the Egyptian exhibits in the Boston Museum. The magazine is somewhat heavy, and has a long article on Jonathan Edwards, which needs something more to buoy it up than articles on the Astor Library and "Plain Words on Indian Questions."

Tinsley's Magazine.—The minor magazines show a marked improvement this month, and even *Tinsley's* partakes of the general revival. Mr. Alfred Story's account of the Ammergau Passion Play, with illustrations of the principal performers, and translations from the drama, is very interesting. The article on "A Nihilist Poet," by Cave North, is curious. The poet in question is one Ostragoff, who was banished to Siberia, and the poetry is translated into English by one Dmitri, who was afterwards hanged at Odessa. The sentiment is more noteworthy than Dmitri's verse. Here are two verses from a poem entitled "The Dying God:"—

Praise Him beneath the dim starlight,
The sunny bright sky or the cloud,
And build of your bricks and your mortar
Houses to shelter the crowd.

I know not your Maker as you do,
But I'll lay to your rouble a score,
That would please Him a great deal better
Than should you with psalms Him adore.

SOME MILITARY PUBLICATIONS.

CARTER, THOMAS. *British War Medals. Military and Naval, and How they were Won.* Illustrated, with facsimile coloured plates. (Groombridge & Sons.) 8vo. Pp. 80. Monthly parts, 2s. 6d.

An excellent re-issue, revised up to date, of the late Mr. Carter's work on British War Medals. Part I. deals principally with the great Indian victories, ranging from 1799 to 1826, which consolidated our Empire in the East. Part II. is an epitome of the no less brilliant series of actions fought between 1793 and 1814, for which the "War Medal" was tardily granted in 1847. Part III. includes the Waterloo, the South African, and the Afghanistan medals. The facsimiles are capitally executed, and the publishers should meet with a hearty response for their enterprise.

COLVILLE, C.B., COLONEL H. E. *History of the Sudan Campaign in Two Parts, with a set of Maps.* Compiled in the Intelligence Division of the War Office. (Harrison & Sons.) 8vo. Part I., pp. 277; Part II., pp. 327. Price 15s.

Although this valuable official work has met with considerable delay in publication, now that it has made its appearance it will be none the less welcome as a record of the Nile Expedition, which, however, was too late to save Gordon. Colonel Colville appears to have spared no pains in making this work as complete as possible.

HUTTON, ALFRED (late Captain King's Dragoon Guards). *Fixed Bayonets: A Complete System of Fence for the British Magazine Rifle, Explaining the Use of Point, Edges, and Butt, both in Offence and Defence.* Illustrated, 23 photogravure plates. (Clowes & Sons.) Pp. ix. 183. Price 10s. 6d.

This handsome volume is a valuable contribution to the effective use of the bayonet, by the well-known author of "Cold Steel." Captain Hutton, in his *Critical Remarks*, makes some hard thrusts at the compilers of the "Official Bayonet Exercise," the *ripostes* to which, we imagine, will be exceeding difficult. The illustrations, taken from life, are highly realistic, and greatly elucidate the text. The chapter on Butt Fencing opens out a new system of attack and defence; the adversary, in a life and death struggle in the field, who is not up to this play will hardly find it a case of separating by "mutual consent," as is often done in a friendly rally when too close quarters have been arrived at. The very complete glossary of English, French, and Italian terms of fence will prove a decided acquisition to those who are not thoroughly posted in the technique of the subject.

BELGIAN.

BRIALMONT, LIEUTENANT-GÉNÉRAL. *Les Régions Fortifiées, leur application à la défense de plusieurs états Européens.* (Brussels: Guyot.) Pp. xiv. 342. Price 28 francs. Roy. 8vo. and folio atlas.

As may be supposed, the organiser of the Bucharest defences is no believer in the present outcry against fortifications. On the contrary, General Brialmont considers that the superiority of the defence over the attack will increase with the power of the means of destruction. The defence, far from dreading the progress of destructive weapons, should congratulate itself, since it can with comparative ease increase indefinitely the strength of its works, whereas the resources of the attack must always be limited by exigencies of time, weight, and the difficulty of bringing up supplies of matériel. The first ten chapters are devoted to general considerations, the eleventh deals with the type of forts proposed by the General for the *ancienne* and detached forts of entrenched camps and *places d'appui*, whilst the remaining chapters show the application of the theory des *régions fortifiées* to the defence of France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Roumania.

FRENCH.

D'AVAILLES, CH. *Notes Biographiques sur le Général D'Autichamp, 1770-1859, d'après des documents inédits.* (Paris: L. Clouzot.) 8vo. Pp. 192. Price 4 francs.

WEYL, EMILE. *Les Industries du Creusot. La Cuirasse, la Machine Marine, le Canon.* Illustrated. 13 plates and woodcuts in the text. (Paris: Librairie Plon.) Roy. 8vo. Pp. 143. Price 5 francs.

HENNEBERT, LIEUT.-COLONEL. *Les Industries du Creusot. La Matériel de Guerre.* Roy. 8vo. Pp. 212. Price 5 francs.

GERMAN.

Handbuch der Nautischen Instrumente, 1890. With 33 lithographic plates and 171 woodcuts. (Berlin: E. S. Mittler und Sohn.) Roy. 8vo. Pp. xii. 452. Price 4½ marks.

An extremely valuable work, compiled by the German Hydrographic Department, which enters fully into the construction and use of every class of nautical instruments. Excellently got up and well illustrated.

SOME FOREIGN MILITARY PERIODICALS.

FRENCH.

Revue Militaire de l'Étranger.

General Brialmont's "Les Régions Fortifiées."

Railway Transport during War of the Sick and Wounded in the Italian Army.

Composition and Military Instruction of the Russian Militia.

Gruson's Armoured Carriage for a 12 c.m. Quick-firing Howitzer.

Revue du Génie Militaire. Paris.

The Sanitation of Military Establishments. 31 illustrations. (Concluded.) By Captain Val-lernaud.

The Water Supply of Fortified Works. 11 illustrations. By Captain Houdaille.

On the Influence of New Weapons of Destruction on Field Fortification. 9 illustrations. By Captain Bonnefon.

Types of Coast Batteries. An analysis of Major J. F. Lewis, R.E., paper in "Professional Papers."

GERMAN.

Jahrbücher für die Deutsche Armee und Marine. Berlin.

Cavalry Sketches from the American Civil War. By Major Scheibert.

Wood Fights. II.—The Wood Fight at the battle of Spichern, August 6, 1870. By Lieut. von Petermann.

Studies on the Field Service of the French Cavalry: Training, Organisation.

The Significance of the Telegraph in the general Conduct of War and in Tactical Operations.

Belgium and the Next War.

The Italians in Abyssinia.

Reminiscences from the Life of Field-Marshal Hermann von Boyeu.

Physical Effects of the new Small-bore Rifle.

Retrospect of the English Navy for 1889.

Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten. Rathenow.

Germany—On the Advantages obtained by New Varieties of Powder in Long Guns.

Austria—The Photo-ballistic Experiments carried out at Pola and Meppen. Flank attacks and the counter-offensive. The Infantry Field Exercise (Reviewed by a Prussian Officer).

Italy—Italian correspondence, by Pellegrino.

England—Retrospect of the English Navy for 1889.

GEN. BRIALMONT'S NEW PLEA FOR FORTIFICATIONS.

THE *Revue de l'Étranger* devotes over twenty pages to a consideration of Gen. Brialmont's new work, "Les Régions Fortifiées." The writer takes exception to many of the opinions expressed as to the value of fortresses and entrenched camps in the military history of the past, and considers the author exaggerates the *offensive rôle* of his proposed system of *régions fortifiées*. To carry out the system suggested for France the writer estimates would require in round numbers some 500,000 men, the vast majority of whom would be far more advantageously employed in swelling the effective of the armies in the field. Passing on to a consideration of the types of fortification, the *Revue* admits that, generally speaking, they appear to be well conceived and to satisfy many of the requirements of modern warfare; but the important question is how long will it be before fortifications of this class become out of date? Could any country which burdens itself with the cost of their construction consider itself reasonably safe for ten years? Gen. Brialmont holds that the expenditure is of durable utility, and that the works only require to be renewed at rare epochs when radical changes are effected in artillery and in the methods of attack. Unfortunately, however, three such radical changes have occurred in recent years: in 1865, by the appearance of rifled siege guns; in 1880, by the improved use of shrapnel and rifled mortars; and finally in 1885 when the introduction of torpedo shells destroyed the whole value of existent fortifications. After all, however, the great obstacle to building new fortifications and to renewing old ones is the question of money. The General's solution of this difficulty is simple—viz., to procure the sums required by reducing temporarily the war budgets, or, which would be still better, by definitely reducing the standing armies which nowadays have attained an altogether exaggerated effective. This is tantamount to a recommendation to weaken the working weapon which gives the victory in order to strengthen the inert obstacle which protects after defeat. For a great country to give effect to it would be to prestage its doom. The real strength of a nation exists in the valour of its soldiers, and true wisdom counsels that it should before all develop its active army and consider the rest merely as accessories. With a strong active army one can attack the fortifications of others, and thereby best protect one's own when any doubt has arisen as to their value.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN FIELD FORTIFICATIONS.

Over fifty pages in the *Revue du Génie Militaire* are taken up by Capt. Bonnefon's opening article on "Field Fortification." After considering the properties and effects of modern artillery and rifle fire, and emphasising *en passant* the fact that the French infantry does not possess a sufficient supply of portable entrenching tools, and that the force of engineers is so small that with all their devotion they would be inadequate to make up for this penury of means, the writer proceeds to deal with the question of earthworks, the three essentials of which are invisibility, rapidity of construction, and sufficient resisting power against infantry and artillery fire. Want of space precludes our following Capt. Bonnefon in his description of the various modified forms of profile which he suggests to meet recent improvements in musketry and shrapnel fire; we must, therefore, limit ourselves to drawing attention to the profile which we reproduce, merely premising that he lays down as an axiom that a well-designed system of entrenchments demand that it shall be possible to pass from the simplest to the more elaborate types by merely increasing the dimensions without rehandling the *déblai*. In the accompanying sketch the dotted profile shows the regulation pattern of a shelter-trench as used in the French army; this profile, Capt. Bonnefon considers, fails to satisfy modern requirements as regards adequate protection, convenience of repose, and facility for using the rifle. The first objection he would remedy by increasing the dimensions of the parapet, and the two last by a slight increase in the depth of the trench, and by modifying the *banquette* and slope as shown by the full lines. He claims that with this improved profile the occupants of the trench are deflated 1.3 or 1.35 when seated comfortably on the *banquette*, and that when standing up they can assume a natural position, which is rendered all the more firm and easy by their gaining a purchase on the rear slope of the trench and by their having convenient supports for the knee and elbow when firing over the parapet. In front of them they have a parapet 18 inches high and 1 foot thick, which affords effectual protection against the penetration of projectiles, whilst, by

ITALIAN.

Revista di artiglieria e genio. Rome.

On the Variations in Range when Firing at High

Altitudes. By Captain Parodi, R.A.

Some general Ideas on Permanent Fortification.
By Major G. Figari, R.E. (Illustrated.)

Organisation of the Artillery in the Austro-Hungarian Army.

Russian Field Fortification. Three types of modern field redoubts, designed by Colonel

Kossinski, with tracings.

The new German Rifle. (Illustrated.)

A few Ideas on Firing at Balloons.

Quick-firing Field Guns.

Revista Marittima. Rome.

Our Naval Problem. By Commander G. Bettolo.

The English Naval Manœuvres, 1889.

Sir Frederick Abel's lectures on Smokeless Explosives.

Obligatory Assistance at Sea and in Collisions.

France—Du service d'état-major.

Russia—The Armed Strength of Russia. By Zastawa.

Mexico—Reminiscences of the Mexican Expedition, 1862-65.

Reviews—Fritz Honig's Oliver Cromwell.

Neue Militärische Blätter. Berlin.

The Campaign of the First German Army in the North and North-West of France, 1870-71.
By Major Hermann Kunz.

Army Reform in the Netherlands.

A Russian Opinion on the Reintroduction of the Lance.

Literary Mobilisation. IV.—General Dragomiroff's "Guides for the Battle Preparation of Russian Troops."

Night Marches and Night Actions in Russia—General Dragomiroff.

Colonel Stoffel's latest book, "De la possibilité d'une alliance franco-allemande."

The new Field Exercise for the German Infantry (conclusion).

Swiss Mountain Artillery.

The value to Military History of the Servo-Bulgarian War: a strategical and tactical study. VII.

AUSTRIAN.

Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens. Pola.

The International Marine Conference at Washington.

Innovations in Ships' Engines. Paper read by J. Fassel before the Marine-Wissenschaftlichen Verein at Pola.

The Management of Boats in Surf. From the Proceedings of the U.S. Naval Institute.

The Canet Quick-firing Gun.

Wooden and Iron Sailing Ships compared in regard to Speed.

Miscellaneous Naval items.

AMERICAN.

Journal of the U.S. Cavalry Association.

General Harney. (With Portrait.)

With the Reserve Brigade—July, August, and September, 1864.

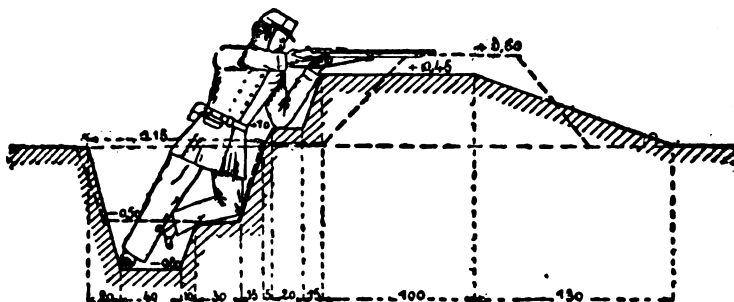
Post Instruction.

Reflections on the Present Condition of the Russian Cavalry.

Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen's "Letters on Cavalry."

The new Drill Regulations for Cavalry, U.S. Army.

making use of the *banquette* and step on the interior slope, they can readily spring out to meet the enemy's attack. Compared with the regulation trench the amount of excavation required is only 1-8 greater, being .662 cubic mètres instead of .587, and the time occupied in construction is from 50 to 70 minutes with portable tools, and 35 to 50 minutes with regular tools. The general modifications suggested by Capt. Bonnefon in field works may be



summed up as—(1) partial suppression of the ditch; (2) increased depth of trench; (3) increased thickness of parapet and collaterally increased protection against musketry and shrapnel fire. Several pages are devoted to *obstacles*, the remarks as to the best distance for placing them in front of the parapet being specially worthy of consideration.

In the *Jahrbücher* a long article is devoted to a consideration of Major Girard's work, "La Belgique et la guerre prochaine," which certainly merits more attention than it has received from the English press.

WOODEN VERSUS IRON SHIPS.

The *Mittheilungen* contains a statement of the results of a series of extended observations conducted by L. E. Dinklage, with the object of ascertaining the precise effect of fouling on the speed of iron ships as compared with wooden ships. The observations are divided into three groups—Group 1. Voyages from Europe to Bassein, Moulmain, or Rangoon, 1876 to 1887; Group 2. Voyages from Europe to Singapore through the Straits of Malacca, 1871 to 1887; Group 3. Voyages from Rangoon and Bassein to Europe, 1877 to 1888. In Groups 1 and 2 it may be assumed that the iron ships started with clean bottoms, whereas in Group 3 the majority of them had had no opportunities of going into dock for scraping before starting on the return voyage. In all the observations made, care was taken, by studying the meteorological and other conditions, to obviate any undue influences to the prejudice of either class of vessels. The results were as follows:—

Group 1.—	77 iron ships,	average duration of voyage	113.7 days.
	31 wooden "	"	118.3 "
Group 2.—	50 iron "	"	118.4 "
	50 wooden "	"	119.5 "
Group 3.—	106 iron "	"	132.9 "
	94 wooden "	"	127.9 "

In order still further to eliminate error, a second series of observations was undertaken with ships leaving on the same day, and which experienced, as far as could be ascertained, the same conditions of wind and weather. Here the results were:—

Group 1.—	Average gain of iron ships	5.4 days.
Group 2.—	"	4.2 "
Group 3.—	" wooden "	5.8 "

Hence it may be concluded that, pending the discovery of a thoroughly effective anti-fouling composition, the average speed of wooden ships is slightly in excess of that of iron ships, since in all cases the latter class lose more time on the return voyage than they gain on the outward one.

ITALY AND THE NAVAL PROBLEMS.

The *Revista Marittima* opens with an important article by Commander Bettolo on "Our Naval Problem."

The *Revista di artiglieria e genio* for April has unfortunately failed to reach us, and the March number, the contents of which are given in the margin, was not taken up in sufficient time to allow of its being adequately dealt with. Another time we hope that such a *contretemps* may be avoided, for this review is certainly not one which should be passed over in silence. The articles on permanent fortification, and on the Austro-Hungarian artillery alone take up over eighty pages, and there are several others worthy of attention, notably that on the new German rifle, the illustrations accompanying which leave nothing to be desired on the point of clearness.

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

THE REVUE DES REVUES.

WE have to welcome from Mr. Ernest Smith the first copy of *La Revue des Revues*, a Parisian imitation of our REVIEW. Like most Parisians, it is much better dressed than its English prototype. Alike in paper, typography, and price—it is published at a franc—it is superior to the magazine from which it has sprung.

Mr. Ernest Smith publishes facsimiles of a series of excellent autographs which he has received from the foremost men and women in contemporary French letters.

M. Emile Zola writes that such a publication will be based on an excellent idea, and that the monthly record of human progress and modern thought will be exceedingly valuable and useful.

M. Barthelemy Saint Hilaire says that he cannot but commend the idea of a French *Revue des Revues*; as he commended Mr. Stead's innovation, he hopes that our French *confrère* will meet with the same welcome abroad that the REVIEW OF REVIEWS did in England.

M. Jules Claretie thinks that such a publication will be simply invaluable to all those engaged in literary works who now cannot help overlooking many interesting articles published in contemporary reviews.

M. Alexander Dumas, *fils*, considers the idea excellent, and remarks wittily that not only is the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but a *Revue de tous les Mondes*.

Mme. Juliette Adam thinks that the *Revue des Revues* ought to be equally useful in French as in English form, but adds that, owing to the small reading public abroad, the *Revue des Revues* she fears is not likely to attain to the circulation of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Vicomte Melchior de Vogué declares that all modern enterprise tends to make the intellectual world more and more like unto an immense Liebig manufactory, whose ideal consists in compressing a whole ox into a pill with a view to delicate digestion. But he cannot help hoping that an enterprise which will open countless little windows on universal progress will be successful.

Father Hyacinthe remarks in a few pithy words that he approves of the idea because "the problem is important, the solution offered supremely practical."

M. Jules Verne sends a few lines of encouragement; M. Coppée "applauds with all my heart"; Hector Malot, the novelist, looks forward impatiently to the *Revue des Revues*; and Edward Drumont apparently forgetting for the moment his Jewish foes, takes up his pen and indites a long epistle to prove that the *Revue des Revues* will please everybody on account of its enforced absence of party spirit and prejudices!

THE NOUVELLE and the DEUX MONDES.

WE have already noticed the more important articles in these Reviews, viz.: "The Americans at Home," by Marquis de San Carlos; "France and Russia," by M. De Cyon; "The Fall of Prince Bismarck"; "M. Taine on Local Government"; "The Terrible Secret of Japan"; and "State Socialism in Germany." One or two articles still call for notice.

IS FRANCE IN HER DECADENCE?

There is sad reading for the friends of France in an article published in the first number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, on "The Natives of Algeria and the Colonial Army," by M. Arsene Vacherot. The contention of the article is, that in not applying the law of conscription to

Algeria the French Government is neglecting a very valuable means of obtaining material for a much-needed colonial army. "Life has become so pleasant in France. It includes so much comfort for the great majority of citizens that it is almost impossible to find at home the constitutions hardened to fatigue, to privation of all kinds, and accustomed also to the rigours of sub-tropical climates which the colonial army demands. But we do find these iron temperaments in North Africa, in the rude climate of Algeria, where heat does not exclude cold, amongst the robust races which for fifty years have been living side by side with us." M. Vacherot is carried away by the eloquence of special pleading for the formation of a colonial army. He cannot realize fully the weight of his own meaning, when he describes France as having reached a condition in which her people are so softened by luxury that the hardy spirits necessary for the defence of her empire can no longer be found amongst them, and adds this to the already too-well authenticated fact that her population does not increase at a rate sufficient to enable her to keep her place among the nations at home. He prefaces his article by a melancholy account of the results of French rule in Algeria. From a military point of view it is well worth reading. He calculates that the extension of the law of conscription to Algeria would produce a yearly contingent of 25,000 men.

A POLISH NOVELIST.

In a review of M. Henri Sienkiewicz's novel, "By Sword and Flame," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Count Wodzinski proposes to do for the Polish historical romancer what others have been doing of late for many foreign authors, and make known to the French public the striking qualities of his gifted compatriot. M. Henri Sienkiewicz has been compared to Dumas, but Slav writers are, indeed, incomparable to anything western. To find a parallel for "By Sword and Flame," we must go to the "Peace and War" of Tolstoi. M. Wodzinski gives the following portrait of his author: "Henri Sienkiewicz is young. He is young not only in the sense which the terminology of the literary school gives to the expression, but in the true and natural meaning of the word. Tall and slight, with a broad chest; intelligent high forehead, and deep-set, dreamy eyes; a straight and clean-cut nose; sweetness, but also decision in his features, a martial moustache drooping over sensuous lips. So the man appears. M. Sienkiewicz belongs to an old stock of Lithuanian nobility. His political and social ideas have changed as his talent ripened and developed. Originally an advanced Liberal, he has now rallied to the Conservative party." "By Sword and Flame" is the first of an historical trilogy of which the other two are "The Deluge" and "M. Wolodyjowski." It appeared in 1881, presumably before the author was still in the liberal stage of his development. The scene of it is south-western Russia, and the time the Cossack War of the seventeenth century. The necessity for first learning the A B C of the Polish history of the period is a little irksome to the ordinary English reader, but the place which is gradually being taken in literature by Slav writers is a sign of the times, and for romantic charm and power of picturesque presentation M. Sienkiewicz is second to none of them. He is the more interesting as representing the idealist school, while Russia is sending us her realism in the writings of Tolstoi and Dostoieffsky.

GAZETTE DES BEAUX ARTS.

THERE is an absence of marking articles in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* of the month, and the place of honour is given to the first of a series, by M. Eugène Muntz, on the Museum of the École des Beaux Arts, which seems inclined to hang a little half way between the detail of a catalogue and the generalities of independent description. M. Muntz claims for this museum that it led the way amongst modern collections of this kind, and especially in the matter of plaster casts from the antique had, "long before there was any question of the South Kensington Museum, or of the Museum of Berlin, formed series which have nothing to fear from comparison with the Berlin collection." It has the advantage as a popular organ of instruction that it is kept open on Sundays, on which day entrance is free. The object which he proposes to himself is to make these contents better known, and to add some little account of the history and composition of the collection as a whole. He wished especially to get rid of the generally prevailing illusion that the Museum contains no originals but only copies and casts. In reality he maintains that the collection of the École des Beaux Arts is to be rated next after the Louvre in value. The series of articles promises to be well illustrated as usual, but ought evidently to be read in Paris.

The finest illustration of the month is given to the newly-discovered Rembrandt of Pecq, over which the connoisseurs have been fighting so desperate a battle. M. Emile Michel, it will be remembered, is one of the great experts who has pronounced against the authenticity of the picture. M. Paul Mantz, on the other hand, accepts it. The picture, to which the title of "Abraham Visited by the Angels" has been definitely given, is, we understand, terribly damaged by clumsy attempts at restoration; but even the black and white of the present illustration gives an impression of great beauty and dignity. Whether it be an original or not, it is a valuable acquisition to the artistic public.

M. de Geymüller continues his studies of the Cathedral of Milan; and M. Emile Michel contributes notes upon "Recent Studies in Dutch Art."

REVUE DE FAMILLE.

SIDE by side with the names of M. Jules Simon, M. Jules Claretie, and M. Anatole France, the name of Th. Dostoievski figures in the list of last month's *Revue de Famille*. In the second number for April he begins a story of which the characteristic title, "Stages of Madness," does not in any way mislead the reader as to its contents. Nor does he undergo, as the other writers we have mentioned, the influence of the periodical in which he so curiously finds himself. Whether for family reading or otherwise, he does not depart in a hair's breadth from his habitual realism of the terrible and tragic side of life. The central figure of the story, so far as it has gone, is a degraded Russian of the lower class, who is a curse upon every life that he approaches, whose magnificent musical talent is rendered abortive through drink, and who is, we conclude, on the way down hill through vice to madness. Each phase of degradation into which he falls is probably one of the stages from which the title of the story is taken. All M. Dostoievski's gifts are here, and the study, so far, is one of unredeemed gloom. The fatalism of the East, combined with the power of analysis and the opportunity of the West, bids fair to render the work at once as suggestive and as profoundly depressing as any that Russian realisms have produced. The translation into French is made by E. Halperine Kaminsky.

THE SCANDINAVIAN PERIODICALS.

Du Nordisk Tidskrift publishes an essay by Karl Warburg on "Emile Augier," whom he regards as the worthy successor of Molière, and traces the influence of his writings on our present dramatists. Georg Nordensvan's study of the life of Egon Lundgren will interest Her Majesty. Lundgren was a painter and *littérateur* not unknown to the artistic world of England, and a member of the Society of Painters in Water-colours (1859). He was a favourite water-colour painter of the Queen, and had a little atelier at Balmoral. Her Majesty gave him a commission to paint a whole series of Shakespearean scenes, as well as a large number of pictures of court life, such as royal weddings, christenings, &c. The article is charmingly written, and is to be continued in the next number. Among the other papers are the following:—by B. Hasselberg, on "The Latest Spectroscopic Researches on the Motion of the Fixed Stars"; by Gustav Gulberg, on "The Scandinavian Whale Fisheries," from the days of King Alfred the Great up to the present time, when the whales are harpooned by darts fired from cannon.

The principal article in *Dagby* is a short biography of the philanthropist Miss Lina Nordvall, a woman who combined a man's strength of thought and purpose with the gentleness and unselfish warm-heartedness of her own sex. She was the founder of a Home for Young Women, and her whole mission in life was spent in their service. Her Home, which was opened in 1881, is stated to have saved about 2,000 friendless or ruined girls. The first Home was preventive, the second for rescue work.

In *Ny Svensk Tidskrift*, the most notable article is the review of Björnson's "On God's Path," by H. A. N. The first feeling one has, says the reviewer, on opening Björnson's last work, is one of bewilderment. "What sort of language is this? Can I read it? Shall I understand it? Yes!... No!... Yes!..." (This, of course, refers to Björnson's unusual mode of spelling, and certain fresh expressions he employs.) "It is a style unlike all others, and as the great writer, in a *postscript* to the book, declares he will adopt no other, his admirers are left to Hobson's choice; and, since the book is Björnson's, they soon make the best of their bewilderment, and grow accustomed to the peculiar style, in the same way as one grows gradually accustomed to make out objects in a dusky room." The review gives us the plot of the story, and a very fair idea of the characters. Björnson's novel receives much praise, but the reviewer considers that the novelist has been somewhat too lavish in his attention to details, and has overcrowded his book with small incidents and insignificant personages.

The next article of importance in *Ny Svensk Tidskrift* is R. Steffen's paper on "The Latest Researches in Northern Mythology." Like Adoff Noreen in *Nordisk Tidskrift*, he attaches little importance to Völuspa legends in connection with northern mythology. The gist of his article, however, is a very sharp criticism of Victor Rydberg's last great work, "Researches in Germanic Mythology."

Skilling Magazin is an interesting Norwegian weekly published at Christiania. It is full of illustrations—the issue of April 19th containing a good portrait of General Caprivi.

Vor Tid, a little Norwegian monthly, is the organ of a society for social reform, founded, it seems, on Henry George's ideas. "Primitive Religious Ideas," by H. C. Hansen, and a paper on taxation entitled, "Cheap Sugar—Cheap Land," an article on the Sacrament, and a few columns devoted to correspondence comprise its contents.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS, almost the only contemporary Italian author whose travels and tales have been translated into English, contributes to the mid-April number of the *Antologia* a little descriptive sketch, in his graceful and gently-humorous style, of the agitations which beset a convent of nuns on being ordered by the secular authorities to practise gymnastic exercises in order to teach them to their school children. A curious bit of historical romance is furnished by the historian, Signor G. B. Intra, to the same periodical, in a clever sketch of the Princess Anna Gonzaga, who, as Princess Palatine, held one of the most brilliant salons during the early years of the reign of Louis XIV., and who succeeded in undergoing the probably unique experience for a princess of two secret marriages, the first being to Henry de Guise, and the second to Edward, son of the Protestant Elector Palatine.

AN ITALIAN VIEW OF BISMARCK.

Writing on the recent German crisis in the *Nuova Antologia* for April 1st, Signor Bonghi, the well-known Radical deputy, sums up Prince Bismarck's character in the following passage:—

In a word, I believe there has never been at the head of any government a mind at once so evident and so well balanced; so advanced in some respects and so Conservative in others; so full of respect for the monarchy, with so just an appreciation of himself; so ready to venerate the head of the State, and so resolved to do so while standing erect; so devoted to the glory of his country, and yet so prudent and cautious in the study of its means and limits; in fact, a nature excessively practical, yet with a far-sighted vision; a man of a stamp highly characteristic and all of a piece, as firm in his resolutions as he is malleable in his methods of carrying them out; capable in the course of public life of forming and breaking friendships without scruple or hesitation, in order to arrive by different means at one and the same object; never retreating except in appearance, and in order to re-advance later, and reserving invariably the ultimate decision in his own hands.

On the whole, S. Bonghi regards the new *régime* in Germany as distinctly prejudicial to European prospects of peace, although he does not anticipate any immediate disruption of the Triple Alliance.

SHAKESPEARE'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

In continuation of a preceding article on Shakespeare's love affairs, Signor Chiarini manages to steer a middle course amidst the bewildering array of contradictory Shakespearian critics, and adopts the common-sense view that the poet was in love with Anne Hathaway when he first married her, and that he had grown tired of her by the time he left Stratford for London; while he regards the much-discussed legacy to his wife of the "second-best bed" as a proof that, in spite of separation, the two remained on fairly amicable terms. The writer regrets the small amount of study which even scholarly Italians bestow on Shakespeare—much less, apparently, than we bestow upon Dante,—and condemns as unsatisfactory and inaccurate the most recent translation of his sonnets by Professor Olivieri.

A PRIMROSE LEAGUE FOR ITALY.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* has started a series of articles on London life. The one on "Club-land" of last month is followed up in the present number by a very glowing account of the Primrose League, which, however, judging by the signature, "Roberto Stuart," probably hails from the League offices. It proposes the establishment of a similar league in Italy, to be called "La Margherita," in honour of the Queen. The *Rassegna* also announces the

formation of a new popular society at Milan, to be named after Alessandro Manzoni, and which is to aim at the social and educational improvement of the people, while working on a broad Catholic basis. It may be regarded as one more symptom of that which has become obvious during the last few years—namely, of the large revival of Catholicism amongst the middle classes throughout the North of Italy.

PORTUGUESE PERIODICALS.

In the *Revista de Portugal* the brilliant writer on Brazilian affairs, who signs "Federico de S.," contributes an article on the diplomatic treaties and financial credit of "a Dictatorship which continues to prove to the world that in these days it is impossible to govern a Latin race without liberty. A Dictatorship may succeed in dominating a nation; but to govern it, in the civilised sense of the word—that is to say, by leading it, aiding it, in the realisation of its destiny—that is a thing which no Dictatorship can accomplish." He adds a table which elucidates his account of the cause and extent of the fall of Brazilian credit, and two maps showing the loss sustained by Brazil in the arrangement made with the Argentine Republic as to the delimitation of the frontier. "Federico de S.," with the aid of copious extracts from transatlantic newspapers, emphatically denies the assertion of the *Times*, "that in ceding so important a territory, the Government of Rio Janeiro had been 'put in a corner.'" He ascribes this event to Senhor Bocayuva's well-known Argentine sympathies, to this minister's ignorance and want of common sense, to a vulgar desire for currying favour with a neighbouring State, and to a still more childish one for making a triumphal progress. He gives a humorous account of Senhor Bocayuva's departure on board the sumptuously-furnished ironclad, the *Riachuelo*, with a "*rastaquouère* cortege" consisting of his family, sons-in-law, friends, reporters, and last, but not least, the *toreador*, Mazzantini. "Thus did bull-baiting assist diplomacy. An Argentine journal recorded that, on the occasion of a bull-fight, at which Senhor Bocayuva and the Argentine plenipotentiary were present in *their official capacity*, Mazzantini dedicated the death of the third bull to the Ministers Bocayuva and Zeballos, drinking to the prosperity of Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and to the union of the Republics of South America. The sword of Mazzantini," adds the writer, "will prevent history from affirming that no blood was shed in the delimitation of the frontier. There was the blood of a bull." He cannot help contrasting this grotesque state with the modest mode of travelling of Dom Pedro and of those bygone Brazilian statesmen whose treaties consecrated the glory acquired by Brazilian arms, and who have bequeathed to Brazilian diplomacy a tradition of energy and capacity. He deprecates the alliance as dangerous to the future peace of Brazil.

Senhor Eça de Queiroz continues to edit the delightful letters—anedotic, paradoxical, and semi-philosophical—of Fradique Mendes; Senhor Moniz Barreto writes an enthusiastic review of *Le Disciple*, "with which no contemporary French novel will bear comparison. . . . To meet with so masterly an analysis, we should have to go back as far as Flaubert, and even, perhaps, as far as Stendhal." O! shade of Stendhal, what can you have done to Senhor Moniz Barreto? There are further instalments of Senhor de Quental's work on the general tendencies of contemporary philosophy; of Senhor Yagruê Lima's on the philosophy of Tolstoi; of Senhor Martens' "Sons of D. John," and of the Portuguese version of "King Solomon's Mines."

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Die Gartenlaube. April. 50 pf.

- Forth Bridge. (Illustrated.)
 Samuel Smiles. (With Portrait.)
 The *a.s. Columbia*. (Illustrated.)

Die Gesellschaft. April. 1 mk. 30 pf.

- The Social Empire: a Danish View of the German Rescripts.
 Goethe and Heinrich von Kleist.
 The Mission of Judaism.
 Georges Ohnet's Novels.
 Liliencron's Poems.

Nord und Sud. April. 2 mks.

- Two Sea Stories. By H. Kruse.
 Munich Shakespeare Theatre.
 The Art of the Actor.

Preussische Jahrbücher. April. 1 mk. 50 pf.

- Körner's Criticisms of Schiller's Works.
 Constitution, Self-Government, and Social Reform.
 Prince Bismarck.

Schorer's Familienblatt. (Salonausgabe.)

- April. 75 pf.
 Paul Heyse. (With Portrait.)
 Hamburg Docks. (Illustrated.)
 Schiller's Marriage. (Illustrated.)
 Germany in South-West Africa.

Ueber Land und Meer. April. 1 mk.

- Schloss-Freiherr at Berlin. (Illustrated.)
 Mrs. Beecher Stowe. (With Portrait.)
 Karlsbad. (Illustrated.)
 Paul Heyse.

Velhagen and Klasings Neue Monatshefte. April. 1 mk. 25 pf.

- Karl August, Grand Duke of Weimar. (With Portrait.)
 Lüneburg and its Antiquities. (Illustrated.)
 In the Holy Land: Recent Travels. (Illustrated.)
 Nineveh and its History. (Illustrated.)

Vom Fels zum Meer. May. 1 mk.

- A Flying Visit to Palestine. (Illustrated.)
 The Langworthy Case. (Conclusion.)
 Winged Botanists, Butterflies. (Illustrated.)
 The Social Question.

THE most interesting, as well as the most important event which one expects to find recorded in the German magazines for April is, of course, the retirement of Prince Bismarck. *Die Gesellschaft* does not allude to it, though it congratulates the Socialists on their recent victory at the General Election. *Velhagen's Magazine* only gives a portrait of the late Chancellor, and contents itself with simply wishing him "Many happy returns." But a writer in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* reviews the ministerial life of the Prince. Dividing his twenty-eight years' ministry into two parts, the author recognises the period before the Peace of Frankfurt as the heroic, and the period after the Peace as the artistic. The article, however, deals mainly with the latter period. In conclusion, the author thus summarises his estimate of the Chancellor:—"In a great epoch of reform Prince Bismarck ruled the German people, nay stupefied them, and, as Luther would say, led them almost as one would lead a blind horse, not by mechanical means, but by the convincing power and fertility of his genius." The *Preussische Jahrbücher* has also an article on Constitution, Self-Government, and Social Reform, the three political ideas which, it considers, have ruled Europe in the last century. In the discussion on the Mission of Judaism in *Die Gesellschaft*, the writer, who is replying to an article in a previous number, defines the Jews as practical cosmopolitans, second only to the English; but he regrets that, unlike the British Empire, which has a national head and voice in her Parliament in London, the Jewish world is without a political, or indeed, any other centre but a business one.

Every month brings so much matter relating to Goethe and Schiller that it would be impossible to deal with it at any length. Among the articles on Goethe, the one most meriting attention is that on Goethe and Heinrich von Kleist in *Die Gesellschaft*. Another article in *Velhagen*, which purports to be a character study of Karl August, Grand Duke of Weimar, to whose long friendship Goethe owed so much, naturally deals with the poet also, for it is chiefly their intercourse with each other that the writer describes. The study is accompanied by a portrait of the Grand Duke in 1780.

How much Schiller, in one of the turning points of his life, owed to Körner has often been told, but how Körner's friendship faithfully followed the poet in all his later success at Jena and Weimar, when the two were obliged to live apart, is best told by the correspondence between the poet and his critic which took the place of personal intercourse. The way in which Körner's critical faculties were then called into play by Schiller, who begged his friend to be as severe with him as he would be with himself or with an enemy, is told in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*.

After Schiller and Goethe, the literary portrait gallery of the month includes Liliencron, the poet (*Die Gesellschaft*), and Paul Heyse, dramatist and novelist (*Ueber Land und Meer* and *Schorer's Familienblatt*, with portrait in the latter periodical). Paul Heyse, the author of "Kinder der Welt," "Im Paradiese," and other novels, celebrated his sixtieth birthday on March 15. The literary foreigners honoured with notices are Georges Ohnet, the French novelist (*Die Gesellschaft*), and Dr. Samuel Smiles, with portrait (*Gartenlaube*).

Lüneburg and Hamburg are the German towns which come in for description in pen and picture this month. *Schorer's Familienblatt* shows us something of the Hamburg docks, and *Velhagen* tells the history of the old town of Lüneburg on the Ilmenau.

Last July the German *S.S. Columbia* beat the English record, having made her maiden trip from Hamburg to America in 6 days, 7 hours, 48 minutes. A full description of this ship, with many illustrations, appears in the *Gartenlaube*.

In *Velhagen* (April) and in *Vom Fels zum Meer* (May), we get glimpses of the Holy Land, the results of the recent visits of two travellers. Both articles are copiously illustrated with views of Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Bethlehem, Bethany, &c. Thence another traveller takes us to Nineveh and gives us an outline in *Velhagen* of the history of that ancient city, also illustrated. Dr. B. Schwarz, the African explorer, contributes to *Schorer's Familienblatt* some notes on the people, trade, &c., at the German settlement of Wallfisch Bay in South-West Africa.

In an article entitled "The Social Empire," *Die Gesellschaft* for April translates a study of the German Imperial Rescripts, by Henning Jensen. This Danish ex-pastor, while denouncing the action of *dilettante* politicians, who play a little with the social fire, but always take care not to burn their fingers, regards with satisfaction the recent departure in Germany.

THE BELGIAN REVIEWS.

La Revue Générale. April 1, 1890. Came out late.

A Day at Bokhara the Noble. By Jules Leclercq.

Belgian Legislation on Friendly Societies. By A. l'Kint de Roodebeke.

The Last Book of M. Drumont. By Ferdinand Gonne.

La Société Nouvelle. March 31, 1890. Came out late.

The Social Question at the Congress of Berlin. By Jules Brouez.

Imperial Socialism. By C. de Paepe.

The Legend of the Flemish Jesus. By E. de Molder.

The Minimum of Salary and the Maximum of Hours of Work. By A. de Potter.

La Revue Belge. April 1 and April 15.

Law and Philology. By Ch. Tilman.

Germanism and Romanism (Flemish and French). By Brauch.

A Study on the Theatre of Calderon. By Carlos.

Bulletin de la Société Belge Royale de Géographie de Bruxelles. January, February. Came out very late.

The District of Upoto and the Foundation of a Camp on the Aruwimi. By d'Hanis.

The Province of Sao Paulo, Brazil. By Van de Putte.

L'Enseignement des Langues Modernes. Every two months. March 19. Came out late.

The Scholastic Reformation and the Living Languages. By Th. Hegener.

Le Muséon. April 19.

Historical and Geographical Notice on the Kingdom of Kharacene. By E. Drouin.

Bulletin de la Société Royale de Géographie d'Anvers. No. 1, 1890. Came out very late.

Queensland and Australasia: a lecture by Madame Couvreur (Tasma).

Notes on Haiti. By Washington Serruys.

The Province of Corrientes. By A. Baguet.

Le Magasin Littéraire et Scientifique. April 19.

Jules Simon: a Page of Contemporary History. By Arthur Goddyn.

The Agricultural Crisis. By Jules de Soignie.

Het Pelfort. April. In Flemish.

Religious Liberty and the "Beggars." By Goetschalckx.

THERE is no greater curiosity in Belgium than the religious conceptions of the lower classes, and among these there is none more incredible than

"The Legend of the Flemish Jesus." In the *Société Nouvelle*, M. Eugène de Molder gives us three fragments:—"The Marriage of Cana," "Jesus Tempted in the Desert," and "St. Peter's Denial of Christ." Here is an extract from the first:—

At Cana, in Galilee, the village was full of people on the spree, and empty barrels rolled about the roads bestridden by ragged urchins. . . . The flag was hanging from the top window of the Crown Inn down to the very tables, where it caressed the stone beer-jugs, put out in sign of welcome. . . . In the evidence of the *burgomaster* of Cana, a great feast was spread in the dining-room, for it was his daughter's wedding-day. . . . The varlets came to tell the *burgomas'er* that all his beer barrels were empty, and that in the whole village not a single pint of even the smallest beer was to be found. The *burgomaster* muttered something disagreeable, being both annoyed and anxious; but St. Mary, who had heard everything, turned simply to Jesus, and whispered,—“They have nothing more to drink.” Jesus got up immediately, and went down into the cellar. He had been invited to the marriage feast with his mother and all his disciples. They all came, and on that day the apostles had a good fill. Jesus was dressed as a pilgrim, and had taken with him a long stick from which a water-bottle hung by a string. To do honour to the bride and bridegroom, Mary wore her gold earrings, and a mystic glory was stuck at the back of the head of the holy personages.

The rest of the story proceeds very much like the Gospel story, with the difference that strong beer and small beer are substituted for good wine and worse wine. Compared with what peasants do really tell about the Christ in their winter evening talks, this is the very pink of propriety.

The Socialist View of the Berlin Congress.—M. Jules Brouez, in the *Société Nouvelle*, would have had the Congress declare itself ignorant of any remedy to the existing social evils. The Emperor should have proclaimed to the whole world the general ignorance on what is to be done to procure a lasting peace to all, and justified the Conference on the ground that it was necessary to prove this general ignorance before any solution of the social problem could be arrived at. Meantime he should keep the peace till he felt a martyr beneath the blows of the revolutionists, but he would be rewarded by a gratitude that would resist the wear and tear of centuries and make his name a blessing to future generations.

In his article on "Imperial Socialism," Dr. César de Paepe, whose health, we are told, is fast failing him, advocates a waiting policy, and throws upon the leaders of the German Socialists the responsibility for initiative. He declares that what happens in Germany shows us that great things are brewing in the world. With the Emperor, without him or against him—as with any government, without it or against it—Socialism will have its day. Its triumph cannot long be withheld."

In the *Revue Générale*, M. Jules Leclercq discourses on **The Doom of Bokhara the Noble**. "Arab-Khaneh, the nearest station to Bokhara, not less than twelve versts from the town, is destined to be the successor. The reason why the Transcaspien railway has been built so far from the capital is because the Ameer protested that if the railway were brought nearer the city the women of Bokhara would run away from their lords and masters on the devil's waggon. As the water-supply of Bokhara proper is very bad, the Russians agreed gladly to establish their terminus at Arab-Khaneh, which is evidently destined to become a new Bokhara. The writer, who recently tracked Bokhara, praises the melon as the most delicious in the world. A Russian *gourmet* told me that the melon alone would have justified the conquest.

Jew-baiting not Religious, but Economical.—It is rather strange to find a Roman Catholic, the traditional enemy of the Jew, writing the following sentences anent the history of the *Dernière Bataille*. Of M. Drumont's latest attack on the Jews, the *Revue Générale* says:—

The Jewish question is not a religious question. No, no, we have to seek for something else; and the Jewish question—whether we look at its origin in the Middle Ages, or at its full development in the nineteenth century, appears to us to be, before all else, an *economical question*.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

"LUX MUNDI" AS THE BOOK FOR MAY.

HITHERTO I have given each month a condensed novel. This month, for exchange, I substitute a *précis* of a volume of theology. Theology is often quite as new as romance, and sometimes as true. This is the month of May meetings, when serious England studies the balance-sheet of its theological activities at home and abroad. Excepting Mr W. O'Brien's prison novel there is no fiction calling particularly for notice, and Mr. O'Brien's novel is now in course of publication in so many towns it would not be advisable to serve it up in brief. "Lux Mundi," as the volume of essays is called which is making so much stir, is quite as interesting as "Robert Elsmere," and much more useful. Everybody who is anybody is reading it; and as there are a great multitude of nobodies who can neither afford time nor money to buy the book and read it for themselves, I have decided to give the substance of it in place of the customary novel.

I called the other day on Canon Liddon, as has long been my custom every Monday whenever he is in residence, to enjoy the afternoon walk in his company from St. Paul's to Westminster along the Embankment. I was painfully impressed by the poignant regret which he expressed when we touched upon the subject of the book. It is not difficult to understand an emotion so genuine and so deep after the Dean of St. Paul's.

Canon Liddon is the non-episcopal head of the High Church party in England. He is engaged in writing the biography of Dr. Pusey. He contributed largely by his eloquence and his fervour to the founding of Pusey House at Oxford. Mr.

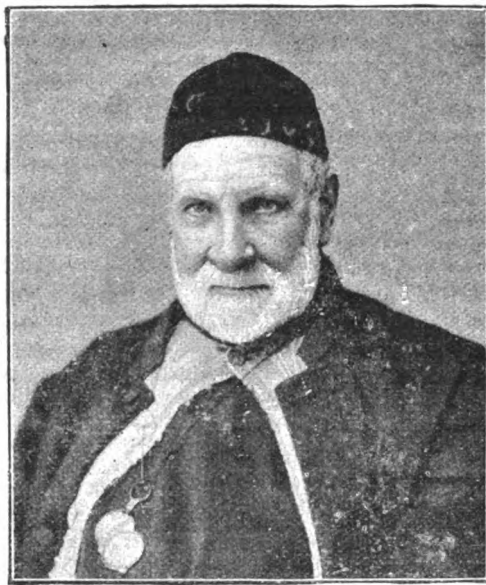
Gore, the editor of the offending volume, is his personal friend, and may be said to be in some sense his *protégé*. Imagine, then, the dismay with which Dr. Liddon opened the important theological manifesto of the younger High Churchmen, edited by Mr. Gore, and found embedded in it what seemed the most mischievous concessions to Pelagian heresy and the destructive tenets

of German rationalism. To Dr. Liddon, or to any trained theologian, there is nothing new in the book. That which shocked him to an extent to which his utterances in the press and in the pulpit bear testimony, was that views concerning essential parts of Canonical Scripture hitherto confined to the heterodox should be calmly incorporated in the last eleven pages of Mr. Gore's essay.

Leaving Amen Court, I went to the headquarters of the Salvation Army, where I found Mr. Bramwell Booth keenly interested in the "Essay on Pain," which forms one of the minor and unobjectionable sections of "Lux Mundi." Picking up the *Tablet*, I found the Catholic organ exultant over "Lux Mundi" as the *reductio ad absurdum* of Anglican Christianity. Mr. Price Hughes in the *Methodist Times*, writes:—

If you enter the shop of any bookseller of repute just now, you are likely to see a good substantial pile of "Lux Mundi." The bookseller will tell you, by way of business, "This is the book that is all the go now." He will tell you, too, that it is published at fourteen shillings. If you are a discerning member of the British public, you will know that for a book at that price to be "all the go" among buyers of books is, as Carlyle used to write, "significant of much."

So significant, indeed, that a reviewer in one of the



From Photo. by J. Chaffin & Sons, Taunton & Yeovil.

*Very faithfully,
J. Liddon*

quarterlies says that, although it cannot be said to make an epoch, it undoubtedly marks one, and adds:—

"It is in many ways so remarkable an index of the progress of religious thought, that it well deserves description and examination, and the attentive study of all who are interested in the religious problems of the day."

Since "Robert Elsmere" appeared, no book has so stirred the waters of religious controversy. The excitement caused by Mrs. Ward's novel was, indeed, a mere ripple on the surface compared with the storm which is now rising. We must go back to the days of the "Essays and Reviews," or even to the more distant Tractarian movement to find a situation analogous to the present. The columns of the *Guardian* and *Spectator* have been filled with their strong and angry protests. The dome of St. Paul's has rung with denunciations of the heretical essays. The book appeared only a few months ago, and ever since its appearance the weekly press, and the magazines, and the religious world in general have been ringing with the sound of it.

Our readers will doubtless be glad to have some account of its history, contents, and tendencies.

Then came the question of how to do it. The Bishop of Lichfield, with whom Canon Liddon heartily concurs, wishes that the whole subject could be discussed in Latin. But it is in vain to attempt to imprison living issues in a dead language. Curiously enough, the most vigorous attack in the book has been made by the one Anglican clergyman to whom it would be as easy to carry on a controversy in Latin as in his mother tongue. Archdeacon Denison, one of the most accomplished Latinists of our time, has raised his voice in trumpet tones to denounce "this most unhappy and dangerous book." He even declares "that, filled as the last fifty-eight years of this century have been with successive assaults upon the Catholic faith and position of the Church of England, the book called 'Lux Mundi' coming from within is my chief ground for fear."

It is therefore to him "an extreme unhappiness that the book should have been written, prefaced, edited, published." The Archdeacon is not a man to remain supine in the presence of what appears to him so serious a peril. He has addressed charges to his clergy, letters to the press, and on May 6 he will present gravamen in Convocation, praying for direction by Upper House to appoint a Committee of the Lower House to report upon the whole position. He is persuaded that it is not many yet who have given themselves time to realise what the position really is. Meanwhile, in the midst of the Babel there was heard the voice of Dean Church, like the voice of Falkland earnestly ingeminating Peace. His article in the *Guardian* of April 2 was unsigned, but the Christian serenity and philosophic calm with which the article is

written unmistakably indicate that its author is the Dean who should have been Archbishop, and who Mr. Morley told me long ago seemed to him the most perfect flower of English scholarship and Christian culture among all our living men. I cannot do better than reprint the substance of his article as a preface to our account of the book in question.

"LUX MUNDI" AND ITS CRITICS.

The controversy raised by Mr. Gore's paper in "Lux Mundi" is, as might have been anticipated, growing to be a serious one. They are matters which are not likely to be dropped; all that can be expected is that they should be treated with an adequate sense of the responsibility which rests on all who handle them. It ought, further, to be kept in mind that whatever be the recent occasion which has lately brought these questions into prominence, they have long been looming with disturbing indistinctness, and have occupied the hidden thoughts of numbers of believing and reverent minds, especially in the generation which is coming on the scene. It is, perhaps, time that these questions should be faced, and that what Churchmen have neglected hitherto, a thorough account of the facts of the case, should be seriously attempted. Two cautions may be reasonably urged on all who feel called upon to take part in these discussions. The first is the very homely but very important one to take trouble to clear their own thoughts, and to make their words adequately and distinctly express their thoughts. Another caution, almost as homely, is to keep adequately in mind the vast ignorance which there must be on some of the most important elements of these questions, and the awful and impenetrable mystery into which the brightness of the central truth of Christianity shades off on all sides. We need to be on our guard against an easy fashion of taking for granted; and much more need we be on our guard, much more need we all patience and care and self-distrust, when we have to argue about God's ways of revealing Himself to His creatures. When men lay down hastily what He must do or have done, what alone is worthy of Him to do, what alone can fulfil His purpose, what must follow unless He acts as we suppose, they mean to be reverent, but we can sometimes see plainly that they are not wise. Yet the temptation besets us all; it is one of the idols of the tribe. If we are wise, we shall beware of *a priori* premisses and too great confidence in supposed necessary consequences, as much as, being Christian disputants, we shall shun exaggeration or sarcasm.

To these words of wisdom, of counsel, and of reproof, I have only to add that the work of condensing the two distinct essays, about which controversy rages, into the compass of a dozen pages, with such elucidatory and critical remarks as are necessary for the due understanding of the drift of the essayists, has been entrusted to one of the "believing and reverent minds in the generation now coming on the scene," a mind prepared by careful study in Germany and at home for the critical appreciation of the significance of the volume.

“LUX MUNDI” :

INTRODUCTORY—CRITICAL.

“LUX MUNDI,” the great theological sensation of to-day, consists of twelve theological essays. These are the work of eleven authors, one of whom is thus responsible for two essays. In a sense, however, all the writers are responsible for every part of the volume, for it is confessedly the product of carefully combined co-operative effort.

The essays are so arranged as to cover, with certain significant exceptions, most of the ground usually covered by systems of divinity. The work is, in fact, a popular *dogmatik*. It is written not for experts, but presumably for intelligent Churchmen.

In the several contents of the book, considered apart from their combination and authorship, there is little that is new to the theological specialist. There is scarcely one new idea in the whole of its more than 500 octavo pages. The most novel positions it advances, taken separately, have for many years been platitudes in German schools, and consequently in the wider theological circle which is permeated with German teaching. All the salient points in the new book—its frank acceptance of evolution, its liberal theory of inspiration, its large and ungrudging concessions to modern criticism of the Old Testament, its consequent modification of some of the most vital doctrines—have been put forward long before now, with profounder erudition, keener critical acumen, and far abler dogmatic grasp.

But in all probability never from such a source. For this book, full as it is of the most pronounced Liberal concessions and tendencies, proceeds from what was supposed to be the stronghold of English theological Conservatism. It is written and published by the rising clerics of the High Church party, men of acknowledged standing and of high repute in the Anglican priesthood. The eminent positions they occupy in academic as well as ecclesiastical spheres indicate at once their attainments and their far-reaching influence. The editor of the book, and at the same time author of the essay which has excited the greatest controversy, is none other than the Principal of Pusey House; and Pusey House is, as its name suggests, the head-quarters of the High Church propaganda in Oxford and in England. Yet these ornaments and leaders of the extreme Right have made concessions to the extreme Left which Liberal Churchmen or Nonconformists could not have made without raising an uproar. This is the novelty and the wonder of the book—that High Church clergymen, without abating their sacerdotal and sacramentarian pretensions, should on certain most important points of doctrine out-liberal the Liberals, and publish their extraordinary position to the world! This it is which has called forth the wrath and indignation of the older members of the High Church party.

“Lux Mundi” has often been compared with “Tracts for the Times” and “Essays and Reviews.” It is in many ways a curious jumble of the tendencies of both. Among many points of contrast may be mentioned one which has doubtless excited frequent remark. One misses the commanding scholarship which gave such weight and dignity to the earlier movements. There is much about these essays which suggest a not very profound theological

culture. Considerable intimacy is displayed with the writings of the Fathers, but the same proficiency is not conspicuous in more modern departments of theology. The bibliographical references in the footnotes are not numerous, and at times direct one to strangely inadequate sources. Here and there one gathers the impression of men writing about ideas which they have caught up from magazines and other occasional literature, rather than of scholars communicating the results which they have quarried for themselves from the mines of truth.

The impression is not weakened on reading the passages wherein the essayists touch on Biblical history. There is, in fact, a good deal in “Lux Mundi” which seems to suggest that the authors possess only second or third hand information about the historical criticism to which they make such liberal concessions. Take one eminent instance (p. 352). Principal Gore is about to grant the possibility of a very revolutionary theory concerning the origin of the Pentateuch. He gravely informs us that such a concession is demanded by “historical criticism.” This most serious demand we naturally expect to find him supporting by a long array of critical authorities. But, as a matter of fact, the only reference he gives us to justify this wholesale reconstruction of the Pentateuch is “see Driver, ‘Crit. Notes on Sunday-school Lessons’ (Scribner: New York)”! No doubt Canon Driver is a high authority in Old Testament criticism; but surely his name ought not to stand here alone. Surely “historical criticism” has on this great point found some exposition of itself more representative and authoritative than an elementary text-book for Sunday-school teachers. One dare hardly suppose that the Principal of Pusey House would write as he does and yet not be familiar with the writings of great critics like Reuss, Graf, Kuenen, Wellhausen, whose names are indissolubly associated with the Pentateuchal theory he was describing. Did motives of prudence restrain him from quoting these authorities? Then he certainly displays more caution in the selection of his references than in the construction of his theories, and betrays besides a touching belief in his readers’ ignorance.

For the credit of English scholarship one wishes we could have seen in these essays more evidence of original Biblical criticism; of a knowledge of the sacred sources so full and deep that it could speak out of its own certitudes; and fewer traces of a knowledge that could only timorously handle other men’s judgments without being able to form its own. “Historical criticism” is spoken of as though it were some alien power whose deliverances our essayists must respect but feel they cannot control. At best they use it as they might use some one else’s tools lent them on occasion, and not as their own familiar instrument for discovery of the truth. This impression is not helpful to “distressed faith.”

The absence from these essays of any proportionate treatment of the cardinal doctrine of sin has been often commented on. It is a significant omission. The book aims at re-interpreting Christianity in the light of evolution. The most difficult thing to interpret on the evolutionary hypothesis is precisely this Christian conception of sin. Evolution may be, and is being, so

explained as to explain away sin, and to deny that it is damnable. We might have hoped that "servants of the Catholic Creed and Church," writing to succour a "distressed faith," would be specially careful to succour a faith and, we may add, a morality that have in these evolutionary days grown so perplexed about sin. A disproportionate prominence might, without any apology, have been given to the theme. But it is noteworthy that the disproportion is all the other way. This system of divinity in popular form can find room for an essay on the problem of pain, but cannot find room for an essay on the problem of sin! The existence and power of sin are granted as ultimate facts, and are occasionally treated of; but we would willingly have given up say, at least, half of the pages which are occupied in extolling the sacraments, in order to hear at greater fullness Mr. Illingworth's doctrine of sin.

But after making all deductions from the merits of the book for defects in criticism and completeness, as well as for the ecclesiasticism and sacramentalism which inevitably attach to a High Church work, we are bound to pronounce a distinctly favourable verdict. It is a good book, and will do great good.

It is marked with a broad and genial sympathy. Its writers are as nearly truly catholic as an Anglican Catholic can be. Their attitude is conciliatory even when most pronounced.

Scarcely less refreshing is their frank open-mindedness. They do not fear the light. They resolutely endeavour not to blink the facts, and considering their antecedents, they have succeeded well. Their fear of being blinded by tradition makes them at times almost too partial to modern views, too tremulously receptive to aught that speaks in the name of criticism or science. Yet this vice in ecclesiastics is all but a virtue. One of the charms, as it is one of the surprises, of the book, is its generally ingenuous temper of mind.

But what chiefly impresses the reader, differ as he may from the most distinctive positions of the essayists, is the intensity of their faith. The book glows with a genuine ardour of conviction. Its liberalism is the outcome, not of levity, but of a profound earnestness. There is no desire to startle, no wish to unsettle for the mere love of unsettling. You feel in almost every page of the book, "These are men who believe." They have written out of the intensity of their own belief that they may help brothers in perplexity. They make concessions, the wisdom of which may be disputed, but their tone is not that of surrender; on the contrary, there is something inspiring in the jubilant, triumphant certitude which rings through the book. These men have the enthusiasm of their faith.

And they will kindle a responsive enthusiasm in an ever-widening circle of readers.

"Lux Mundi" cannot fail to exercise a powerful and, on the whole, salutary influence on the life of to-day. Its lucid and attractive literary style will commend it to many hundreds of readers who rarely open a theological treatise. The heresy hunters, as is their wont, have given it a rare advertisement.

Its authors are the rising leaders of the great Anglican party which is already dominant within the Establishment, and to which the immediate future of English religious life seems destined to belong.

The results must be momentous.

Criticism once frankly welcomed within the Anglican pale, will modify other traditions than those that have grown up around the Old Testament, notably those on which are based certain exclusive theories of the Church. With the fall of these will fall the chief barrier which prevents a truly Catholic union of all English Christians.

WHAT THE BOOK CONTAINS.

ESSAYS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

1. Faith. Rev. H. Scott Holland, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's, sometime Senior Student of Christ Church.
2. The Christian Doctrine of God. Rev. Aubrey Moore, M.A., Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Tutor of Magdalen and Keble Colleges.
3. The Problem of Pain: its Bearing on Faith in God. Rev. J. R. Illingworth, M.A., Rector of Longworth, sometime Fellow of Jesus and Tutor of Keble Colleges.
4. The Preparation in History for Christ. Rev. E. S. Talbot, D.D., Vicar of Leeds, ex-Warden of Keble College.
5. The Incarnation in Relation to Development. Rev. J. R. Illingworth.
6. The Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma. Rev. R. C. Moberly, M.A., Vicar of Great Budworth.
7. The Atonement. Rev. and Hon. Arthur Lyttelton, M.A., Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, sometime Tutor of Keble College.
8. The Holy Spirit and Inspiration. Rev. C. Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Fellow of Trinity College.
9. The Church. Rev. W. Lock, M.A., Sub-Warden of Keble and Fellow of Magdalen Colleges.
10. Sacraments. Rev. F. Pagett, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology.
11. Christianity and Politics. Rev. W. J. H. Campion, M.A., Tutor of Keble College.
12. Christian Ethics. Rev. R. L. Ottley, M.A., Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon.

The preface, by Mr. Gore, tells why and how the work arose. The eleven writers were together in Oxford between the years 1875-1885, employed in the common task of university education. They were during that time constrained, in their own behoof as well as that of others, "to attempt to put the Catholic faith into its right relations to modern intellectual and moral problems." This is the purpose of the book. The authors "have written not as 'guessers at truth,' but as servants of the Catholic Creed and Church, aiming only at interpreting the faith we have received." That their "interpretation" will not be of the most slavish kind appears from their next demand. Under "the conviction that the epoch in which we are living is one of profound transformation, intellectual and social, and certain to involve great changes in the outlying departments of theology," they insist that "theology must take a new development." Development is not, however, innovation, but rather the process whereby the Church, standing firm in her own truths, assimilates the new; welcomes the wider knowledge and sanctifies the higher social order of each age. To promote such a development is the aim of these twelve studies. Evolution, it will thus be noted, is the keynote of the book; although the idea is generally draped by the less pronounced and, to many ears, less objectionable word development.

Although each of the studies has a separateness of its own, the book pursues in the main a systematic outline. And as the ordinary system of dogmatics begins with the doctrine of faith, so our series opens with an essay on faith.

I. CANON SCOTT HOLLAND ON FAITH.

Avowing his purpose to be not the conviction of a hostile disbelief, but the succour of a distressed faith, he proceeds to point out that the perplexity from which faith is suffering so severely at the present day is no argument against its vitality. Perplexity arises when the scientific scenery and social order into which faith has long fitted itself is destroyed, and faith is bereft of the sense of corroboration which the old adjustments and associations imparted. A further trouble appears when faith, flung back upon its own naked vitality, finds it cannot submit

itself to the customary processes of scientific examination. But it is just here and so that the true nature of faith discloses itself. The act of believing, even more than that of thinking, or willing, or loving, is "an elemental act of the personal self." It defies analysis. It refuses to be resolved. It lies behind all mental activity. It is one of the primary acts of spirit. As such it requires for its right interpretation a view of the whole life which proceeds from it, and since faith is at the root of an eternal life, eternity alone can make it plain. Thus not superficiality but depth is the secret of its bewilderment.

The faith which is thus elemental has yet its causes and conditions. It grounds itself on an inner and vital relation of the soul to its Source. It is the sense in us that we are Another's creatures. Below and within all acts of consciousness, we are conscious of Another whose mind and will alone make consciousness and all its contents possible. The root law of our entire self is that we are sons of God, and faith is the instinct of relationship based on this inner fact. But because it is the consciousness of this Divine relationship, faith enables us to receive a Divine influence and assistance which cannot be imparted to a nature unconscious of it. So faith opens up the possibility of an entirely new development, which, on account of its novelty, may be called "supernatural."

It is significant of the temper and tone of the book that the essayist here objects to the term "supernatural." It seems to him to suggest that the higher spiritual processes are not natural; whereas, "the higher the life the more intensely natural it is." The Divine nature is "the supreme expression of the natural."

Faith, standing as it does, according to the Canon, behind all knowledge, and employing reason and knowledge merely the better to express and explain itself, is continually readjusting its use of them, in the light of advancing science.

A faith so elastic and agile is not incompatible, though at first sight it might appear so, with the acceptance of Bible and creeds. For the simple adhesion of the soul to God, in which faith took its rise, has gone on developing through a long and complex history. By the discipline of centuries faith has learned to know itself and to realise itself more completely. In Jesus Christ it has at last become explicit, and the record of these experiences is one indispensable condition for the healthy growth of faith to-day. We see traced in Scripture the normal development and necessary outcome of faith as tested by "the logic of experience." The course of revelation, stretching from Abraham to Paul, is the "slow and laborious evolution by which the primitive apprehension of God was transformed into the Christian creed." Yet it is only the moral and religious goal of Scripture which fixes its value for us. "We can listen to anything which historical criticism has to tell us of dates and authorship, of time and place." "The more nearly we can ally the early conditions of Israel to those of Arabian nomads, the more delicate and rare becomes our apprehension of that divine relationship, which by its perpetual pressure lifted Israel to its marvellous supremacy, and which by its absence left the Arabian to be what he is to-day." These are the first signs of that free handling of Scripture for which the book is now so notorious.

II. THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF GOD. BY CANON AUBREY MOORE.

The purpose of this essay is to exhibit the origin and growth of the Christian Idea of God in the light of the new truths which the advance of science has brought with it. In relation to these its attitude is not one of protest or antagonism, nor of weak surrender, but of assimilation. It aims at making evident that the pro-

gress of science is no more than a providential means of illustrating the completeness and truth of the revelation of God in Christ.

There is a great deal that is true and excellently well said in this essay, especially in regard to the speculative necessity of the doctrine of Trinity; although, of course, it has often been said and better said before. The author is evidently much more at home in philosophy than the first essayist, and is more disposed to do justice to reason; but reason has still with him only to accept given truth and find it reasonable. His acquaintance with the philosophy of religion and the history of religions does not, however, appear to be very profound. For instance, in face of the religions of India, what could well display more temerity than the assertion that a personal object is essential to religion, or that pantheism excludes religion? The latter contention would simply de-religionise an immense proportion of mankind, and so destroy the argument which the author himself draws from the universality of the religious instinct. But excepting to specialists this essay will not be the occasion of much dispute.

III. THE PROBLEM OF PAIN. BY REV. J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

The existence of pain in man and in beast, which is so often made an argument against the Christian belief in God, is here dealt with in no very thorough or exhaustive manner. The author confesses he has nothing new to say; he can only repeat what has been already advanced concerning what still remains a mystery. He first treats of animal as distinguished from human pain. The universality of animal suffering is, he admits, one of the most serious difficulties which a Theist has to face. Yet, though no reasonable man doubts the existence of this suffering, of its degree of intensity we can only form imaginary conjectures. The author's main argument is our ignorance. Who knows what compensations animals may have here or hereafter?

Turning to the question of human pain, the author premises two assumptions: that moral evil is an ultimate fact for us, to be neither explained nor explained away, and that character and not pleasure is the primary end of ethics.

(1) Pain is punitive, and punishment or vengeance is a necessary factor of moral development. "Consequences are God's commentaries."

(2) Pain tends to purify and correct: obviously where it is merited, yet more powerfully where unmerited.

(3) Pain is prophylactic. The desire to remove pain from ourselves or others is a main motive of ameliorative endeavour.

In the light of the cross we understand that pain unites us to each other, because it unites us to God.

The essay concludes with a wondering conjecture whether within the mysterious circle of the Godhead sacrifice is not eternal, the reflected light of which only becomes shadow by falling on a world of sin.

IV. PREPARATION IN HISTORY FOR CHRIST. BY REV. DR. TALBOT.

Dr Talbot tells, again with great vividness and freshness, the familiar story of the converging lines of preparation for the coming of the Christ and for the evangelization of the world. After sketching the general preparation of the Gentile world, negative and positive; he gives an account of the special preparation in Israel which covers in the main the usual ground, but the recent upheavals in Old Testament criticism have considerably modified the form in which he presents his material. He deals first with prophecy, then the law, then the history

apart from these. For the prophets he does not claim a predictive power beyond the horizons of their own periods.

But their writings contain an element of anticipation, which expanded into the great Hope of the new Divine Order. What may be termed the Messianic expectation, as distinguished from Messianic predictions, has full justice done to it by Dr. Talbot. The marvellous convergence in Christianity of so many independent lines of historical preparation is very forcibly presented. In the prevalence and power of historical criticism to-day, Dr. Talbot sees promise of one of the greatest corroborations which Christianity has ever received. This he expects will come from the failure of the modern endeavour, supported as it is by all the resources of modern knowledge and criticism, to offer a merely natural explanation of Christ and His religion.

V. INCARNATION AND DEVELOPMENT. BY THE REV. J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

To the popular mind few things appear more incongruous than Evolution and the Incarnation. In an essay of unusual brilliancy, Mr. Illingworth endeavours to show that these two ideas, far from conflicting, are perfectly harmonious. Evolution has, in fact, brought freshly to our mind the doctrine of the Incarnate Word or Reason, the indwelling condition of universal existence. The disproportionate prominence given since the Reformation to the doctrine of salvation had narrowed the Religion of Incarnation into the Religion of Atonement. But in the ancient and mediæval Church the central place was given to the doctrine of the Incarnate Word, and its cosmical significance was fully appreciated. Now, theology and science move in two different but parallel planes. Science can tell us nothing of the beginning of our present material universe, nor of that which lies behind all material phenomena. But in this region, which science cannot enter, theology has its roots and derives its certitudes. Science treats of the manifestations of *energy*, persistent, irresistible, endlessly versatile; theology declares that the Eternal Word is the source of this energy. The statements are complementary, not contradictory.

The idea of *design* in nature seemed indeed at first to have been exploded by the doctrine of evolution, but it has only been more loftily and certainly re-affirmed.

Mr. Illingworth goes on to uphold against objections the Christian faith that all the objects of our thought are transcripts of the Ideas of Divine Wisdom.

Nor does the atheism or impiety of a thinker disprove the presence of the Divine assistance which our faith declares is given to all thinking beings. There is no compulsion exercised on the human mind. Those who reject the experience which verifies religion, do yet receive illumination in other spheres where they are willing to gather knowledge from experience. All great teachers, in their proper spheres, are vehicles of Divine revelation—their discoveries disclosures from the Eternal Word.

The application of the theory of evolution to the history of religion helps us to see that we cannot explain the religious organism merely by its environment, we cannot account for Christianity apart from the personality of Jesus.

One of the most valuable parts of the essay is that which is directed against the objection—evolution is fatal to belief in any system claiming finality, and therefore fatal to the Creed of the Incarnation. The essayist replies that modern evolution is not the re-assertion of the Heraclitean flux. Species once developed are, in proportion to their versatility, persistent.

"The incarnation, in scientific language, may be said to have introduced a new species into the world—a Divine man, transcending past humanity as humanity transcended the rest of the animal creation, and communicating this vital energy by a spiritual process to subsequent generations of men. Thus viewed, there is nothing unreasonable in the claim of Christianity to be at least as permanent as the race which it has raised to a higher power." These words, which are some of the most important that the book contains, are calculated to bring relief to many a perplexed spirit.

With the affirmation, however, that the Word actually became flesh, theology passed out of the transcendental into the actual, historical, and scientific sphere. And at once it is charged with traversing experience, for "miracles do not happen." This assumption of modern times is subjected to a searching criticism by the essayist.

"When we are told that miracles contradict experience, we point to the daily occurrence of the spiritual miracle, of the emancipation of the soul from the grip of moral evil, and ask whether it is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and walk?"

For the sake of the fine development of this point, we can overlook the rather astounding assertion which precedes it, that the Christian Church has never rested its claims upon its miracles!

The evidence furnished by the forgiveness of sins must not, however, lead us to exalt the Atonement at the expense of other aspects of the Incarnation. As the religion of Incarnation, Christianity alone can re-create, consecrate, and provide complete synthesis for humanity.

VI. INCARNATION AS BASIS OF DOGMA. BY THE REV. R. C. MOBERLY.

This essay is a valiant endeavour to allay the prejudice against the dogmas of the Church and to show their inherent reasonableness.

In tracing the "immanent logic" of the movement of Christiain thought from the apprehension of the fact of Resurrection to the full-blown conclusions of the Creed, the author treads a well-worn path, but his exposition is singularly lucid and persuasive.

Dogmas are the fundamental facts of the Christian religion, "together with such explanation of them as the Church has agreed by universal instinct or by dogmatic decree, endorsed by Œcumenical acceptance, to be essential to a reasonable apprehension of the facts." They must be carefully distinguished from the theological teaching which has endeavoured further to explain them. These endeavours are variable, they are subject to error, and to the change attendant on development; as, for a notable instance, in regard to the doctrine of Atonement.

Christian dogmatism, however misrepresented by the intemperate conservatism of theologians, is, after all, devotion and truth, for the sake of truth.

The essay concludes with a criticism of "The Kernel and the Husk."

VII. THE ATONEMENT. REV. AND HON. A. LYTTELTON.

This is not a very satisfactory essay, perhaps one of its chief faults is the endeavour to be too comprehensive within the narrow limits of forty pages. It is thus too closely packed for the general reader. It is too meagre for the expert. We shall not therefore attempt to condense it still further, beyond stating that the distinctive elements in Mr. Lyttelton's theory follows the lines laid down by Prof. Dr. H. Schmidt, in Herzog's "Real Encyclopædie." He suggests that the sentence of death passed upon sinful mankind involved, apart from the Atonement, a consummation of spiritual death at the moment of physical death. "Every man

who by inheritance and his own act shared in Adam's sin," was condemned to experience, in dying, the final withdrawal of God's presence and help, the completion of the alienation which sin began. This consciousness of separation from the life of God was the actual experience of Christ at the moment of His death, and though inflicting on the only begotten Son a suffering altogether unique, it was endured victoriously, without sin, in absolute submission to the Divine appointment. "The actual result of all human sin was herein made . . . the means whereby the union with the will of God . . . was finally perfected." "He took the punishment and made it a propitiation."

But in the Atonement so wrought, man must be himself a willing participant. Our active share in the sacrifice is ensured by our mystical union with Christ. By means of the "practical sacramental teaching which is based upon it," the Pauline doctrine of the second Adam, of the spiritual headship of Christ, commends itself to the conscience. His propitiation, indeed, we can only plead, we cannot share; but by faith we can appropriate its benefits. The rest of the essay is occupied with a polemic against vulgar misconceptions of the Atonement, and with a reminder of the way in which the fact of the Atonement is verified by experience in the Christian consciousness of release from the sense of guilt and the fear of death.

VIII. THE HOLY SPIRIT AND INSPIRATION. BY THE PRINCIPAL OF PUSEY HOUSE.

This is the article that all or most of the noise has been about. Whatever offence the rest of the book may have caused to bellicose orthodoxy, this is the head and front of its offending. The opening of the essay indeed gives little promise of the explosive material stored in its later pages. We are reminded that Christianity is not a mere record of the past, but essentially a present life. It is a living experience because it is the sphere where the Holy Spirit, who is the Lifegiver, finds His freest activity.

The doctrine of the Spirit deals with that sphere wherein God touches man most nearly, most familiarly in common life. The action of the Spirit as the Giver of life is traced through His operations in nature, in the development of man, in the process of redemption, in the life and work of Christ, and finally in the Spirit-bearing Body—the Church. His work in the Church is described under four heads:—(1) It is social or ecclesiastical, sacrament and creed alike presuppose a social organisation. (2) It promotes the growth of individuality, which is only intenser life; not merely in character, by means of sacramental gifts, but also in judgment, by the fostering influence of authoritative creed. Individual illumination is given "to react as a purifying force upon the common mind of the Christian society," and occasionally to effect needed reversions to the apostolic type of truth. For Christianity, as in the Roman communion, to prescribe free inquiry as rationalistic, is to adopt Manichean methods. (3) It consecrates the whole of nature; vitalizes, not mortifies, every faculty of humanity; affirms in living earnestness the unity of the material and spiritual which was revealed in the Word made flesh. (4) It proceeds with great gradualness, as seen in the imperfection of the Old Testament, and in the impurities of the existing Church. "The true self of the Church is the Holy Spirit, but a great deal in the Church does not belong to her true self." Nevertheless, it is her "balanced duty" to be very tolerant of moral and theological imperfections, nor yield to the impatient zeal that would found a "pure Church."

From the living experience by the Christian of the Holy Spirit, and from the deliverances of Revelation arose inevitably the dogmatic affirmation of His place in the Trinity.

So far, all seems innocent enough; only when we enter the third section—that dealing with

THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE—

do we come upon the most startling passages of the whole book. Within these twenty-six pages is heaped inflammatory matter enough to keep the fires of controversy burning hotly for years. As we have seen, the blaze has already broken out, and no one can say how far it will yet go.

The quiet course of the essay hitherto proves, after all, to have been preparing for the innovations that follow. Emphasis on the perpetual life of the Spirit in the Church and in the individual is intended to remove the sense of helpless dependence on the letter of past inspiration. Mr. Gore laments, to begin with, that the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture has been so fatally isolated from its context in the general doctrine of the Holy Spirit. The value of Scripture has thus been impaired alike as a source of evidence and as the sphere of inspiration. Its evidential worth depends on its correspondence to the needs and presuppositions which the Holy Spirit keeps alive in the Church. "Once more, the belief in the Holy Scriptures as inspired requires to be held in context by the belief in the general action of the Holy Spirit upon the Christian society and the individual soul. It is, we may perhaps say, becoming more and more difficult to believe in the Bible without believing in the Church." Even the apostles, in writing to members of the Church, do not assume the air of absolute authority, or speak as possessors of a Spirit in which others do not share. "They write as men subject to a common tradition; they address persons anointed with the same Spirit. Their writings are secondary, not primary."

NO RIGIDLY DEFINED CANON OF SCRIPTURE POSSIBLE.

"Nor, in fact, can a hard and fast line be drawn between what lies within and what lies without the canon." The Epistle to the Hebrews is "pretty certainly not Paul's." In large part it is the judgment of the Church which enables us to draw the line between it and St. Clement's 'Scripture.'" "How irrational to attribute absolute authority to the former epistle and to refuse it to the latter." "How irrational, considering the intimate links by which the New Testament canon is bound up with the historic Church, not to accept the mind of the Church as interpreting the mind of the apostolic writers."

Premising thus, the Principal proceeds to consider the doctrine of Inspiration and its relation to modern criticism. He points out:—

1. The doctrine is not among the *bases* of our faith. "The Christian Creed asserts the reality of certain historical facts. To these facts, in the Church's name, we claim assent; but we do so on grounds which so far are quite independent of the *inspiration* of the evangelic narratives."

2. Nevertheless this doctrine, though not a basal is a necessary article of our faith.

3. "Every race has a special vocation, its inspiration and its prophets. But the inspiration of the Jews was supernatural. What does this mean? That the Jews were selected, not to be the school for humanity in any of the arts and sciences, which involve the thought of God only indirectly, and can therefore be carried on without a fundamental restoration of man into that relation to God which sin had clouded or broken, but to be the school of that fundamental restoration itself." Their inspiration is thus more direct, intense and conscious. It varies in degree from the inspiration of prophecy to the inspiration which led the author of Ecclesiastes, after "passing through many a false con-

clusion and cynical denial," to the true solution of the problem of life.

To begin with the account of the Creation. It has its affinities with Babylonian and Phœnician cosmogonies, but we expect to find its inspiration rather in its differences from them. And its "supernatural inspiration" is evinced in the fundamental principles of religion and morality which it reveals, not in any attempt to satisfy an idle or a scientific curiosity.

The inspiration of the rest of Genesis lies in the fact that the "first traditions of the race are all given there *from a special point of view*," as illustrating God's dealings with man. So throughout the history, the aim and inspiration of the recorders is to keep before the chosen people the record of how God had dealt with them. The poetic faculty of the Psalmists is all directed to the one end of revealing the soul in its relation to God. The prophets furnish the typical instances of inspiration. Their human faculties, not superseded, but intensified by the Holy Spirit, "see deeper under the surface of life what God is doing, therefore further into the future what He will do. No doubt their predictive knowledge is general; it is of the issue to which things tend." They foreshorten the distance of coming events. "The prophetic inspiration is thus consistent with erroneous anticipations," just as Paul could be inspired and expect the second coming of Christ in his own lifetime. "But the prophets claim to be directly and really inspired to teach and interpret what God is doing and commanding in their own age, and to forecast what in judgment and redemptive mercy God means to do and must do in the Divine event." And the correspondence between prophecy and fulfilment ratifies their claims.

"Thus there is built up for us in the literature of a nation, marked by an unparalleled unity of purpose and character, a spiritual fabric, which in its result we cannot but recognise as the action of the Divine Spirit." "Christ, the goal of Old Testament development, stands forth as the test and measure of its inspiration."

Coming next to the New Testament: "the Church sees in the Apostles men specially and deliberately qualified," by the training of the Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit, to interpret Christ to the world. "It understands by their inspiration an endowment which enables men of all ages to take their teaching as representing and not misrepresenting His teaching and Himself." St. John's Gospel contains "an account of our Lord which has obviously passed through the medium of a most remarkable personality": "the outcome of the meditation as well as the recollection of the Apostle." Nevertheless, we accept his record because apostolic, and because agreeing in substance with the rest of the apostolic writings.

Sub-apostolic writings, like those of St. Luke, show an inspiration which did not enable their authors "to dispense with the ordinary means and guarantee of accuracy." "Their inspiration was part of the whole spiritual endowment of their life which made them the trusted friends of the Apostles."

4. Belief in the inspiration of Scripture imposes on us the obligation "to put ourselves to school with the whole of it," a duty, says the author, almost entirely overlooked by Mr. Horton in his recent book on "Inspiration."

5. The modern criticism of the Old Testament raises, however, certain serious questions.

(a) "Does the inspiration of the recorder guarantee the exact historical truth of what he records? And in matter of fact can the record be pronounced true?"

There is nothing to prevent us believing that the record from Abraham downward is in substance in strict sense historical. Yet "the Church cannot insist upon

the historical character of the earliest records of the ancient "Jewish" Church in detail, as she can on the historical character of the Gospels or the Acts."

"Within the limits of what is substantially historical, there is still room for an admixture of what, though marked by a spiritual purpose, is not yet strictly historical." For instance, a process found at work in all early history, of attributing to first founders the remoter results of their institutions, has been, historical criticism assures us, largely present in the

COMPOSITION OF THE PENTATEUCH.

Critical analysis points out, "with great force," several distinct stages in the development of the law of worship, notably the three widely removed legislations contained in

- (1.) The Book of the Covenant (Ex. xx-xxiii., xxxiii.).
- (2.) The Book of Deuteronomy.
- (3.) "The Priestly Code."

Then the Principal tells us "what we may suppose to have happened." Moses gave the Ten Commandments and the rudiments of ceremonial law. This germ developed, and in all its developments, however extended, bore its original name, "the Law of Moses." According to such a view, the Israelitish historians were "subject to the ordinary laws in the estimate of evidence," and possessed an inspiration which did not make them miraculously aware of events exactly as they first occurred. Still, if we believe the law, even in its gradual evolution, to embody the Divine will for the Jews, "there is nothing materially untruthful, though there is something uncritical, in attributing the whole legislation to Moses acting under the Divine command."

The Principal further grants that "the Books of Kings seem to be compiled from the point of view of the Deuteronomist."

Criticism avers that the Books of Chronicles are less historical than the Books of Samuel and Kings, representing the version of events accepted in the later priestly schools. This implies no deliberate deception; only an "unconscious idealizing of history." And while inspiration is incompatible with conscious imposture or even pious fraud, it is, according to Mr. Gore, perfectly compatible with this kind of idealizing, so long as the idealized history only anticipates, and does not misrepresent, the Divine purpose.

"Neither St. Luke's preface to his Gospel, nor the evidence of any inspired record, justifies us" in believing that inspiration means "the miraculous communication of facts not otherwise known—a miraculous communication such as would make the recorder independent of the ordinary processes of historical tradition." Not even the highest degree of spiritual illumination shows "a tendency to lift men out of the natural conditions of knowledge which belong to their time." Even St. Paul was "left" to the exegetical methods of his age.

Mr. Gore is careful to add that the admissions made in regard to Old Testament records cannot be extended to the narratives of the New Testament, in which the evidences are of a different order.

(b) The next question put by Mr. Gore is apt to startle the mind of the unsophisticated layman. Amid the many forms of natural genius employed by inspiration, may we include the dramatic? Are there

DRAMAS IN THE BIBLE?

And though appearing merely to raise the question, Mr. Gore practically answers it affirmatively. The Song of Songs "is of the nature of a drama." The Book of Job, though possessing a historical basis, is "mainly dramatic." The Book of Wisdom, which bears the name of Solomon, is not Solomon's, but is written "in his person by

another author." "We may then conceive the same to be true of Ecclesiastes and of Deuteronomy; *i.e.*, we may suppose Deuteronomy to be a republication of the law "in the spirit and power" of Moses put dramatically in his mouth." If the Books of Jonah and Daniel were shown by criticism to be "probably dramatic," "that would be no hindrance to their performing 'an important canonical function,' or to their being inspired." So our essayist maintains that the dramatic or non-dramatic character of certain Old Testament books is left by the Church an open question for criticism to answer as it best can. The changes we are asked to make in our literary conceptions of Scripture are no greater than those which Galileo made necessary generations ago.

(c) The comparative study of history reveals prior to the literary a mythical stage in the mental development of nations. Our essayist boldly asks, Can we extend this generalisation to Jewish history? Are there

MYTHS IN THE BIBLE?

"In particular, are not its earlier narratives, before the call of Abraham, of the nature of myth, in which we cannot distinguish the historical germ, though we do not at all deny that it exists"? The lay reader is reminded that "a myth is not a falsehood," but the germ of as yet undistinguished history, poetry, philosophy. He is, perhaps, somewhat reassured by being told "the inspiration of these narratives is as conspicuous as that of any part of Scripture." He is left with the question, May not the earliest revelations have come to man in the earliest form in which man apprehended truth?

6. Mr. Gore opens the next section by frankly stating his belief that "the modern development of historical criticism is reaching results as sure, where it is fairly used, as scientific inquiry." The memory of Galileo had its warning for to-day. There was nothing to hinder the Church from accepting the modifications proposed in the current theory of inspiration. The Church has not committed itself to any dogmatic definition of inspiration. The Fathers, on the contrary, furnish many precedents for a freer interpretation of the sacred writings. Nor is

OUR LORD'S USE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

prohibitive of the concessions suggested.

It is by his discussion of this point that the Principal of Pusey House has roused the fiercest storm of indignation and invective. He takes up utterances of our Lord which have been supposed to foreclose certain questions in Old Testament, and he asks, Do they? "For example, does [Christ's] use of Jonah's resurrection as a *type* of His own depend in any real degree upon whether it is historical fact or allegory?" In His reference to the Flood "as a typical judgment," "nothing depends on it being more than a typical instance." The next saying which Mr. Gore examines is one of a much more positive character. In Matt. xxii. 41-46, our Lord quotes from Psalm cx., with the prefatory words, "How doth David in the Spirit call Him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord?" Both Mark (xii., 35-37) and Luke (xx., 41-44) drop the question-form of the utterance, and report, "David himself said." Now, this explicit statement by our Lord has been joyfully laid hold of by many good people, who are very suspicious of the innovations of Old Testament criticism, as an indisputable guarantee of the Davidic authorship of at least one psalm. Here they have imagined themselves safe and beyond the reach of disturbance. Yet this is how Mr. Gore wrote: "Once more He argues with the Pharisees on the assumption of the Davidic authorship of Psalm cx. But the point of His argument is directed to convincing the Pharisees that they did not understand their own teaching, that they were not

true to their own premises. It is surely pressing His words unduly to represent them as positive teaching on a literary point, just as it would be pressing His conclusion unduly to make Him maintain that the relation of sonship to David was inconsistent with lordship over him; or, as in another place, it is monstrous to urge that "Why callest thou Me good? there is none good but God," is a general repudiation of the claim to goodness.

"To argue *ad hominem*, to reason with men on their own premises, was, in fact, a part of our Lord's method. Further than this, it may be fairly represented that if Christ had intended to convey instruction to us on critical questions which are within the scope of natural knowledge, He would have made His purpose plainer. It is contrary to His whole method to reveal His Godhead by any anticipations of natural knowledge. The Incarnation was a self-emptying of God to reveal Himself under conditions of human nature and from the human point of view. We are able to draw a distinction between what He revealed and what He used. He revealed God, His mind, His character, His claim within certain limits, His Threefold Being. He revealed man, his sinfulness, his need, his capacity. He revealed His purpose of redemption, and founded His Church as a home in which man was to be through all the ages reconciled to God in knowledge and love. All this he revealed, but through, and under conditions of, a true human nature.

"Thus He used human nature, its relation to God, its conditions of experience, its growth in knowledge, its limitation of knowledge. He feels as we men ought to feel. He sees as we ought to see. We can thus distinguish more or less between the Divine truth which He reveals and the human nature which He uses. Now, when he speaks of the sun rising He is using ordinary human knowledge. He shows no signs at all of transcending the science of His age. Equally He shows no signs of transcending the history of his age. He does not reveal His eternity by statements as to what had happened in the past, or was to happen in the future, outside the ken of existing history. His true Godhead is shown in His attitude towards men and things about Him, in His moral and spiritual claims, in His expressed relation to God, not in any miraculous exemptions of Himself from the conditions of natural knowledge in its own proper province. Thus the utterances of Christ about the Old Testament do not seem to be nearly definite or clear enough to allow of our supposing that in this case He is departing from the general method of the Incarnation, by bringing to bear the unveiled omniscience of the Godhead, to anticipate or foreclose a development of natural knowledge."

We could not, of course, expect such views of our Lord's earthly humiliation, coming from such a quarter, to remain unchallenged. The book appeared at Michaelmas. On December 8th, Canon Liddon, the great pulpit exponent of the same High Church party to which the essayist belongs, preached in St. Paul's on "The Worth of the Old Testament" (now published, and in the second edition), a sermon evidently intended as a reply to the conclusions of this essay. The Canon takes as text the words with which the essay concludes. That our readers may hear both sides of the question. We give some of the chief utterances of

CANON LIDDON ON "LUX MUNDI."

"For Christians it will be enough to know that our Lord Jesus Christ set the seal of His infallible sanction on the whole of the Old Testament. He found the Hebrew Canon *as we have it in our hands to-day*, and He treated it as an authority which was above discussion: Nay, more, He went out of His way—if we may

reverently speak thus—to sanction not a few portions of it which modern scepticism rejects.

"Are we to suppose that in those and other references to the Old Testament our Lord was only using *ad hominem* arguments, or talking down to the level of a popular ignorance which He did not Himself share? Not to point out the inconsistency of this supposition with His character as a perfectly sincere 'religious Teacher,' it may be observed that in the Sermon on the Mount He marks off those features of the popular Jewish religion which He rejects or modifies, in a manner which makes it certain that, had He not Himself believed in the historic truth of the events and persons to which He thus refers, He would have said so. But did He then share a popular belief which our higher knowledge has shown to be popular ignorance? and was He whom His Apostle believed to be full of grace and truth, and 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' indeed mistaken as to the real worth of those Scriptures to which He so often and so confidently appealed? There are those who profess to bear the Christian name, and yet do not shrink from saying as much as this. But they will find it difficult to persuade mankind that, if He could be mistaken on a matter of such strictly religious importance as the value of the sacred literature of His countrymen, He can be safely trusted about anything else. The trustworthiness of the Old Testament is, in fact, inseparable from the trustworthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if we believe that He is the true Light of the world, we shall close our ears against suggestions impairing the credit of those Jewish Scriptures which have received the stamp of His Divine authority."

The closing remark about the Light of the World is meant to leave us in no doubt that the sermon is a polemic against "Lux Mundi."

In the preface to the second edition Canon Liddon returns to the charge and says—"Take, for instance, our Lord's reference to Psalm cx., with a view to raising the question of His Divinity. In making that reference He was not giving a profitable turn to a topic which had been previously raised by the Pharisees. He was not making use of a popular conviction in such a manner as to imply that, even if false, it might serve His purpose, and that He did not commit Himself to sanctioning it. On the contrary, He chose His own ground. No one had uttered a word about Psalm cx. when He asked the question how the Jewish teachers could say that Messiah was David's son, while David, in this psalm, calls Him his Lord. Now, supposing it to be an ascertained 'result of critical inquiry' that Psalm cx. belongs to the age of Simon Maccabæus, and, indeed refers to him, it is singular that our Lord's appeal to it should have passed unchallenged. Would not at least some one scribe, more learned than the rest, have exclaimed, 'David doth not call Messiah "Lord" in the verse thou quotest; the psalm speaks of Simon, whom our father's grandsires saw as boys'? But if His hearers knew not how to expose what is, on the hypothesis, the gross irrelevancy of the quotation, can we conceive how He, being what He is, could have made it? Was the real date and object of the poem as unknown to Him as to the rabbins and peasants around Him? or, knowing what 'criticism' professes to have ascertained to be the truth, did He advisedly trade upon popular ignorance? did He essay to build up upon a foundation of falsehood belief in the central truth of his religion—His own Divinity. Surely it must be obvious that in this instance it is impossible to ignore the true ground of His authority, or the fact that, if He is indeed All-wise and All-good, He has settled at least one question which no believing critic can presume to open.

"For His authority is as vital an element in the settlement of controverted matters respecting the Old Testament as is the science of language or the science of history, and—it must be added, in our present circumstances, even although the addition should appear to be ironical—of greater weight. The appeal to Him on these Old Testament questions really corresponds to a reference to an axiom in mathematics, or to a first principle in morals, when some calculation or discussion has for the time lost itself in details which shut out from view the original truth on which all really depends."

MR. GORE'S LATEST EXPLANATIONS.

These strictures of the great High Church preacher have evidently moved Mr. Gore deeply, and as a result we have the following ["CORRIGENDA"] prefixed to the fourth edition of "Lux Mundi".—

The author of the essay, "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration" wishes to take his earliest opportunity of preventing further misconception of his meaning on one important point by the explanatory alteration of the following sentences:—

For "to argue *ad hominem*, to reason with men on their premisses, was, in fact, a part of our Lord's method," substitute "It was, in fact, part of our Lord's method to lead men, by questioning them, to cross-examine their own principles without at the time suggesting any positive conclusion at all."

For "He shows no signs at all of transcending the science . . . the history of his age. . . His true Godhead is shown, not by any miraculous exemptions of Himself from the conditions of natural knowledge in its own proper province," substitute "He willed to restrain the beams of Deity so as to observe the limits of the science and historical knowledge of His age. . . He chose to reveal His true Godhead by His altitude, &c. . . not by any miraculous exemptions of Himself from the conditions of natural knowledge in its own proper province."

"These alterations are intended to emphasise what the author meant to express, and to preclude the supposition that our Lord either (1) used knowingly an erroneous premiss to bring the Pharisees to a right conclusion; or (2) surrendered His human nature to fallibility. Whatever limitations of knowledge our Lord submitted Himself to in His Incarnation were deliberate self-limitations taken upon Himself in 'pursuance of His Purpose of Love.'

"It is plain, however, that the bearing of our Lord's language and of the doctrine of the Incarnation on critical problems requires fuller treatment."

With this last sentence we shall all agree; perhaps it is meant to convey Mr. Gore's regret that he has, as it were incidentally, and in a couple of pages, expressed his views on a problem which is one of the most momentous ever propounded by criticism to the faith of the Church.

AN ESTIMATE OF MR. GORE'S POSITION.

Looking back over the course of this remarkable essay, one sees the latest illustration of the fact that those who set great store by the authority of the Church, tend to think comparatively lightly of the authority of Scripture. The Catholic convictions of the author avail themselves of the tendencies of modern criticism to lead him to a position further than ever away from the old Protestant belief in the infallibility of the Bible. But he is almost equally far from the Roman Catholic dread of Liberal criticism. His position is indeed marked by a rigorous consistency of its own. His belief in the living presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church and in the individual soul saves him from any nervous dread of critical investigations into Scripture. In all that is established and reasonable

in critical results, he doubtless is not afraid to see leadings of the Spirit of all truth. He thus arrives at a theory of inspiration which may be novel in High Church quarters, but which the critical spirit of the age will diffuse, for good or for evil, sooner or later through all Churches. This is, in a word, the view that Inspiration is ethico-religious. It imparts moral and religious truths, and is not concerned with cosmical processes, or historical facts, save as they are involved in these. Such a theory, it will be at once perceived, gives a free hand to the physical investigator and to the critical historian. The local, temporal wrappings of the moral and religious Revelation are not to be used to hood the eyes of modern science.

But if this theory of inspiration is valid, it must apply not merely to the words of prophet and apostle; it must apply also to the words of Christ. As God manifest in the flesh, He is the supreme climax of inspiration. And what we actually find in His teaching is not authoritative statements concerning physical science, or historical criticism; it is the absolute moral and religious truth.

But the connection between His teaching and Himself is too close to be overlooked in its bearings on this question. When other inspired persons combine with their ethico-religious message the current inaccuracies of their day concerning the processes of Nature and the past of man, the modern critic at once sets down these inaccuracies to their lack of knowledge. But when we come to recorded utterances of our Lord, and find Him employing the popular conceptions of His age as to natural and historical phenomena,—if these popular conceptions should by the verdict of modern science be declared to be erroneous,—we face a far more serious problem.

(1) Dare we suggest here the absence of exact knowledge? (2) Or shall we suppose that, though possessed of exact knowledge, He graciously accommodated His manner of speech to the ignorance of the times? (3) Or shall we point-blank deny any innocent inaccuracies in the human utterance of the Divine Word? and if modern science asserts the contrary be prepared to sacrifice modern science, physical or historical? The last position, carried to a logical extremity, would involve the rejection of modern astronomy from Galileo downwards. The second theory is attended with serious difficulties; for it will be hard to draw the line between "accommodation" and "consciously playing a part"; and, again, between this and *hypocrisis*, Docetism, sham. The first is the most audacious, and seems to involve difficulties that are insuperable. Yet it, not less than the other two, is permissible. The controversy which Mr. Gore has aroused will help to show that it can be held by firm believers in the Deity of our Lord. The only question is one of the extent of His humiliation; does it include the limitation of His scientific and historical horizon? If to declare of the Son that He became a babe, a boy, a man, is in no way to deny His Eternal Godhead, then surely it betrays no lack of faith in His Deity to believe that He became an Israelite with the presuppositions, inaccurate may be, but wholly innocent, which Israelites of that day cherished concerning nature and history.

It is only to believe that the Divine condescension has been more utterly complete, and therefore more Divine than the Church has hitherto supposed. Such a position is tenable by Trinitarians, and not frankly to recognise this fact is to commit a grave and mischievous blunder. But not all positions that are *prima-facie* tenable are true. Possibility even within closely-defined limits must not be mistaken for reality; nor may plausibility supersede proof. Decision between the alternative positions mentioned above can only be arrived at by a thorough investigation of the facts of Gospel history in the light of the certified results of modern science. It cannot be

attained by any of the short cuts of dogmatic intolerance. Our plea is, that until the facts have returned their verdict no possible explanation of them should be ruled out of court.

And during the discussions which Mr. Gore's essay has forced upon us, we shall need to bear in mind the justice and the charity of this principle. For much will be said which it will be hard for many reverent souls not nurtured in criticism to hear said. Already common people are finding in their newspapers the, to them, strange and perplexing distinctions drawn between the impeccability and the infallibility of Christ; they are puzzled by reading of a Christ who could err and yet not sin, who could make mistakes and yet be God. In the end, no doubt, we shall be rewarded for the pains of controversy and unsettlement. However much we may dispute Mr. Gore's own answers to the questions he has raised, and however much we may regret the elliptical form in which he has expressed himself, we cannot be sorry that the questions have been publicly raised. One of the crying needs of this scientific age is a more precise definition of Our Lord's Divinity in the light of modern critical results; a definition which shall be not the secret possession of the theological expert, but the common property of the Church as a whole.

In making the Christian public vividly aware of this need, Mr. Gore has rendered no slight service to the progress of the faith.

IX. THE CHURCH. BY REV. W. LOCK.

The chief characteristic of this essay is given in the old proverb, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. The distinctively Anglican conception is put forward in unmistakable terms; but there is an evident desire to smooth down all its rough edges. He lays, for a High Churchman, unwonted emphasis upon the universal priesthood of Christians. But "as the teaching function of the whole Church does not militate against the special order of teachers, so the priestly function of the whole does not militate against a special order of priests." The essay closes with an eloquent portrayal of the need and the mission of the Church.

X. SACRAMENTS. BY CANON PAGET.

This is characteristically the most ecclesiastical in tone and sermonic in style of all the essays, and lays itself open to the usual criticism of the Sacramentarian position. The Sacraments maintain the dignity and spiritual capacity of the material order, reiterate the claim of Christianity to penetrate the bodily life, and provide ordered satisfaction for the immortal life in man.

XI. CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS. BY REV. W. J. H. CAMPION.

Excepting in the passages where the author avowedly sacrifices the rigid consistency of his principles out of regard for the complexity of the problem, this essay may almost have been written by a Nonconformist of the school. Its ideal is the Church politically free that it may be spiritually authoritative.

XII. CHRISTIAN ETHICS. BY REV. VICE-PRINCIPAL OTTLEY.

This is a valuable epitome of what purports to be a complete system of Christian ethics. A further abstract is thus not to be attempted here. Perhaps Mr. Campion's essay may rank along with the second of Millingworth's, as forming the most intrinsically valuable and instructive portion of the book. The public will be glad to see the complete ethical treatise of which this paper is the seed and outline.

DIARY FOR APRIL.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

1. Bismarck's seventy-fifth birthday. Speech on railways as vehicles of civilisation. Emin Pasha enters German service to return to Central Africa. Danish Diet closed. Budget unsettled. London County Council. Estimates for 1890-91 presented. Rate 12d.; increase 1d. Interview between Lord Hartington and Signor Crispi at Rome.
2. Conference on Protection of Industrial Property meets at Madrid (rose 14th). Students' disturbances St. Petersburg and Moscow.
3. King of Italy gives audience to Lord Hartington.
4. Easter Volunteer manoeuvres begin, Brighton and South Coast (end 8th). German Emperor issues regulations against duelling in Army. Russian Note presented to Turkey for arrears of war indemnity.
5. German Emperor issues order against extravagance in army.
7. Easter Monday. Wet Bank Holiday. Sir J. Lintorn Simmons' farewell audience with Pope. Labour Electoral Congress holds third annual congress at Hanley. National Union of Teachers' Conference begins.
8. Chicago carpenters strike for eight hours and win. Vienna labour riots continue several days. Richard Davies (18) executed for parricide at Crewe. George, his brother (16) reprieved.
9. Central American Republics (five) determine to federate, Sept. 15. Bank rate lowered from 4 to 3½ per cent.
11. Mr. Stanley arrives at Rome en route to Cannes. German Emperor meets Empress of Austria at Wiesbaden.
12. Italian Government expel *Figaro* correspondent from Rome (third to go). Spanish Chamber censure Government for not preventing Carlist disturbance at Valencia. New Tipperary opened with rejoicings.
13. General Railway Workers' Union (Clerks branch) established.
14. First meeting of series for reform of Government of India held at Clerkenwell.
15. Chancellor Caprivi makes his début before Prussian Diet. German Congress (9th) of Internal Medicine opened at Vienna. New Ruskin museum opened by Earl of Carlisle at Sheffield. Law Courts reopen after Easter; 1,009 cases down for trial.
16. Prince George of Wales appointed lieutenant of the *Thames*. President Carnot begins his Southern tour.
17. Boot strike in London ends by reference to arbitration. Breach of promise—Miss Hairs v. Sir G. Elliott. (18th, jury disagree.)
18. Evictions on Ponsonby estate continued.
19. Prince of Wales and Lord Salisbury return to London. Portuguese Cortez opened by King. Mr. Stanley welcomed at Brussels. Close of Pan-American Conference at Washington. Primrose Day observed.
20. Report of interview with Pope in *New York Herald*.
21. German Emperor visits Bremen. Pope celebrates Mass in St. Peter's for Italian pilgrims. President Carnot visits Corsica.

22. John Dillon arrives at Westminster. Strikes at Cork and Limerick. Various newspaper articles appear, said to be inspired by Bismarck, intimating opposition to the Kaiser's policy. German Emperor speaks at Bremen.
23. The Queen arrives at Darmstadt.
24. Fatal labour and anti-Jewish riots in Galicia.
25. Strike on Dublin and Cork Railway. Furniss v. Sala libel case—damages £5. German Emperor meets the Queen of England at Darmstadt.
26. Sculling championship of the world won by Pete Kemp, Sydney. Two Missionary Bishops consecrated, Lambeth—Travancore and East Africa. Mr. Stanley arrives in London. Signor Succi finishes his forty days' fast at Westminster Aquarium.
29. Arrest of Marquis de Morès in Paris for supplying funds for Anarchist publications.
30. Return of the Queen to England. Arrest of Louise Michel in Paris. Mr. Monro issues proclamation closing certain thoroughfares to May Day processionists.

UTTERANCES, NOTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

1. Lord Rosebery at Scottish Liberal Club, Edinburgh.
3. Mr. H. M. Stanley, address on Central Africa, at Cairo.
8. Mr. Gladstone at Tring, on Irish Land Purchase Bill. Mr. Raikes at Carnarvon (election).
9. Mr. W. H. Smith at Henley, Sir M. Hicks-Beech at Bristol, Mr. Courtney at Liskeard. Baron de Worms, on Sugar Convention, at Liverpool. Dr. Abbott, advocating flogging at National Teachers' Union.
10. Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, Sir E. Clarke at Bath.
13. M. Floquet addresses great meeting at Bordeaux.
15. Sir Frederick Bramwell at Civil Engineers, explains welding by electricity.
16. Lord George Hamilton at Chiswick; Sir W. Hart Dyke at Sidcup, on Education Code.
17. Duke of Cambridge at Aldershot on cavalry drill.
19. Mr. Balfour at Primrose League, Covent Garden; Sir R. Webster at Tunbridge Wells.
20. Mr. W. O'Brien addresses constituents at Michelstown.
21. Earl Granville at Harrow, on the teaching of French.
22. Lord Rosebery's survey of work of London County Council—*to be continued*.
23. Mr. Goschen at Mansion House, to the Bankers. Mr. Morley at Rochdale, on Irish Land Purchase. Sir C. Russell at National Reform Union, Bradford.
25. Mr. Chaplin at Brighton.
26. Lord Wolseley at Civil Service dinner.
28. Lord Rosebery on Imperial Federation at People's Palace. Duke of Edinburgh on Mission to Seamen.
29. Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Stanhope on funds for Volunteers at Bisley. Archbishop of Canterbury on temperance at Lambeth. Sir M. Hicks Beach receives deputation Tithe Question Association. Lord Rosebery continues his review of the work of London County Council.
30. Mr. Goschen at London Chamber of Commerce. Sir W. Harcourt at Guildford.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

17. Re-assembled.
18. Lichfield Cathedral Bill, second reading.
21. Debate on inequality of criminal sentences—Lord Herschell and Lord Chancellor.
25. Lord Meath's Bill, permitting adoption of children, debated and withdrawn.
28. Reformatory and Industrial Schools and Juvenile Offenders' Bills read a second time and referred to Committee on Law.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

1. Morning sitting. Civil Service Estimates. *Cattle Disease Bill* read a second time. Easter Recess.
14. *Education Code, 1890, Bill* read first time. Supply. Consular and diplomatic votes.
15. Twelve o'clock rule suspended for Supply by 194 to 102. Morning sittings ordered on Tuesdays and Fridays by 191 to 109. Lord Compton's motion affirming telegraphists' grievances rejected, 142 to 103. Count out.
16. Mr. Winterbotham's *Rating of Machinery Bill* read second time by 239 to 87.
17. Budget night.
21. Mr. Parnell moves rejection of Irish Land Purchase Bill. Speeches by Irish Attorney-General and Sir George Trevelyan.
22. Supply. Discussion on East African policy—Mr. Dillon. National Thrift—Mr. Bartley, Mr. C. Graham, and Mr. Bradlaugh.
23. *Irish Sunday Closing Bill* (Mr. Lea's) read second time, 242 to 78.
24. Irish Land Purchase Bill—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen, Mr. T. W. Russell, and Mr. Dillon.
25. Supply. British India Co.'s East Africa subsidy carried, 213 to 145. Evening sitting, closure, 115 to 60.
28. Irish Land Purchase Bill debate continued. Mr. Dillon, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir W. Harcourt.
29. Irish Land Purchase Bill debate continued. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Plunket. Lord Randolph Churchill introduces his Licensing Bill. Speeches by Sir W. Lawson, Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. Caine.
30. *Marriage With Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill* read a second time by 222 to 155.

BYE-ELECTIONS.

2. Windsor: Barry (C.); Grenfell (L.).

	1885.	1886.
Conservative	1,522	1,621
Liberal	972	776
10. Carnarvon: George (L.); Nanney (C.).

	1885.	1886.
Liberal	1,963	1,923
Conservative	1,945	1,158

OBITUARY.

3. Marquis of Normanby.
8. J. S. Morgan, millionaire, banker. Edward Lloyd, Proprietor of *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's News*.
11. Dr. Parry, Bishop of Doves.
13. Ex-Speaker Randall. Marquis Tseng.
14. Matt Harris, M.P.
23. Mr. A. Rutson, Ex-M.L.S.B.
24. Handel Cosham, M.P.
25. Frank James, African traveller. Alexander Mackay, African missionary.

THE NEW BOOKS AND BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ART, ANTIQUITIES, ETC.

HARRISON, JANE E., AND MARGARET DE G. VERRALL. *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens.* (Macmillan & Co.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. clvi. 636. Maps and plans. Price 16s.

More than half of this book consists of a translation by Miss Verrall of a portion of the "Attica" of Pausanias—a Greek geographer and archæologist who flourished in the second century after Christ. Miss Harrison, a recognised authority upon the art and mythology of ancient Greece, contributes an introductory essay and an archæological commentary.

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHER, WILLIAM. *William Charles Macready.* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) 8vo. Half cloth. Pp. viii. 224. Price 2s. 6d.

The initial volume of a new series—the "Eminent Actors" series. Gives a sketch of Macready's life, with a criticism on his art and character. This is the first time that the story of the great actor's whole career has been told with accuracy and fulness.

BLIND, MATHILDE (Editor). *The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff.* (Cassell & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two vols. Portraits. Price 24s.

A translation from the French, to which is prefixed a critical introduction.

DAVIDSON, LIEUT.-COL. DAVID, C.B. *Memories of a Long Life.* (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 354. Price 6s.

Col. Davidson grew up in intimacy with the Jane Welsh who subsequently became Mrs. Carlyle. Some interesting letters from the Carlyles are contained in the volume of "Memories" before us. The Colonel's recollections of life in India half a century ago are interesting, as also are the accounts of his various inventions, from which he does not seem to have profited much.

DEICHMANN, BARONESS (Translator). *The Life of Carmen Sylva (Queen of Roumania).* (George Bell and Son.) 8vo. Cloth. Portraits and view. Price 12s.

A biography, translated from the German, of Baroness Stackelberg. "Carmen Sylva" was born in 1843, wrote verses at the age of ten, and attempted to write a novel before she was fourteen. She received an excellent education; married the present King of Roumania in 1869, and as a writer has won for herself a European reputation. The extracts from her poetry given in this biography have been admirably translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.

FORSTER, JOHN. *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith.* (Ward, Lock & Co.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 504. Price 2s.

A welcome addition to the "Minerva Library of Famous Books." Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" is not a perfect book, but it is the most complete biography of Goldsmith which we possess, and supplemented by the monographs of later writers will be found sufficient for the requirements of the ordinary student. The new edition is illustrated, and contains a biographical sketch of Forster.

JAPP, ALEXANDER H., LL.D. *Thomas De Quincey: His Life and Writings. With Unpublished Correspondence.* (John Hogg.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 520. Three portraits and view. Price 6s.

The first edition of this work—by H. A. Page—appeared in 1877. Thirteen years have done much in regard to De Quincey biography and criticism; so much indeed that Dr. Japp's new edition is, for all practical purposes, a new book. No doubt it will now be accepted as the authoritative life. There are portraits of De Quincey, Professor Wilson, and Sir William Hamilton, and a view of Greenlaid Hall.

GEOGRAPHY, ETHNOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

DU CHAILLU, PAUL. *Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa and the Country of the*

Dwarfs. (John Murray.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 476. Illustrations.

A condensed and popular narrative of Monsieur du Chaillu's various journeys in Equatorial Africa.

HURLBERT, WILLIAM HENRY. *France and the Republic.* (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. cxii., 516. Map. Price 18s.

The author describes this book as "A record of things seen and learned in the French provinces, during the 'Centennial' year, 1889." It consists, for the most part, of an account of the political state of France, written from an Anti-Republican standpoint.

KENT, HENRY BRAINARD. *Graphic Sketches of the West.* (Chicago: Donnelley; London: Brentano.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 254. Portrait and illustrations.

An account of a trip to Southern California, interesting enough in its way, but written in an absurdly affected style. Some of the illustrations have already appeared in guide-books.

LE STRANGE, GUY. *Palestine under the Moslems.* (Alexander P. Watt.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxii. 604. Illustrations.

This is an official publication issued on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund. It consists of a description of Syria and the Holy Land from A.D. 650 to 1500 translated from the works of mediæval Arab geographers.

LYNCH, JEREMIAH. *Egyptian Sketches.* (Edward Arnold.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 250. Sixteen illustrations. Price 10s. 6d.

The author of these "Sketches"—an American—resided in Egypt for nearly six months during the winter of 1889-90, and he therefore concludes that he has had ample opportunities for studying the country carefully. The chapter on "The English in Egypt" is interesting.

Routledge's Atlas of the World. (George Routledge & Sons.) Limp cloth. 16 maps. Price 6d.

A neat little pocket volume, with the usual maps, which in this case are somewhat brightly coloured.

HISTORY.

EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND. *The Romanoffs: Tsars of Moscow and Emperors of Russia.* (W. H. Allen & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. iv. 376.

A series of short sketches, biographical and historical, dealing with Ivan, Peter the Great, Catherine, Paul, Nicholas, and the Alexanders.

JENKS, EDWARD, B.A. *The Constitutional Experiments of the Commonwealth: a Study of the Years 1649-1660.* (Cambridge: at the University Press.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. iv. 154. Price 2s. 6d.

The third volume of the "Cambridge Historical Essays" series. The essay in question formed the Thirlwall Dissertation for 1889.

JOHNSTON, ALEXANDER. *The United States, its History and Constitution.* (Blackie & Son.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 286. Price 4s. 6d.

A revised reprint of Professor Johnston's "Encyclopædia Britannica" article on the United States, bringing the narrative down to the end of 1887. A convenient book of reference.

PATON, JAMES (Editor). *Scottish National Memorials.* (Glasgow: Maclehose.) Fcap folio. Buckram, gilt top. Pp. 400. Price £2 12s. 6d.

An account, by various competent hands, of the historical and archæological collection brought together in the "Bishop's Castle," in Glasgow, for the International Exhibition of 1888. This collection illustrates Scottish archæology, history, biography, literature, and social life. The more important relics are illustrated in the thirty plates and 300 woodcuts which accompany the text.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

I.—BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Burdett's Official Intelligence, 1890. (Spottiswoode & Co.) 4to. Pp. xxxiv. 1562.

Ninth year of publication. A carefully revised *precis* of information regarding all British, American, and Foreign securities. Indispensable to all engaged in finance.

English Catalogue of Books for 1889. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 126. Price 5s.

It is claimed for this Catalogue that it contains a complete list of all the books published in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1889, with their sizes, prices, and publishers' names. It differs from the present list, in that it does not describe the books enumerated, or arrange them in classes. All the same it will be found a very useful work of reference, especially to librarians and booksellers.

II.—FICTION.

The following list is believed to contain all the more important works of fiction published during the month of April. The prices of two- and three-volume novels are not given; these stories are nearly always obtained at the circulating library, where an abundant choice is usually to be found.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

ANON. **The Rajah's Heir.** (Smith, Elder & Co.)

BOLDREWOOD, ROLF. **The Miner's Right: a Tale of the Australian Gold Fields.** (Macmillan & Co.)

CUNNINGHAM, Sir HENRY STEWART, C.I.E. **The Herlots.** (Macmillan & Co.)

HATTON, JOSEPH. **By Order of the Czar: The Tragie Story of Anna Klosstock, Queen of the Ghetto.** (Hutchinson & Co.) Prohibited in Russia.

"NOMAD." **The Railway Foundling.** (Trischler & Co.)

NORRIS, W. E. **Misadventure.** (Spencer Blackett.)

OLIPHANT, Mrs. **The Duke's Daughters and the Fugitives.** (Blackwood & Sons.)

"OUIDA." **Syriln.** (Chatto & Windus.)

"TASMA." **In Her Earliest Youth.** (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

VALLINGS, HAROLD. **The Quality of Mercy: a Tale of Slumberly Quamp.** (Gardner & Co.)

WATSON, H. B. MARRIOTT. **Lady Faint-Heart.** (Chapman & Hall.)

WESTBURY, HUGH. **"Acte."** (Bentley & Son.)

WHITE, Major G. F. **Lucinda.** (Ward & Downey.)

TWO-VOLUME NOVELS.

BRIDGES, JOHN A. **A Brummagem Baron.** (Ward & Downey.)

HARCUT, FRANK. **The Conspirator: a Romance of Real Life.** (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

HILL, JOHN. **An Unfortunate Arrangement.** (Ward & Downey.)

ONE-VOLUME NOVELS.

BORLASE, J. S. **The Police Minister.** (Warne & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 190. Price 1s.

CAMPBELL, Sir GILBERT, Bart. **Stung by a Saint.** (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 167. Price 1s.

DOYLE, A. CONAN. **The Firm of Girdlestone.** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 400. Price 6s.

FREDERIC, HAROLD. **The Lawton Girl.** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 346. Price 6s.

GREENWOOD, JAMES. **Prince Dick of Dahomey; or, Adventures in the Great Dark Land.** (Ward & Downey.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 292.

HALL, Mrs. WILLIAM D. **Eric Rotheram.** (Digby & Long.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 244.

JAMES, CHARLES T. C. **An Early Frost.** (Ward & Downey.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 281. Price 2s.

JOHNSON, VIRGINIA D. **The Treasure Tower: A Story of Malta.** (Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 224. Price 3s. 6d.

KETTLE, ROSA MACKENZIE. **The Old Hall among the Water Meadows.** (Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 348. Price 6s.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES. **Hereward the Wake: "Last of the English."** (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 178. Price 6d.

LEE, VERNON. **Hauntings.** (William Heinemann.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 238. Price 6s.—A collection of "fantastic stories."

LOCKE, Mrs. MARY. **In Far Dakota.** (W. H. Allen & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 152.

MAY, ADELA. **Laura Montrose; or, Prejudice and Pride.** (Digby & Long.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 261.

MILFORD, FRED C. **What Became of Him?** (Dean & Son.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 142. Price 1s.

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, AND HENRY HERMAN. **Paul Jones's Alias.** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 316. Illustrations. Price . Five short stories.

O'BRIEN, WILLIAM, M.P. **When we were Boys.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.

RIDDELL, Mrs. J. H. **My First Love.** (Hutchinson & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 142. Price 1s.

ROBINSON, F. W. **A Very Strange Family.** (William Heinemann.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 192.

WALFORD, L. B. **Pauline.** (Spencer Blackett.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 326. Price 2s. 6d. A new edition.

III.—POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM. **Poetical Works.** (Reeves & Turner.) 8vo. Six volumes. Half-parchment. Price 30s. the set.

A complete edition of the late poet's works, in volumes as follows:—"Irish Songs and Poems" (6s.); "Laurence Bloomfield" (3s. 6d.); "Flower Pieces, Day and Night Songs and Ballads" (6s.); "Life and Fantasy" (6s.); "Thought and Word" (6s.); and "Blackberries" (6s.). The books contain designs by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir John Millais, Mrs. Allingham, and others; and there are two portraits.

BLACKBURN, HENRY. **Art in the Mountains.** (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.) 4to. Cloth Pp. 170.

New edition of a concise and interesting account of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, by the Editor of "Academy Notes." Numerous quaint and beautiful illustrations by Mrs. Helen Allingham. Every kind of information as to ways and means for visitors intending to visit Oberammergau this summer.

COBBE, FRANCES POWER. **The Friend of Man; and His Friends—the Poets.** (George Bell & Sons.) Crown 8vo. Paper covers. Price 2s.

Passages from the poets, in which the fidelity and companionability of the dog are celebrated. The selection is certainly catholic, extending as it does from Homer to Mr. G. R. Sims, and including Tennyson's and Browning's latest words about dogs.

COLEMAN, JOHN. **The Truth about the "Dead Heart," with Reminiscences of the Author and Actor Thereof.** (Henry J. Drane.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 120. Portraits and illustrations. Price 1s.

Mr. Coleman easily disposes of the charge that Watts Phillipps cribbed the *idea* of the "Dead Heart" from Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." His

reminalences are interesting; but the book, on the whole, is too discursive to be read with great pleasure.

DAVIDSON, THOMAS (Editor). **A Handbook to Dante.** (Edward Arnold.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 327. Price 6s. Translated from the Italian of Scartazzini, and edited with a biography of Dante, and a bibliography.

DAWSON, THE REV. W. J. **The Makers of Modern English.** (Hodder & Stoughton.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 5s.

The "makers of modern English" are not the journalists, but "the greater poets of the century," to whom Mr. Dawson's book aspires to be a popular handbook. He discusses Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris. The book is well written, and in these days, when authors are more read about than read, it will no doubt receive a welcome.

LEIGHTON, WILLIAM. **Poems.** (Elliot Stock.) 8vo. Cloth. Gilt edges. Price 3s. 6d.

A complete edition of the works of a Scottish singer who wrote really excellent verse. The volume is illustrated by the poet's brother, Mr. John Leighton.

Longfellow's Latest Poems. (George Routledge & Sons.) 12mo. Half cloth. Pp. viii. 318. Price 1s.

A volume of Routledge's Pocket Library, containing many copyright poems. The little book is daintily printed and bound, and may be recommended as an excellent pocket companion.

MACKAY, ERIC. **A Lover's Litanies and Other Poems.** (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) 8vo. Cloth gilt. Pp. 244. Portrait. Price 3s. 6d.

A volume of the Lotos series. Very attractively "got up."

MILES, ALFRED H. (Editor). **The New Temperance Reciter.** (Hutchinson & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 200. Price 1s.

Many of the extracts in this volume are comparatively new, some of them being taken from the writings of Robert Buchanan, George Macdonald, G. R. Sims, and Dickens.

MORRIS, LEWIS. **Poetical Works.** (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Portrait. Price 6s.

These who delight in the poetical work of the author of the "Epic of Hades" will welcome this complete edition of his poems. Mr. Lewis Morris's example may be recommended to some other minor poets of the age, whose writings are at present scarcely obtainable.

MOULTON, RICHARD G. **The Ancient Classical Drama: A Study in Literary Evolution.** (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 8s. 6d.

This book is primarily intended for those who are compelled to read the Greek tragedies in English; but those who read them in the original will find it a useful help. Mr. Moulton shows, by means of analysis and translation, how an ancient tragedy was built up; and illustrates the difference of structure between a Greek and modern romantic play by arranging "Macbeth" in the form of an ancient tragedy.

NETTLESHIP, JOHN T. **Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts.** (Elkin Matthews.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

A revised and enlarged edition of some "Essays" which first appeared in 1868. They contain much valuable criticism.

VAN DYKE, HENRY. **The Poetry of Tennyson.** (Elkin Matthews.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.

This, like the preceding volume, is a collection of essays, some of which have already appeared in a periodical form. Mr. Van Dyke is full of admiration for the poet. "In the future, when men call the roll of the poets who have given splendour to the name of England, they will begin with Shakespeare and Milton, and who shall have the third place if it be not Alfred Tennyson?"

IV. MISCELLANEA.

BAINTON, GEORGE (Editor). **The Art of Authorship.** (James Clarke & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x. 356. Price 5s.

The idea of this volume is an excellent one. Mr. Bainton seems to have sought to verify English writer of standing for advice as to how to become an author, and their replies are given in the compilation before us. Among those who have sent interesting literary reminiscences and advice to beginners are William Black, Robert Browning, J. A. Froude, Andrew Lang, and George Meredith.

BARRIE, J. M. **My Lady Nicotine.** (Hodder & Stoughton.) 8vo. Buckram, gilt top. Pp. 265. Price 6s.

A collection of clever essays on smoking, and the things pertaining to smoking, reprinted, for the most part, from the *St. James's Gazette*. A thread of interest runs through the whole book.

BLACKIE, JOHN STUART. **Essays on Subjects of Moral and Social Interest.** (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 304. Price 5s.

The titles of the essays will give an idea of the character of the book. It deals with "Christianity and Social Organisation," "Physical and Moral Analogies," "The Philosophy of Party," "Scottish Nationality," and "Philosophy of Education." Prof. Blackie's remarks on the teaching of languages are of special interest.

BÜLBUNG, KARL D., M.A., Ph.D. **The Compleat English Gentleman.** By DANIEL DEFOR. (David Nutt.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. lxxxiv., 296. Price 12s.

A limited reprint, edited for the first time from the author's autograph manuscript in the British Museum. Dr. Bülbung has supplied an introduction, some useful notes, and a good index.

CARNARVON, THE EARL OF (Editor). **Letters of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his Godson and Successor.** (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xcvi., 412. Portraits, Facsimile Letter, &c. Price £2 2s.

The first edition of this book was described in our January number. The present issue is not limited in number as that was, and it has had the advantage of revision. An appendix contains the correspondence of Lord Chesterfield with Mr. A. C. Stanhope (the father of the "godson and successor" referred to in the title), and some useful tables of descent. The first edition will be sought after by bibliophiles, but this is distinctly the working edition of the book.

HOGG, JAMES (Editor). **The Uncollected Writings of Thomas De Quincey.** (Swan Sonnenschein.) 8vo. Cloth. Two vols. Pp. 350 each. Portraits. Price 12s.

Collected magazine and review articles, with preface and annotations.

HUTCHINSON, HORACE G. **Golf.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 464. Price 10s. 6d.

The new volume of the Badminton Library. Mr. Hutchinson writes of the game itself; various subjects connected therewith being treated of by Mr. Balfour, Sir Walter Simpson, Lord Wellwood, Mr. H. S. C. Everard, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others. The book is profusely illustrated, some of the sketches being from the pen of Mr. Harry Furniss.

JESSOPP, AUGUSTUS, D.D. **The Trials of a Country Parson.** (Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

"Fugitive Papers," reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and North American Review*. In addition to the two articles which give the book its title, there are essays on "The Church and the Villages," "Snowed up in Arcady," "Quis Custodiet," "Cathedral Space for Neglected Records," and "Why I wish to Visit America."

LANG, ANDREW. **Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody.** (Longmans, Green & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiii. 206. Price 6s. 6d.

Letters from various well-known characters in fiction to other well-known characters. Some of the parodies are perfect *tour de force*—especially those which imitate the styles of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. The book is dedicated to Miss Rhoda Broughton.

LANG, ANDREW. **How to Fall in Literature.** (Field & Tuer.) 8vo. Paper covers. Price 1s.

Reprint of a sensible lecture delivered by Mr. Lang at South Kensington. The address, "like the kiss which the lady returned to Rodolphe," has been "*rem corrigé et considérablement augmenté*."

MASSON, DAVID (Editor). **The Collected Writings of Thomas de Quincey.** (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 456. Price 3s. 6d.

Volume VII. of the new and enlarged edition of De Quincey's works. Contains chapters on the Casuistry of Roman Meals, the Pagan Oracles, the Essenes, Secret Societies, Greece under the Romans, the Revolution of Greece, Modern Greece, the Revolt of the Tartars, and Ceylon.

MORLEY, HENRY, LL.D. (Editor). **Stow's Survey of London. 1598.** (Routledge & Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 448. Price 2s. 6d.

An excellent reprint, forming a volume of the Carisbrooke Library. Mr. Morley contributes an introductory sketch of Stow, and the volume would be perfect were it not that it lacks an index.

OLLIER, EDMUND (Editor). **Essays by Leigh Hunt.** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Half cloth. Pp. xxxii., 346. Price 2s. 6d.

A pleasantly got-up reprint. Mr. Ollier's biographical and critical introduction contains many interesting reminiscences of Hunt.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARSTOW, J. O. *Sensational Religion in Past Times and the Present Day.* (Elliot Stock.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii., 104.

A defence of rational sensationalism, which the author considers the "*sine qua non*" for every believer in Jesus Christ."

FARRAR, FREDERIC W., D.D., F.R.S. *Truths to Live By.* (Isbister.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 372. Price 5s.

SAUNDERS, T. BAILEY, M.A. *The Wisdom of Life.* (Swan Sonnenschein.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxvi., 130. Price 2s. 6d.

A readable translation of the first part of Schopenhauer's "*Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit*." The second part of the *Aphorismen* will follow as "*Counsels and Maxims*."

SMYTH, J. PATERSON, B.A. *The Old Documents and the New Bible.* (Samuel Bagster & Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 216. Price 2s. 6d.

This little book is described as "An easy lesson for the people in Biblical Criticism." The author has aimed at producing an impartial record of the facts which bear upon the genuineness, inspiration, and correctness of Holy writ. The book contains several interesting plates.

SCIENCE.

BACKHOUSE, JAMES, junr., F.Z.S. *A Handbook of European Birds, for the Use of Field Naturalists and Others.* (Gurney & Jackson.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 334.

A modern reference volume, descriptive of the plumage of European birds. Brief notes upon the distribution and *habitat* of each species are added, and a frontispiece illustrating the outlines of a bird, and giving the names of the various parts is prefixed.

BERDOE, EDWARD, M.R.C.S. *The Healing Art and the Claims of Vivisection.* (Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 50. Price 1s.

Dr. Berdoe is strongly opposed to vivisection, and maintains that it "has not advanced the healing art one step." This little book is the report of a lecture delivered at Cambridge on the 20th March.

BODINGTON, ALICE. *Studies in Evolution and Biology.* (Elliot Stock.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x., 220. Price 5s.

Chapters on such subjects as the Evolution of the Eye, the Flora of the Past, the Air Bladder of Fishes, and the Origin of the Fittest, &c. The book does not profess to be a systematic introduction to the science of biology, but rather aims at stimulating curiosity by the recital of startling scientific facts.

DRAPER, CHARLES H., B.A., D.Sc. *An Elementary Text Book of Light, Heat, and Sound.* (Blackie & Son.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 224. Illustrations. Price 2s.

An excellently arranged text book, containing all that is necessary for the elementary examinations of the Science and Art Department, and for Matriculation, Light and Heat at the London University. The illustrations are particularly good.

ELLIS, HAVELOCK. *The Criminal.* (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii. 338. Price 3s. 6d.

An interesting study in criminal anthropology (physical and psychological), and its results. The treatment of the criminal is also discussed. A volume of the "*Contemporary Science Series*."

HARRISON, W. JEROME, F.G.S., and CHARLES A. WHITE. *Magnetism and Electricity.* (Blackie & Son.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 238. Price 2s.

A well-arranged elementary text-book. The introductory chapter on Matter and Force, and the chapter on Potential, will be found especially useful. The elementary papers of the Science and Art Department for 1881 to 1889 are given in an appendix.

JUKES, J. BEETE, M.A., F.R.S. *The School Manual of Geology.* (A. & C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi. 418. Illustrations. Price 4s. 6d.

A 5th edition, edited and partially re-modelled and re-written by Mr. A. J. Jukes Browne. In three parts: (1) Geological Operations now in Action; (2) Some of the Facts Observable in the Crust of the Earth; and (3) History of the formation of the rock groups which are found in the British Islands.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES. *Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore.* (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xii. 246. Eight coloured plates. Price 3s. 6d.

A reprint in the three-and-sixpenny edition of Charles Kingsley's works. There is no better informal introduction to certain branches of natural history than this book.

RICHARDSON, B. W., M.D., F.R.S. *National Health.* (Longmans, Green & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxx. 320. Portrait. Price 4s. 6d.

Abridged from "*The Health of Nations: a Review of the Works of Sir Edwin Chadwick*," and containing its most practical and popular parts. A brief biographical sketch of Sir Edwin Chadwick is prefixed. The book deals with four subjects: Health in the Dwelling-House; Health in the School; Health of the Community; and Health in the Future (Progressive Health).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

I. GENERAL LITERATURE.

BRUHL, LÉVY. *L'Allemagne depuis Leibniz.* (Paris, Londres: Hachette et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Essays on the national development of German thought and culture between 1700 and 1848.

LAIR, J. Nicolas Fouquet. (Paris: Plon, Nourrit, et Cie.) 8vo. 2 vols. Price 16 fr.

Excellent biography of Louis XIV.'s great Minister. First volume deals exclusively with his political and private life; second volume, exhaustive account of his disgrace, trial, and captivity, with an interesting notice on the Fouquet family. A valuable addition to the historical literature of the time.

FERRY, JULES. *Le Tonkin et la Mère Patrie.* (Paris: Victor Havard.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

History of the colony of Tonkin and its relations to the mother country. In reality, more or less of an apology for the line of policy pursued by M. Ferry during the time he was in office.

GAUTIER, LEON. *Portraits du XVII^e. Siècle.* (Paris: Librairie Academique Didier.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Short essays on some of the literary and scientific French celebrities of the seventeenth century—Pascal, Bossuet, La Bruyère, Saint Simon, &c.

NARJOUX, FÉLIX. *Francisco Crispi.* (Paris: A. Savine.)

Interesting life of Signor Crispi, containing many hitherto unpublished details of his private life, comprising a long account of his "three marriages."

PETROY, PIERRE. *Histoire de la Peinture au Musée du Louvre.* (Paris: Félix Alcau.) 8vo. Price 5 fr.

Work likely to be found useful by students and those meditating an exhaustive exploration of the Louvre picture-galleries.

ROUGÉ, DE A. COMTE. *Le Marquis de Vérae.* (Paris: Plon, Nourrit, et Cie.) 8vo. Price 7 fr. 50 c.

Exceptionally curious life and memories, full of graphic pictures of French life during the eventful period comprised between the years 1768-1838. Fine Portrait.

MAUGNY, DE COMTE. *Souvenirs du Second Empire* (Paris: E. Kolb.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Recollections of the Court of Napoleon III. and French society during the period immediately preceding the Franco-Prussian War.

TAXIL, LÉO. *Monsieur Drumont.* (Paris: Letouzey et Ané.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Supposed to be a "psychological study" of the author of "*La France Juive*."

LEGER, LOUIS. *Russes et Slaves.* (Paris, Londres: Hachette et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Studies on political and social Russian life, comprising the making of Russia, early Russian literature, Russian diplomacy, Bulgaria, a Slavist Poet, &c.

MIRABEAU, COMTESSE DE. **Le Prince de Talleyrand.** (Paris: Calmann Levy.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

History of Prince Talleyrand's political life and relations with the Orleans family. This work contains a number of hitherto unpublished letters from Louis Philippe, and his sister Madame Adelaide.

PARVILLE, H. DE **L'Exposition Universelle.** (Paris: T. Rothschild.)

Exhaustive history of last year's great Exhibition. 700 illustrations. Preface by M. Alphand, chief engineer.

II.—FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

MAUPASSANT, GUY DE. **L'Inutile Beauté.** (Paris: Victor Havard.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New novel by the author of "Bel-Ami." First published as feuilleton in *l'Echo de Paris*.

MAIZEROT, RENÉ. **Papa la Vertu.** (Paris: Victor Havard.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Novel by well-known French writer.

BOISGOBEY, DE FORTUNÉ. **Le Fils du Plongeur.** (Paris: Plon, Nourrit, et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Story by very popular novelist, the scene supposed to deal with French sporting society.

MAEL, PIERRE. **Galettes de bord.** (Paris: Ernest Kolb.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Pictures of sea life, illustrated by Gino.

LAFOREST DE DUBUFE. **La Femme d'Affaires.** (Paris: E. Dentu.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Unpleasant study of contemporary French life.

OHNET, GEORGES. **L'âme de Pierre.** (Paris: Paul Ollendorff.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

New novel by the author of "La Maitre des Forges."

We have also received the **Album Caran d'Ache.** (Paris: Plon, Nourrit, et Cie.) A collection of pen and ink sketches by the great French caricaturist. **Le Gout Parisien.** (Paris, Londres: Hachette et Cie.) Publication appearing four times a year, containing coloured fashion plate and numerous illustrations; and **The Anglo-American Annual.** (Paris: Neal's Library.) A handbook of information for English and American residents in Paris.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The following list is believed to contain all the more important Blue Books issued during the month of March. A complete list can be obtained of Messrs Eyre & Spottiswoode, Queen's Printers, East Harding-street.

I. ARMY AND NAVY.

Preliminary Return of the British Army for the year 1889.

Prepared by order of the Commander-in-Chief for the information of the Secretary of State for War. Includes abstracts for the years 1870 to 1889. An anticipation of the several annual returns. Pp. 84. Price 4½d.

Navy. Victualling Yard Manufacturing Accounts.

Annual accounts of the cost of the manufacturing provisions, victualling stores, and seamen's clothing (hair beds) at H. M. home victualling yards for 1888-89. With report thereon. Pp. 24. Price 3d.

Navy. Dockyard Expense Accounts.

Annual accounts for the year 1888-89 (1) of shipbuilding and dockyard transactions, and (2) of manufactures in the dockyards at home. With report. Pp. 308. Price 2s. 8s.

II. DOMESTIC AND COMMERCIAL.

Life Assurance Companies.

Statements of account, and of life assurance, and annuity business, and abstracts of actuarial reports deposited with the Board of Trade during the year ended 31st December, 1889. Pp. 306. Price 2s. 6d.

Emigration and Immigration. Return.

Copy of statistical tables relating to emigration from and into the United Kingdom in the year 1889, and Report of Board of Trade thereon. Pp. 37. Price 1d.

Friendly Societies, Industrial and Provident Societies, and Trade Unions. Report.

Part II. (B). Ancient Order of Foresters and Ancient Order of Shepherds. List of Societies in branches, abstract of last annual return and particulars of valuation received. Pp. 217. Price 2s. 9d.

Friendly Societies, &c.

Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for the year ending 31st December, 1888. Part C. Appendix N. Names of the Registered Trades Unions of the United Kingdom; amount of funds on 31st December, 1888; their income for the year, and number of members. Pp. 25. Price 2d.

Trade and Navigation. Accounts relating to Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom for February, 1890.

A monthly return of trade and shipping compiled by the Custom House and the Board of Trade. Pp. 125. Price 6d.

Welsh Sunday Closing.

Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the operation of the Sunday Closing (Wales) Act, 1882. Pp. xlii. Price 4½d.

Queen's Anne's Bounty. Report.

Annual Report and Accounts of the Governors for the year ended 31st December, 1889. Pp. 24. Price 2½d.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages.

General Abstract of Marriages, Births and Deaths registered in England in the year 1889. Pp. 5. Price 1d.

Explosives. Report.

Fourteenth annual Report of H. M. Inspectors of Explosives. Pp. 158. Price 1s. 4d.

Charities. Report.

Thirty-seventh annual Report of the Charity Commissioners for England and Wales. Pp. 106. Price 1s.

Commercial Travellers Abroad.

Reports from H. M. representatives abroad (Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey) on the regulations respecting Commercial Travellers. Commercial No. 14 (1890). Pp. 33. Price 2½d.

Historical Manuscripts Commission Report.

Twelfth Report of the Commission. Pp. 53. Price 3d.

The Same. Calendar.

Calendar of the MSS. of the Marquis of Salisbury, preserved at Hatfield House, Hertfordshire. Part III. Pp. xxiv. 506. Price 2s. 1d.

III. EDUCATION.

Education Department.

Revised Instructions issued to H. M. Inspectors, and applicable to the Code of 1890. Deals with (1) Examination and Inspectors generally; (2) Examination in Needlework; (3) Registration of Scholars; (4) Half-time Scholars; and (5) Examination in Singing. Pp. 28. Price 3d.

IV. FOREIGN.

The Foreign Blue-Books for April consist, for the most part, of the regular monthly Consular Reports on Trade and Finance. They range in price from a halfpenny to twopence.

V. INDIA.

Trade.

Statement of the Trade of British India with British possessions and foreign countries for the five years, 1884-85 to 1888-89. Pp. 108. Price 10½d.

VI. SCOTLAND.

Local Taxation Returns.

Annual Local Taxation Returns (Scotland) for the year 1888-89. Pp. 122. Price 1s. 2½d.

Crofters' Commission. Report.

Report by the Crofters' Commission as to their proceedings under certain Acts for the year 1889. Voluminous appendix of statistics. Pp. xviii. 265. Price 2s. 3d.

CONTENTS OF THE LEADING REVIEWS.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. 22. 6d.

How British Colonies got Responsible Government. By Sir C. GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G.
The Betterment Tax in America. By JOHN RAE.
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Weismann's Theory of Heredity. By GEORGE B.J. ROMANES, F.R.S.
aby-Farming. By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.
Matthew Prior. By GEORGE A. AITKIN.
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The Race Basis of Indian Political Movements. By H. H. RISLEY.
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. 22. 6d.

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The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood. By RUDYARD KIPLING.
The Danish Drama of To-day. By WILLIAM ARCHER.
Leaves from a Diary on the Karun River—II. By the Hon. GEORGE N. CURZON, M.P.
The Medoc Vintage of 1889. By W. BRATTY-KINGSTON.
North American Fisheries Disputes. By F. HEINR. GREFFKEN.
England's Outlook in East Africa, &c.

THE FORUM. April Number not to hand.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW. 22. 6d.

The Real Cause of Prince Bismarck's Retirement.
On Returning to England. By ALFRED AUSTIN.
Was I also Hypnotised? By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.
Home Rule not wanted for India. By FREDERIC PINCOTT.
A Persian Chaucer. By CHAS. J. PICKERING.
A Year under County Councils. By LEONARD H. WEST.
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Harper's Magazine.

"Charge of Cuirassiers at the Battle of Rezonville." Illustration for "Some Modern French Painters." From the Painting by Aimé Morot.

Some Modern French Painters. Theodore Child. Illustrations. From Paintings by Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret, Henri Lerolle, J. C. Camu, and Drawings by Paul Kenouard and L. O. Merson. Initial.—Allegory of the Sorbonne: I. Extreme Left—History and Philosophy; II. Left Centre; III. Right Centre; IV. Extreme Right—Science.—Pierre Puvis de Chavannes.—Jean Charles Cazin.—"The Nativity."—"Une Ville Morte."—Aimé Morot.—Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret.—"The Benediction."—Henri Lerolle.—"L'Arrivée des Bergers."

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Sanitary Record. The. April 15. 1s.

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Sun. 6d.

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Adaptation of Sewing Machine for Fret Saw.
How to Make a Towel Horse.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS FOR APRIL.

Andover Review. 35 cents.

Religious Life in our State Universities. President Angell.
What is Salvation? President Hyde.
Edward Thring. Rev. William Higgs.
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An American Board of Theology for Foreign Missions. Professor Gulliver.

What is Reality? Part VII. A Hierarchy of Beings. Rev. Francis H. Johnson.
The Outline of an Elective Course of Study. Part II. The Treatment of Crime and the Criminal Classes. Professor Tucker.

Arena. April. 50 cents. Boston.

Religion, Morals, and the Public Schools. Rev. M. J. Savage.
God in the Constitution—A Reply to Col. Ingersoll. Bishop J. L. Spalding.
A Newly Discovered Law in Physics. S. M. Allen, A.M., LL.B.
Eternal Punishment. W. E. Manley, D.D.
The Mask of Tyranny. W. Lloyd Garrison.
Divorce versus Domestic Warfare. Elisabeth Cady Stanton.
Of David's House. James Realf, Jun.
A Symposium. White Child Labour Slavery. By six writers.
Ungava. W. H. H. Murray.

Comitelle Review. April. 30 cents.

Elements of Strength and Weakness in Church Liturgy. By T. D. Witherspoon, D.D., LL.D.
The Relation of Preaching to Christian Work and Worship. By Prof. T. Harwood Pattison, D.D.
Protestant Church Problems in Germany. By Prof. Geo. H. Schodde, Ph.D.
Intercollegiate Athletics. By Rev. A. McElroy Wylie.
The Cultivation of Psychic Energy. By J. Spencer Kennard, D.D.

Magazine of American History. April.

Portrait of Columbus.
Our South American Neighbours. (III.)
Romance of the Map of the United States.
How California was named. H. G. Cutler.
Laval. The first Bishop of Quebec. John Dimitry.

Missionary Review. April. 35 cents.

The Christian Dawn in Korea. By Rev. John Ross, A.M.
Life Among the Karens. By Mrs. W. F. Armstrong, missionary in Burmah.
Dr. Pierson's Missionary Crusade in Scotland. No. II.
Foreign Missions in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By Rev. Edward Storrow.
Unoccupied Territory. By A. P. Happer, D.D.
Missionary Churches. By Secretary F. F. Ellinwood, D.D.

New England Magazine. April. 35 cents.

William Ewart Gladstone. William Clarke.
The United States Life-Saving Service. William Wallace Johnson.
Plain Words on the Indian Question. Elaine Goodale.
The Astor Library. Frederick K. Saunders.
Jonathan Edwards. Joseph H. Crooker.
Amelia B. Edwards. Sallie Joy White.

Poet Lore. April 15. 35 cents.

English and German Literature in the Eighteenth Century. II. Professor Oswald Seidensticker.
The Battle with the Water-Sprite. Beowulf. Anna Robertson Brown.
Antony and Cleopatra. III. O. F. Emerson.
Department of the Browning Society, Philadelphia.

Our Day. April. 35 cents.

Recent Reverses of Mormonism. Rev. Dr. R. G. McNiece.
Safe Solutions for Southern Problems. George W. Cable.
The Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury. Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.
Boston Monday Lectures. Joseph Cook.
Edward Bellamy's Nationalism.
Tenement House Reform.
David Dudley Field, on Compulsory Voting.
Ex-President McCosh, on the Federation of Evangelical Churches.

Presbyterian and Reformed Review

April. 80 cents. New York.

Christian Art and Theology. Prof. A. L. Frothingham, Jun.
Church Discipline. J. Romeyn Berry.
The Fatherhood of God. Prof. Thomas H. Skinner.
The Church and Doctrine. Prof. Timothy G. Darling.
College Comity. President Sylvester F. Scott.
The Date of Genesis x. Prof. Robert Dick Wilson.

Statesman. April. Chicago.

A Universal Religion. Professor David Swing, D.D.
A World's Labour Union. Gen. M. M. Trumbull.
A World's Catholic Congress in Chicago. Hon. William J. Onahan.
Manual Training. Col. Augustus Jacobson.
The Business Man and the College. Chas. A. Blanchard.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A., Arena	C. S., Cassell's Saturday Journal	L. H., Leisure Hour	P. R., Parents' Review
A. 1., A. 1.	C. W., Catholic World	Lip., Lippincott's Monthly	P. R. R., Presbyterian and Re-
A. I. Q., Anglo-Israel Quarter	C. Wk., Church Work	L. M., Lon man's Magazine	formed Review
A. L., Art and Literature	D. R., Dublin Review	L. Q., Lon lon Quarterly	Ps., Psyche
All. W., All the World	E., Expositor	L. S., London Society	Q., Quiver
A. M., Atlantic Monthly	Ed., Education	L. T., Ladies' Treasury	Q. R., Quarterly Review
Ant., Antiquary	E. H., English Historical Re-	Luc., Lucifer	R. A. S., Journal of the Royal
A. Q., Asiatic Quarterly	view	Ly., Lyceum	Agricultural Society
A. R., Andover Review	E. I., English Illustrated Maga-	Month, Month	R. G. S., Proceedings of the Royal
Arg., Argosy	zine	Mac., Macmillan's Magazine	Geographical Society
Art J., Art Journal	E. M., Evangelical Magazine	M. A. H., Magazine of American	R. H. S., Journal of the Royal
Art R., Art Review	E. R., Edinburgh Review	History	Horticultural Society
As., Asclepiad	E. T., Expository Times	M. Art, Magazine of Art	R. S. S., Royal Statistical Society's
Ata., Atlanta	E. W., East and West	M. C., Monthly Chronicle	Journal
A. W., Amateur Work	F., Forum	M. E., Merry England	S., Sun
B., Bailey's Magazine	Fi., Fireside	Mind, Mind	S. A., Sun Artists
Bank., Bankers' Magazine	Fore's, Fore's Sporting Notes	M. M., Murray's Magazine	S. R., Sanitary Record
Bel., Belgravia	F. Q. E., Friends' Quarterly Ex-	M. Q., Manchester Quarterly	Scots, Scots Magazine
Bk-wm., Bookworm	aminer	M. N. C., Methodist New Con-	scrib., Scribner's Magazine
B. M., Blackwood's Magazine	F. R., Fortnightly Review	nexion Magazine	S. D., Subjects of the Day
B. O. P., Boy's Own Paper	G. M., Gentleman's Magazine	M. R., Missionary Review	S. G. M., Scottish Geographical
B. S., British Sportsmen	G. O. P., Girls' Own Paper	N. A. R., North American Review	Magazine
B. T. J., Board of Trade Journal	G. T., Great Thoughts	Nat. R., National Review	S. H., Sunday at Home
C., Cornhill	G. W., Good Words	N. C., Nineteenth Century	S. M., Sunday Magazine
C. C. M., Counties Constitutional	H. C., Home Chimes	N. E. M., New England Magazine	S. R., Scottish Review
Magazine	H. M., Harper's Magazine	N. H., Newbery House Maga-	S. T., Sword and Trowel
Cent., Centennial [zine	H. R., Homiletic Review	zine	Statesman
C. F. M., Cassell's Family Maga-	H. W., Homeopathic World	N. R., New Review	St. N., St. Nicholas
C. J., Chambers's Journal	H. Y. P., Harper's Young People	O., Outing	S. W., Shipping World
C. L. G., County and Local	Ig., Igrasil	O. D., Our Day	T., Time
Government Magazine	I. M., Irish Monthly	P., Portfolio	T. B., Temple Bar
Clerg., Clergyman's Magazine	I. N. M., Illustrated Naval and	P. E. F., Palestine Exploration	Th., Theatre
Cl. R., Classical Review	Military Magazine	Fund	Tin., Tinsley's Magazine
C. M., Century Magazine	In. M., Indian Magazine	Phren. M., Phrenological Maga-	T. R., Theological Review
C. M. I., Church Missionary In-	I. S., Industries Special	zine	U. R., Universal Review
telligencer	J. E., Journal of Education	P. L., Poet Lore	U. S. M., United Service Magazine
Cong. R., Congregational Review	J. Q. R., Jewish Quarterly Review	P. M. M., Primitive Methodist	W., Work
Cos., Cosmopolitan	K., Knowledge	Magazine	W. M., Workers' Monthly
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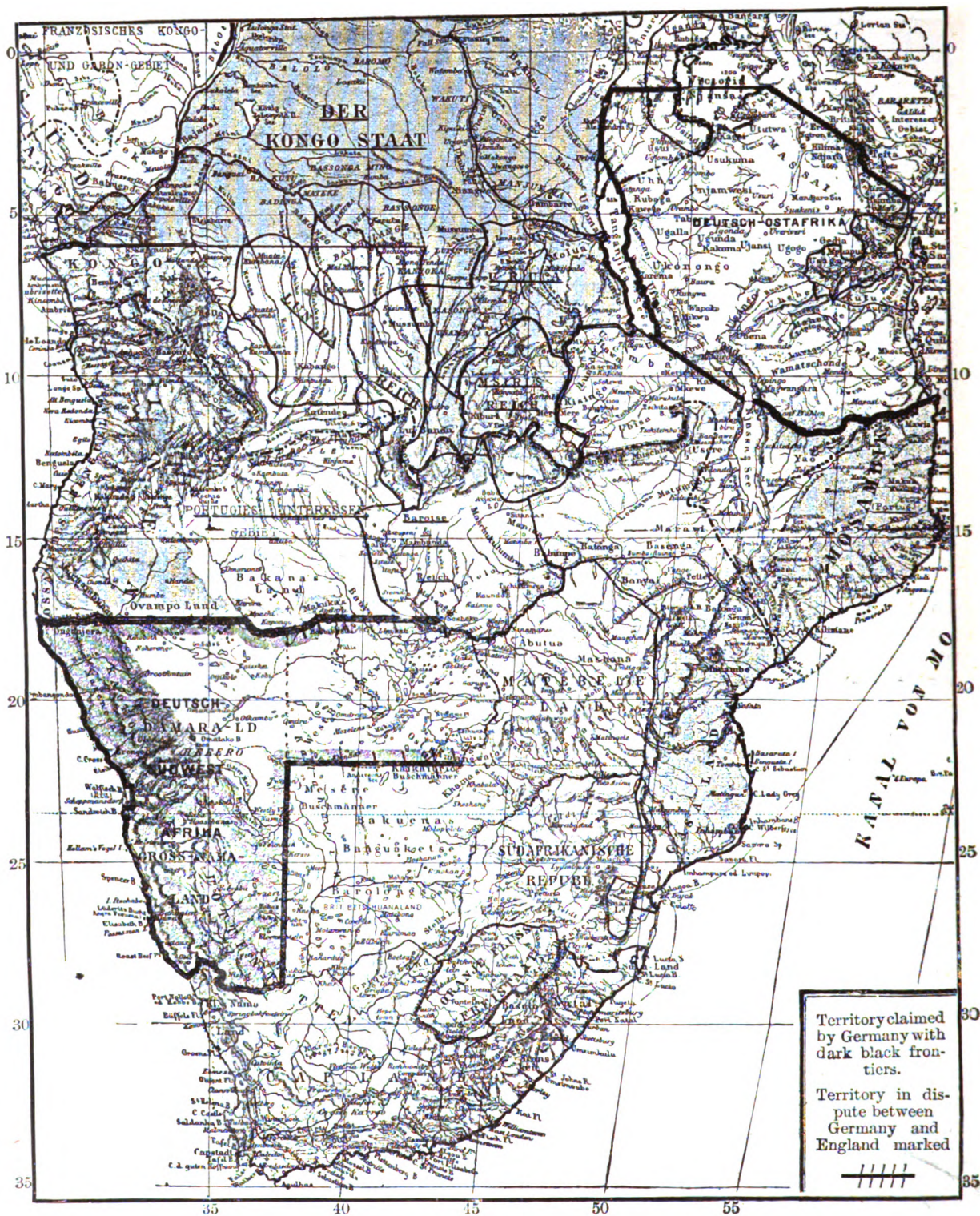
It has been found necessary to restrict this index to periodicals published in the English language. All the articles in the leading Quarterlies and Reviews are indexed, but only the more important articles in the other magazines. Many more articles are indexed than can be noticed in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, but when they are noticed, the number of the page is added on which the notice will be found.

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A GERMAN MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.



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THE most notable incident of a month fertile in much of moment in discussion has been the accident to the young Kaiser. When Wilhelm II. was driving at Potsdam on Whit-Monday from the Palace to the landing-stage from which he was about to embark for a river excursion to Pfauen Island, his horse shied and brought the trap into violent collision with another carriage. The Emperor was thrown out, and fell on his right arm. He also sprained his foot. "As this was attended by an effusion of blood and a severe swelling, he will have to abstain from exercise for the present, although the injury is not likely to have any permanent unfavourable consequences." It may pass off, and in a week it may be forgotten. But the possibilities of which it reminds us are not to be easily conjured away. Where would Germany have been to-day if the impetuous young Emperor had fallen on his head instead of upon his arm? Our own William came to his death when his riding nag Sorrel went down over a molehill in the park at Hampton Court; and the scare that made the Kaiser's horse shy on Whit-Monday might easily have left a deeper dent in history than all the speeches that have been delivered in the loquacious month of May.

Bismarck's "Young Hound." Prince Bismarck, who has been interviewed about once a week ever since his fall, made use of a remarkable expression the other day about his Imperial master. He is reported to have said, "I pity the young man. He is like a young hound that barks at everything, that smells everything, that touches everything, and that ends by causing complete disorder in the room in which he is, no matter how large it may be." Hound is not a good translation of "*chien de chasse*," but the phrase is striking. This month the Kaiser

has made three notable speeches. One was that in which he opened the Reichstag on May 6th; the other two were delivered in the course of a tour which he made in East Prussia. In the Reichstag he spoke with prudence and moderation, referring to the proposed legislation in favour of the working classes as inspired by that sympathy which is one of the greatest forces in the elements by which he was called upon to oppose all attempts to disturb public order. Such duty he would perform with unswerving energy. He also referred to the proposed increase of the Army, but in terms not calculated to inspire alarm. On May 14th, however, when he was entertained at dinner at Königsberg, the young *chien de chasse* could not resist the temptation of baying at large. "May it be God's will," said he, "that the province of East Prussia may be saved from war and times of war. But should it be God's will that I should be called upon to defend myself, and to guard my frontiers, the enemy will find the sword of East Prussia not less keen than it was in 1870." Now, East Prussia borders on Russia, and the allusion to the keenness of his sword edge somewhat discomposes the irritable nerves of his mighty neighbour.

"King by the Grace of God."

A few days later the Kaiser made another speech, in which he proclaimed aloud — the young man always hollows as through a speaking trumpet — that "we Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from heaven, and are responsible to heaven for the performance of its duties." He did not say "to Heaven alone," although that is the obvious implication. That, however, was not all. He went on to proclaim the qualifications of a Prussian King to play the part of a terrestrial Providence:—

"The King of Prussia stands so high above parties and party conflicts that, seeking the best interests of all, he is

in a position to make the welfare of every individual and every province in his kingdom his care. I know very well where in your case the shoe pinches, and what remains to be done for you. I have formed my plans accordingly."

And then he went on to threaten—"Those who should venture to break the peace will learn a lesson which they will not forget for a hundred years."

All very fine, no doubt. But the notables of East Prussia may well have muttered to themselves on Whit-Monday as they opened their newspaper. "But suppose that horse had shied just a little more to one side, and the Kaiser had been killed, where should we have been then?" A terrestrial Providence with a sprained ankle is not a re-assuring spectacle.

Peace, peace, and 18,000 more Soldiers! The New Army Bill which has been debated and accepted by the Reichstag adds 18,000 more to the number of men on the peace establishment of the German army, and increases the Military Budget by £1,800,000 per annum. It was supported by the great authority of Von Moltke, who warned us that "there can be another seven years' war or even a thirty years' war; and woe be to him who sets Europe on fire by hurling a brand into the powder-cask." Von Caprivi also emphasised the certainty that in the next war the conflict would rage until the combatants were bled as "white as veal." But surely Von Moltke is mistaken in thinking that it would take thirty or even seven years to reach this stage. In the present condition of warfare exhaustion would be reached in as many months. The need, however, in that case would be all the greater for whatever equipment is needed to enable Germany to hold her own from the very beginning. According to the explanation accompanying the Bill, France will take 220,000 recruits per annum, while Germany has only been taking 190,450. Frenchmen are liable for twenty-five years' service, Germans for twenty-four. This brings the total war strength of France up to 4,125,000, against only 3,350,000 Germans.

This, too, when Russia is left out of account. But Russia can never be left out of account. Russia will never allow Germany to attack France. But neither will the present Tzar tolerate any French aggression on Germany. There has this month been circulated a curious story that the Tzar is now about to abandon his French policy, and seek a closer friendship with Germany. I speak that of which I know when I say that the Tzar has never had any such French policy as is spoken of by these correspondents. He

has always been true to the German alliance. He affirmed it the moment he came to the throne by his interview at Skierniewice; and although it became overclouded by misunderstandings, his one anxiety has been to get back to that cordial relationship. And this, not merely because of the obvious interest of Russia, but because the Tzar sees in a good understanding between Russia, Germany, and England the best security for the peace of the world.

Germany and England. The good understanding between Germany and England, which is the condition of tranquillity abroad, has been somewhat threatened in the last month by the demands put forward by the German Government for the cession of the north-western portion of the great territory of the Bamangwato, which has hitherto been regarded as being within the sphere of British influence. In the map in the frontispiece, which I have reproduced from an excellent German map, published by C. Flemming, of Glogan, the whole of the Bamangwato country is marked German. The faint lines drawn across the German boundary indicates the extent to which German territorial ambition intrudes upon the British sphere of influence. At the conferences which have been going on at Berlin between Sir Percy Anderson and the German Government it is understood that the Germans were willing to accept one-half of this region, with a frontier drawn diagonally from the Victoria Falls to the corners of Bechuanaland—that is to say, to transfer from British to German influence a territory half the size of Italy. The protest raised against this intrusion on the area under British influence has, it is believed, averted this danger. But a much more serious peril threatens in the North-East. The territory lying behind the Victoria Nyanza was understood to be reserved for the British Chartered Company. Over this also the German map-maker has cast his net as well as over the Stevenson road between Nyanza and Tanganyika, and the German Government, it is believed, is obediently doing his bidding.

Mr. Stanley to the Rescue. Mr. Stanley, who is the lion of the hour, has undertaken with a will the task of arousing the British public to a sense of the danger of wholesale surrender to the Germans. He brought back with him from the interior of Africa treaties which place all the back country at our disposal. Lord Salisbury is in no mood to accept these new obligations. Central Africa has but few attractions to a Minister who remembers Khartoum. Thereupon Mr. Stanley proclaims

that if the back country becomes German we had better clear out of East Africa altogether. I am not sorry that Mr. Stanley should give Lord Salisbury an opportunity of realising how much his action in handing over Zanzibar to the Germans has been resented. It was Lord Idlesleigh's blunder, I believe, and Lord Salisbury probably regrets it as much as anyone. Unfortunately, the policy of abstention from all criticism of the Ministerial foreign policy, pursued by Lord Rosebery from patriotic motives, has led Ministers to think that there was more substance in the old Cobdenite cry against annexation than there ever has been. Hence the need for Mr. Stanley's protests.

The limit of Lord Salisbury, in his reply to Mr. **British Stanley**, laid great stress upon the **Extension.** wisdom of assuming responsibilities in the heart of inaccessible continents. Herein he was on safe ground. But that does not excuse his abandonment of the Zanzibar littoral. When the Indunas of Lobengula were steaming from the Cape across the Atlantic they asked, "Does all this water belong to the Great White Queen?" And they were promptly informed that it did. Salt water has always been ours. In Africa it is time to apply the same principle to navigable water everywhere. We might have had the Congo. We refused. We are now threatened with the loss of the great inland lakes. We had better sacrifice a wilderness of land for the narrowest strip of lake or stream. Wherever our keels can float, there our influence should be paramount. And for this reason: other nations clap on prohibitive duties and exploit the territories for their exclusive advantage; wherever we go we throw the whole country open to the whole world.

If anything had been wanting to **Mrs. Stanley.** increase the warmth of the welcome which his countrymen are extending to the intrepid explorer, it would have been supplied by the announcement of his approaching marriage to Miss Dorothy Tennant. There is possibly no young lady in London society so widely known and so generally admired as the future Mrs. Stanley. Descended in direct line from Oliver Cromwell, her energy, versatility, and intrepidity recall the familiar saying that if Richard Cromwell could have changed places with his sister, England might have escaped the curse of a Stuart Restoration. Should Mr. Stanley hereafter return to Darkest Africa he will find in his bride one not unworthy to play the great rôle of the "White Queens" who reign in Mr. Rider Haggard's Africa.

"Die Flinte und die Bibel." Prince Bismarck lived in contemporary history as the man of blood and iron. His successor bids fair to be equally notorious as the man of Bibles and Buckshot. Speaking on May 12th concerning German policy in East Africa, he said that they were far from having created any organisation which could be called a State.

"We must begin by establishing stations in the interior that will serve as a base of action as well to the missionary as the merchant, while the 'Musket and the Bible' (*die Flinte und die Bibel*) must here co-operate. Without killing off the slave-dealers we shall never put an end to slavery."

There is more truth in General Caprivi's remark than the Peace Society would care to recognise.

England and France. As an object-lesson in the responsibilities of empire, it is perhaps useful that the French should have seized the present occasion to bring the fisheries dispute in Newfoundland to a head. Two of the Newfoundland delegates now in this country called the other day at Mowbray House, and explained to me the precise position of the question. They fondly hoped that by a judicious offer to relax the severity of the Bait Act, by which French fishing has been cut down to one-third, the French might be induced to relax their hold on the so-called French shore. Almost at the very time when they were expounding these views to the Colonial Office, a Frenchman was unceremoniously bundling British fishing-boats out of St. George's Bay. Newfoundland blazed up with fierce wrath. Rumour had it that the French had landed marines on British soil. Violence was openly threatened; and there seems to be no doubt that the colonists will kill somebody, or get themselves killed, if they cannot rouse the mother country into action in any other way. The most that we can hope for at present is that the *modus vivendi* may be withdrawn, and that the process of starving out the French by the Bait Act may be carried on steadily, until the French fisheries cease to be worth the journey across the Atlantic. This seems a disagreeable and a dangerous process. But if France refuses either to give up or to sell her shadowy "rights," what else can be done?

The Conversion of the Egyptian debt. The French Government has been bombarding Whydah and threatening Dahomey, but on the other side of Egypt it has shown itself unexpectedly complaisant. It has this month consented to the Conversion of the Egyptian Five per Cent. Privileged Debt

into a Four per Cent. Stock, and has added thereto the Conversion of the Daira and Domains Debt, in consideration of a promise that the interest shall not be again reduced for at least fifteen years, that the Daira and Domains Administration shall be maintained for that time, and that the money thus saved shall be paid into a reserve fund until the Powers agree as to its appropriation. The net effect of this is that a saving of £250,000 per annum is secured in the revenue of Egypt; and, however little the French may have expected such a result, no one will speak seriously of terminating the British occupation for at least fifteen years. Illogical though it be, the fixing of any probationary period like this tends to create a disinclination to disturb the *status quo*—at least till then.

Events in France.

Internally France is tranquil. Fifteen Russians who were preparing bombs for assassinating the Tzar have been arrested in Paris, but nothing else has happened. President Carnot has taken another of his provincial tours, this time to Besançon. General Boulanger, rather than risk the perils of a return to France, has dissolved the Boulangist Committee. M. Jules Ferry has published a book in which he appeals to history or to posterity to do justice to the statesman who acquired Tonkin. The decapitated Boulangists have endeavoured in the Republican-Socialist-Revisionist alliance to galvanise into life Boulangism without Boulanger; while Paris is discussing the question whether or not it is seemly and decent for the capital of civilisation to permit the establishment of bull fights under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. At a bull-fight this month one of the horses was, unfortunately, ripped up and killed, while the leading bull fighter, also unfortunately, escaped with his life. The spectacle afforded the public in these Parisian bull-fights is brutalizing and dull. The bull has the tips of his horns carefully covered with india-rubber knobs. Only by the rarest accident can he ever do any damage to any one. In Spain the bull has at least a chance of holding his own; in Paris he has none. If this kind of thing is allowed to go on, who knows how long the breaking of criminals on the wheel, or wrenching them limb from limb, may again be the most popular spectacle of the Parisian populace?

Two international conferences have been held this month. One met in France and the other in Belgium. The first was the International Telegraphic Conference, which

met in Paris in order to see if an international telegraphic tariff could not be agreed upon corresponding to the international 2½d. stamp of the Postal Union. The German Minister of Posts proposed—at least so it is reported, for the meeting of the conference was private—that there should be a uniform international tariff between all countries in the Telegraphic Union of 12½ centimes, or a trifle more than a penny a word. This scheme it is also reported met with acceptance, although Mr. Raikes refused to afford any confirmation of the rumour. At present it costs us 2d. per word to Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland; 4½d. per word to Italy; and 4d. per word to Denmark. As the internal telegraph rate in each of these countries is under ½d. per word, a penny a word ought to be enough. To Australia it costs nearly nine shillings a word. The Colonial Government, however, have this month agreed to share the cost with the mother country of reducing it to 4s. per word. By the aid of codes, if the new rate is adopted for Europe, it will be as cheap to telegraph to Rome as it now is to telegraph from the Mansion House to Downing Street. The other International Conference was that of miners, over which Mr. Burt presided. Some of the English delegates made some stand against the proposal to enforce the Eight Hours Day by Act of Parliament, but they were overruled by a majority of ten to one.

The May Day of Labour.

The much dreaded Labour Day of May 1 passed off without disturbance. The English workmen refused to lose a day's work in order to ask members of Parliament that which they have not hitherto shown any desire to ask individually from their employers; and, although there were large meetings in most of the capitals of Europe, the demonstrations occasioned no bloodshed. On the first Sunday in May the London workmen gathered in imposing numbers in Hyde Park, but notwithstanding that demonstration, there exists a widespread scepticism as to whether the British workman is prepared to take the risk of having his wages reduced by a ninth as well as his time.

Ireland.

The only meetings where there has been any disturbance have been those which have been held in Ireland. Mr. Balfour, not content with carrying the second reading of his Land Purchase Bill by 348 to 268, having proclaimed a meeting summoned for New Tipperary on Whit-Sunday, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon held the meeting despite his proclamation, and saw the crowd roughly

dispersed by the police in consequence. It is a curious commentary upon the profound tranquillity which has been established in Ireland—by the rise in the price of cattle at least as much as by the resolute government of Mr. Balfour—that the Executive dare not allow a couple of Irish Members to address an orderly meeting in the open market-place.

**Mrs.
O'Brien.**

Mr. Stanley is not the only popular personage who is about to make a romantic marriage. Mr. William

O'Brien is about to marry a Russian heiress. Mdle. Raffalovitch is the daughter of a well-known family of Russian *litterateurs* and journalists, whose contributions are familiar to all students of the Russian and French press. Madame Raffalovitch, who originally belonged to Odessa, possesses the Greek beauty noticeable among her compatriots in the Black Sea littoral, came to Paris when her daughter was six years old, and the family has since then lived in the West. Mdle. Raffalovitch is an expert linguist. She has written a great deal about Ireland in the French press. She translated Mr. Morley's "Cobden" into French, and

is now engaged in translating her future husband's "When we were Boys" into the same language. She is already as Irish as her future husband. I look forward to her playing an important social part in the near future, when her husband, as one of the Ministers of the Crown, occupies a front seat on the Government benches in the Parliament on College Green.

"T. P." The curious internal feud which threatened at one time to deprive Mr. T. P. O'Connor of the editorship of the *Star* has resulted otherwise. Mr. T. P. O'Connor

has bought out the dissentient shareholders, and, taking to himself friends who have a goodly share of this world's gear, is now entering upon a new phase of journalistic activity. The *Labour Elector*, which flourished during the Dock strike, has disappeared. It is easier to remodel society on paper, on a basis of ideal brotherly love, than it is to run ever so small a weekly paper when half a dozen real human beings have a voice in its management.



MDLLE. RAFFALOVITCH.

Compensation.

In home politics there has been most to do about Mr. Goschen's proposal to provide a small fund for buying up such public-houses as the local authority may wish to close. It is to be hoped that Mr. Goschen is now convinced that between the teetotallers and the publicans no Minister is strong enough to deal with this question. Mr. Goschen's proposal seems to labour under the double disadvantage of displeasing both advocates and opponents of compensation. The sum which he proposes to appropriate for compensation is too ridiculously small. If the publican has but ten years' interest in his licence, Mr. Caine calcu-

lates, he is entitled to £200,000,000 compensation. Towards this gigantic sum Mr. Goschen offers £350,000 per annum. To offer to admit a claim of a million, and then produce a threepenny bit as payment on account, is a close enough analogy to Mr. Goschen's scheme to explain the hubbub which it has occasioned.

The First The German Government has lost no **Fruit of the** time in laying Bills before the Reichs-Labour tag giving effect to the recommendations of the International Conference at Berlin. The new Labour Laws are comprehensive

and drastic. They begin with the prohibition of Sunday labour, and end with making all breach of contract between masters and workmen punishable by fines, which are paid as compensation to the injured party. Truck is forbidden. No children under 13 are to be employed at all. Between 13 and 14 they may work six hours a day. From 14 to 16 they may only work 10 hours a day. Special provision is to be made for Sunday labour in certain handicrafts, but even then it must not exceed five hours in length. The labour of women is subjected to severe limitations. Their working day must not exceed 11 hours, with at least an hour off at mid-day. No mother is to return to work within four weeks of her confinement, and night work is forbidden. Herein the German law follows ~~our~~ Factory Acts, which are at present the chief difficulty in the way of extending the employment of women. Special provisions are laid down for the fencing of machinery and the limitation of punishment in the shape of fines. The Bill, as a whole, comes nearer a Workmen's Magna Charta than anything that has yet been drafted. Similar legislation is proposed in Spain, and is being framed in Austria-Hungary. In France the Radicals are proposing to forbid any employer to dismiss a workman because he is a unionist, or to engage any blackleg. The Parliamentary Committee proposes to forbid night work for women, and to fix the working day for women at ten hours.

Women's Work.

The Women's Liberal Federation, which has this month held its annual meeting in London, reported a salutary growth of opinion in favour of the enfranchisement of the sex. The association has been to some extent cowed by the threat that Mrs. Gladstone would not stand its adoption of Women's Suffrage. This year not even the grave shaking of the head on the part of the seniors could prevent a very vigorous expression of opinion in favour of the logical development of its activity to include the admission of women within the pale of citizenship. At Bristol election, where the Liberal majority showed an unexpected increase, the Liberal women rendered yeoman service to the Liberal candidate. The Primrose League was unrepresented. At any election nowadays the party which has no women engaged in the canvass is as certain to be beaten as an army which goes into the field without cavalry. The presence in our midst of two bright and energetic emissaries from the American Women's Christian Temperance Union has reminded our May-meeting public that in organised philanthropic work we have much to learn from our sisters across the Atlantic.

"Brighter Britain."

"The United British Women's Emigration Association Permanent Circulating Loan Fund" is the impossible title of an excellent attempt to establish a system of free export of the surplus womanhood of the old country to what the promoters happily style the "Brighter Britains beyond the Sea." The women assisted to emigrate repay the money advanced for their travelling expenses by arrangement with their employers. £5 will take a woman to Canada, £16 to Australia. The Fund promises to be a permanent benefit to the Old World and the New. Mr. James Rankin, M.P., 44, Bryanston Square, is the treasurer, to whom all subscriptions should be sent.

An illustration of the unity of the Co-operative English-speaking family is afforded us by the latest enterprise of commercial philanthropy. The Colonial and Indian Guardianship Association has been formed for the purpose of providing a system of quasi guardianship for English children whose parents are obliged to live in India and other distant territories of the Empire. Sir William Muir is chairman of the Council, and he is supported by an influential committee. The committee receive wards at from £75 per annum and upwards. Tried and trusted families in town and country undertake to provide safe and kindly care for the children during holidays, and the best advice will be available for all its members as to education, etc. The importance of securing competent guardians for the children of those who are building up the Empire abroad is obvious to all; and it is equally obvious that it is as great in the case of the poor man as of the rich. A system by which every English-speaking parent could be sure that his little ones would be cared for in the old country when he went abroad to extend the dominions of our race, or to protect its frontiers, would be an Imperial boon. The address of the Guardianship Association is 52, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington.

The Latest Development of the Salvation Army.

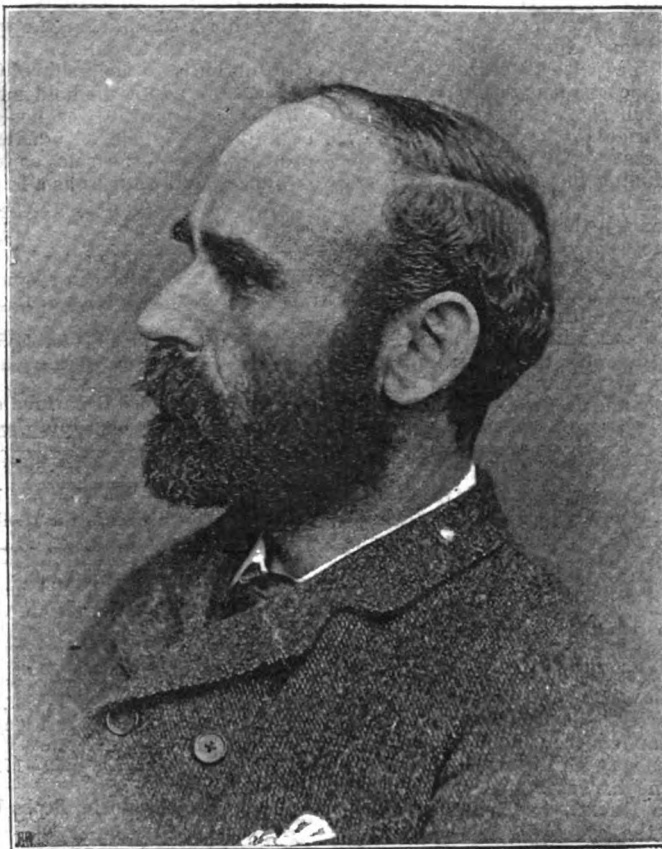
Of all the meetings which make the month of May famous in English life, none was so remarkable as that held by the Salvation Army—an organisation which the *Church Times*, of all papers in the world, declares has achieved far greater things in the last 25 years than the Roman Catholic Church! The Army now raises a revenue of £790,000 per annum, and is extending annually over all the nations of the

earth. That is remarkable; but the chief element of interest about it is the fact that General Booth is now standing on the eve of a new and momentous departure, which may have immense results in two directions — (1) in the solution of the social question at home, and (2) in the multiplying of the ties which unite the mother country with her colonies. I have seen in rough outline the scheme that is fermenting in the minds of the leaders of the Army; and, I say without hesitation that it is the most hopeful and the most daring of the kind that has been promulgated in my time. The launching of the great scheme may be expected in the autumn. It is too vast and far-reaching to be produced for months to come. But it is there, and no one can say whither its development may lead.

When Socialistic aspiration bases itself on common sense and the Ten Commandments, we shall go fast and go far—and withal go safely.

Michael Davitt as Peacemaker. I close this brief retrospect of the month's events with a glance beyond. On June 2nd Mr. Michael Davitt, ex-Criminal Convict, Fenian, Ticket-of-Leave Man,

Land Leaguer, &c., &c., will be entertained at a banquet at the Liverpool Reform Club, in honour of the services which he rendered that city in bringing the Dock Strike to a satisfactory close. The Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce, and other local authorities had tried in vain to compose the dispute. Mr. Davitt went down to Liverpool. His mediation was accepted by both parties, and he ended the strike. The Tory organ complimented him upon his sympathy and tact. The Liberals are giving him a banquet. Both sides are satisfied. So great is the advantage sometimes



MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

of having an absolutely honest man with a level head who is willing to take some risk himself in order to do a little good to others.

OUR ASSOCIATION OF HELPERS. SERVICE FOR JUNE.

OWING to the prolongation of the period for signing the National Memorial, no Special Service is called for this month. Experience has, however, proved that in addition to the Helper whose functions were defined as those of a kind of Major-General in his own district, there is scope for what may be called assistant helpers, that is to say, persons who are in sympathy with the general objects of the Association, and who are willing to help occasionally, say, in signing memorials, contributing old newspapers or magazines to workhouses or hospitals, and the like.

If every Helper, for instance, knew all the readers of the REVIEW in his own district, he would be in a much better position than he is to-day.

The only service, therefore, that I ask from my Helpers this month is, that sometime before the 21st they will write me any suggestions they may have to make as to the best way of enrolling the Assistant Helpers so as to promote the object of the Association.

In any correspondence with the Central Office, Helpers are requested to write "Helper" on the outside of the envelope, so as to facilitate the despatch of business.

WOMEN AND THE STUDY OF CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

A SCHOLARSHIP OF £100 PER ANNUM FOR THREE YEARS.

FOR good or evil, the advent of woman in the political arena is now an accomplished fact. Their admission within the pale of citizenship may be regarded as a certainty within the next ten years. The full significance of this silent revolution is as yet but imperfectly appreciated, especially by women themselves. There are still masses of English-speaking women, even including those who take an occasional interest in the excitement of elections, who never follow with intelligent attention the drama of contemporary history as it is unfolded to the gaze of everyone who opens a newspaper. The old superstition, born of an age when the subjection of women was the most unquestioned dogma of the dominant sex, has still sufficient vitality to doom millions of prospective citizens to apathetic indifference to the progress of the world. The concession of woman's suffrage will be of doubtful benefit if it only adds a dead weight of ignorance and indifference in petticoats to the quite sufficiently large quantum of those commodities already on the register in unimpeachable masculine attire. It is time that the duty of stimulating female interest in the history of their own time was recognised by all those who are concerned about the welfare of the Commonwealth. It is but little that any one person can do, but the need is so great that not even the least help should be despised. I have therefore determined to do what little I can in this direction by offering a Scholarship of £100 a year for three years, tenable at any of the women's colleges in connection with our universities, on conditions which will make it a direct stimulus to the study of present-day problems. This is a tentative step, more of an experiment than anything else, but one which I trust may lead to its extension on a much wider scale in the near future.

In each number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* I publish a general survey of the events of the preceding month, together with a character sketch of a leading actor in the contemporary drama. Taken together, the articles on the Progress of the World and the Character Sketches of the month cover a very wide field, nor could anyone who mastered them be regarded as uninformed concerning the history of her own time. I propose, therefore, to award the Scholarship to the young woman who passes the best examination in the Character Sketches, and the articles on the Progress of the World, which appear in the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* from July to December, both inclusive. Roughly speaking, this is equivalent to an examination in a volume of not more than 150 to 200 octavo pages, but, of course, to stand such an examination the competitors must study their newspapers much more closely than most young ladies, as a rule, dream of doing at present. The examination, which will take place on the general lines of the Science and Art Examinations at South Kensington, will be held early in January, so as to enable the successful competitor to go up for the entrance examination in March. No one will be allowed to compete above the age of twenty-five, but any below that age can enter for examination. No students are received by the colleges below the age of eighteen, so that, if a younger girl were

to obtain the scholarship, she would have to wait until she was old enough to enter.

To obtain the Scholarship of Contemporary History will not of itself admit the holder to any college—all that it will do is to provide for her board, maintenance, and education when she has qualified for admission in the ordinary way. The rules as to admission for Newnham—which may be taken as a fair sample of those governing the admission of women students to our Universities—are as follows:—

Students desiring to enter Newnham College are expected to pass one of the following Examinations:—

- (1) Cambridge Higher Local;—Honours in any group, except Group F.
- (2) Cambridge Senior Local;—First or Second Class Honours.
- (3) Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board;—a Certificate, provided that three subjects be in Groups 1 and 2 as arranged for the Examination of Girls, and that drawing be not one of these subjects.
- (4) The Newnham College Entrance Examination.

The following are the particulars of the Newnham Entrance Examination for 1890:—

The examination, which is held in March, consists of four parts:—

- (1) Arithmetic, Euclid, and Algebra.
- (2) French and German.
- (3) Latin.
- (4) Greek.

The following are the set subjects for 1890:—

- (1) Euclid, Books I., II., III., Definitions 1—10 of Book V., Propositions 1—19 of Book VI. Elementary Algebra.
- (2) French A.D. 1650—1715. German A.D. 1770—1832.
- (3) Virgil's *Æneid*, Books IV., V.
- (4) Plato's *Apology of Socrates*; the Gospel of St. Mark.

When the Scholarship is awarded the successful competitor may please herself as to when she goes up for the entrance examination. The sum of £100 will be paid to her on receipt of a notification that she has qualified for admission, and is about to take up her residence at the university, and a further sum of £100 on the beginning of the term in each of the two following years. The Scholarship will not be open to the competition of students already entered at any of the colleges. At present, I believe, there is no scholarship open to women of more than £50 a-year. The total expenses of a student at Newnham or Girton and the Oxford colleges for the year can be met by the £100. The actual sum varies, but it is constantly done for from £80 to £90.

I have considered very carefully whether it would be better to take the examination on some book, such as McCarthy's "*History of Our Own Time*," but ultimately decided in favour of the above plan. And that for this reason. I want to induce the cleverest girls in these islands to take an interest in the events, the movements, and the affairs of to-day. An examination in the current file of the *Times* would be too appalling. An examination in half-year's issue of the *Spectator* would be less

difficult, but it would not attract so many competitors, nor do I think that the acidulated pessimism of Mr. Hutton's old age altogether the kind of political writing calculated to excite the interest and kindle the enthusiasm of our young women. So I fell back upon the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. It is cheap; it is in small compass; and I plead guilty to a natural preference for the views and convictions which find expression in its pages.

The second reason why I decided to base the examination on the *REVIEW* is because I wish to bring myself into communication with the best material available in England for the Journalism of the Future. Some day, sooner or later, the great Daily will be born which will represent both sections of humanity in being staffed from top to bottom, half by men, half by women. At present the supply of competent men for newspaper work is far in excess of that of competent women. There are, no doubt, many lady journalists, but of these, although there are many competent enough in the discharge of certain limited functions, how few there are who have the ordinary all-round acquaintance with politics which is expected, as a matter of course, from every man who enters a newspaper office? That has all got to be changed if women are to have a fair chance.

The value of the present offer lies not so much in the benefit which it will bring to the one successful competitor as in the stimulus which it will give to the minds of the multitude of girls who, but for such a competition, might never have looked in the newspaper for anything but births, marriages, and deaths, the *Court Circular*, and personal gossip. Out of the competition I may fairly hope to come upon some with the moral and intellectual capacities for a journalist's career, who would be invaluable recruits for the Journalism of the Future.

It may be said, and no doubt with truth, that a university training is not a necessary part of a journalist's equipment, and it may further be pointed out that many of the brightest girls, who have no aptitude for mathematics and dead languages, might make the most useful members of a newspaper staff. As I wish to make the the area of competition as wide as possible, I am willing to offer to the successful competitor the choice of an alternative to the three years at Girton, Newnham, or the Oxford Colleges. I have no prejudice in favour of colleges or of schools limited to one sex. I believe in family life and in mixed education. Instead, therefore, of rigidly confining the Scholarship to those who contemplate a university career, it may be held on any of the following conditions:—

(1.) That the scholar shall devote as much of the three years as is equivalent to the usual university terms to the acquisition of a knowledge of the French, German, and Russian languages, one in each year. Residence in France, Germany, and Russia, for at least part of the year, to be obligatory. The scholarship for the second and third year to be conditional on the acquisition of one language each year.

(2.) That the scholar shall pursue during these years a course of study under conditions which shall be submitted to and approved by me, progress in which shall be tested by periodical examinations.

An imperfect version of my intentions in the matter having obtained currency in the press, the *Spectator* has commented at some length upon what it imagined the scheme to be. It said:—

The girls who strive for this £300 will be clever and energetic; and they will spend the most valuable time of their life chiefly in reading newspapers, or books that help one to understand newspapers. The newspaper world is engrossing, the day is limited, study is not recreation, and

the spectacle of the present is always a formidable rival to the study of the past. To set up an artificial stimulus for this preference in the intellectual world, to give the noisy appeals of the passing hour any help in catching the attention of the young, and to give the three priceless years at a University the opportunity for giving such a bias, seems to us almost on a par with a scheme for getting young people to drink wine or read novels. The actual increase in the number of female politicians is a fact on which those may be agreed who can find very little else to agree about in politics or elsewhere; and from Mr. Stead's point of view, he is probably right in wishing to increase it. It will, we believe, largely reinforce the side that he has espoused, and we incline to think that his object in making it may be a desire to demonstrate (against the ordinary notion) that the principles of democracy have nothing to fear from female influence. Those who feel any hesitation in swelling the triumph of democracy, would do well to consider whether he is not here on safe ground.

Professor Henry Sidgwick, writing to the *Spectator* from Cambridge, after setting our contemporary right as to matters of fact, adds:—

Speaking for myself personally, I have much sympathy with what I understand to be Mr. Stead's aims, and if his scheme should be carried out, I should hope that we may succeed in providing a useful course of academic study for the scholar selected. I may point out that she would not, as you suppose, spend the "three priceless years" of her academic life "chiefly in reading newspapers." She would have no motive to do this, since she would have won her scholarship before entering, and the reading of newspapers is not included in any of the courses of education open to her at the University. It is, of course, probable that such a scholar would retain her interest in current history; it is not improbable that she would have the design of making this study in some form or other an important part of the occupation of her life; and her Cambridge advisers would, I conceive, be likely to direct her to academic studies, such as Constitutional History and Political Economy, calculated to render her grasp of current politics more close and exact.

You say that "there will always be enough political interest in the world." I agree with this, if you merely mean that there is likely to be as much as is desirable of conversation, writing and making speeches about politics. But it does not therefore follow that there will always be a sufficient supply of persons making a serious and systematic effort to know exactly and comprehend thoroughly the history and tendencies of their own time. At present, I think that there is a deplorable lack of such systematic study, even among persons who write in newspapers as well as read them, and any attempt to remedy this defect appears to me deserving of sympathy.

Although the examination will be limited to the articles on the Progress of the World and the Character Sketches of the next six months, competitors will be expected to have read the prefatory paper, "To all English-speaking Folk," which appeared in the first number of the *Review*. A copy of this will be sent to any address on receipt of one-halfpenny stamp for postage. Although it is not compulsory, those who seriously contemplate entering upon this competition will find it useful to read the Character Sketches and "The Progress of the World," which have already appeared in the first six numbers of the *Review*.

In awarding the Scholarship, account will be taken of handwriting, as well as of spelling and grammar.

Intending competitors, who wish for further particulars, can have them on sending stamped envelope to this office for reply, marking their letter on the outside—

"SCHOLARSHIP."

READING FOR WORKHOUSES.

ACTION TAKEN BY THE GOVERNMENT.

I HAVE to congratulate my Helpers upon the success which their concerted action has enabled our Association to achieve at the very outset of its career. Last month it was my delight to record the great stimulus which the activity of our Helpers had given to the supply by voluntary channels of the literature so urgently needed by the derelicts of Society. This month I have to report that their action has produced its effect at the headquarters of the Local Government Board and in the House of Commons.

On May 9th I addressed the following letter to the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Local Government Board:—

Dear Sir,—I venture to appeal to you on a subject on which I am sure I have your sympathy. I refer to the question of providing libraries and newspapers for the inmates of our workhouses.

I have been in communication with all your predecessors in office, including your colleagues, Lord Cranbrook and Mr. Balfour, and I gather from them that there is a very widespread sympathy with the object I have in view. I, therefore, now feel encouraged to write to you, as the head of the Poor Law Administration, to ask whether anything could be done at headquarters to give effect throughout the country to the interest that has been roused on the question.

It occurs to me that if you could utilise the simple machinery of a circular to the Boards of Guardians, asking them to state:—

(1.) What library provision exists at present in their workhouse.

(2.) The expenditure annually incurred in literature out of the rates.

(3.) The provision made for the supply (a) of newspapers and periodicals for adults, and (b) of toys and picture-books for children.

The mere fact of the enquiry being called for would, in many cases, lead to the Boards taking such action, voluntary and otherwise, as would tend to lessen the deadly *ennui* of workhouse existence.

I take the liberty of forwarding herewith my two last numbers, together with a reprint that is being somewhat widely circulated.

On May 13th I received the following reply:—

Local Government Board, Whitehall, S.W.,

Dear Sir,—In replying to your letter of the 9th inst., Mr. Ritchie desires me to say that he has been much interested in the discussion which has taken place in regard to the provision of literature in workhouses, and he proposes to request the Board inspectors to report to him as to the views and the practice of Guardians in this respect. He will then be able to see whether any advantage would be gained by the issue of a circular letter on the subject.

Mr. Ritchie's impression is that Guardians are well aware of their powers in the matter, which, as you know, is entirely within their own discretion.

Believe me, yours faithfully, T. W. ELLIOTT.

This was very satisfactory, so far as it went, although it betrayed the usual official conviction that everyone

must know what is known at headquarters. As a matter of fact, so far from the Guardians being well aware of their powers in the matter, within a week of the receipt of Mr. Ritchie's letter one of our Helpers in a Midland Union was authoritatively told by the Clerk of the Board that it was no use proposing to provide reading for the inmates of the workhouse, as any expenditure so incurred would be disallowed. Fortunately, our Helper being armed with the information contained in the last number of the *REVIEW*, was able to set the Clerk right as to the law. The incident, however, proved clearly the need for the Circular which has been conditionally promised by Mr. Ritchie.

Almost immediately after receiving the above letter from the English Local Government Board, my helper at Ennis sent me an official letter which he had received from the Irish Local Government Board informing him that any expenditure incurred by the Ennis Board on books, newspapers, or periodicals would be subject to disallowance. Thereupon I wrote the following letter to Mr. Ritchie:—

I am much obliged to you for your letter, in which you say that the matter is entirely in the hands of the Guardians, and that the Guardians are very well aware of their powers in the matter. I can assure you that I have been told repeatedly, when I have made applications to Guardians to supply periodicals, that they have no power, and that if they did so the expenditure would be disallowed.

In confirmation of this, I have received a letter this morning from my helper at Ennis, enclosing a communication received by him from the Local Government Board of Ireland, from which the following is an extract:—

“In reply to your enquiry as to whether periodicals, &c., can be supplied for the inmates of the workhouses from the rates, I beg to inform you that such expenditure would be subject to disallowance by the auditor.”

Either the law of Ireland is different from the law of England, or the subject is by no means so clear as your letter would indicate.

To this Mr. Ritchie replied as follows:—

Local Government Board, Whitehall, S.W.,

May 19th, 1890.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Ritchie duly received your further letter of the 16th inst. He will communicate with the Irish authorities as to the apparent difference between their views and those entertained here, which probably arises, as you suggest, from a difference in the law. The enquiries which will be made of the inspectors in England will show whether the issue of a circular letter is desirable or necessary.

Yours sincerely,

T. W. ELLIOTT.

On Monday, May 19th, Mr. Summers put the following question to Mr. Ritchie in the House of Commons:—

Mr. Summers asked the President of the Local Government Board whether Boards of Guardians may legally spend a portion of the poor rate in supplying the inmates of workhouses with newspapers, periodicals, and books; and, if so, whether he will cause inquiry to be made as to the extent to which these bodies have availed themselves of this particular power.

— THE —

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

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First Summer Number, June, 1890.

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THE present number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, completing as it does the First Half - yearly Volume, will be found to be specially attractive, as it is copiously illustrated, printed with new type, on paper of superior quality.

The First Edition is one of

70,000 Copies.

In summer, when so many travel, or go into the country, or to the seaside, the usefulness of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is even more obvious than in the winter months. Hitherto, the ordinary idea of a Summer Number has been the mere stringing together of a number of stories, which, however good in their way, by no means supply what is wanted.

When you go from home you want to carry as much as possible in as small a compass as it can be compressed, and in reading matter you want variety, quality, and quantity, in a shape that can be thrust into a pocket, or carried in a satchel. Above all, you want to feel sure that although you are away from your library or news-room, you have missed nothing, and are kept in touch with the events and the ideas of the day.

In other words, if the REVIEW OF REVIEWS had not already existed, it ought to have been created as the indispensable companion of the summer tourist, whether at home or abroad.

The first of these Summer Numbers

IS PUBLISHED

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 6TH,

And contains the following features of special interest:

- 1.—**CHARACTER SKETCH OF CARDINAL MANNING**, whose Jubilee will be celebrated on June 8th. The sketch, which is written by Mr. Stead, who, for several years, has been on terms of intimate friendship with His Eminence, is illustrated by a portrait of the Cardinal, and a picture of his recently executed Bust.
- 2.—**THE JOURNAL AND PICTURES OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF**. A full account of the Journal of this gifted young Russian painter, who died when 24, and whose Journal has been the great literary sensation of the year, both in England and America. The analysis of her voluminous Journal is accompanied by three portraits of the beautiful artist, and of the more famous of her pictures, and a portrait of Miss Mathilde Blind, the lady who translated her Journal into English.
- 3.—**HOW WAS CHARLES I. EXECUTED?**—A summary of the controversy of the month as to whether Charles I. was beheaded kneeling with his head on a high block or lying flat upon the scaffold, with a reproduction of Mr. Crafts' picture in the Royal Academy which gave rise to the controversy.
- 4.—**A SCIENTIFIC OASIS, BY MR. GRANT ALLEN**. Upon Weissmann's Theory of Heredity, illustrated with portrait of Mr. GRANT ALLEN, and view of his rural retreat at Dorking, photographed specially for this article.
- 5.—**ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE SCHOLARSHIP** of £100 per annum, for three years, founded by the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, for the encouragement of the study of contemporary Politics and History by young women. This, which is the highest prize, yet offered for a competition of this nature, is open to all young women between 18 and 25, and is tenable at any of the Women's Colleges in connection with our Universities.
- 6.—**PENNY POSTAGE FOR THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD**.—Signatures to the National Memorial to Her Majesty, with portrait of Sir JAMES WHITEHEAD.
- 7.—**READING FOR WORKHOUSES**.—Correspondence with the Right Hon. C. T. RITCHIE, President of the Local Government Board, with portrait.
- 8.—**PORTRAITS AND AUTOGRAPHS**.—Among other Portraits this number of the Review will contain those of

Miss DOROTHY TENNANT, who is about to marry Mr. H. M. Stanley.	THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, Henry Ward Beecher's successor.
Mr. GEORGE KENNAN, of Siberia.	Mr. W. D. HOWELLS, the Novelist.
Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT.	Mr. TOM MANN.

MISS MATHILDE BLIND
- 9.—**THE CREAM OF ALL THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES, AT HOME AND ABROAD.**
- 10.—**THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD, WITH DIARY OF EVENTS.** Which, with an account of all important New Books and Blue Books, supplies the reader wherever he is with a clue to all that is going on everywhere.

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS is now permanently enlarged, and will contain other new features of original interest. The new Summer Number will endeavour to deserve the praise bestowed upon the REVIEW by the Journals of the English-speaking world, which, alike in Britain, America, Africa, and Australia, have hailed it as

THE BEST SIXPENNY WORTH EVER ISSUED FROM THE PRESS.

NOTICE.—FORTHCOMING PUBLICATION.

Portraits and Autographs,

AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS,"

Will be issued about Midsummer, in limp cloth binding of size uniform with the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, an Album of the Portraits and Autographs of the distinguished men and women at home and abroad who have expressed their approval of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. These Autographs, some of which have been published in more or less reduced facsimile in the first volume of the Review, constitute a collection so unique as to call for their reproduction. "Portraits and Autographs" will reproduce them in facsimile on toned paper, accompanied by carefully executed Portraits.

The series—including about fifty Portraits, in most cases accompanied by Autographs—will be executed by process from photographs in the best style, and will form an interesting supplement to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, with which it can be bound up; although, in most cases, it will no doubt be left separate as a Portrait and Autograph Album on the drawing-room table.

The Photographs which will appear in this Gallery will be selected from the following:—

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.
QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA.
KING LEOPOLD II. OF BELGIUM.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
LORD SALISBURY, PRIME MINISTER.
THE CARDINAL SECRETARY OF STATE OF
THE POPE.
LORD LANSDOWNE, THE VICEROY OF INDIA.
MR. BALFOUR, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR
IRELAND.
MR. GOSCHEN, CHANCELLOR OF THE
EXCHEQUER.
LORD COLERIDGE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF
ENGLAND.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
CARDINAL MANNING.
CARDINAL GIBBONS.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

LORD DUFFERIN AND AVA, AMBASSADOR
AT ROME.
SIR ED. MALET, AMBASSADOR AT VIENNA.
SIR W. WHITE, AMBASSADOR AT CON-
STANTINOPLE.
SIR F. C. FORD, AMBASSADOR AT MADRID.
SIR J. PAUNCEFOTE, MINISTER AT
WASHINGTON.
SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, LATE HIGH
COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA.
LORD REAY, LATE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.
SIR HENRY NORMAN, GOVERNOR OF
QUEENSLAND.
SIR ROBERT THORBURN, LATE PRIME
MINISTER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.
SIR ARTHUR HAVELOCK, GOVERNOR OF
CEYLON.
SIR C. B. H. MITCHELL, GOVERNMENT
HOUSE, NATAL.

MR. GLADSTONE
THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.
THE EARL OF DERBY.
THE EARL OF CARNARVON.
THE EARL OF ROSEBURY.
SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.
SIR HENRY JAMES.
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
MR. J. RUSSELL LOWELL.
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MADAME ADAM.
THE COMTE DE MUN.
GEN. BOULANGER.
M. CLEMENCEAU.
COUNT TOLSTOL.

GEN. IGNATIEFF.
MADAME NOVIKOFF.
DR. DUNCAN.
LORD WOLSELEY.
PROFESSOR HUXLEY.
MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.
MR. J. A. FROUDE.
MISS OLIVE SCHREMER.
MRS. ANNIE BESANT.
MRS. FAWCETT.
THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR.
THE REV. CANON LIDDON.
MR. W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.
THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.
THE REV. DR. ALLON.
THE REV. DR. CLIFFORD.
MR. LABOUCHERE.
MR. JOHN BURNS.
THE HON. PAT EGAN.
MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.
MR. PATRICK FORD.

The varied character of this collection renders it unique among illustrated reproductions of the autographs of distinguished men.

A CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. W. T. STEAD, the Editor and Founder of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, will be published as a frontispiece. His photograph has never before been published, but the demand has been so general and so pressing that he has consented to its publication in this supplement.

The First Edition is fixed at 30,000 Copies.

Cases for Binding the first half-yearly Volume of the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" may be had from the Publisher, "Review of Reviews" Office, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

PRICE, POST FREE, 1/6.

Mr. Ritchie said : Boards of Guardians are empowered to defray, out of the rates, the cost of supplying the inmates of workhouses with newspapers and periodicals and books. I have directed that the inspectors of the Local Government Board shall be instructed in connection with their visits to workhouses to give this subject their special attention, and to report to the Board as to the views and practice of the Guardians with respect to such supply.

This is an advance upon the promise in his letter to me. For the inspectors are not merely to report as to the views and practices of the Guardians, but they are to make special enquiries into the supply of literature. We may expect a great stirring, therefore, of the drybones. I hope that the inspectors' reports will be published, and that Mr. Balfour will make similar enquiries in Irish workhouses. There the guardians are not even allowed to spend a penny upon reading matter.

The organisation of the Peckham Helpers is very systematic. Foreseeing that the service of other months will often divert their attention from the workhouse, they have formed themselves into the nucleus of a Workhouse Aid Society. By this means others, not in our Association of Helpers, may join the Aid Society and carry on the work in a comprehensive, systematic fashion. The Peckham Workhouse Aid Society has taken as its motto William Blake's lines :—

Seek love in the pity of
other's woe,
In the tender relief of
another's care,
In the darkness of night
and the winter's snow
With the naked and
the outcast — seek
love there.

The secretary is Mr. Jno. E. Skuse, who will be very glad to receive contributions or answer enquiries at 80, Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, S.E.

The Rev. F. H. Robinson, of Batley, writes me as follows :—

"You have led me to resolve to offer to the Board of Guardians the loan, for three months, of some oil and water-colour paintings. They can come and select as many as they like from those in my rooms, if they will hang them in the wards of the workhouse where the inmates can look at them. My thought is that some old man or woman who has not seen the sea for many years may be pleased to look at the rushing waves as they smite Cornish cliffs, or may have their eyes rested by looking at the lap of the summer sea on the yellow sands of Kynance Cove."

I continue to receive correspondence from all parts of the country testifying to the stimulus that has been given to the humanizing of our workhouses by the action of our helpers. The practical lesson of the correspondence

which I have received is that if in every district a sensible man or woman will personally undertake to collect newspapers and magazines and deliver them at the workhouse the inmates will be supplied. Otherwise they will be neglected. Pillar-boxes at the stations and elsewhere are good, but they will not work automatically. There must be a benevolent person behind them who is willing to take trouble to help others. Surely it ought not to be impossible in any town to find one such person. Everything depends on that. When he is found there are plenty of others who will help him a little. For instance, a helper at Fratton, writes :—

I had a notice given out in the Methodist Chapel here to the effect that I would undertake to have collected any books, magazines, or newspapers, that the congregation had for disposal. A good many responded to my appeal, and I intend to call upon them at stated intervals and then forward all I collected to the workhouse.

Another service of the poor which might be very largely carried out, is the collection of pictures for relieving the hideous whitewash of the walls. A Welsh master wishes to express his gratitude for the kindness of a lady who has given a cheerful look to our previously gloomy walls by sending them the coloured illustrations of the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*. The same master sends the following pertinent observations :—

It is pitiful in looking over your list to find what little provision is made for the mental recreation and moral welfare of the inmates of the majority of workhouses, particularly in large towns, where there must be a superfluity of readable matter lying neglected in the homes of hundreds of citizens, who, I am sure, only need the occasional appeal of the proper authorities to respond gladly to the request. It is surprising how little the outside world knows of the inner life of our workhouses, and its conception is generally very erroneous. Even many of the guardians themselves are quite as ignorant thereon as their constituents. They devote their time, almost wholly, to the consideration and distribution of out-door relief, and the general administration of union affairs; and as long as no scandal arises they are apparently unconcerned as to the well-being of the indoor poor.

The ideal to be aimed at is :— In every union one person who will look after the collection of newspapers, magazines &c. In every workhouse a library, and a collection of pictures, books; in every ward a magazine, and a newspaper for every inmate—no whitewashed wall without a picture; and every week, if possible, a visitor who will read or talk to the inmates and bring them some gleam of outside life.



THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, M.P.

Stenographic Co.

CHARACTER SKETCH

JUNE.

CARDINAL MANNING.

NOW well I remember the day on which I first saw Cardinal Manning! I had been three years in London, and during all that time—so great a recluse I had been—although I was Mr. Morley's assistant at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I had never seen the Cardinal. He was a kind of legendary figure to me. Cardinal Grandison in "Lothair" was quite as real to me as the actual Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. At last the time came when I saw him. I was in the hall of Sutherland House—a place famous for many associations mingled of glory and of shame. For the Duchess of Sutherland in old days had been foremost in the fight for the freedom of the slave, and she made her mansion the headquarters of the Abolitionist movement at a time when slavery seemed destined to be eternal on the American Continent. In later days, however, the Duke had made Stafford House the seat and centre of the Jingo reaction in favour of the perpetuation of the slavery of the Christian East. The hostess of Mrs. Stowe and the patron of the unspeakable Turk were alike absent on the occasion in question. The annual meeting of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants was held in Stafford House, and the Cardinal was present. It was not a scene to be soon forgotten. The representatives of all the philanthropies met at the foot of the staircase of that stately hall to listen to a plea for the little slaveys of London from the lips of the Roman Cardinal and Prince of the Church. When Cardinal Manning rose to speak I was almost aghast at the extreme fleshlessness of his features. His tall form, erect and slender as a spear, showed to great effect above the throng that gathered around the statues at the foot of the stair. I remember no other speaker. I only see the marble and the Cardinal. He spoke with feeling and tenderness, born of evident sympathy for the hard-worked, over-driven little serving-maids of this great city. There was no passion save compassion, he spoke quietly and tenderly, and beyond the drift and tone of his remarks I remember nothing. What impressed me more, and what, I suppose, impresses most of us when we see the Cardinal for the first time, was the extreme bloodlessness of the emaciated face. It was as if wrinkled parchment was stretched across a fleshless skull, out of which, however, kindly blue eyes gleamed out brightly, while a pleasant smile gave life and human humour to the features of the ascetic. I always associate that first sight of the Cardinal with my first meeting with another octogenarian not less famous, although in years they had little in common. Mr. Carlyle, down to his dying day, was erect and spare, and his features, contrary to the common impression, were small and almost childlike. "What a dear little face," exclaimed an enthusiastic lady after leaving the Sage of Chelsea, a phrase which startled me not a little, and seemed most incongruous. But when I saw him the incongruity disappeared. The grim philosopher, whose brow, ploughed with anxious thought, frowns from so many a portrait, I found to be one of the sweetest and kindest of old

men. And I was soon to learn that the Cardinal was as a man as different from the death's head in a skull cap whom I saw in Stafford House as the Mr. Carlyle of real life from the Carlyle of popular tradition.

In these character sketches I have frequently had to observe that I am not attempting biography. I only endeavour to describe the leading actors on the contemporary stage as I see them from my corner near the foot-lights. There are sides to Cardinal Manning's character of which I can say nothing. There are at least three Cardinal Mannings. There is the Cardinal Manning as he appears to men of the world, to Protestant statesmen, and to the great outside public to whom he is but a name; that is the first Cardinal. Then there is the second Cardinal as he appears to the Catholics, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the Prince of the Church and representative of the Holy See. And lastly, there is the third Cardinal as he is known to me, a heretic, a Protestant, a Nonconformist. Naturally it is mostly of the third Cardinal of whom I speak here. My observations may be partial, imperfect and most incomplete. They are at least my own. I speak as I have seen with my eyes and heard with my ears, during the last six years during which I have been honoured with the unflinching friendship of one who, despite all differences of station and of creed, has ever treated me with generosity and affection. But each of these other two Cardinals deserves at least a word in passing. The first has been drawn twice from the life by Lord Beaconsfield. In Cardinal Grandison we have, from the hand of the author of "Lothair," a careful study by one of the first of English statesmen of the first of English Churchmen. Cardinal Grandison was Lothair's father's friend, "an English gentleman with an English education, once an Anglican, man of the world, a man of honour, a good kind-hearted man." Here is Lord Beaconsfield's description of the Cardinal in society:—

Nothing could exceed the simple suavity with which the Cardinal appeared, approached, and greeted them. He thanked Apollonia for her permission to pay his respects to her, which he had long wished to do; and then they were all presented, and he said exactly the right thing to everyone. He must have heard of them all before, or read their characters in their countenances. In a few minutes they were all listening to his eminence with enchanted ease, as, sitting on the sofa by his hostess, he described to them the ambassadors who had just arrived from Japan, and with whom he had relations of interesting affairs. The Japanese Government had exhibited enlightened kindness to some of his poor people who had barely escaped martyrdom. Much might be expected from the Mikado, evidently a man of singular penetration and elevated views; and his eminence looked as if the mission to Yokohama would speedily end in an episcopal see; but he knew where he was, and studiously avoided all controversial matter. After all, the Mikado himself was not more remarkable than this Prince of the Church in a Tyburnian drawing-room, habited in his pink cassock and cape, and waving, as he spoke, with careless grace, his pink biretta.

"We must all pray, as I pray, every morning and night," said the Cardinal, "for the 'Conversion of England.'"

"I never eat and I never drink," said the Cardinal. "I am sorry to say I cannot. I like dinner society very much. You see the world and you hear things which you do not hear otherwise. For a time I presumed to accept invitations, though I sat with an empty plate; but though the world was indulgent to me, I felt that my habits were an embarrassment to the happier feasters. It was not fair, and so I gave it up."

"CARDINAL GRANDISON" AT HOME.

Lord Beaconsfield's picture of Cardinal Manning was very carefully drawn. The following description of the library of Cardinal Grandison and its occupant is almost an exact picture of the Cardinal Archbishop in his library in the familiar house in Vauxhall Bridge Road:—

It was a library of moderate dimensions, and yet its well filled shelves contained all the weapons of learning and controversy which the deepest and most active of ecclesiastical champions could require. It was unlike modern libraries for it was one in which folios greatly predominated; and they stood in magnificent array, for they bore many of them on their costly and ancient bindings the proofs that they had belonged to many a prince and even sovereign of the Church. Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of his Holiness, Pius the Ninth, and on the table in the midst of many papers was an ivory crucifix.

The master of the library had risen from his seat when the chief secretary entered, and was receiving an obeisance. Above the middle height his stature seemed magnified by the attenuation of his form. It seemed that the soul never had so frail and fragile a tenement. He was dressed in a dark cassock with a red border, and wore scarlet stockings, and over his cassock a purple tippet, and on his breast a small golden cross. His countenance was naturally of an extreme pallor, though at this moment slightly flushed with the animation of a deeply interesting conference. His cheeks were hollow and his grey eyes seemed sunk into his clear and noble brow, but they flashed with irresistible penetration. Such was Cardinal Grandison.

This passage also is a transcript from life:—

The Cardinal was an entire believer in female influence, and a considerable believer in his influence over females; and he had good cause for conviction. The catalogue of his proselytes was numerous and distinguished. He had not

only converted a duchess and several countesses, but he had gathered into his fold a real Mary Magdalen. In the height of her beauty and her fame, the most distinguished member of the *demi-monde* had suddenly thrown up her golden whip and jingling reins, and cast herself at the feet of the Cardinal. He had a right, therefore, to be confident; and while his exquisite tact and consummate cultivation rendered it impossible that he should not have been deeply gratified by the performance of Theodora, he was really the whole time considering the best means by which such charms and powers could be enlisted in the cause of the Church.

NIGEL PENRUDDOCK.

That was the first draft of Lord Beaconsfield's Cardinal. In "Endymion" the statesman-novelist returned to the task of portraying Cardinal Manning. Here is his second attempt when Cardinal Grandison disappears, and is replaced by Nigel Penruddock, the Archbishop of Tyre, which is, however, but another *alias* for Cardinal Manning.

They were speaking of Nigel Penruddock, whose movements had been the matter of much mystery during the last two years. Rumours of his having been received into the Roman Church had been rife; sometimes flatly and in time faintly contradicted. Now the fact seemed to be admitted, and he was about to return to England, not only as a Roman Catholic, but as a distinguished priest of the Church; and, it was said, even the representative of the Papacy. Nigel was changed. Instead of that anxious and moody look which often marred the refined beauty of his countenance, his glance was calm and yet radiant. He was thinner, it might almost be said emaciated, which seemed to add height to his tall figure. All he spoke of was the magnitude of his task, the immense but inspiring

labours which awaited him, and his deep sense of responsibility. Nothing but the divine principle of the Church could sustain him. Instead of avoiding society, as was his wont in old days, the Archbishop sought it. And there was nothing exclusive in his social habits; all classes, and all creeds and all conditions of men were alike interesting to him; they were part of the community with all whose pursuits, and passions, and interests, and occupations he seemed to sympathise; but respecting which he had only one object—to bring them back once more to the imperial fold from which in an hour of darkness and distraction they had miserably wandered. The conversion of England was deeply engraven on the heart of Pen-



Henry Edward
Cardinal Archbishop

Consett & Fry.

raddock; it was his constant purpose and daily and nightly prayer. So the Archbishop was seen everywhere, even at fashionable assemblies. He was a frequent guest at banquets which he never tasted, for he was a smiling ascetic; and though he seemed to be preaching or celebrating mass in every part of the Metropolis, organising schools, establishing convents, and building cathedrals, he could find time to move resolutions at middle-class meetings, attend learned associations, and even send a paper to the Royal Society.

But Lord Beaconsfield's "Cardinal Manning," although very good so far as it goes, exaggerates the ecclesiastic and dwarfs the man. Those who know the real Cardinal regard the ecclesiastic as merely the accidental, the man himself is the essence. It is his humanity, not his ecclesiasticism, which is the secret of his strength.

HIS EMINENCE.

After Cardinal Manning, as Lord Beaconsfield saw him, there is Cardinal Manning as he appears to the English Catholics, of whom he is the chief. It is better to let them speak for themselves. When the Cardinal, then Archdeacon Manning, abandoned his home and position in the Church of England, the *Tablet* of 1851 wrote of him thus:—

Mr. Manning has really attempted to work the Establishment upon Catholic principles in a high and important official position. But even he, with all his great position and his important connections, his prudence, his eloquence, his remarkable aptitude for and acquaintance with affairs, his forbearance, his patience, and his holiness, has at last felt he could do nothing, that the Church of England is Protestant, and Protestant it will remain. But while we thus congratulate our readers on this important accession of one of the leading minds of the Anglican Establishment, we shall hardly have done our duty as journalists or as Catholics if we do not say something on the great, the heroic sacrifice this man has made for the sake of Catholic truth. He has given up all that is most dear to that lofty ambition which forms the peculiar temptation of minds of the noblest mould. A position exactly suited to his talents, of widely-extended influence, and a splendid future; the favour of men, and the almost certainty of ultimately carrying out his views as bishop; the devoted adherence of troops of friends; an abode as fair as any of those we see scattered over England and occupied by her ministers; fortunate in this world's goods; all this, and far more, Mr. Manning has given up with a great heart."

And when the *Tablet* of May 17th, 1890, surveyed all the gains of fifty years in celebrating its jubilee, it could find nothing more striking in its survey than the position which the great Cardinal has won. Referring to Lord Beaconsfield's lament over the blow dealt to the English Church by Newman's secession, the *Tablet* says:—

But we are back again to first principles. The Catholic Church and the democracy are face to face. They are at home together under the Reformer's tree; and the time may yet come, though not without heart-searchings on both sides, when they will feel equally at ease in the schools and in the churches. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with a cart for his pulpit, and Clerkenwell Green for his cathedral, and teetotalism for his theme, and costermongers for his congregation—surely this was that very man of whom Lord Beaconsfield dreamed—neither "monk" nor "schoolman," but with all the qualities of each, linked with those of the man of our more spacious times. One thinks that Lord Beaconsfield, had he lived, could not have foregone one delight—that of asking this great Prince of the Roman Church, who was also a Royal Commissioner on the Housing of the Poor and on the education of their children, to accept a seat in the British House of Peers. He was the man to do it, but he lacked the opportunity. Now there is the opportunity—but where, among their petty politicians, is the man?

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

How was it that the Cardinal became a Catholic? The question has often been asked, and variously answered. The vulgar hypothesis that his change of faith was prompted by ambition is absurd. No one in 1851 could have foreseen that the ex-Archdeacon would become Archbishop of Westminster. His chances of becoming Archbishop of Canterbury, if he had stayed where he was, were much brighter than the prospect of his ever wearing a cardinal's hat. But the best authority on the question is really the Cardinal himself. In the little monograph by "John Oldcastle," he sets forth briefly what seemed to him the dominating influences in that momentous change. He says:—

I have never thought it necessary to publish the reasons for my submission to the Church of God. I felt that those who knew me knew my reasons, for they had followed my words and acts; and that they who did not know me would not care to know.

Still he was prevailed upon to say something, and this is what he said:—

I have had no other motive than a perpetual and ardent desire to give to others the truth as God has given it to me. I am fully conscious of the great imperfections of the books which I wrote while as yet I knew the revelation of the day of Pentecost only in a broken and fragmentary way. As I saw the truth, so I spoke it, not without cost to myself. But I had no choice. I could not but declare that which was evidently, to me, "the truth as it is in Jesus." The works which I then published, even without the private records which I have by me, are enough to mark the progressive, but slow and never-receding advance of my convictions, from the first conception of a visible church, its succession and witness for Christ, to the full perception and manifestation of its divine organisation of head and members, and of its supernatural prerogatives of indefectible life, indissoluble unity, infallible discernment and enunciation of the Faith. Those books have a unity that is of progress, and a directness of movement, always affirming positively and definitely such truths of the perfect revelation of God as successively rose upon me. I was one *manu tentans, meridie cœcitiens*, but a divine Guide, as yet unknown to me, always led me on. I can well remember at the outset of my life, as a pastor, as I then already believed, the necessity of a divine commission forced itself upon me. Next, how the necessity of a divine certainty for the message I had to deliver became, if possible, more evident. A divine, that is, an infallible message by a human messenger is still the truth of God; but a human, or fallible message, by a messenger having a divine commission, would be a source of error, illusion, and all evil. I then perceived the principle of Christian tradition as an evidence of the truth, and of the visible unity of the Church as the guarantee of that tradition. But it was many years before I perceived that such a Christian tradition was no more than human, and therefore fallible. I had reached the last point to which human history could guide me towards the Church of God. There remained one point more, to know that the Church was not only a human witness in the order of history, but a divine witness in the order of supernatural facts.

"CHRISTIANITY IS CATHOLICISM."

In the preface to the "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," Cardinal Manning sets forth with the utmost explicitness how it was he came to believe that "Christianity, in its perfection and its purity, un mutilated, and full in its orb and circumference is Catholicism" (p. 16); so that "when I say Catholicism I mean perfect Christianity, undiminished, full-orbed, illuminating all nations, as St Ireneus says, 'Like the sun, one and the same in every place'" (p. 2). He was once, as Lord Beaconsfield put it, a parliamentary Christian. But he came to see that

Anglicanism was incipient Rationalism. In his own phrase, "The Anglicanism of the Reformation is upon the rocks, like some tall ship stranded upon the shore, and going to pieces by its own weight and the steady action of the sea" (p. 231.) The errors of the past three hundred years seemed to him to be passing fast away, and he saw that :—

If we are "to serve our generation by the will of God" it must be by the boldest and clearest enunciation of the Divine certainty in matters of faith, and by pointing out the relations of faith to human knowledge scientific and moral.

But how can we arrive at this certainty? Cardinal Manning arrived at it by a ladder of four steps. They are as follows :—

First, that it is a violation of reason not to believe in the existence of God; secondly, that it is a violation of our moral sense not to believe that God has made Himself known to man; thirdly, that the revelation He has given is Christianity; and, fourthly, that Christianity is Catholicism. These four constitute a proof the certainty of which exceeds that of any other moral truth I know (p. 21).

AN HUMBLE RETRACTATION.

He thereupon humbly retracted what he considered to be the three errors which he had maintained against the Roman Church, and revoked in 1851 the statements which he had made in 1841 and 1838. He attributed his change of view to his new sense of the temporal mission of the Holy Ghost. Its due significance and the unity of the Church he then perceived for the first time.

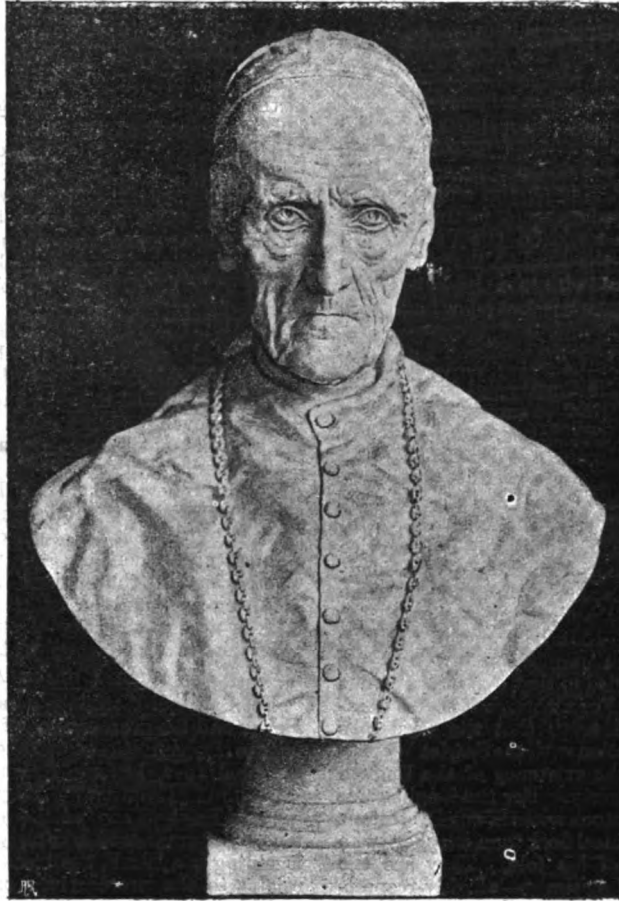
Understanding, therefore, as he never understood before, the meaning of supreme Pontiff and Vicar of Jesus Christ, he acknowledged that he had in 1843 spoken rashly, or rather ignorantly, in unbelief, and therefore the Gorham judgment, having occurred opportunely to destroy his fast-crumbling faith in the Church of England, he submitted to Rome.

That brief statement will suffice as to his theological transplantation. He had always been a High Churchman; and if a man really believes in Apostolical succession and the Real Presence, and Baptismal Regeneration, his formal acceptance of the full Roman creed is natural enough to stand in need of no further comment.

A VICTORY OVER PREJUDICE.

Of all the extravagant claims upon my credulity which I encountered during my visit to Rome—where, no doubt, one's powers of belief are subjected to the severest of strains quite as much by the enemies as by the friends of the Vatican—none impressed me more than a remark that was made about Cardinal Manning. I had been, as was my wont, expressing very strongly my sense of the services which the Cardinal had rendered in industrial disputes, when I was suddenly brought up by the complacent remark that the

Cardinal would not have been able to do any of the good I had been describing had he not received the power to do it from Rome. His connection with the Roman hierarchy seemed to the good man with whom I was speaking quite enough to explain how it was that the Cardinal had been able to help in settling the Dock strike. The facts, of course, were exactly the other way about. Cardinal Manning has been powerful for good, not because of his dependence upon Rome, but because of his independence. He has had to live down, by years of hard work, the prejudice which existed in the English mind against every representative of the Holy See. His connection with the Vatican has unquestionably stood him in evil stead with the people whom he wished to serve. That his power and influence to-day stand where they do is because his countrymen have learned to ignore the red hat of the Cardinal and recognise the essential manhood of its wearer. We should all have liked him better if he had not been a Cardinal, no doubt, although



JUBILEE BUST OF THE CARDINAL.

By Mr. Stone, Sculptor.

I must plead guilty to a feeling of satisfaction that Dr. Manning has been subjected to so searching an ordeal, because he has come out of it so triumphantly. He has proved that the true English democrat does not cease to be a democrat even when he is a prince of the Church. As the Hebrew children walked in the burning fiery furnace without even the smell of fire lingering in their garments, so the Cardinal has passed through the priestly ordeal unscathed, and lives and labours and serves us all as humbly and as diligently as if he were still the simple curate of 1832.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A FREE HAND.

No one who is capable of imagining that Cardinal Manning has attained his unique position in England

because of his connection with Rome can understand how great has been the triumph which the Cardinal has achieved. Rome, fortunately, has left him very much alone, and that was undoubtedly the very best thing that could have happened. A Cardinal in London should constantly address to the Vatican the prayer which poor Marie Bashkirtseff put up to her Maker. "I do not ask Thee to help me; I only entreat Thee not to hinder me in my work." In Cardinal Manning's case this prayer, although unuttered, has been granted. The Cardinal has practically been his own Pope in England with the result that people have begun to realise the possibility of a Popedom which would not deserve to be branded as Anti-Christ and doomed to perdition as the scarlet woman. He has altered all this, not because of Rome but in spite of it. During his time Rome has given the Church Home Rule in England, and it has thriven accordingly. What would have happened if, at the crisis of the dockers' strike, the benevolent old gentleman at the Vatican had launched a Rescript condemning the tumultuous processions of the dockers past the dock house, and the hanging of Mr. Norwood in effigy, can be better imagined than described. Most fortunately the Italians who live in their little world on the Vatican hill did not take the liberties with the English that they have been only too prompt to take with the Irish, and the Cardinal was able to do good work without let or hindrance from without.

THE FOSSILS OF ENGLISH CATHOLICISM.

The only good thing which the Papacy did for England of late years was to make Cardinal Manning Archbishop of Westminster. Pius the Ninth knew and loved the English convert, and, when Cardinal Wiseman died, he insisted upon nominating Dr. Manning as his successor. In the opinion of the English Catholics, the primacy ought to have gone to an elderly, inoffensive prelate, whose claims on the ground of seniority and long service were undoubtedly as much superior to those of Dr. Manning as Dr. Manning was his superior in capacity. The Pope stood firm. English Catholic opinion was set at defiance, and the convert of 1851 became the Catholic Archbishop of 1865. Therein unquestionably the Pope showed true insight, and justified to that extent his claims to his pre-eminent position. For although it seems paradoxical, it is a simple literal truth that the Cardinal's chief difficulty after his connection with the Scarlet Woman on the Seven Hills has been the existence of the English Catholics of the aboriginal variety. For the English Catholics who represent the old stock without any Protestant interlude are anything but an ideal flock for a shepherd who wishes to enlarge the border of his fold. They are the Anglican species of the French Legitimist—a highly-respectable, intensely Conservative, utterly sterile set of citizens. From any point of view beyond that of the blameless discharge of their religious duties and the preservation of their families intact from the incursion of modern thought, they are about as useless to the Church as they can well be. They are the fossils of the Church; and to such men the advent of Cardinal Manning must have been a sore trial. Imagine the consternation in the Faubourg St. Germain if the Comte de Chambord had come to the throne in 1873 and had made M. Gambetta his Prime Minister, and you can form such conception of the dismay in the English Catholic ranks when the quondam Archdeacon of Chichester became Archbishop of Canterbury. "It is a visitation of offended Heaven," said one, "that this man should be raised up to scourge us." They are aristocratic; he is a democrat. They are exclusive; he is as expansive as catholicity

itself. They pride themselves upon their unbroken fidelity to the Church through many generations; he was a 'vert of only fourteen years' standing. It needed a Pope to thrust such a man upon such a flock, and Cardinal Manning has abundantly justified the audacity of his patron's choice.

THE IRISH RECRUITS.

The increase in the power and influence of the Catholics in England has been due entirely to two causes. The energy and activity generated outside the Church was suddenly infused into its withered veins when Cardinal Newman headed the secession to Rome of the logical Tractarians, and at the same time the great exodus from Ireland filled up the skeleton cadres of the Catholic contingent north and south of the Tweed. The part which Ireland has played in the nineteenth century in filling the ranks of the Church in the English-speaking world is as yet but imperfectly appreciated in Rome as elsewhere. It has been regarded with unconcealed aversion by the Catholics of the English and Scotch species. During the Pope's jubilee, when Rome was thronged with pilgrims from all lands, a number of Scotch and Irish Catholics met at dinner; and after dinner, one of the latter, boasting of the service which the isle of saints had rendered to the Church, asked triumphantly where would the Church have been in Scotland but for the Irish immigration. An old Scotch Catholic, feeling his soul hot within him, replied: "It would have been where it was before—a small but *varra respectable* body." The emphasis of the speaker was hardly needed to point the sarcasm. Cardinal Manning, however, no more cared about the respectability of his recruits than Wellington cared to know whether his soldiers at Waterloo could aspirate their aitches.

The incursion of the Irish horde was as necessary to save the British Catholics from their smug and selfish respectability as it was to swell the Catholic vote in the English constituencies. It was the very salvation of Catholicism in the United Kingdom. This Cardinal Manning saw, and he hailed it with enthusiasm. His flock is now nearly three parts Irish, and in sympathy he is as Irish as Archbishop Walsh and Archbishop Croke.

AS MUCH A BLACK AS ANY OF THEM.

Yet Cardinal Manning is as devoted to the Temporal Power and the prerogatives of the Papacy as any Red-hat in the Roman Curia. When I was speaking of the Cardinal to a leading Freemason in Rome he replied, 'Cardinal Manning? Why, Cardinal Manning is as much a Black as any of them!' In one sense that is true. In another it is utterly false. No doubt Cardinal Manning is a Black, the blackest of the Blacks, in all that relates to the prerogatives of the Pope. His sermons and his books on the Temporal Power show that he has bowed his strong intelligence to accept the superstition of Rome as capital of the Church as submissively as he has accepted the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility. Long ago, when looking down upon the city from the windows of the Vatican, he exclaimed to Pio Nono: "There are only two places for the successor of St. Peter—the Catacombs or the Vatican," and he has never varied from that belief. To that extent he is Black. But with him the Temporal Power does not mean the proud privilege of looking after the drains of the third-rate city which has arisen round the ruins of the Forum and the Basilica of St. Peter: it only means the undisputed possession of so much of this world's surface as will enable the occupant of the Holy See to pronounce judgment on the moral and spiritual questions of the world without any inter-

ference from the powers that be. As Cardinal Manning puts the claim for the absolute independence of the spiritual power, there is nothing in it to which a Non-conformist or Free Churchman can object. Only an Erastian, reared in Parliamentary Christianity, can demur to the independence of the spiritual power, whether it is exercised by the Pope of Rome or by the presiding Elders of some little Bethel in a back slum. What I have never been able to understand is how anyone who holds that sound theory as to the necessity of the independence of the spiritual power can fail to see that to invest its holder with temporal sovereignty is the shortest possible cut to placing him in absolute subjection to his neighbours. Every league of territory given to the Pope increases his vulnerability. If the Pope had been a fugitive in the Catacombs, Cromwell's threat to let the thunder of English cannon be heard in the Castle of St. Angelo would have been powerless to arrest the persecution of the Vaudois. The more temporalities, the more freeboard; the more possessions, the greater the hold given to those who can take them away. This, no doubt, the Cardinal sees, and accepts it as a consolation of despair whereas he might regard it as the dawn of a new life for the Church.

BUT A VERY CHILD OF HOPE.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard the Cardinal as in any way despairing either of the Church or of Society. The Revolution, he thinks, no doubt, must devour its children, and godlessness is appointed to the pit. But I have seldom met any one so cheerfully optimistic as to the upward trend of events. I remember one remarkable metaphor he used one New Year's Day. Speaking of the world's progress, he said: "Those who take short views often fall into the mistake of thinking there is no progress. It is as if the passengers on a P. & O. steamer on the voyage, seeing the same people going backwards and forwards on deck, and the same sea and the same sky day after day, were to think that they were standing still. But after a time they wake up and they have reached their port. So it is with us." There are no doubt passages in his writings which imply a pessimism that is very foreign to his nature. In conversation he is never gloomy. He is the very child of hope. I never left his house feeling depressed, and I have been there in dark times enough. Hope shines in him, as was said of Cromwell, after it has gone out in other men; and, sworn optimist as I am, I have often found my optimism reinforced by a visit to the Cardinal.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Talking of Cromwell, it will probably surprise most people when I say that the first conversation I ever had with the Cardinal dwells in my memory chiefly because of the eulogy which he pronounced on the character of Cromwell. I am an Independent, and the son of an Independent, and I am proud to belong to a denomination which can boast the Lord Protector as its Hero-Saint. His portrait, painted on an oak panel of the seventeenth century, looks down upon me from the walls of my new sanctum; and his day of "double victory and death" (September 3rd) ranks with January 30th as one of the red-letter days of my year. In the course of a long and interesting conversation the name of Oliver was mentioned. I said I supposed he was in scant favour with a Roman Cardinal. "You are mistaken," said he; "you are thinking only of Ireland, and what he did there. I put that entirely on one side. In Ireland Cromwell acted not as a Christian, but as a Moslem. But, looking at him apart from that Irish expedition, I have always

regarded Oliver Cromwell as the greatest man ever produced by the English race. No other ruler, before or since, has united in equal degree such faith in the Imperial destinies of England abroad and such passionate concern for the welfare of the common people at home." As it is much more to me to be in agreement with any one about Cromwell than to agree about the dogma of infallibility, an Anglican friend, to whom I repeated the remark, sneered as he replied, "How I admire the wily Cardinal, and how well he knew his bird."

THE CARDINAL AS I KNOW HIM.

I am well aware that in the opinion of men like Dr. Barnardo, who see Machiavellian intrigue whenever a Cardinal stretches out his hand to save a child from torture, the fact that I do not see the wiles of the fowler is the most convincing proof of his diabolical subtlety. I admit, of course, that for any thing to be invisible is not necessarily to be non-existent. No doubt the Cardinal would wish to see me and every other human being reconciled with the Church which he believes to be the Church of God. But the fact that I only regard it as a segment of the Church of God has never made any difference in the helpful friendship which he has ever extended to me. In a long journalistic life of nearly twenty years I have met many men of all sorts and conditions, and I have known intimately some of the foremost of our time. Among all those I have never met anyone who was more tolerant of differences of opinion, more charitable in his construction of motives, and more staunch and true when you needed help of any kind that was within his power to render than Cardinal Manning. Whatever may be my faults or my virtues, I can hardly be said even by my worst enemies to be the easiest and least trying of people to get on with. Never since that first conversation has there ever been a difficulty with the Cardinal. He has always been good and kind, faithful alike in reproof and encouragement, a true friend in every time of need.

"OLIVER CROMWELL IS NOT DEAD."

Cardinal Manning never "puts on side." There are those who say that in dealing with men of his own faith he is more of the Prince of the Church than he is with those who are of other communions. But so far as I have seen him he has always been the same—genial and hospitable. I have seen him at all hours between ten and ten, and never found him disturbed by my intrusion. Possibly if people called upon him merely for gossip he might be different. I have usually gone on business of one kind or another, and have always found him most approachable, full of kindly courtesy and helpful counsel. Speaking one day of his position in England to a visitor from Rome the Cardinal explained that the Catholic Church was held in all honour and treated with all respect in this Protestant country. He drew quite an ideal picture of the freedom enjoyed by the Catholics under the dominion of the Queen, and said: "My priests are a very devoted body of men, but so completely has the ancient prejudice died out that I sometimes think that we are even too well thought of in England. But," said he afterwards, "I always remind them that our Church in England is respected because it respects the rights of others, and claims nothing for itself beyond the equal rights enjoyed by every British citizen. If I were to claim to exercise any superiority or ascendancy, or to demand any privilege which was not possessed by anyone else, what a storm there would be! Never forget," said he, "that in England Oliver Cromwell is not dead. He is only sleeping, and at any moment he may wake up."

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."

That salutary thought has ever restrained within prudent limits the activity of the Roman propaganda in England. The Cardinal at present seems to ask for nothing more than that the Catholic schools should be allowed to share the rates. "In my Father's house," says he, "are many mansions. In our educational system there should be corresponding diversity of schools." Of course, on this point he is logical. There are only two logical alternatives—pure secularism and pure denominationalism. Cardinal Manning maintains, and maintains justly, that School Board religion is denominational as against the Catholics. Dr. Dale told him once that so long as no distinctive formula was used any religion might be taught in the Board School. "Ah," replied he, "if I had said that, how Jesuitical it would have seemed." The Cardinal's idea, so far as I have been able to gather it, is that the denominational schools should be placed on the same footing as the Reformatory or Industrial Schools. That is to say, he would place the Catholic schools under the inspection and visitation of the County Council in all matters relating to the education, the sanitary state and well-being of the children, in return for the privilege of sharing in the rates at present monopolised by the Board Schools. The religious instruction would be imparted after the hours under the supervision of the County Council, and would be entirely under the control of the religious body which purchased the right of instruction by voluntary contributions. As a member of the Royal Commission on Education, the Cardinal was much impressed by the extent to which the idea of rate-aided education had grown into the public mind. It illustrated a doctrine he is very fond of asserting—viz., that the law is a schoolmaster which educates public opinion, and he is often as much disposed to look for good results to the indirect results of the law as to its immediate working.

Next to education, that which dwells nearest his heart is temperance. The League of the Cross is one of his favourite hobbies, and only this month of May he has been rousing his bishops to renewed efforts against the foe of the English home. In the *Contemporary* for June he blows a stirring blast against the proposal to apply our public revenues for the first time to the encouragement and support of the drink trade—"in violation of law, policy, and public morality." In all these matters Cardinal Manning takes the ascetic line, and practises what he preaches.

NONCONFORMISTS AND ANGLICANS.

The Cardinal, as he has told the world many times, was led to the Church of Rome because he believed that there alone could be found absolute certainty. As there seems to me nothing more absolutely certain in the world than that the Church has been utterly mistaken in many of the most important issues on which it has pronounced judgment from time to time, there has always been wide room for discussion. But to the Cardinal the Nonconformists are nearer the Catholic Church than the Anglicans; and of the Nonconformists the nearest are the Quakers. The Quakers, he has frequently said, hold fast to the fundamental truth of the reality of the work of the Holy Ghost. "They limit the workings of the Divine Spirit to the individual soul of man. All that they need to learn to come into the fulness of truth is that the Holy Spirit also works through the Church of God." He was particularly pleased at my recognition of the Quaker-like character of the service of the Catholic Church. The morning Mass is a Quakers' meeting plus a genuflecting celebrant, whose presence you need not even notice if you close your eyes. Of Nonconformists

in general I have always heard him speak in the kindest terms. He quoted with approval the saying of Mr. Lowell, who, on hearing someone lightly predict the coming downfall of England, remarked—"If you knew England as I do, you would know that the Nonconformists have created in the hearts of the English people a virile force and strong integrity which will enable England to pass safely through crises which have overwhelmed other empires."

HIS LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

Unlike most Roman ecclesiastics, Cardinal Manning had the advantage of having lived in the ordinary human relations. When he speaks of the home as the sacred foundation of society, he differs from the normal priest who by the conditions of his calling is homeless and wifeless. Cardinal Manning has been married. He has had a home. He is, therefore, not cut off as by an abyss from the lives of other men. His love for children is with him an abiding passion, and it is this which constitutes the close tie of sympathy between him and Mr. Waugh, the indefatigable director of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which has been so extraordinarily misrepresented by Dr. Barnardo. It was in concert with Mr. Waugh that the Cardinal published *The Child of the English Savage*—that terrible paper which first roused the conscience of our people to their duties to the outcast child. It was through the Cardinal that Her Majesty intimated her intention to become patron of Mr. Waugh's society; and in the Cardinal Mr. Waugh has found from first to last an energetic and invaluable ally in all that he has striven to do for the benefit of the children of England.

Many have been the speculations as to the figure which the Cardinal will make in history. Some have pictured him as the tribune of the poor, others as an incipient Hildebrand, others as a nineteenth-century Loyola, but I prefer to think of him as the loving-hearted old man, who, when his heart is filled with ecstasy after a meditation on the life and the love of our Lord, feels impelled to go forth among the crowds of children playing in the London parks, and silently blesses them in the name of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

IN 1885.

During the time of the agitation that led to the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act in 1885 the Cardinal was my most effective ally. He was to me from first to last as a tower of strength and unfailing help in every time of need. It was he who suggested the formation of the Mansion House Committee, on which he subsequently served, and he covered me as with a shield by his generous and unstinted support. I remember at an early stage in the proceedings I remarked with a smile that I might find myself in gaol before the work was done. He remarked—"Well, if so, I will come and see you there." He was not well enough that dismal and foggy winter to come to Holloway, nor was there any need, for the imprisonment which I had anticipated was of a very different kind to that which I actually enjoyed. What was feared was that before the work was done, when no one understood what was aimed at, I might have been run in and punished as if I had actually committed the crime I was seeking to expose. After the Criminal Law Amendment Act was passed, the subsequent trial and imprisonment did not count. The only purpose which they served was to immeasurably increase the impression produced by the original revelations, and force one out of an anonymity which until then had been so strictly guarded that my name was hardly known to anyone beyond my family and professional circle. Cer-

tainly no benefit which my kindest friend ever conferred upon me has ever done me as much good in every direction as the process by which it was sought to crush me.

But it was a trying time while it lasted, and the Cardinal stood by me through it all in face of a storm of obloquy which would have daunted most men. I look back upon that year with boundless gratitude to the innumerable friends, most of them before unknown, who supported me with a zeal and enthusiasm which I was far from deserving. And among my Catholic supporters there was none so staunch and true as the Cardinal. The first letter which I received in Coldbath Fields prison which was given me at a time when I was forbidden to receive any letters was from the Cardinal. It was a greeting which it was well worth having gone to gaol to receive.

Nov. 11th, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. STEAD,—“All things work together for good to them that love God.” You have served Him with a single eye. And the work has been done as you wrote on the sentence. No sentence can undo it. You quoted my words in the North. You have now the crown upon your work, that is to suffer for errors of judgment and a literal breach of the law which left the moral life of England almost without defence. I have so strongly felt this and have so clearly seen through the animosities against you that I believe what has now befallen will work some unforeseen and greater good for your consolation. Whatsoever it may be in my power to do shall be done. May God give you His peace.—Believe me, always yours very faithfully, HENRY E., Card. Archbp.

Nobly did he fulfil his promise. Never have I appealed to him from that time to this to help me in any work in which we were of one mind that I did not find him ready to help to the uttermost of his power.

AN IMPERIAL ENGLISHMAN.

When Mr. Cecil Rhodes was last in London we had some talk concerning those Englishmen who really cared for the Empire and believed in England, and were capable of taking wide views. In my list of those who answered to that description I put the Cardinal at the top. A truer patriot never breathed English air. During all the years that I have known him there has never been an effort made to strengthen England abroad or to protect her at home that he has not been in the forefront. Whether it has been the strengthening of the navy, the defeat of the Channel tunnel, the development of the volunteers, the cheapening of postage over sea, or the advocacy of Imperial Federation, you could always count upon the Cardinal. In one respect undoubtedly Rome has a beneficial effect upon her clergy. It tends to give them a wide outlook. It familiarises them with the conception of the world as a whole, which delivers them from parochialism. You see this in any Irish priest who was educated abroad; you feel it at every turn in the Archbishop's palace. But although the Cardinal corresponds every week in Latin, French, and Italian, he only thinks in English. He combines the spirit of a Palmerston with the philanthropy of a Shaftesbury, and mingles with both a tenderness and patience and kindly sympathy for the like of which I look in vain among other men.

EXETER HALL IN A RED HAT.

Yet his patriotism and his high Imperialism never blind him to the claims of Ireland and the rights of the subject races. He is a Home Ruler to the heart's core. No man that I know, not of Irish birth, has so sincere an admiration of the Irish people as Cardinal Manning. Ireland is to him always the Isle of the Saints. At the Vatican Council the Irish bishops seemed to stand out morally and intellectually above their brethren from other English-speaking lands. When their faults come to light,

he excuses them on the ground of the oppression of centuries. Their faults are their oppressors', their virtues are all their own, or rather are due to the Catholic Church, which counts the children of St. Patrick as its missionary nation. When Archbishop Walsh was being vehemently abused, he hastened publicly to take his stand by his side and identify himself with his Irish brother. For Archbishop Croke he has always entertained a deep personal veneration. But although he is strong for Home Rule he has constantly set his face as a flint against that dismemberment of the Imperial Parliament that was contemplated when in an evil hour Mr. Gladstone proposed to expel the Irish members from Westminster. It is not only the Irish whom the Cardinal regards as his clients. All subject races are to him of peculiar interest. He is indeed a kind of personified Exeter Hall under a cardinal's hat. Whether it is for the abolition of slavery, the suppression of the slave trade, the prevention of the sale of drink to the native races, the Cardinal is always to the fore. Nor are his sympathies limited to those people with whom we have to do. Far be it from me to pry into the mysteries of the Curia; but it is an open secret that Cardinal Manning, together with Cardinal Gibbons, has spared no effort to convince the Vatican that the day of the dynasties is past, and that the era of the peoples has fully dawned.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST.

The Social question is to Cardinal Manning the question of questions. The condition of the people, the improvement of their homes, the removal of their temptations—all questions relating to the amelioration of their lot—are constantly with him. He is in hot revolt against the stony-hearted bureaucratic machinery of our Poor Law, and he is so far a Socialist as to lay down in the strongest terms that “a starving man has a natural right to his neighbour's bread. So strict is this natural right that it prevails over all positive laws of property.” They must know little of life, he is constantly reminding us, “who do not know what ruin of men and women comes from the straits of poverty.” There is an admirable article in the third volume of his *Miscellanies* which is entitled “A Pleading for the Worthless,” which is imbued with the spirit of Him who came to seek and to save those who are lost. Nor is it only in articles that the Cardinal preaches. His whole life is devoted to the same task. In the dockers' strike—of which I say nothing, for the incidents are so fresh in public memory—he only did on a wider platform, and in sight and hearing of a larger audience, what he spends his life in doing on a smaller scale.

A CLOSING WORD.

In drawing to a close these hasty and hurried lines in which I have endeavoured to pay my small tribute to the great Cardinal whose Jubilee is to be celebrated on the eighth of this month, I am painfully conscious of their utter inadequacy. No words that I can use can give more than a faint and inadequate impression of the inexhaustible kindness which the Cardinal has shown, not merely to me, but to others of my friends who needed it even more, of the ready sympathy, of the resourceful counsel which were ever at their command. London would be a very different city to me if the Cardinal were not at Westminster keeping vigilant and loving watch, in true Cromwellian spirit, over the interests of the Empire and the welfare of the common people. Since my father died there has been no man who has been so good to me, so helpful, so loving, and so true as Cardinal Manning. And as he has been to me, so he has been to a great multitude which no man can number of obscure, unknown, despised and broken-hearted men and women, to whom in their darkest hour of misery and despair he has appeared as a blessed minister of love and hope.

PENNY POSTAGE FOR ALL ENGLISH - SPEAKING LANDS.

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO HER MAJESTY.

I HAVE the most gratifying results to report concerning the proposed National Memorial to Her Majesty in favour of penny postage between all English-speaking lands. I am, however, embarrassed by the very number of my signatures. The *Review* did not reach the hands of the public till the 10th; signatures were to be sent in by the 21st. Short though the time was, I have received several thousands of adhesions to the memorial—so many thousands, in fact, that I am unable to draw up a complete analysis in time for publication in the present number. My Helpers have done admirable service, but as they almost all complain of the shortness of the time, I extend the closing of the list of memorialists till the 21st of June.

The sheet containing form of memorial, with spaces for signatures, is issued in response to many appeals from readers who found the single signatures slip issued last month insufficient. I shall be glad to receive as many of these forms, as influentially filled up as possible, before the 21st of June. Anyone who collects signatures is requested to add his or her own name and address, in order that I may register them as volunteer helpers, if they are not already enrolled in our association.

I have received the following letter from Sir James Whitehead, chairman of the Penny Postage Jubilee Committee, and late Lord Mayor, whom I asked for an opinion as to the extension of penny postage to the English-speaking world.

Highfield House.

Catford Bridge, Kent, S.E.

May, 23rd, 1890.

To the Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

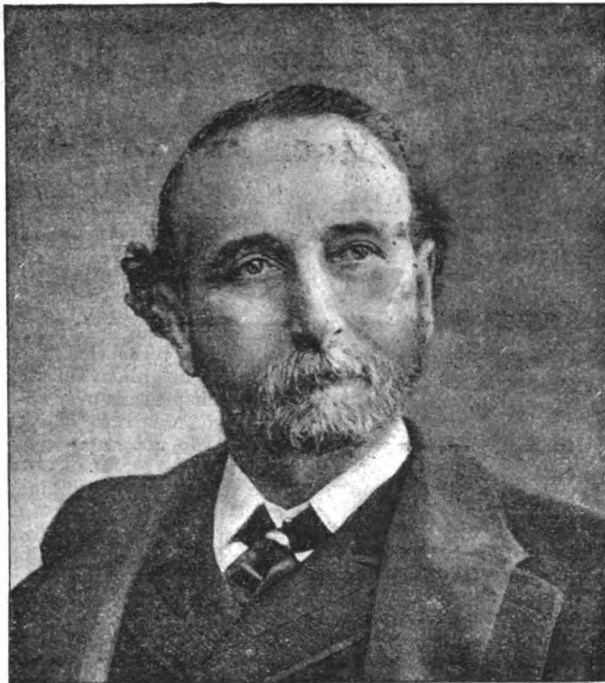
SIR.—I respond with pleasure to your invitation.

With considerable personal knowledge of our colonies I can imagine nothing that would be more conducive to the continuance of their union with the mother country than your proposal of a Uniform Inter-Oceanic Penny Postage; and I am of opinion that when the step be taken—as it soon must—the labours of the Imperial Federationists will be greatly facilitated.

There might, at first, be some slight loss in the department of our postal service, as there was on the introduction of Rowland Hill's scheme for Great Britain; but, speaking as one who for thirty years has had large and continuous relations with our colonies, I am persuaded that it would ere long pay *per se*; and that in the meantime, the Exchequer would receive an indirect recompense through the taxation of the increased incomes derived from the greatly extended commerce which would result from the adoption of the system.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES WHITEHEAD.



SIR JAMES WHITEHEAD.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Henniker Heaton sets forth with vigour and lucidity the case in favour of making the penny postage-stamp the symbol of universal Anglo-Saxon brotherhood. The case in favour of proceeding from the 2½d. to the 1d. is clearly shown in the following figures, which I extract from Mr. Henniker Heaton's article.

At present the Post Office is charged, contrary to the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, with the whole cost of the mail subsidies, which amount to £640,000—subsidies which, according to the official Post Office report, are not paid for Post Office purposes. The subsidies actually paid for Post Office purposes Mr. Heaton estimates at £240,000.

The remaining £400,000 ought to be charged to the Admiralty. According to Mr. Raikes's own figures, the present receipts from the Colonial mail service pay not only for the whole cost of carriage, taking the £240,000 as the rightful proportion which should be borne by the Post Office of the subsidies to the mail companies, but actually yield a net profit of £146,000, which is applied to pay off the £400,000 which ought to be charged to the Admiralty. As Mr. Raikes charges the whole of the subsidies against the Post Office, he converts a profit of £146,000 into a loss of £254,000. Mr. Goschen's reduction to 2½d. will cost £105,000. To reduce the postage to 1d. will only cost, according to Mr. Raikes, a further sum of £75,000, making a total of £180,000, or just £32,000 in excess of the profit at present earned by the Colonial mail services! This is such a bagatelle, that if Mr. Henniker Heaton can substantiate his figures before the Select Committee which ought at once to be granted him, the penny rate will be established forthwith.

The following list of those who have already signed the memorial is very incomplete, but it will suffice to show how general has been the response to the appeal, and how influential and representative are the signatories of the National Memorial. As the question will come before the House of Commons, no special appeal was addressed to members of Parliament. Those who have signed it have done so at the request of Helpers in their own constituency, or of their own motion. I sent forms direct to all the wives of the members of the House of Commons, and to the leading women of the United Kingdom, as the question is one which pre-eminently appeals to the mothers and sisters and wives of those who fare forth into distant lands to create new homes for the English-speaking race.

- Duke of Fife.
Duke of Sutherland.
Marquis of Ripon.
Earl of Caithness.
Earl of Meath.
Viscount Combermere.
Lord Brooke, M.P.
Lord Archibald Douglas.
Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice.
Baron Huddleston.
Mr. Justice Hawkins.
Mr. Justice Matthews.
Mr. Justice Stirling.
Mr. Commissioner Kerr.
Cardinal Manning.
Bishop of London.
" Bedford.
" Rochester.
" Bath and Wells.
" Liverpool.
" Durham.
Archbishop of St. Andrews.
Bishop of Edinburgh.
" Moray and Ross.
" Barbadoes.
" Cork.
" Dumfries.
" Elphin.
" Killaloe.
" Portsmouth.
" Sligo.
The Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.
Mrs. Thomson, wife of the Archbishop of York.
Mrs. Temple, wife of the Bishop of London.
The Countess of Jersey.
The Countess of Meath.
Lady Frederick Cavendish.
Lord Mayor of London.
" York.
Mayor of Ashton-under-Lyne.
" Barrow.
" Bath.
" Birmingham.
" Bradford.
" Bury.
" Carlisle.
" Derby.
" Falmouth.
" Gateshead.
" Great Yarmouth.
" Guildford.
" Hanley.
" Hartlepool.
" Kendal.
" Leeds.
" Leicester.
" Longboro'.
" Macclesfield.
" Middlesbro'.
" Nottingham.
" Portsmouth.
" Reigate.
" Ripon.
" Scarbro'.
" Weymouth.
" Wigan.
" Aberystwith.
" Pwllhell, Carnarvon.
" Londonderry.
Provost of Aberdeen.
Provost of Paisley.
The Chamberlain of London.
Sir James Whitehead.
Sir A. Rollit.
Editor of *Daily Chronicle*.
" *Daily Telegraph*.
" *Pall Mall Gazette*.
" *The Speaker*.
" *The Christian World*.
" *Lloyd's News*.
" *Western Daily Mercury*.
" *Bradford Observer*.
" *Yorkshire Post*.
" *Manchester Examiner*.
" *Newcastle Chronicle*.
Editor of *Dundee Advertiser*.
" *Scottish Leader*.
" *North British Daily Mail*.
Mr. W. Abraham, M.P.
Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P.
Mr. W. S. Calne, M.P.
Mr. W. Crawford, M.P.
Mr. S. V. Evans, M.P.
Mr. A. Illingworth, M.P.
Sir Henry James, M.P.
Mr. H. Kimber, M.P.
Mr. C. Lambert, M.P.
Mr. O. V. Morgan, M.P.
Mr. J. Allanson Picton, M.P.
Sir G. B. Powell, M.P.
Sir Charles Russell, M.P.
Capt. Verney, M.P.
Mr. John Wilson, M.P.
Lady Havelock Allan.
Mrs. H. J. Atkinson.
Lady Eliz. Biddulph.
Mrs. Broadhurst.
Mrs. Bryce.
Mrs. Burt.
Mrs. Sydney Buxton.
Mrs. Causton.
Mrs. Childers.
Mrs. Coleman.
Mrs. Handel Cosham.
Mrs. Esslemont.
Mrs. Foljambe.
Lady Forster.
Mrs. Staveley Hill.
Mrs. Alfred Illingworth.
Mrs. Jolcey.
Mrs. Kinloch.
Lady Lawson.
Mrs. Alexander McArthur.
Mrs. Eva McLaren.
Lady McKenna.
Mrs. R. Macdonald.
Mrs. J. W. Maclure.
Mrs. W. McEwen.
Mrs. Pierce Mahony.
Mrs. E. P. M. Marum.
Mrs. W. Mather.
Mrs. Samuel Montagu.
Mrs. Osborne Morgan.
Mrs. O. V. Morgan.
Mrs. George Newnes.
Mrs. Frank Oldroyd.
Mrs. Henry Fell Pease.
Mrs. Pickard.
Mrs. J. A. Picton.
Mrs. T. P. Price.
Mrs. James Rankin.
Mrs. D. Randell.
Mrs. T. C. Rasch.
Mrs. Byron Reed.
Mrs. C. T. Ritchie.
Mrs. Halley Stewart.
Hon. Mrs. F. Hanbury Tracy.
Mrs. Wiggins.
Mrs. Bancroft Birrell.
Mrs. Bramwell Booth.
Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.
Mrs. Percy Bunting.
Mrs. Josephine Butler.
Miss F. M. Buss.
Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
Miss Clough, Newnham.
Mrs. Garrett Fawcett.
Lady Dilke.
Lady Florence Dixie.
Mrs. W. Grey.
Mrs. Green, Oxford.
Mrs. Hatch.
Mrs. Frank Morrison.
Dr. Kate Mitchell.
Mrs. P. Bright M'Laren.
Miss Anne Swanwick.
Miss Dorothy Tennant.
Miss Elizabeth Spence Watson.
Helen Zimmern.
Lady Daubeney.
Mrs. Gattie.
Mrs. Pitt Lewis.
Mrs. Emily Leng.
Mrs. Sheldon Amos.
Sir Robt. Ball.
The Hon. Reg. Brett.
Sir William Brewster.
General Sir H. B. C. Daubeney, G.O.C.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Bellairs.
" Sir Andrew Clarke.
" Somerset Calthorp.
" Galt.
" M'Gloag.
" R. W. Lowry.
" A. E. Warren.
" F. Green Wilkinson.
Major-Gen. Sir Henry Green.
" E. Maberly.
" G. Wrottesley.
Lieut.-Col. A. M. Arthur.
Colonel Bates.
Sir James Gowan.
" William Grey.
" Robert Howard.
" William Johnston.
" Henry Mitchell.
" Fred. Milner, Bart.
" Morell Mackenzie.
" William Muir.
" Henry Peek.
" Fred. A. Weld.
Rev. Stopford Brooke, Bedford Chapel.
Dr. Henry Allon, D.D., Union Chapel, Islington.
Rev. J. L. Clarke, M.A.
" J. Howard Crawford, M.A., Chaplain to the Earl of Hopetoun.
" John Clifford, D.D.
" R. W. Dale, LL.D.
" H. R. Hawels, M.A., St. James's, Marylebone.
" H. Grattan Guinness, D.D.
" Hugh Price Hughes.
" H. Hanna, D.D., LL.D., Belfast.
" A. Holliday, Principal U.M.F.C. College.
Rev. John J. Kitto, Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.
" J. W. Leigh, St. Mary's Rectory, Marylebone.
" C. M. Marre, Vicar of St. Peter's, Bayswater.
Dr. J. B. Paton, M.A., D.D., Nottingham.
Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.
" W. W. Tulloch, B.D., Glasgow.
" Benjamin Waugh.
" John McNeill, Regent Square Presbyterian.
General Booth, Salvation Army.
Rev. John Cairns, D.D., Edinburgh.
" A. M. Fairbairn, Mansfield College, Oxford.
" David Macrae, Dundee.
" T. W. Brown, D.D.
Alf. Austin.
Lewis Morris.
J. A. Froude.
H. Rider Haggard.
George Meredith.
John Cordy Jeafferson.
Edward Clodd.
W. G. Blaikie, Ph.D., LL.D.
Jas. Stanley Little, Fellow Royal Col. Institute, Mem. of Executive Council of Instructors.
Samuel Woods, President of the Miners' Federation.
W. M. Acworth, West Dulwich.
H. C. Howard, Greystoke Castle.
Thos. Hodgkin, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
W. S. Hunt, Hull.
Rev. W. H. Dawson, Skipton.
A. Conan Doyle, M.D.
Benjamin L. Green, Manchester.
John J. Nimmo, Edinburgh.
Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell.
R. Spence Watson.
John Arrowsmith, Chairman Bristol Liberal Club.
Percy William Bunting.
W. F. Hicks-Beach.

THE MUSICAL MAGAZINES.

Musical Herald.

Mr. W. H. Cummings (portrait).
Exeter Hall Meeting of Sol-fa College.
Development of Music in Wales.
Echoes of the Month.
Music—"A soldier brave and bold" (Danish air).

Musical Opinion.

English Hymn-tunes from the 16th century to the Present Time. By Rev. A. W. Mallin.
The Case of the Organist (continued).
Some of the Lesser-known Oratorios—"Deborah."
Musical Impostors: the Conductor. By Chas. Lunn.
Making of Sound in the Organ and Orchestra.
The Future of the Symphony. By F. Corder.
Country Sketches: Musical People.
Correspondence, Reports, Trade Section, &c.

Musical Times.

A Musical Inventory under the Terror.
The Great Composers: Wagner. By Joseph Bennett.
Liszt at Bonn in 1845.
The Loan Collection at the Royal Military Exhibition.
Pianofortes in Board Schools.
Occasional Notes, Reports, Reviews, Correspondence, etc.
Music: Anthem, "How Amiable are Thy Dwellings." By J. E. West.

Nonconformist Musical Journal.

Chapel Concert Programmes.
Music at Trinity Presbyterian Church, Clapham.
Reminiscences of an Organist.
Congregational Music. By Rev. J. G. James.
Influence of Tradition on Nonconformist Musical Services. By Orlando A. Mansfield.
News of the Churches, Correspondence, Reviews, &c.

The leading article in the *Musical Herald* this month is an excellent biographical notice, with portrait, of Mr. W. H. Cummings, the well-known tenor singer and musical antiquary. Mr. Cummings, we learn, has the great gift of reading music quickly and accurately at first sight. Mr. Cummings agrees with Gounod that the musical art has reached its maximum of complexity, and that the next change must be a return to simplicity. The usual prize of half a guinea is offered this month for the best paper of suggestions for celebrating the approaching jubilee of the Sol-fa movement.

Musical Opinion, always full of good reading, has an unusually excellent budget this month. The article on English hymn-tunes deals with some carefully selected specimens of hymn-music in a variety of styles. In "The Case of the Church Organist" we have further evidence of how little happiness surrounds the post of the Church musician. The vicar's daughter is this month put forward as the thorn in the flesh. "Many vicars have daughters who think themselves musical, and possibly this may be a dispensation of Providence to teach organists patience, for which they ought to be thankful!" Mr. Lunn, the Birmingham voice-trainer, in his paper on Conductors desires to show that the musician with the wand is a useless excrescence of modern growth. The organ news in *Musical Opinion* is always very full; this month we have details of the grand instruments in Riga Cathedral and St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

THERE is more solid reading in the *Musical Times* this month than has been usual of late. The six columns of "Facts, Rumours, and Remarks" might, however, well be spared in this as in every other issue. The article on Pianofortes in Board Schools is, of course, favourable to the new scheme adopted by the London Board. It has been assumed that the real ultimate object of the Board is to teach their 435,000 children to play the pianoforte (may no such fate await us!). As a matter of fact, however, they merely propose to place about 100 pianofortes in their schools at a cost of about £2,500. In doing this they will be making no precedent, for many of the provincial Boards, such as Nottingham, Bradford, Manchester, and Liverpool have already provided their schools with instruments. Some of the opposition which has been encountered comes from the ratepayers, already exasperated by a rate of one shilling for what was in no case to exceed 3d. in the £. But as a yearly sum of £1,500, and probably less, will quite meet the requirements of the case, the addition to the rate will not amount to more than the fraction of a farthing in the £. Mr. Joseph Bennett, carrying forward his admirable article on Great Composers, is this month engaged with Richard Wagner, with whose musical iconoclasm he appears to have little sympathy.

THE *Nonconformist Musical Journal* is a comparatively new venture, admirably conducted by Dr. Parker's musical director, Mr. E. Minshall. This month we have a good deal of writing on the much-discussed question of congregational singing. Mr. James makes a very strong plea for better singing in the pew, and adverts to the weekly meeting of congregations for united practice. He thinks there are some in every congregation whom God has intended to be silent. Mr. Mansfield's paper bears a strong relation to that just noticed, but the writer takes a different view from his fellow-contributor. Choirs have grown dissatisfied and careless, while a selfish congregation (!), by monopolising all the music, have gained their hearts' desire at the expense of the cultivation of their musical faculties, and in many cases their devotional feelings also." This is very much like nonsense. A more varied service, for which Mr. Mansfield pleads, would certainly be for the benefit of a "selfish" choir, but we question if it would bring better congregational singing.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

MR. STANLEY AS A PSALMIST.

"I SHALL CONFESS HIS AID BEFORE MEN."

MR. STANLEY's paper on Emin Pasha's Relief Expedition in *Scribner*, although a somewhat fragmentary performance, contains two notable passages which make it read as a nineteenth century version of the 78th Psalm.

Give ear, oh my people, to my law, incline your ears to the words of my mouth. I will open my mouth in a parable . . . showing the generation to come the praises of the Lord and His strength, and His wonderful works that He hath done . . . That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children. That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep His commandments.

The following passage taken from his letter to Sir William MacKinnon explains the nature of Stanley's vow.

HIS VOW UNTO THE LORD.

You, who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will better understand than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back in civilisation, uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column.

JOSHUA IN AFRICA.

Again we had emerged into the open country, out of the forest, after such experiences as, in the collective annals of African travels, there is no parallel. We were approaching the region wherein our ideal Governor was reported to be beleaguered. All that we heard from such natives as our scouts caught prepared us for desperate encounters with multitudes, of whose numbers or qualities none could inform us intelligently; and when the population of Undesuma swarmed in myriads on the hills, and the valleys seemed alive with warriors, it really seemed to us, in our dense ignorance of their character and power, that these were of those who hemmed in the Pasha to the west. If he with 4,000 appealed for help, what could we effect with 173? The night before, I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua; and whether it was the effect of these brave words, or whether it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard—"Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee: He will not fail thee nor forsake thee." When on the next day Mazamboni commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp;

whereas the evening before we exclaimed in bitterness, on seeing four of our men fly before one native, "And these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha."

BEHOLD IT IS THE LORD'S DOING, AND IT IS MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES.

And yet again. Between the confluence of the Ihuru and the Dui Rivers, in December, 1888, one hundred and fifty of the best and strongest of our men had been despatched to forage for food. They had been absent for many days more than they ought to have been; and in the meantime 130 men, besides boys and women, were starving. Every soul in that camp was paralysed with sadness and suffering. I felt the horror of the silence of the forest, and thought intensely. Sleep was impossible. My thoughts dwelt on the recurring disobediences, which caused so much misery and anxiety. If I meet them, I will—but before the resolve was uttered, flashed to my memory the dead men on the road, the doomed in the camp, and the serving with me, and the thought that those 150 men were lost in remorseless woods beyond recovery, or surrounded by savages, without hope of escape. Then do you wonder that the natural hardness of the heart was softened, and that I again consigned my care to Him who could alone assist us?

The next morning, within half an hour of the start, we met the foragers—safe, sound, robust, loaded—bearing four tons of plantains. You can imagine what cries of joy these wild children of nature uttered. As I mentally review the many grim episodes, and reflect on the marvellously narrow escapes from utter destruction to which we have been subjected during our various journeys to and fro through that immense and gloomy extent of primeval woods, I feel utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence, who, for some purpose of His own, preserved us. All the armies and armaments of Europe could not have lent us any aid in the dire extremity in which we found ourselves in that camp between Dui and Ihuru; an army of explorers could not have traced our course to the scene of the last struggle had we fallen; for deep, deep as utter oblivion had we been surely buried under the humus of the trackless wilds. It is in this humble and grateful spirit that I commence this record of the progress of the expedition, from its inception by you to the date when, at our feet, the Indian Ocean burst into view, pure and blue as heaven, when we might justly exclaim, "It is ended!"

MR. STANLEY'S CREED.

My creed has been, is, and will remain so, I hope, to act for the best, think the right thought, and speak the right word as well as a good motive will permit. When a mission is entrusted to me, and my conscience approves it as noble and right, and I give my promise to exert my best powers to fulfil this according to the letter and spirit, I carry with me a law that I am compelled to obey. If any associated with me prove to me by their manner and action that this law is equally incumbent on them, then I recognise my brothers.

THE REMEDY FOR THE WOES OF AFRICA.

The rest of the article is taken up with extracts from his book. Here is one important passage in which he speaks of the future of Africa.

There is only one remedy for the wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of

England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the Continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employés; or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece, and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations. It is simply incredible because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalised as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom, after all, does this bloody seizure of ivory enrich? Only a few dozens of half-castes, Arab and Negro, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude.

We do not feel justified in making further extracts from his article, which is copiously illustrated and intensely interesting, and it will no doubt secure for the magazine an unprecedented sale.

THE MIRACLES OF HYPNOTISM.

THE NEW AND TERRIBLE SECRET OF SCIENCE.

Of all coming sciences the most marvellous and most uncanny is that of Hypnotism—which is but mesmerism under a scientific alias. It suggests limitless possibilities as to the disintegration of personality—the taking of a man or woman to pieces, as it were, killing temporarily one half of him and quickening the other half into abnormal activity. It makes the mind as limp as wax in the hand of the moulder, and enables the mental force of a complete stranger to dominate all the inherited and acquired habits and convictions of a lifetime. It makes credible all the old stories of diabolical possession, and is in serious earnest quite the most terrible revelation which has ever been afforded us of the power which one man can exert over his fellow-creatures. A paper by Dr. J. Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine, and physician to the Charité Hospital, in the *Fortnightly* describes with almost terrible lucidity some of the phenomena which have already been obtained by this novel system of experimentalising upon the body and mind of man. Dr. Luys hypnotises patients in two minutes by causing them to look at revolving mirrors, and so far he has had no accident. But it is obvious that the new power is capable of terrible abuse.

WHAT IT IS TO BE HYPNOTISED.

Dr. Luys thus describes the first experience of the hypnotised patient:—

A patient arrives full of life, in complete contact with the external world: he talks and laughs gaily; but if we only make him fix his eye on a definite object, lay our fingers lightly on the balls of his eyes, gently press the lobe of his ear, and make him hear a slight noise, we at once bring him to a state of utter annihilation both as regards his faculties and his motive power. He falls on the floor in a state of coma, thunderstruck, so to speak, and simply lies there like an inert, flabby, senseless mass, utterly dead to the touch of the external world. He is no longer his own master, and is at the mercy of the hypnotiser who controls him.

THE SIGHT OF THE CATALEPTIC.

After the stage of lethargy comes that of catalepsy.*

We open his eyelids, we cause a flashing light to penetrate right into his eyes; the light passes into his brain, and proceeds to cause special kinds of activity and to illuminate certain special departments of the brain. A new condition is now produced, the condition of catalepsy. This condition is marked by the pre-eminence of optical impressions which exercise absolute sway over all those activities of the nervous system which are aroused. The patient's eyes are wide open, fixed and motionless; the pupil is especially affected. His excessive power of sight reaches such an extraordinary pitch of acuteness that if we cover his eyelids with a layer of cotton wool and then put a newspaper in front of his eyes, we are amazed to see that he can read it—no doubt through some tiny cracks imperceptible to us. Suppose we show to him, behind a wooden screen one-fifth of an inch thick, balls of coloured glass, calculated by their colours to arouse in him different emotions; the visual faculty is so super-perceptive that the patient feels through the screen the different vibrations of light, and reacts correlatively. Show him, for example, behind this screen a blue ball, he will exhibit signs of sadness; show him a yellow one, and he will be all gaiety and hilarity, and so on. And at the same time with this extra-physiological development of his optic nerves, we remark that the movements of the cutaneous teguments and of the mucous membranes are utterly paralysed.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF FORCE.

A man in this cataleptic condition ceases to be a man, and becomes a machine, and a machine which, when set in motion, develops extraordinary force. In fact, the man becomes a machine with springs wound up to produce any kind of movement, and, once started, he may be seen to repeat a series of actions connected with his ordinary habits. Thus, to a patient who is accustomed to knit, without saying a word you hand the needles and the ball of worsted, and he sets to work at once like a genuine machine, and knits without stopping for a moment, and without the slightest distraction, and can go on in the same way for six hours consecutively, even forgetting the times for meals.

INSENSIBILITY TO PAIN.

After catalepsy comes somnambulism:—

A patient is no longer himself, nor connected with any of his old ties; he is released from his past and dis severed from his surroundings; he passively submits to any external impulses and willingly accepts the most utter absurdities. He will even abdicate his own personality and clothe himself in the borrowed personality of any person just as the experimenter bids him. You can stick a pin with impunity into the skin of the patient, nip him with pincers, burn him with a hot cauteriser, and still he has no sensation and remains utterly unaware of what is going on. He continues to talk if questions are put to him. His mucous membranes are similarly deadened.

ITS PERILS.

When a hypnotised person awakes, he is completely oblivious of all that has happened. His consciousness has been completely arrested. Sometimes they are only half awake. Dr. Luys says:—

If, indeed, the patient, only half-awakened, is sent back in this condition to his daily life, he has only a half-consciousness of the nature of his acts. He may walk straight on without knowing where he is going, or collide with persons passing by; he may knock them down, steal articles exposed in shops, commit all kinds of offences, even outrages on decency; and this unconscious person, whom the public and the magistrates regard as in possession of all his senses, may find himself the object of undeserved punishment. I cannot, therefore, too earnestly warn young experimenters against the serious consequences of an incompletely-effected awakening.

THE AMERICANS AT HOME.

AS SEEN BY A FRENCH MARQUISE.

In the two numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue* for May Madame de San Carlos continues her bright and sympathetic sketch of the "Americans at Home." The unconventionality of American life strikes and attracts her, and she gives it its full and serious value. "In the New World nothing trammels individual initiative either for good or evil," is the text from which she starts. She is quite just enough, and we may add good friend enough, to observe and to point out some of the evil, but the conclusion to which she carries her readers before the end is that on the whole good largely predominates.

IN PRAISE OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

"The morally healthy American woman is a noble creature, little embarrassed by conventionalities, who does not allow herself to be intimidated by the judgment of her neighbours. Wherever she may be, she respects merit, and she gives her friendship where she is aware of a similarity of taste and moral appreciation, without troubling herself about position either of birth or fortune." This condition of affairs Madame de San Carlos praises as true equality. The only people who are generally avoided in America are, she says, those whose lives are in opposition to the two great and prevailing principles, of virtue in women and uprightness in men. Everything else is permitted, and if it pleases or suits you to black your own boots, or to cook your own dinner, it is a trifle of the smallest importance to your friends. A woman may do what she pleases, for it is assumed, until very decided proof is given of the contrary, that she will not please to do what is wrong, and the law of the country is stringent enough to prevent others from wronging her. The merely unbecoming, as we should call it in England, does not count.

THEIR FREEDOM FROM CONVENTIONALITY.

"You may smile, gentlemen of Europe, when you speak of the liberty of American girls, but nothing can affect their virtue, nothing can shake the faith which their compatriots have in them. Learn rather that your scepticism or your impertinence teach the really great ladies of America to laugh at your conventionalities and to care little for your esteem. They even, as a rule, avoid you, and send you their caricatures, who arrive every year by hundreds from the far West to see what the old curio is like which is called Europe." Most people who know anything of Americans will bear out Madame de San Carlos in her assurance that it is not possible to teach them our conventionalities. There is, as she says, a certain freshness and vigour of mind which absolutely refuses to weight itself with the parasitic growth of our prejudices. Their system of marriage she looks upon as, on the whole, good and satisfactory in its results. She objects, as with the religious views which she professes she is bound to do, to the ease and frequency of divorce; but even this she attributes, to some extent, to the better side of American nature.

WILL AMERICA BECOME CATHOLIC?

"Intrigue and deceit, which are so common in France in all social spheres, are almost universally repugnant to the upright and unconventional character of the American women. Hence, having no religious trammels to arrest her on the road of passion, she prefers divorce and remarriage to the indulgence of a complaisant husband or the threats of an Othello." For the dangers which are to be discerned in this direction, more especially in the future than in the present, Madame de San Carlos looks for the only remedy to the revival and spread of Catholicism. The necessities of self-preservation will, she is

confidently assured, bring the American people some day to the infallible doctrines of the Roman and Apostolic Church.

THE AMERICAN SELF-MADE MAN.

She turns from the American woman to the men, and naturally it is upon the self-made men that she dwells. The difference between the American and the European *parvenu* is excellently described. The American has no prejudices, no old and secret hatred for the rich. Quite the contrary! Did they not begin to enrich themselves as he has done? Proud and pleased to have "arrived," he likes to spread the advantages of his fortune generously. Let no one expect from him a servile respect for the great ones of the earth. He feels himself to be on their level; he is a citizen of a country in which the lowest workmen may become "President of a Republic." Everyone is more or less self-made. "Young men generally begin with nothing or with some relatively small present from their father. They start themselves alone in business without the help, without the advice, without any assistance from their families. Their pride is to owe nothing to anyone but themselves. It may almost be said that all old Americans are rich, for the greater number of those who have been vanquished in the great commercial struggle have perished in the fight."

WHAT THEY DO WITH THEIR WEALTH.

The next question is naturally what they do with their wealth, and here, though Madame de San Carlos has, in her concluding article, great praise to bestow on their benevolence, it must be confessed that the picture which she draws of daily life is not at all attractive. Art and literature, together with all which we are accustomed to consider as forming the charm and dignity of domestic life, are still in a painfully embryonic state. So long as there is something to be done the American is admirable. When there is a question of enjoyment, the ordinary European verdict would be that he is pitiable. The critical joys of selection and appreciation are unknown to him. He pays; his hired agent chooses; who appreciates it is difficult to say. The condition represented by Madame de San Carlos' chapters upon painting and music is only to be qualified as terrible. In painting portraiture alone has any vitality. In music "The musical ignorance of Americans produces the same sad impression as madness in a man who appears perfectly sound in mind until his mania is touched." They appear to know so little as not even to suspect their own loss. In modification of Madame de San Carlos' assumption of the undisputed artistic superiority of the French nation, we may remark *par parenthese* that she does not appear to have given all the attention which it deserves to the late report of M. Vachon on the Schools of Industrial Arts in England. Apart from the question of detail, there is no doubt much truth in her statement that the artist in American society would die if he did not come from time to time to renew his life at the great European sources of musical and dramatic genius. We have unfortunately no space to follow her into her discussion of further social problems, and amongst them the great labour question. She devotes the largest part of her last article to it, and shows much sympathy and breadth of view in her treatment. It is scarcely possible, however, to do justice within the limits she has assigned to herself to the many aspects of life on so great a Continent, and when she leaves New York and the facts which passed under her own eyes, we miss some of the freshness and force which characterise her personal observations.

THE BEST GOVERNED CITY IN THE WORLD.

By MR. JULIAN RALPH.

"When it is known that Birmingham is looked upon as a model in this respect, and has even been pronounced the best governed city in the world, it will not be amiss to describe the methods of its management, and some of the other results of the enlightened spirit that has brought them about."

Such are the words with which one Mr. Julian Ralph begins an article in *Harper*, which he entitles "The Best Governed City in the World."

A CHAMPION EULOGIST.

Who Mr. Ralph may be, and what his qualifications are for thus giving the palm to Birmingham, of all the cities in existence, we do not know, but he certainly gives himself up to eulogise Birmingham in a fashion which even Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in his most exalted moments, could not excel. He says:—

To-day Birmingham is a city whose people possess the highest and most varied and thorough educational facilities anywhere within the reach of all classes. It is a city wherein the difficult problem of the disposal of sewage is believed to have more nearly approached solution than elsewhere. It is a city that builds its own street railroads, makes and sells its own gas, collects and sells its water supply, raises and sells a great part of the food of its inhabitants, provides them with a free museum, art gallery, and art school, gives them swimming and Turkish baths at less than cost, and interests a larger portion of its people in responsibility for and management of its affairs than any city in the United Kingdom, if not in the world. It is, above all else, a business city, run by business men on business principles.

THE MANIFOLD PERFECTIONS OF BIRMINGHAM.

After this introduction he proceeds to set forth the manifold perfections of Birmingham. Birmingham took its greatest leap forward in 1873, when it began to acquire parks at a rate that there are now one acre of pleasure ground to every thirty-eight acres of streets and buildings. Birmingham has four public swimming baths in buildings and one open-air swimming bath, nine drinking fountains, as many cattle troughs, and thirty-eight resting-places for wayfarers. There are no free schools in Birmingham, but its opportunities for education are exceptional, being unequalled in this by any other city in the kingdom. King Edward's Schools and Sir Joshua Mason's College are described, the Birmingham and Midland Institute is eulogised, and then a psæan of praise is sung in honour of the art schools, museums, and libraries. Mr. Ralph tells once more the story of how the gas and water works were bought up, and declares that the improvement scheme introduced in 1875 will long be pointed to as "one of the most stupendous, enormous, and wise acts ever performed by a municipality." The Drainage Board has made the best solution of the drainage question in England. In describing its municipal government, Mr. Ralph says that it costs on an average £3,000 to be Mayor of Birmingham for a year, and as no salary is attached to the office it is only very wealthy men who can afford to preside over the best governed city in the world. Another defect in this ideal city is the cars in use on the tramways, which are declared to be "hideous, cumbersome and dangerous combinations of double and demidecked cars, which no American city would tolerate." Birmingham runs its cemetery at an annual loss of £700, and makes a profit of £8,000 to £10,000 a year on its markets.

THE SECRET OF BIRMINGHAM'S GREATNESS

Mr. Ralph gives the following explanation as to how the secret of Birmingham's greatness is that Birmingham is "the best governed city in the world":—

In the first place Birmingham was always a free city, neither walled nor possessing a restricted burgess roll, but open to all who came to live or work or trade among its inhabitants. It thus invited and got an independent, sturdy class of working-people. In its further character as a city of refuge for reformers and persons in advance of the thought of their times, it attracted men of intellect and firm purpose, with courage backing their convictions. In both classes came foreigners, who gave to Birmingham a more cosmopolitan tone than its neighbours boasted. To-day the natural consequences of all this are reflected in the citizens. Its citizens have already shared in the government of the city, and the consequence has been the breeding of a succession of public-spirited men, who have tried to make gains for the town, always having the community in their minds as a thing to be worked for.

HOW IT WORKS OUT IN £ S. D.

This is his conclusion of the whole matter:—

Birmingham's total debt is £7,000,000. The city owes £2,000,000 on account of the gas undertaking; but that pays expenses, interest on debt, sets aside a large sum annually towards liquidation, and pays £25,000 to £30,000 a year to the general funds. A debt of £2,000,000 was incurred in the water undertaking; but that pays all its liabilities and yields £2,000 a year to the funds, the interest on its reserve fund. Both undertakings continually lower the price of the two great necessities. The sum of £1,500,000 is due to the improvement scheme, but the property purchased is of equal value, yields a large rental, promises in a few years to meet all the charges upon it, and is certain to yield future generations a great revenue for general expenditures. Against the rest of the debt Birmingham has great properties—2,066 acres in all, including the sewage farm, which now produces food sold at reduced cost to the people, and which will some day pay its way; also the water department and gas property, parks, asylums, cemetery, and sites of public buildings. The city is a great employer, and pays 4,000 men £240,000 a year.

The article is illustrated with portraits of Mr. Chamberlain, Messrs. Richard and George Tangye, and Mr. Samuel Timmins.

"THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG."

Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman, in the *Chatauquan* for May, describes how he heard the Angelus, as he floated idly on the Adriatic at Venice.

O angelus-hour to heart and soul,
O angelus-hour of peace and calm,
When o'er the farm the evening stole,
Enfolding all in summer balm!
Without, the scents of fields—the musk
Of hedge, of corn, of winrowed hay—
The subtle attars of the dusk;
And glowworms like some milky way;
Within, as from an angel's tongue,
Those dear old songs my mother sung:
"From every stormy wind that blows";
"Softly now the light of day";
"Thou hidden source of calm repose";
"I love to steal awhile away";
"My days are gliding swiftly by";
"Depths of mercy can there be";
"Jesus, look with pitying eye";
"Rock of ages cleft for me";
"Saviour, on me thy grace bestow";
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"

Sweet were the echoes that fell on the ear;

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!"

I worshipped betimes with my swarth gondolier.

SIBERIAN EXILE.

MR. HARRY QUILTER'S SYMPOSIUM AND PROTEST.

Mr. Harry Quilter, in the *Universal Review*, the month before last, published an article by Mr. Adolphe Smith, on "Exile by Administrative Order," which was illustrated by a fancy sketch of the flogging of Madame Sihida. Mr. Quilter thought it befitting to issue a circular to members of Parliament, peers, judges, heads of colleges, &c., asking them the following questions:—

I.—Is not the present system of Siberian exile by "Administrative Order" a disgrace to a civilised nation, and have the atrocities lately committed under that system been of such a nature as to demand the severe punishment of those officials who were directly responsible for them?

II.—Do you consider that steps should be taken to call the attention of her Majesty's Government to these outrages, in order that a diplomatic remonstrance should be addressed to the Czar through his accredited representative, praying him to punish those who have abused the authority which has been entrusted to them, and to make such alteration in the administration of justice as to prevent the recurrence of further acts of a similar nature?

He has received 278 answers, including one from Mr. Gladstone, which runs as follows:—

MR. GLADSTONE.

Dear Sir,—It is against my rule to sign a paper of the nature of that which you have sent me, as I deem it better to do what may be fitting as a member of the House of Commons. The more so in this instance, as in the first debate of the Session, I drew the attention of the Government to this sad and shameful subject.

Should your circular obtain attention in Russia, I think her press or her Government would be justified in taking notice of the brutal slaughter at Michelstown in 1857, and requesting that it should be punished. The cause of humanity might prosper if they did
Your very faithful,
W E GLADSTONE.

May 1st, 1890.

Mr. Quilter's method of treating the subject may be inferred from the final sentence of the article:—"We may not be able to stop these beasts torturing their prisoners and outraging their women, but we can at least see that those who do so, and the Government which shelters them, shall be held up to execration and contempt, and that Englishmen will have no sympathy with such procedure, and give no condonation to such crimes."

MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

Mr. Quilter also publishes letters from Mr. Thorold Rogers, who has the sense to say that no Government in its domestic concerns will submit to foreign interven-

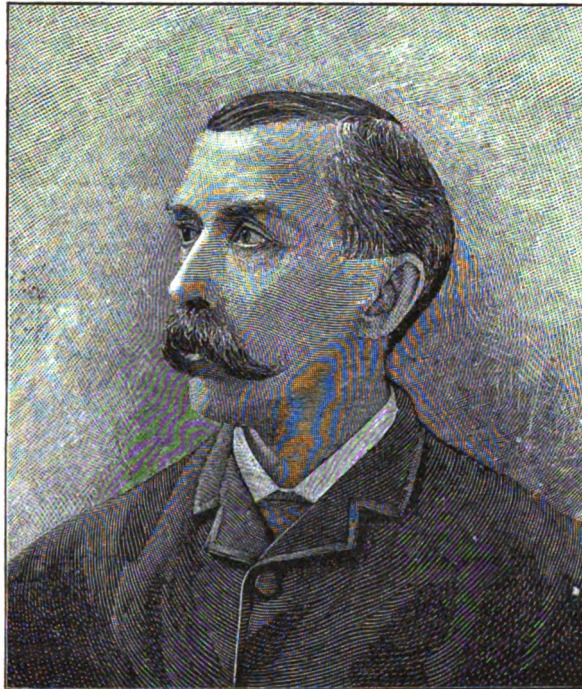
tion, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who tells Mr. Quilter that exile to Siberia, humanely conducted, seems to him a just and beneficent punishment, which is much better for criminals than our own convict system. He also reminds Mr. Quilter that the alleged flogging of Madame Sihida does not rest upon impeachable evidence, and that the picture, instead of carrying conviction to his mind, it calls to his memory an equally dramatic picture of a Polish prince chained in a convict gang to a murderer, a story which this Prince's brother subsequently declared was false. As to the suggested diplomatic intervention, Mr. Sutherland Edwards says what certainly ought to have been plain enough to all the well-meaning personages who have responded to Mr. Quilter's appeal:—

My answer must be emphatically—No. Neither would the Czar receive the proposed remonstrances from his ambassador in England, nor would the ambassador receive them from our Government, nor would our Government dream of offering them.

More letters are given from M. Piere Lavroff and M. Serevriakoff, and—Mrs. Emily Crawford, of all people in the world.

THE REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

' The oddest thing in the list of contributions is the Rev. James Martineau's opinion. Mr. Martineau laments the premature termination of the Crimean war. His pious soul thirsted for another campaign after the fall of Sebastopol by which the French and German armies were to have joined hands in Poland and reconstituted the Polish kingdom. Yet even Mr. Martineau, although given to indulge in such extravagant dreams, says that during his long acquaintance with Polish exiles, though he had listened to many a terrible story of suffering this tale of Madame Sihida



MR. GEORGE KENNAN.

was the first time he had heard of a woman being flogged to death.

Mr. Quilter has not taken any trouble to tabulate the names of those who have responded to his appeal, so that the following list, though not professing to be exhaustive, will be useful to those who wish to see the kind of Englishmen who are in favour of diplomatic interference in the internal affairs of an independent empire for whose existence we have no responsibility, and over whose government we have no control.

Peers.—The Earl of Dorchester, the Earl of Mar, the Earl of Drogheda, the Earl of Wharfedale, the Earl of Lonsdale.

Members of Parliament.—Colonel Cornwallis West, Cunningham Graham, Lieut.-Col. Sandys, Thomas Burt, Thomas Wayman, Alfred Webb, George Baden-Powell, Thomas Dickson, Peter MacDonal, Francis O'Keefe, H. B. Reed, Seymour Keay, Isaac Hoyle,

Timothy Healy, Dr. Tanner, Mr. Biddulph, Mr. Kenny, W. H. Corbett, Thomas O'Brien, Alfred E. Pease, Walter Thorburn, John Wilson, James C. Flinn.

LETTERS FROM M.P.'S.

In addition to these members, Mr. Quilter publishes the names of several others, who prefer another form of remonstrance to that which he suggests, together with those of others who dissent without recommending any alternative course. Among these are Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, who mildly remarks that diplomatic remonstrance is, he supposes, a matter of considerable delicacy, H. S. King, Sir John Kinloch, Sir Charles Goldsmid, P. Esselmont, C. W. Radcliffe Cook, Sir E. J. Reed, who considers our treatment of the Irish people so outrageous during the last few years that he does not think we could remonstrate with anyone for uncivilised conduct. Sir Robert Fowler, who tells Mr. Quilter point blank that it is no use interfering unless he is prepared to advocate war with Russia. Mr. Roscoe, who reminds us that the Government has denied the possibility of addressing the Russian Government on the subject. Mr. Henry Kimber, Mr. Walter Foster. Among the other signatories are Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, Grant Allen, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Lady Sandwich.

It is somewhat difficult to know what purpose the "symposium and protest" is to serve but that of making its signatories ridiculous, and conveying an entirely wrong impression abroad as to the opinions of the English people. It might be thought that from this beggarly array of signatories, which hardly contains the name of a single person who has ever held responsible office in this country, that the system of exile by administrative order is condemned by only a handful of our people. In reality there is not a man, woman or child, who knows what it is who does not loathe it from his heart—especially when it is practised by other people. As it is only ten years ago that we locked up several hundred Irishmen without trial in Ireland under Mr. Forster's administration, it is evident that our loathing for arrest and imprisonment without trial has exceptions. Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that the Russian Government should make representations to secure the punishment of the constables who shot down the Irishmen at Mitchelstown is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the principle that everyone should mind not his own business, but the business of his neighbours.

In *East and West*, Stepniak, writing on the Russian exile system, says that, for every man or woman tried, from twenty-one to twenty-two persons are exiled without trial, and a system has been established of late by which prisoners find their sentences extended sometimes for years by the caprice of some gendarme who is entrusted with the re-examination of the reports of their trial. According to former rules, the maximum punishment that could be inflicted without trial was five years; it has now been extended to ten. The Administration has also taken the authority to condemn people without any form of trial to various terms of imprisonment with hard labour. All this, if true, is very bad; but Stepniak supplies some figures at the end of his paper which will give us a better idea of the extremely small area over which this system is spread. The population of Russia is over 100 millions, that of Ireland less than five. In Russia, from 1881 to 1889, the total number of persons who have been exiled to Siberia, immured in fortresses, amounts, according to Stepniak, to 2,000, or a little more than 200 per annum. Not so many as are imprisoned under the Crimes Act in Ireland. I do not say this as excuse for the system of exile by administrative order. I only mention it in

order that people may form some kind of an idea as to the relation of the mass of the Russian population and those who are the victims of administrative arbitrariness.

OLIVE SCHREINER, MARGARET DELAND, AND MRS. WARD.

FROM A NORSE POINT OF VIEW.

OF the articles presented in the Norwegian monthly *Samtiden* the place of honour may be given to Wilhelm Troye's discourse on "The Theological Novel in England." The writer reviews the three books which have lately been the subject of much discussion in England and out of it—viz., "Robert Elsmere," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "The Story of an African Farm," by Ralph Iron (Olive Schreiner); and "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland. He deplores the lack in Norway of that spirit of generous tolerance which exists in England, and which enables the most contradictory opinions to find expression side by side in perfect equanimity.

"With us," says the reviewer, "those who cannot feel at home in the Established Lutheran Church, with its rigid orthodoxy, are met with cold opposition, find it almost impossible to obtain any hearing, and live isolated from each other, while in England there is a strong and characteristic yearning amongst those who have placed themselves beyond the pale of the Church to cling together round those simple and positive religious elements which they may have in common." As an instance of this, the writer refers to a new religious association which within the last few days has been formed in London by men and women of different beliefs, such as Stopford Brooke (the well-known London preacher), Dr. Martineau, Estlin Carpenter, Lord Carlisle, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Cobbe, etc. Having given an explanation of the object of this religious society, Mr. Troye says that it is the feeling which animates these people that has given rise to what may be called the religious novel, of which he has taken the three above-named books as examples, all written by women from three different parts of the world—Africa, America, and Europe. For the authoress of "The Story of an African Farm," in whose style he finds much to remind him of Charlotte Brontë, the reviewer predicts a great future. "Undoubtedly the book is one of the most remarkable of England's later novels" he writes "Its deep intensity, its unaffected directness and honesty of purpose, mark it as a distinctly original book, and as the first work of the authoress it gives us the right to expect great things." Reviewing "John Ward, Preacher," he says "It is startling to meet here in the nineteenth century, ghosts from the dark Puritanical ages, and one cannot but pity the preacher who finds his own happiness crushed to death beneath the Juggernaut wheels of his cruel doctrines." Though the book does not show any striking knowledge of human nature, the reviewer finds it extremely fascinating, and on the whole, very impartial. But of these three voices (strange that they should all be female ones!) from the English-speaking world, the reviewer is most struck by that of Mrs. Humphry Ward in "Robert Elsmere," which he declares to be remarkably clear, emphatic, and eloquent. He winds up with a little growl at his own countrymen. "If anything fresh comes out in Paris," he says, "straightway by the next post come all the sensational details; but of such books as these we are left in comparative ignorance for a whole year at the least, and thinkers and authors such as Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Tennyson, and Browning, who have so largely influenced the England of to-day, are, to our cultivated community, hardly anything more than names."

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

THE *Leisure Hour* labours under a difficulty in the publication of its latest article on the Sovereigns of Europe. It is the Sultan's turn this month, but the photograph which illustrates it is some years old, for "the Sultan is personally unfavourable to the art of photography." The article describing Abdul Hamid is very eulogistic. He is said to be so humane that he has refused to sign a single death warrant since his succession. Most of us would probably have thought much more of his humanity if he had signed the death-warrant of a good many of the scoundrels, such as Moussa Bey, who have so far escaped justice. The writer, however, is full of admiration for Abdul Hamid. His private life, which more resembles that of an English gentleman, is contrary to the popular idea of an Oriental prince. He is "practically monogamous," because he has only four legal wives, "to none of whom does he show special favour." He is unfortunately unable to get rid of 300 other wives, each of whom has four eunuchs and six female servants to wait upon her, besides a full establishment of horses, carriages, and grooms. If the Sultan were to cashier his whole female establishment, he would certainly be deposed or murdered. He has to keep on marrying in order to save his life. Six thousand persons are fed daily at the Dolma Bagtche Palace, twenty men are kept constantly buying fish for the Palace, and forty others have to carry in the fish that are bought. Ten tons of fish a week are eaten, and nearly nine tons of bread a day, one ton of rice, 600 lb. of sugar.

Abdul Hamid gets up early. His toilet does not detain him long; indeed it might detain him longer according to European codes. When dressed, he at once devotes himself to recite the prescribed prayers, after which he drinks a cup of black coffee, and instantly afterwards begins to smoke cigarettes, a pastime that he continues all day almost without intermission, for he is an ardent smoker. Breakfast ended, he arranges family affairs when these require his attention, as is almost always the case with so large a family, and of such varied ages and needs. This done, he quits the harem and goes into the selamlık. Here he receives the reports concerning Court affairs. Towards ten o'clock his Court secretary and chief dignitaries appear, bearing the day's despatches and reports. These handed in, the Sultan seats himself on a sofa with these documents on his right, on his left a pile of Turkish newspapers and extracts from the European press, translated into Turkish

for his benefit by a translation bureau specially appointed to that end. His lunch, which follows the despatch of this business, is most simple—little meat, a fair amount of vegetables. The meal ended, he takes a walk in the park or rows in a little boat upon one of the lakes it encloses, always accompanied by a chamberlain or some high dignitary. After taking two hours' exercise in the air, he returns to his sitting-rooms, where he holds an open reception, or else presides over some committee meeting. An hour or two before sunset he once more goes out to walk. His dinner is as simple as his lunch. His favourite food is *pilaffe*, sweets, and a very little meat. He never touches spirituous liquors, in due obedience to the commands of the Prophet, but he drinks large quantities of sherbet and eats a great deal of ice cream. Dinner and diges-

tion over, he receives company in the selamlık, or he retires into the harem, where his daughters play and sing to him. He himself on these occasions will often seat himself at the piano, an instrument he plays fairly well. For painting—for the fine arts in general, he has no taste. His women, too, find him very cold; but he is devoted to his children, and also much attached to all the members of his family.

In appearance he is of medium height, rather short than tall, well proportioned in his person, and carrying bravely the weight of his onerous duties, though there are also moments when an old and careworn look comes across his face, and when he almost personifies the apathy we so generally connect with the Turkish character. His beard, cut into a slight point, is black, so are his hair and eyes. The latter are tender in

expression, but also penetrating, and he looks his visitors full in the face, with a scrutiny that seems to read their thoughts. What destroys the pleasant first impression made by these eyes is the constant look of uneasiness in them. The fact is, Abdul Hamid does not feel himself safe even in his own palace.

Professor Vambéry, in the *New Review*, eulogises the Sultan even more highly than the writer in the *Leisure Hour*. He says:—

Sultan Abdul Hamid is the very personification of a *roi bourgeois*, who is anxious to do away with all the encumbering etiquette of Oriental Court life, and who likes to show himself plain, civil, and unaffected to his visitors. "We are all tired and exhausted," said one of the Ministers to me, "but the Sultan never is, and if he yields to our entreaties it is only for our sakes and not for his own." The Sultan, owing to his extraordinary memory, recollects events long ago forgotten by his Ministers.



ABDUL HAMID

HOW ENGLAND STRIKES AN AMERICAN.

A CHEERY PAPER BY MR. ALBERT SHAW.

In the *Century Magazine* the place of honour is deservedly given to a paper in which Mr. Shaw describes and numerous artists illustrate "London Polytechnics and People's Palaces." Mr. Shaw, whose paper on Glasgow has been copiously noticed in this review, has returned to America full of faith and hope in the future of the English race. In this new paper he says:—

THE VITALITY OF THE ENGLISH

No American visitor who observes attentively the institutions and social life of the mother country can fail to be impressed with the marvellous tenacity and recuperative vigour of the English race in England. Such courage and virile buoyancy in the face of the gravest practical problems and in the certain prospect of a long period of turbulence, agitation, and social and political readjustment, the history of the world does not parallel. With the unbroken traditions of a very old country, England has all the vitality and constructive energy of a new one. There is no such thing visible as that racial exhaustion and declension the signs of which in some of England's continental neighbours seem well-nigh unmistakable. No people in the world, not even the Americans or the Russians, seem farther from the "fagged out" point than the English. There strength, in Scripture phrase, is as their day. Once fully convinced, they move with irresistible decision and force. Thus they continue from time to time to make the most important changes in their political constitution, each new change only preparing the way for the next one, and finality seeming as remote as ever. They have led the world in the stupendous industrial achievements of the past century, and they seem not unlikely yet to lead the world in those social reforms that the modern economic system has made so necessary. At least she becomes more fully aroused and more thoroughly earnest every day, and is beginning to find and apply remedies in the practical English fashion.

PRACTICAL PROGRESS TO SOCIALISM.

It seems to me clear that the significant fact in the social condition of England to-day is not to be found in the degradation and misery of a large part of the population, but rather in the vigour, whole-heartedness, and honest zeal with which the task of amelioration has been entered upon. Underneath the wordy strife of parties, the jangling discords of denominations, and the controversies growing out of class distinctions and privileges, there is apparent on all sides and in all parts of English society a growing sense of justice and of human rights and brotherhood, and a growing sense of the necessity and the obligation that rests upon the community to make all its members sharers to the widest possible extent in the best fruits of modern civilisation. The English people are making the steadiest and most direct steps in the direction of socialism of any nation in the world. And they are doing this without either accepting or rejecting any theory as to the proper functions of the State or the municipal corporation. When it is perceived that a certain thing must be done, England proceeds to do it, using private and voluntary means, public and official means, or more commonly a combination of the two, in a manner peculiarly English and without the possibility of successful imitation anywhere else.

THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

This British method of reform is remarkably illustrated by the great progress technical and practical education has made in England as the outcome, in large part, of the famous report of the Royal Commission on that subject in 1883, although no legislation has as yet resulted from the report. There is just now beginning to emerge something like the definite outlines of a distinctively English system of practical education. I know of no other single thing which promises to do so much in that grand

work of social improvement to which England stands deliberately committed as the scheme of popular education—mental, moral, physical, technical, and recreative—that begins to assume form and substance, and that will certainly witness enormous development and expansion within the coming decade. The English people have taken the trouble to study the experience of the entire industrial world in this matter of practical education, but they have studied their own circumstances with equal fidelity, and their system will be essentially their own.

SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.

A SURVEY BY MR. C. BRADLAUGH, M.P.

It was recently remarked by a member of the front Opposition bench that the three most Conservative men in politics were Mr. John Morley, Mr. Charles Parnell, and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, and it was said that the Conservatism of the last-named gentleman was so pronounced that his secession to the Conservative party was only a question of time. Mr. Bradlaugh would probably resent this as a libel, but there is no doubt that the quondam terror of English Conservatives is by no means an impossible member of the next Conservative Administration. This fact is no way lessens but increases the interest with which we turn to his carefully-written but solid survey of Socialism in Europe, which appears in the *Universal Review*. Socialism, says Mr. Bradlaugh, must be judged

In connection with that which to me seems inevitable at no distant date, and which has threatened Europe for the past dozen years at least, viz., a huge European War or a terrible European Revolution.

His paper is for the most part historical, and although Mr. Bradlaugh protests against the exaggerated boasts of some Socialists, he is evidently uneasy as the following extract shows:—

With Socialism prominent in professorial theories in Italy; with the State Socialism used by Bismarck, ever at war as he has been with the Socialists, and which State Socialism is now advanced from the Imperial throne itself. Even if we do not see Socialism everywhere, it cannot be disregarded as a vital factor in modern politics. Besides, there is the very grave danger that the Church of Rome, mighty even in this its latter-day weakness, and, perhaps, because of its weakness, may use Socialism with the democracy as a means to endeavour to win back through the people the temporal power, which, even with the aid of monarchs, it has been unable to retain.

May-day throughout Europe has passed with sufficient of general demonstration to give cause for most serious thought, though without the uprising feared in Austria, or the mischief publicly threatened in France. Under the Republic of M. Carnot there have been wholesale arrests in Paris, and it is not easy to believe that they have all been necessary. Under the Austro-Hungarian Empire in Vienna, where shopkeepers and merchants seemed utterly panic-stricken, great military preparations were made to meet a movement of anticipated grave revolt. Did the authorities and middle class alike deceive themselves, or were the intending rioters overawed? Throughout the German Empire there has been, on the whole, a moderation due, perhaps, to consciousness of great strength, and though some of the gatherings were not as large as anticipated, the universality of the manifestations has been remarkable. Amongst the Italians and the Dutch some repression, but as a rule fairly good order. In Spain a little more friction, and the state of siege proclaimed in Barcelona. The only thing very clear is that the avowed Socialists, without any commanding leaders, have managed to utilise hunger needs to an extent of concurrent action throughout Europe pregnant with warning to all who wish for peaceful progress.

THE EVIL LOT OF THE GERMAN GIRL.

BY LADY BLENNERHASSETT.

LADY BLENNERHASSETT, who was formerly Countess Leyden, contributes an article on "German Girlhood" to the *English Illustrated Magazine* which will make most girls of other countries thank heaven that they were not born in Germany. The supreme right of German women is not freedom but obedience—a right which they enjoy in common with the African slave. Freedom according to German ideas only belongs to those who can defend, sword in hand, their native soil. Whoever cannot fight has no claim to the exercise of power, to personal independence, to civil rights, or even to the rights of disposing a private fortune. This rule is applied equally to men and women. The legal foundation of marriage in Germany rests entirely on the superiority of man and the subordination of woman. Her husband is her master, her guardian, her supporter and her educator. Even Bebel, when advocating the emancipation of women in the socialistic millenium that is to come, asserts that the German girl of the future must take up arms in defence of the Fatherland. Even the fundamental right of womanhood, the claim to have a husband of her own, is very imperfectly recognised. Only 40 or 50 per cent. of the girls in some part of the country have a chance of marrying at all, while an average of 84 per cent. is considered exceptionally high. The dream of demanding political rights is regarded as entirely out of the question, and if a German speaks of woman's rights she only means a girl's right to a university education, and especially to the right to study medical science and become a physician. As a general rule, not only can she not obtain a degree, but the doors of the lecture-rooms of the twenty-eight German universities are closed against her. The German woman is primarily a cooking animal. Dressmaking in most cases is the exclusive task of the middle-class girl. The State objects in Prussia to the employment of girls in the postal and telegraphic service. The duty of the German girl is entire obedience and complete self-sacrifice, even as the nuns in the cloister—whose lot, indeed, is much to be preferred in many respects to that of their sisters who are at large. Lady Blennerhassett sums up the case as follows:—

Girls in Germany are simple in their tastes and habits, hardworking, rather serious. Frivolity among them is still quite an exception, but of course it exists. Attractiveness is not their prevailing characteristic. Partly because they are shy, partly also because habits of self-control and renunciation, early acquired and steadily followed, do not always make it easy to sacrifice to the graces, particularly in a country where the art of conversation is not cultivated. Their powers of acquisition seem greater than their creative power. Both in literature and in art no German girl has ever produced anything first-rate; no German novelist has equalled one of the second-rate female novelists of England.

In the summer of last year, the *Nouvelle Revue* published a clever article entitled "The German Woman." The displeasure expressed by the German newspapers and in cultured German circles which followed its appearance was none the less sincere because the blow which German women thereby received in the face hailed from a German woman. A writer in the *Deutsche Revue* now defends the young Empress from the strictures passed on her by the *Nouvelle Revue*, and then proceeds to explain that women in Germany have never occupied such a favourable position as they do now; every one has an opportunity of earning an independent livelihood by her special talents, and the German woman is imbued with a strong impulse to make her own way in the world.

WOMEN AS ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

A GERMAN TRIBUTE TO ENGLISH WOMEN.

Franz Xaver Kraus contributes to a recent number of the *Deutsch Rundschau* a woman's work on archæology, which is translated in the *Chautauquan* for May. Mr. Kraus says:

It may seem remarkable that the branch of archæology which has attracted most decidedly those women who are devoted to this science is iconography: the images and forms under which artistic ideas have found expression. The mysterious charm of the symbolic world appeals especially to the feminine fancy. It finds its clearest echo in the depths of woman's soul.

He devotes considerable space to an account of Mrs. Jameson, who was not English, but Irish, whose six volumes deal with the iconography of Christian art with skill and range unparalleled either before or since.

It is still further remarkable that England has produced the largest contingent of women workers in this field. Of the four women spoken of in this paper, three belong to Great Britain. I believe that the freedom of action which is allowed to the English woman explains this fact as it does also the fact that the number of literary women is greater there than in any other great land of culture.

For the first time in the history of classic archæology the principles of modern criticism had been applied to the iconography of Greece and Rome and a scientific model free from such reproach had been presented. Mrs. Jameson was the first who ventured to make such an attempt on any large scale.

Mr. Kraus says:—

On her own soil Mrs. Jameson had a rival. Louise Twining cannot be compared to her in extent of literary work nor wealth of mind, but her iconographical publications, "Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediæval Christian Art" and "Types and Figures of the Bible illustrated by Art," give her an honourable place in the literature of Christian archæology.

Far more important is the work of a third daughter of the island kingdom, Miss Margaret Stokes, the daughter of a Dublin professor, who has given herself up to the study of Irish antiquities. Her share in the publication of Lord Dunraven's great work on Irish architecture established her reputation. She then enriched Celtic learning by an original work of the first order, in which she published the early Christian inscriptions collected by George Petrie, a work which has come to be regarded as the first sure ground won from the Christian epigraph for the science of the Celtic language and for its literary history. Her latest task is a guide to the early Christian art relics of the island in the series of art handbooks of the South Kensington Museum. We have nothing like it in Germany. It is a remarkable witness to the thorough scholarship and the sound critical judgment of the author. No man could have done better than this brave college girl.

Two women must be named who have been great treasures to their husbands, whose magnificent investigations and excavations have filled the world with their fame: Mrs. Dr. Schliemann of Athens and Madame Dieulafoy of Paris. These names always will be a proof that tasks which require physical endurance, courage, and risk can be opened successfully to and supported for women.

Literary labour is for one a livelihood, for another the gratification of a taste, to many both. Among the women who in our times have taken part in archæological investigations, we find those who have sought in the study, recreation, diversion, comfort; at least to one of them archæology has been also a guard against the wants of life. The success of these women protects the science from the charge of being an occupation unsuited for the sex to enter. What they have done should be an incentive to others to try their strength.

DR. DÖLLINGER ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

In the *Expositor* the Rev. Dr. Plummer records some more of his conversations with Dr. Döllinger on English topics. Dr. Plummer says Dr. Döllinger was

A German of Germans; but after Germany England had the next place in his affection and admiration. Not a few of his most intimate and best loved friends and pupils were Englishmen. He visited England more than once, and cherished a lively and happy recollection of what he had seen there. He habitually read English newspapers and periodicals, and liked to converse in English. Whatever drew Germans and Englishmen together was a delight to him; and it was the settled conviction of his life, a conviction which during his later years became an enthusiasm, that in the *friendship of Germany and England lay the best guarantee for the peace and well-being of Europe.*

The three English topics on which Dr. Döllinger was most interested were the English Church, English politics, and Oxford.

DISESTABLISHMENT AND THE BURIALS BILL.

It is interesting to know that Dr. Döllinger was much more liberal than the majority of the Anglican clergy. It is true that he was alarmed at the prospect of disestablishment, but on the subject of the Burials Bill and Church vestments he showed much greater common sense than might have been expected.

He believed that the disestablishment of the English Church, if ever it came, would be utterly calamitous, and that its evil consequences would reach far beyond England or the Anglican communion. It would be a heavy blow to the cause of religion throughout Europe. The interpretation put upon it would be that the most religious nation in the world had made up its mind that its Church was no longer worthy of maintenance, and that it would not have come to this conclusion without at least doubting whether religion was worthy of maintenance.

"An Establishment, amongst many other good things, has this great advantage. In gives you the right to appeal to all those numbers of merely nominal Christians who have not declared themselves to be Dissenters. But if there is no Established Church, then the clergy of the Church have no right to pay ministerial visits to any but those who declare themselves to be Churchmen. Even if an Establishment had no advantage but this, it would be worth keeping."

Reading in the *Guardian* an article which said if disestablishment could be staved off for a year or two longer, the Church would be safe from this disaster for an indefinite period.—"What do you think of that?" said Dr. Döllinger. "I have been so long accustomed to regard the disestablishment of the English Church as only a question of time, that the opinion that it may still be averted—at least for a very long time—is quite a new light to me. No one will rejoice more than I shall if it should prove to be well grounded."

[When I returned to England I told Bishop Lightfoot of the conversation, and asked him his opinion of the view propounded by the writer in the *Guardian*. "I did not know that I should venture to say that 'a year or two' would suffice; but give us twelve years, and then I think that we are safe."]

On the question of the Burials Bill, he was much surprised that any English Churchmen, and especially the clergy, should object to being freed from the obligation of burying Dissenters at the cost of admitting Dissenting ministers to the churchyards. "That is astounding. Among ourselves there would not be two opinions upon the subject. We would far rather give up the churchyards to Dissenters than be compelled to use the liturgy of the Church for them. If it be regarded as a question of desecration, the desecration of Church services would seem to us a more serious matter than the desecration of Church grounds. In Germany no difficulty ever arises from Catholics

and Protestants using the same burial grounds simultaneously; and where there is a Catholic mortuary chapel, the Protestants never attempt to obtain the use of it."

RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND IN GERMANY.

Dr. Döllinger held that Anglican orders were quite as valid as the Roman, if not more so, which to most people will be a matter of exceedingly small importance. What is more interesting are his remarks concerning religion in Germany and England:—

"One thing which strikes a German very much when he travels in England is the silence of church bells. During the whole six work-days he never hears them; and his ear is so accustomed to the sound of them at home that the absence of it at once makes itself felt. Daily service, you tell me, has greatly increased of late years; still the lower orders in England (I am speaking of Protestants) hardly know what prayer means; they have never been brought up to it. Now the poor with us, especially the women, when they are in trouble, go instinctively to the church and pray, and come away soothed and comforted. English poor read their Bibles, but they do not pray much. Very much the same holds good of German Protestants. But our Protestants have their religious songs, their *Lieder*, and many of these are prayers, and are a great help to them. They know them by heart, for their rhyme and rhythm make them easy to remember; and thus they are always ready at hand when they are wanted. In England you have not this; and you have not the word to express it, not having the thing itself. 'Song' will not do; a *Lied* is not exactly a song. We all of us have a great deal to learn from one another. All the great Christian communities must try to learn one another's good points: that is one of the ways in which reunion will come about. The walls of partition must be broken down more and more." "I only hope that, we may have a Pope who will make two more new dogmas. I could wish for nothing better."

ON RITUALISM.

Dr. Döllinger entertained a robust contempt for the extraordinary importance attached by some Anglican clergy to the apparel in which they appear in church. He said:—

What an extraordinary thing that is,—that enthusiasm about vestments, which makes men fanatical about a chasuble! It is a condition of things which you would find in no other country. And about a chasuble of all vestments, which is certainly neither graceful nor convenient! We are so used to them that they do not strike us as particularly bad, but if we had not got them we should not be likely to desire them. The chasuble is not at all an ancient vestment. I do not understand why those who care for such things do not go to the Greek Church for their models. The Greek vestments are both more convenient and more dignified; and, indeed, in most matters of ritual Greek usage is more in conformity with the primitive type.

HOME RULE.

The proposal to yield to Mr. Parnell's demand for an Irish Parliament Dr. Döllinger regarded as disastrous and amazing. He said to me in 1886 that Mr. Gladstone's change of policy seemed to him "one of the most extraordinary delusions ever seen in a statesman. It is so perfectly evident that whatever power is granted to an Irish Parliament will be used to make the separation between the two countries more complete." He laughed at Manning's heroic audacity in asserting that Roman Catholics have never persecuted Protestants in the past, and therefore are not likely to do so in the future. "One of the first things that the Irish Parliament would do would be to take possession of Trinity College, Dublin, and turn it into a Roman Catholic University."

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SUCCESSOR.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, OF BOSTON.

In the *Arena* for May, the Rev. Thomas Alexander Hyde contributes a very appreciative and eulogistic description of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, upon whose shoulders it would seem a portion of the mantle of Henry Ward Beecher has fallen. Although Dr. Lyman Abbott is his successor in Plymouth pulpit, Mr. Hyde says that the work recently accomplished by Dr. Brooks in Old Trinity Church, New York, sounds like what we read concerning the great orators of ancient ages, or the celebrated preachers of more modern times.

Dr. Brooks, a few weeks ago, gathered together in Trinity Church, every day at noon, a vast audience of men, representing the business, wealth, and intelligence of the great metropolis of the American continent, and held them, as it were, spellbound. Never, perhaps, has anything in the way of preaching occurred before to surpass what Brooks has accomplished.

From this he deduces two conclusions: first, that the earnest men of our day are still eager to listen to the truths of the gospel; and, secondly, that they can still be drawn by the magnetic influence of a great personality.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PREACHER.

Of the personality of Mr. Brooks, Mr. Hyde speaks as follows:—

Phillips Brooks is physically well endowed. Tall and well proportioned, head and shoulders above other men, chest broad and deep, face full-orbed, beaming with health and sympathetic kindness, forehead wide, and deep, large, dark eyes, flashing gleams of intelligence and good nature. The contour of the face is very mobile, since its muscles of expression are flexible and spontaneously adapt the face to express the emotion that is welling up from the heart. His step is firm, carriage of body erect, head thrown well backward denoting vitality. Over six feet in height, his entire bodily make-up constitutes him a physical king of men.

DR. BROOKS AS A THEOLOGIAN.

Mr. Hyde says:—

No living preacher has done more than Phillips Brooks to spiritualise and interpret the whole truths of Christianity to the men of our time. He has broadened theology, had put life into the creeds, he has shown clearly and sharply that Christianity is something distinct from ecclesiasticism which has been associated with it in some quarters to such an extent that men sometimes fail to separate them, and even lose faith, because they do not perceive that the truth may be true even when the ritual is false, and that the Church may err in presentation and yet be a custodian of the truth.

How many are sad and hopeless to-day because they have broken with the creeds of the churches, because form, and ritual, and ceremony do not now feed the spiritual nature. To such, Brooks is like a great voice crying amid the wreck of

human theories and systems, "Behold the substance!" Look at the great truths which alone can interpret or give the symbol power.

DR. BROOKS AS A PREACHER.

Mr. Hyde declares that the influence of the conservative and universal elements, which is the distinctive feature of Dr. Brooks' preaching, makes him the great shepherd of his age; he is also a great orator. He says:—

Brooks possesses many of the natural gifts of a great orator. His temperament is a harmonious blending of the vital, mental, and motive systems. Some have complained that it was hard to follow Dr. Brooks' discourse because he spoke so rapidly, not knowing that such rapidity was the effect mainly of his excessive vitality. But there are many excellences in Brooks' delivery. His voice is free from all metallic and repulsive sounds. It has not the silvery clearness, nor penetrating quality of Wendell Phillips, nor the compass, flexibility, volume, and expressive intonation of Henry Ward Beecher, but it has a depth and grandeur of resonance and intensity of enunciation, an animated and expressive utterance, a natural and sympathetic tone, and, when vitalised and charged at the cerebral batteries of his large brain, sways an audience at will, with an overwhelming current of magnetism. His delivery is buoyant and exhilarating, hopeful, and confident. Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise, so great are his physical gifts.

In the expression of his thoughts in words, there is sometimes verbosity and lack of clearness, but in the main he is forcible and eloquent.

DR. BROOKS' RECORD.

Dr. Brooks is now a man of fifty-five years of age. Born in Boston, of a New England stock, he is one of a family of six boys, four of whom became ministers of the gospel. His first parish was Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, then he was called to Boston at 35 years of age. His new church, erected after the destruction of Old Trinity by fire, cost 200,000 dols. He has established himself as a leader in Boston. All that wealth and patronage can do for him has been done. He sometimes is inclined to make the mistake of supposing that as he is happy all the world is well off and as it should be. This does not please Mr. Hyde, and he concludes his study of Dr. Brooks by the following admonition:—

The men of our age are not wholly mean and envious; they are appreciative of high talent, but oh! they do yearn for a more equal arrangement of things, for less poverty, less misery, less suffering. They look at the Titanic stature, the cloud-reaching intellect, the heaven-encircling spirituality, and the universe-embracing liberality of such men as Phillips Brooks, and ask, What will you do for our cause? Never, perhaps, in the history of Christian Shepherdism, has there been so good an opportunity to do the Lord's work as that which presents itself to the great preachers of our age.



REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

LEO XIII. AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

BY "A LOYAL SON OF THE CHURCH."

THE article of the month in the Italian Reviews is undoubtedly one by Angelo Andrea di Pesaro on "The Diplomacy of the Vatican and the Question of the Temporal Power," which extends to the abnormal length of 128 pages of the *Rassegna Nazionale*. It purports to be a "free, calm, and serious discussion" of the subject by one who counts himself a loyal son of the Church, but who is wholly untouched by "the species of irrational fetishism which the Ultramontanes have brought into fashion in the present century," and which regards as profanation any criticism passed on the actions of the Holy Father. Having carefully drawn the distinction between infallibility and impeccability—one which Protestants usually fail to grasp—the author proceeds to sketch out the policy pursued by the Vatican during the last twenty years in order to show that all the efforts made by Leo XIII. towards the re-establishment of the Temporal Power have been vain and barren, and all his hopes illusory.

One of the points for which Pius IX. was attacked was for not keeping up friendly relations with the civil governments of Europe, and, as a matter of fact, at his death, the Vatican was at open war, not only with Italy, but with Russia, Germany, and Switzerland. Leo XIII. promptly returned to the older traditions of the Church, and adopted a conciliatory attitude, which has produced satisfactory results both in France and Russia under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

The weak point (continues our author) in the policy of the Vatican under the present Pontificate is to have partly subordinated the concessions made to Germany, to France, and to Russia to the hope of inducing those Powers to exert themselves for the re-establishment of the Temporal Power. I do not mean to say that Leo XIII. has been guilty of transactions injurious to the spiritual interests of the Church in view of worldly advantages, or to advance his territorial claims. In spite of all the contradictions of the Catholic press, there is no doubt that the hope of isolating Italy by re-establishing friendly relations with all the Great Powers has been a dominating factor in the Papal policy ever since the beginning of the reign of Leo XIII.

The attitude of Europe towards Italy has undergone a fundamental transformation in the last 30 years, and this the Vatican fails to realise. To expect nowadays the Great Powers to reverse their decision in favour of the unity of Italy is sheer folly. Yet this conviction forms the basis of all the diplomatic enterprises of the Vatican. It can be traced all through the masterly negotiations with Germany, by which Leo XIII. brought the Kulturkampf to a close, betraying itself in the exultant joy of the Clericals over the celebrated letter in which Bismarck—who had his own reasons for encouraging the Papal illusions—addressed the Pope as "Sire," down to the letter addressed to the Centre on the subject of the Septennate Bill of 1887, in which Cardinal Jacobini declared that the Holy See "looked forward to the help of the German Imperial power in order to ameliorate its position in Rome." When the Triple Alliance finally put an end to all hopes in that direction, the Pope turned for help to both France and Prussia, although to the impartial on-looker the treatment of Catholics in both those countries did not seem to inspire any reasonable hope of success. In pursuance of the same policy of universal conciliation, Leo XIII. published his remarkable Allocution of May, 1887, in which he opened the door for a reconciliation with the Italian Government, and for a few months it seemed

as though a friendly "modus vivendi" were within reach. But this prospect "exasperated alike the Freemasons and the Clerical intransigents," and while the former egged on Signor Crispi in his anti-Clerical campaign, the latter succeeded in over-ruling the wise moderation of Leo XIII. Hence the present deplorable dead-lock between the Quirinal and the Vatican.

"I will make but one observation," writes Signor Pescaro, "in conclusion of this paper, and that is, that everything which in the last twelve years has been attempted by the Vatican to restore religious peace to those nations deprived of it, or to prevent greater ruin in those where the Government showed symptoms of entering on a course of violence, has been successful, and has resulted in great triumphs for the Church, or, at any rate, has saved Catholic populations from grave disasters. On the other hand, everything which this same diplomacy has attempted in order to re-establish the Temporal Power has signally failed, and has only resulted in constant deceptions."

IS HUMAN NATURE IMPROVING?

YES, AND THUS WISE. BY MISS COBBE.

IN the *Forum* for April, Miss Frances P. Cobbe, writing on "Secular Changes in Human Changes," thus summarises the leading features of the transformation that is being slowly wrought in human nature:—

1. The desire of food has passed the stage of gluttony and become in Europe and America only a subordinate branch of general luxury.
2. Sexual love has undergone a glorifying transformation from a universal brute instinct to (very commonly) an exalting ideal passion.
3. Indolence has given way to almost feverish activity.
4. Hatred has diminished in frequency and intensity, and revenge has become obsolete. Anger is perhaps more often self-controlled.
5. Sympathy with suffering has vastly increased and largely displaced heteropathy and aversion.
6. Wholesome indignation has waned disastrously, and remorse has been weakened.
7. Avarice has almost died out, and given place to acquisitiveness and covetousness, often united with prodigality, and giving rise to a gigantic extension of the vice of gambling.
8. The desire of fame has degenerated into the love of notoriety.
9. The love of natural beauty, especially of the wilder sort, has been born, and has become a larger factor in modern enjoyment.
10. Humour is more common and more refined.
11. Men and women have become almost nomadic in their habits, so perpetual are their removals and journeys.
12. The minds of men have become infinitely more subtle, their emotions more varied, more complex, more rarefied in every way; thereby new dangers of duplicity are incurred, and, at the same time, the capacity for high emotional and intellectual pleasures is enlarged.

Thus, says Miss Cobbe in conclusion, if this stock-taking of the losses and gains of human nature be anything near correctness, we may, in spite of certain serious dangers ahead, surely thank God and take courage, believing that in the order of His providence the "ape and tiger" are really, however slowly, dying out of human nature, while love and sympathy become stronger as the generations pass away; and with them grow many pure delights—in the beauty of art and of nature, in music, in humour, and in the subtle converse of cultured intellects, whereof the fathers of our race scarcely enjoyed a fore-taste.

IN PRAISE OF MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

A DISCIPLE ON "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES."

Mr. Hamlin Garland describes Mr. Howells' latest novels in the *New England Magazine* for May. Mr. Garland is a very enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Howells, and especially praises his two-volume novel, "A Hazard of New Fortunes." In that book he says:—

Mr. Howells ended all question about his supremacy as an American novelist of life—if the word novel needs any such addenda. In it he reaches his greatest breadth and his deepest research. He seizes upon the serious social problems now rising in the great cities, their forms, and their developments. To me the book appears the most impressive and the sanest study of a city ever made, and it is as much a product of the times as the electric car. It is a marvellous book which is at once a work of art and a profound criticism, an elaborate and impartial study of the reform spirit of the day. It will undoubtedly alienate him completely from the ultra-Conservative class, but it must as certainly win the regard and admiration of all those whose sympathies are broadening with the growing altruism of the age, and deepening with the intellectual perception of the art-value of the infinite drama of our common life. For its perfect modernness, its freedom from "effectism," its comprehensiveness and its keenness of insight, it certainly stands among the great novels of the world. It shows the author at the very fullness of his powers.

Mr. Howells is "the champion and unquestioned leader of the group of young writers now rising in America."

Personally one of the most genial and lovable of men, Mr. Howells is the last person to be taken as a controversialist. His ready laugh and inexhaustible fund of humour make the casual acquaintance wonder if this can be the author of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and the target of all the Conservative criticisms. But there come moments when the head droops and the strength the face comes out, and the eyes deepen and darken, till the visitor sees before him one of the greatest personalities in America—a personality so great that it is content to become the humble percipient and recorder of realities, and so sure of itself as to bow to no criterion but truth. Mr. Howells carries the sturdy figure and the direct and simple bearing of the man whose boyhood held many a hardship, and who has fought his way to where he is against poverty and discouragement. No man could be more democratic, more approachable, more sympathetic. He has the poet's love for nature, for colour, but, above all, love for humanity. As one writer has well put it, Mr. Howells "knows how it is himself."

LUCIFER.—We regret to see from *Lucifer* that Madame Blavatsky is unwell; I hope that it is only a passing indisposition brought about by the overwork which affords a vent for the almost supernatural energy of this remarkable woman. Among other papers in *Lucifer* there is a reprint from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of Keeley's latest success. He has given a wonderful exhibition at New York before Professor Leidy. He is said to have satisfied Professor Leidy that he has overcome the force of gravity, making a solid copper float on the top of water like a cork simply by sounding a harp and making a responsive chord among the resonant rods on the top of a small cupboard.

THE PROSPECTS OF REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL.

FROM ABOVE OR FROM BELOW.

ONE of the most important articles in the *Revista de Portugal* is contributed by "Um espectador" on "New Factors in Portuguese Policy." The ultimatum of the 11th January and the loss of African territories (of which no one knew the precise locality) introduced new factors which we must henceforward take into account. These new factors make of the Portugal of 1890 a politically different Portugal from the Portugal of 1889."

The Republican party is undoubtedly of recent creation. There have been Republicans and Jacobins in Portugal since 1834, in fact since 1820. Fifteen years ago a Republican member for Lisbon could not have counted on a hundred votes. During the last elections the Republicans had several thousand votes. A considerable portion of the nation daily expresses the desire more clearly for something different to what it now has, a trite formula to be met with wherever two men meet together to discuss public matters. What shall this other thing be? It cannot be an autocracy, a form to which some superior spirits

incline, but which is odious to the masses who are entirely democratised and saturated with Liberalism. It should be, according to the malcontents, a Republic. To us Conservatives it would appear that this reorganisation could be effected by the monarchy. But the malcontents aver that the monarchy must inevitably fall, for it is irrevocably and fatally bound to the principle of constitutionalism, whose incompetence and corruption have been proved by long years of misgovernment; that the only possible solution is a Republic, and that the moment has come to save, by this means, a country which a monarchy is incapable of saving. At present the Republican party cannot be said to have a leader; for the nation does not take seriously those innocuous and otherwise estimable individuals who apparently hold the reins in its interest.



MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

Revolutionary tendencies are easily repressed where there exists a large national majority, steadfastly faithful to monarchical institutions, a majority that looks to them for its salvation, believing that without them a nation must cease to be a nation. It is this strong current of national opinion, this potent national majority that was found wanting in Brazil, under the Ouro-Preto Government. "Does this majority exist among us?" queries *Spectator*. And echo answers: "No." Among the middle classes a minority is Republican, a considerable number are, if not hostile, indifferent; others are hostile from the mere fact of their exclusion from power and its perquisites. There still remains, however, a portion, say one-half, of the middle classes that is faithful to the party who at this moment defend these institutions. The rest of the article is devoted to an appeal to the Crown to lean, in default of the support of a great national majority, "on a power which, in Portugal, can only be vested in the Army," and to proceed, with the co-operation of the Conservatives, to a "revolution that would come from above, instead of from below," thus accomplishing those radical reforms that are demanded by the popular conscience.

BE A CHRIST!

THE NEW THEOLOGY BY THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

WHEN there was delivered to me on Christmas morning in the chapel of Holloway Prison the message, "Say no more to any man or woman 'Be a Christian,' say only 'Be a Christ,'" I received it as an inspiration from on high. But although many of those to whom I communicated the message, declared that it embodied the essential truth of the Christian revelation, there were some who regarded it as verging perilously near upon the most pernicious heresy. That was a matter that did not concern me. I had my message given me, and I delivered it without concerning myself much about its bearings upon speculative theories. In the April number of the *Forum*, which did not reach me in time for notice last month, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, who has succeeded Henry Ward Beecher in the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in a notable article entitled "No Theology and New Theology," thus defines and explains the attitude of the New Theology to the Incarnation in terms which, while they are in no way unconnected with the spirit of my message at Holloway, enter upon ground from which I have scrupulously refrained. Dr. Abbott, after pointing out that it is absurd to confound the Agnostic tendency which ignores God in nature with the New Theology which regards all nature as but the expressive tongue of the Divine that is immanent in all matter, thus proceeds to define the attitude of the New Theology in relation to the Incarnation:—

The New Theology has certainly departed from the old dualistic conception of the Incarnation, though it is not yet perhaps prepared to formulate a new conception. Mediæval theology assumed an inherent and essential difference between God and man. It built up a succession of mediators to fill the gap between the Father and his children—a Son to intercede with the Father, a Virgin Mary to intercede with the Son, saints to intercede with the Virgin Mary, and priests to intercede with the saints. This whole system depended and still depend so far as it exists, on the dualistic conception of the universe. Now the Bible knows no such dualism. It represents man as made in the image of God; our experiences are the glass in which we see God darkly. It is true that the vision is often very dim, but it is an image of the divine. The difference between God and man—that is, the ideal man—is quantitative, not qualitative; it is of degree, not of kind. God is ideal man, *plus* infinity; ideal man is God, *minus* infinity. This conception of manhood and of godhood—of God as the Father whose spiritual offspring we are, of man as a partaker of the divine nature—gradually growing into the conscious life of the Christian Church, is gradually expelling the old dualism and all that grew out of it. In Protestant theology, the Virgin Mary, the saints, the priests, have already gone. With them is going the mediæval conception of Jesus Christ as God *and* man; not really an image of God, for God could not suffer; not really a perfect model for man, for man cannot hope to be as God. In place of it is dawning a conception of Jesus Christ as God *in* man; the divine spirit filling a human life with its presence and power, so that his life is a perfect type of what God means human character and life to be: so that his character is a perfect revelation of what God is, in the infinite and eternal sphere; a conception of Jesus Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, as man in whom dwelt all the fullness of the godhead bodily; a conception of Jesus Christ as God translated into terms of human experience. And this conception fits in with the conception we are gradually forming of the mystic, because spiritual, relationship between God and his children. This is a relationship of his indwelling. The "all things" that proceed from the infinite and eternal energy are not merely physical things; they are as well the spiritual experiences of man. There

is a unity in life. Were there no unity there could be no science of man, no true history, no evolution of either individual or race, no coherence, no continuity. That unity is God, and all development of humanity is the development of the life of God in the soul of man. This is what we call religion; this is what Jesus called the kingdom of God, or the kingdom of heaven. It is the reign of God, not over man, but in man; as he reigns, not over nature, but in nature. We begin dimly to see—it requires a clearer vision than mine to see it clearly, a more eloquent pen than mine to state it adequately—that the incarnation is not an isolated fact; that it is continuous and progressive; that Jesus Christ is the ideal man because God dwelt in him as he has dwelt in no other life before or since, but that he so dwelt in him that he might show us what we shall all become when he fills us with his presence and his power, and we are one with Jesus Christ as Jesus Christ is one with the Father, and Paul's inspired prayer is answered and we also are filled with the fullness of God. Then, too, will be consummated all that we mean by atonement, when separation from God—the only dualism that philosophy can recognise, and that only to declare eternal war against it—is at an end, and God is at one with his children, not merely because of some enmity appeased or some penalty remitted, but because God and man are truly at one, man in God and God in man, in an eternal spiritual unity.

Such is the direction in which the New Theology is moving.

CRICKET PAST AND PRESENT.

BY MR. W. G. GRACE.

CRICKETERS will read with interest the review of their favourite game, "Past and present, in Australia, Canada, the United States, India and England," which appears in the "English Illustrated Magazine," with portraits of A. G. Steel, W. W. Read, A. Shrewsbury, G. A. Lohmann and John Briggs. Mr. Grace is a better cricketer than he is a writer, and his survey of the game, although it will be devoured eagerly by cricketers, can hardly be said to be a literary performance. In his review of the growth of cricket in Australia, he says England still retains a strong lead in batting; but in bowling and fielding there is little to choose between the two countries, although the Australians can throw in better than we can. Altogether six Australian teams have visited England, and eleven English teams have gone out to Australia. Five English teams have gone out to the United States, and they have easily beaten the Americans all round. One Canadian and two American teams have visited England. Cricket is improving across the Atlantic but slowly. Cricket has made much more rapid progress in India, and the Parsees have made two trips to this country, and last January they succeeded in defeating an English eleven at Bombay. We are living, according to Mr. Grace, in the palmy days of cricket. Never has the game had a stronger hold in England than to-day. In scoring and bowling averages, and everything else, cricketers of to-day throw their predecessors into the shade. The chief cause of this is due to the improvement of the cricket-field, which approximates more and more throughout its entire extent to the smooth level of a billiard table. The excellency of the ground, however, has killed off real good fast bowlers. The day of terrific pace and careless length is at an end. A fast bowler who could bowl any length for a dozen overs would be invaluable, as Mr. Grace can count on the fingers of one hand the batsmen who can play a fast bowler with confidence. There is more cricket played to-day than at any time previously, and good cricket, too.

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION IMPEACHED.

FROM THE CHINESE POINT OF VIEW.

M. EUGENE SIMON continues in his "French City," in the *Nouvelle Revue*, to contrast Western and Eastern principles of civilisation, always very much to the advantage of the latter. The present number may be taken to be the development of the thesis which was given in the last number.—"No one can be happy so long as there is one unhappy." The doctrine of solidarity or sympathy to which the current of modern thought has of late so decidedly set, is set forth as the doctrine of China. The Chinese Government, having received the first report of Fan-ta-gen, is simply unable to believe that a society and Government such as he describes can exist. Order would not, they say, be possible under such circumstances.

The divorce of Western society from nature shocked the Chinese authorities.

As for essential laws, they are not made; they exist; every organism contains them. The earth carries in its breast the laws of humanity; it is in cultivating it that man little by little discovers them. One alone summarises the rest—Justice; and justice is born in the furrows. There is no culture without justice.

THE FAMILY v. THE INDIVIDUAL.

To base universal suffrage upon the vote of an individual is to the Chinese mind a glaring infraction of their great law of solidarity. The individual does not constitute a political unit. The family alone is the unit. The family is the state in miniature. The family left to itself could if need were reconstitute the State. The family is thus the required unit of universal suffrage, the right of which it will exercise through one of its members. No institution can contain in itself the elements of stability which does not spring from and remain in conformity with the main principle of solidarity. Those are the opinions of the Chinese authorities, but everywhere, as Fan-ta-gen looks around him, in Christian civilisation he finds manifest and violent evidence of the absence of solidarity. The unequal conditions of daily life drive it home to him. He thinks of it from morning till evening, from evening till morning again. He thinks of it sitting and standing, while he works, while he walks, in drawing-rooms, in the theatre, in solitude, in the crowd; and the Western world seems to him to have gone mad. So much security in the midst of such complete insecurity bewildered him.

CHRISTENDOM BASED ON BLOODSHED.

Soon his astonishment becomes stupefaction when he discovers that the inequalities he has observed are sanctioned by law; that they have been prepared, formulated, approved by numerous and solemn assemblies; consented to by the nation; and consecrated by floods of human blood shed in an incalculable number of wars and revolutions. Little by little it dawned upon him that Christian societies have been organised and Christian civilisation built up by means of violence and blood. This extraordinary origin explains much, but when he tries to understand how the whole came about he is met by the practical man, who tells him to content himself with the facts without trying to understand the idea which underlies them. To try to get back to first causes is idle. It is with the fact that we have to deal. He holds to his belief that the universal which he seeks is to be found in the idea, and with the aid of certain thinkers, who could no more conceive of the fact without the idea than of the idea without the fact, he arrives at some clearer comprehension of the problem.

In these Western idealists he seems to meet with the germs of the solidarity that he is seeking. Like himself, they desire to learn, and among their first questions is a request to be instructed in the religion of his country. An exposition of the Great Synthesis, or doctrine, of solidarity follows. Heaven, earth, and man are shown as forming a sole and great unity. His Western interlocutors ask him who taught his people a doctrine in which they recognise a likeness to their own doctrine of the Trinity. He replies, "No one and everything!" That is to say, observation and thought. Here is at once a great difference between them. They impute their own faith to divine revelation. They insist even that his faith came to him from the same revelation, although he was not aware of it. He can only bow in silence. He meets at last with real thinkers, men whom he can only compare to the most venerable doctors of China, indefatigable seekers after truth. With their help, he tells us in advance, he comes at last out of the darkness and chaos in which he has been plunged.

THE DOCTRINE OF SOLIDARITY.

We do not in this number reach the answer to the problem of happiness, which is, we imagine, to constitute the final goal, but order begins to enter into Fan-ta-gen's ideas, and the creeds of China and the Christian peoples are exposed in contrast to one another. Universal solidarity is the keynote struck again and again of the Chinese system, to which is added the conception of progress, and the whole is summarised in the following Darwinian profession of faith:—

Our religion is finally, I repeat, our civilization, our daily life, our customs, our institutions. Its ritual is our code. Where does it come from? From our ancestors. No one else has worked at it. It has been made with what was purest in their blood, best in their thought, most heroic in their endeavour. Their great soul penetrates and purifies us. In times of trouble and doubt the union with them is our support and our guide. It is at once our strength and our faith. In the past, the present, and the future meet and live with the same life. Progress, science, conscience, we owe all to it. Humanity, which has been moving on for millions of years, followed by all who are good, advances like a single man—majestically, with slow but certain steps towards a happiness which grows always greater and is never ending.

This is the conception with which the faith of China, according to Fan-ta-gen, inspires its devotees.

THE FLAW IN CHRISTIANITY.

The Christians, on the other hand, "have no traditions." Existence of the universe and men is all contained for them within the "restricted limits" of six thousand years. And, as it is evidently impossible in so short a time to have accumulated all the facts which characterise each fresh stage of humanity, their system has "suppressed embarrassing relations of things to each other and laborious production, and replaced both one and the other by the incessant and direct intervention of Providence." In order that the Chinese authorities to whom the report is made may understand the strange theory, a sketch follows of Christian doctrine, beginning with the personality of the Deity and giving the orthodox account of the creation of the world, the fall of man, its legacy to the race of original sin, and a system of eternal reward and punishment, and the evident impossibility, in the face of the Divine declaration in favour of a chosen people, of any development of the doctrine of solidarity. It is impossible to summarise in a paragraph the Voltairian pages which follow.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

BY LADY DUFF GORDON'S DAUGHTER.

MRS. ROSS, Lady Duff Gordon's daughter, begins her reminiscences of past days in *Murray's Magazine* under the title of "Early Days Recalled." Mrs. Ross, the daughter of Lady Duff Gordon and the grand-daughter of Mrs. Austin, was from her earliest childhood on terms of intimate friendship with all the wits, authors, and people of society in London and Paris. Her paper of reminiscences is much more interesting than the late Lord Lamington's "Days of the Dandies," which appeared in *Blackwood's* at the beginning of the year. There is not much art in Mrs. Ross's writing; she simply jots down as they come into her head reminiscences of people who were familiar visitors in her early home. As they included Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Thackeray, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Grote, M. Saint-Hilaire, M. Guizot, &c., her "Early Days Recalled" promises to be one of the most interesting contributions to the literary history of the last forty years.

TWO BEAUTIES OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

Lady Duff Gordon, her mother, was a singularly beautiful woman, who had so very close a resemblance to the great Napoleon that whenever she went to Bowood, Lord Lansdowne covered up his cast of Napoleon's face, taken after death, saying the likeness between a beautiful living woman and the cast of a dead face was too painful. Her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, was one of the most beautiful women of her generation; the harmony between her very dark hair and velvet brown eyes and rich brunette complexion was almost as famous as the faultless contour of her features. Once Mrs. Ross went with her aunt to buy some plaster casts. "The man, after showing us many arms, hands, ears, &c., held up a very beautifully-shaped nose. 'There, ma'am, I can safely recommend *that*, it's the Hon. Mrs. Norton's nose, and artists do buy alot on 'em; it's very popular.'"

When M. Guizot came to London after the revolution he came to their house and occasioned the little girl one of her first disappointments—she expected to see a magnificent man covered with wounds and blood, while the real M. Guizot was "a small neatly-dressed gentleman with rather cold manners; very like other people."

MR. CARLYLE.

The only visitor at Queen Square I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle; he was really better acquainted with my grandmother. Mrs. Austin, than with my parents, and came but seldom. One afternoon my mother had a discussion with him on German literature, and her extraordinary eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper, and burst forth in his Scotch tongue: "You're just a windbag, Lucie; you're just a windbag." I had been listening with all my ears, and, conceiving him to be very rude, interrupted him, saying, "My papa always says men should be civil to women," for which pert remark I got a scolding from my mother. But Mr. Carlyle was not offended, and, turning to her, said: "Lucie, that child of yours has an eye for an inference."

While riding with Mr. Carlyle in the park one day His felt wideawake blew off, and a labouring man picked it up and ran after us. Mr. Carlyle, instead of giving him sixpence, as I expected, merely said, "Thankye, my man; you can just say you've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle."

THACKERAY, MOORE, AND ROGERS.

Mr. Thackeray was a constant visitor, and when he sketched the frontispiece of "Pendennis" she was sitting on his knee. She also records that when she was five years old he gave her an oyster, saying it tasted like cabinet pudding. She is enthusiastic about Mr. Rogers' Sunday breakfasts.

The talk that charmed me, young as I was, so much, that the highest praise I could think of for a grand Twelfth-night party at Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's was, "it is *almost* as nice as Mr. Rogers' breakfasts." The conversation one morning turned on Fame, and Mr. Rogers related how he was once dining at Pope's Villa at Twickenham, with Byron and Moore, when the same subject was discussed. Singing was heard in the distance, and presently a boat full of people floated past. They were singing "Love's Young Dream." Byron put his hand on Moore's shoulder, saying, "There, *that* is Fame."

GROTE, BABBAGE, AND LAYARD.

Mr. Grote, a stately old gentleman, always known as the historian, was another acquaintance. One day Mr. Babbage took her to see his calculating machine, and as she could never do her sums, she immediately asked him to give it her. Mr. Babbage had a wonderful automaton—a lady made of silver, which he called his wife, who moved her arms in a graceful but weird fashion. The paper is full of interesting stories. Among others, we are told that M. de Haxthausen wore round his neck the crown of the Queen of the Serpents, which he declared made him the ruler of all the serpents in the world. Sir Austin Layard, one of her best and truest friends, was always known by the nickname of Mr. Bull, and she tells a charming story of a French ventriloquist, who threw up all his engagements because at the first performance Lord Houghton blew his nose like a trumpet. He said, "Those English have terrible noses, it reminds one of the day of judgment." She gives a vivid picture of M. Saint-Hilaire and Victor Cousin. Altogether the paper is much above the average, and the continuation of the series will be awaited with interest.

COUNT MATTEI, THE CANCER CURER.—Dr. Kennedy has been deluged with letters from all parts of the world on account of the article which we published concerning the success which had attended the Mattei system in dealing with cancer. In reply to many inquiries, I may say that the Lady Paget who wrote the article in the *National Review*, which has attracted so much attention, is not the wife of Sir James Paget, the eminent physician, but the wife of Sir Augustus Paget, now Her Majesty's ambassador at Vienna. Lady Paget's attention was attracted to the Mattei system owing to the relief her husband had attained through its means from a troublesome malady—which, however, was not cancer. Reuter has sent this month, from India, news of the unprecedented success which the Mattei system has achieved in the curing of leprosy. In view of the attention which has been attracted to the subject, it is not surprising that Dr. Kennedy has decided to try to establish a cancer ward for poor patients who can be treated on the Mattei system, and so put in the way of curing themselves. Those who desire to assist in establishing such a ward, as well as all others who wish for information on Count Mattei's remedies, should address the secretary of Dr. Kennedy's private medical home for the treatment of cancer, at 96, Addison Road, W.

GOOD NEWS FOR OUR FARMERS.

THE APPROACHING COLLAPSE OF AMERICAN COMPETITION.

The real economic question which underlies Irish agitation is the fall in the value of land caused by the excessive competition of American produce. Whether or not Irish land legislation succeeds depends entirely upon whether or not the value of Irish land has touched bottom. As long as the American farmer can put his beef in the English market at a lower figure per pound than the Irish farmer can produce it there is no hope of any tranquillity in Ireland. But the moment American produce rises in value, that moment the tide will begin to turn. The present lull in Ireland is much more due to the prices of meat in the Chicago market than to all the legislation of the Imperial Parliament. But it is not only in Ireland that American competition has revolutionised the conditions of agriculture. There is probably not a county in England in which there are not farms idle at this moment and landlords at the brink of ruin because of the impossibility of producing meat and wheat at paying prices, in face of the cheap produce of the American prairie. Hence I am inclined to regard Mr. C. Wood Davis's papers in the *Forum* of April and May as being quite the most important from an economic point of view of any in the periodicals under review this month. Mr. Wood Davis sets forth with a great display of statistical information that American competition, so far as wheat and meat are concerned, is on its last legs, and in a very short time America will actually have to import wheat to feed her own population! For years past, he points out, the American farmer has been almost driven to bankruptcy by the excessive production of cereals and stock.

He calculates that it requires an acre and a quarter to produce the agricultural product consumed at home or exported abroad. During the last fourteen years so much land has been brought under cultivation that the acreage per head rose to $3\frac{1}{2}$ in 1884, and it was the crops of the surplus quarter acre which flooded the home and foreign markets. In 1888, however, this acreage per head had fallen from 3.51 to 3.36, and the process thus begun will proceed till in 1894, there will only be 3 acres per head, owing to the natural increase of the population. If the American people continue to require the product of $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres each, they will have to make an annual addition of 6,000,000 acres at least to keep pace with the natural increment of the population. For years past the annual additions have been less than 3,000,000 of acres. Mr. Davis's conclusions are as follows:—

If the computation of the area required per capita be correct, and if the Department of Agriculture has not under-estimated the area employed in growing the staple crops, domestic consumption will absorb the entire product of cereals, potatoes, and hay within five years from January, 1890, and thereafter agricultural exports will consist almost wholly of tobacco, cotton, and animal products, the volume of which will shrink as constantly, if not in the same degree, as home consumption increases. An equalisation of the supply of the various staples will readily follow from the application of corn and wheat fields to the growth of such products as may, from time to time, be in most urgent demand. Meantime, prices will steadily advance.

To most people it would probably appear absurd to suggest that well within ten years it may be found necessary to import large quantities of wheat to feed the ever-increasing population; but such will be the logical sequence of the necessity of employing wheat fields in the growth of other staples, and of the exhaustion of the material from which farms are developed.

Assuming the substantial correctness of the estimates of area by the Department of Agriculture, and that home

requirements will be such as to employ 3.15 acres per capita, the answer to the question, When will the farmer be prosperous? resolves itself into a calculation as simple as the following:—

January, 1884, a population of 72,000,000 will require in staple crops an area of	226,800,000 acres.
Area now employed in growing such crops	211,000,000 acres.
Additions to be made to such area in four years	12,000,000 acres. 223,000,000 acres.

Acreage deficit, January, 1894 3,800,000 acres.

This deficit should be sufficient to neutralise any possible under-estimate of the area now in cultivation.

Does not the evidence adduced show that before this decade is half spent, all the products of the farm will be required at good prices, that lands will appreciate greatly in value, and that the American farmer will enter upon an era of prosperity, the unlimited continuance of which is assured by the exhaustion of the arable areas?

WISE ADVICE AS TO READING.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Dr. Holmes discourses in the last article of the series of "Over the Tea-cups" on the intellectual overfeeding and its consequence, dyspepsia. The discourse is of interest to us inasmuch as the "Dictator of the Tea Table" is good enough to refer to this review as an illustration of the difficulty of keeping pace with the flood of literature which issues from the press.

There is something positively appalling in the amount of printed matter yearly, monthly, weekly, daily, secreted by that great gland of the civilized organism, the press.

It has long been a favourite rule with me, a rule which I have never lost sight of, however imperfectly I have carried it out: Try to know enough of a wide range of subjects to profit by the conversation of intelligent persons of different callings and various intellectual gifts and acquisitions. The cynic will paraphrase this into a shorter formula: Get a smattering in every sort of knowledge. I must, therefore, add a second piece of advice: Learn to hold as of small account the comments of the cynic. Once more, do not be bullied out of your common sense by the specialist; two to one, he is a pedant, with all his knowledge and valuable qualities, and will "cavil on the ninth part of a hair," if it will give him a chance to show off his idle erudition.

Book-reading is not necessarily profitless, but it is very stimulating, and makes one hungry for more than he needs for the nourishment of his thinking-marrow. To feed this insatiable hunger, the abstracts, the reviews, do their best. But these, again, have grown so numerous and so crowded with matter that it is hard to find time to master their contents. We are accustomed, therefore, to look for analyses of these periodicals, and at last we have placed before us a formidable-looking monthly, *THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. After the analyses comes the newspaper notice; and there is still room for the epigram, which sometimes makes short work with all that has gone before on the same subject.

It is just as well to recognise the fact that if one should read day and night, confining himself to his own language, he could not pretend to keep up with the press. He might as well try to race with a locomotive. The first discipline therefore, is that of despair. If you could stick to your reading day and night for fifty years, what a learned idiot you would become long before the half-century was over!

We get a good deal of knowledge through the atmosphere; we learn a great deal by accidental hearsay, provided we have the *mordant* in our own consciousness which makes the wise remark, the significant fact, the instructive incident, take hold upon it. After the stage of despair comes the period of consolation. We soon find that we are not so much worse off than most of our neighbours, as we supposed. The fractional value of the wisest shows a small numerator divided by an infinite denominator of knowledge.

HOW ONE MAN, ONE VOTE, IS RUINING FRANCE.

BY M. TAINE.

If the condition of contemporary France does not improve it is not for want of hearing hard truths from her own writers. M. Taine, in his second article on the Reconstruction of France in 1800, treats the civil constitution of the country as severely in the first number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May as M. Arsene Vacherot treated the army in a late number of the *Nouvelle Revue*. Keeping to his text of local government, he declares that in France, local government, as it was reconstituted at the beginning of the century, has been an abortion. But his argument proves even more perhaps than he intends, for he so divides the French public as to make it appear that the masses separate themselves into the more or less idiotic, incapable of appreciating or directing their own interests, and the revolutionary who are impelled by no other motive than immediate and personal gain. The result of what he summarises as "the philosophical destruction of the revolution and the practical construction of the consulate" has been to destroy the possibility of normal and healthy local life. The departments and communes have become mere furnished hotels, more or less vast, all built on the same plan, or administered according to the same rules, all about as good, one as the other, "so that between the thirty-six thousand commercial hotels and the eighty-six departmental hotels there is nothing to choose, and it is a matter of indifference whether you live in one or the other." Roughly and generally it may be said that up to the year 1830 the legitimate proprietor of the local hotel was admitted to be the central State whose delegate, the prefect, was installed with full powers and kept local opinion within the narrowest limits of its very small rights. "From the year 1848, the legitimate ownership of the hotel passed to its male adult inhabitants, counted only by heads and having each an equal title to and equal share in the common property, the said male inhabitants comprising those who contributed nothing or next to nothing to the expenses of the house, the very numerous half-poor who were lodged in it at half-price, and the not less numerous very poor whom administrative philanthropy furnishes gratis with all the conveniences of the hotel, shelter, light, and very often food." Between these "contradictory and equally false conceptions" a sort of compromise has now been arrived at; the prefect remains nominal manager, the democratic proprietor insists upon interfering with his most trifling actions. The result is, according to M. Taine, so destructive of all good management that no private business could possibly continue to exist under the system, and political bankruptcy is the goal which sooner or later must be reached. M. Taine does not hesitate to name Universal Suffrage with its present constitution of equal votes as the principal factor in the whole evil, and the part of the article in which he discusses it is, perhaps, the most interesting. He points out that the bond which forms local society is the principle that all members of it have a common interest, to the safeguarding of which they will contribute a common effort. But, as a matter of fact, the individuals of any society do not contribute equally to the common interest; some even are by the force of circumstances necessarily excused from any contribution. To give to those who contribute greatly, to those who only contribute slightly, and to those who do not contribute at all, an equal voice in the management of the public business is as unjust as it would be in the case of an omnibus company to give the holder of a thousand shares the same vote at a general meeting of

shareholders as is possessed by the holder of one share. This applies to the ordinary and necessary charges of the State. When to these are added special charges, such as education, hospitals, public charities, &c., the injustice becomes evidently greater. Only the richer members pay these charges; therefore, the many vote that the few shall pay for advantages by which the few who pay for them do not profit. The argument leaves out of sight the general profit which all members of a society draw from the amelioration of the conditions of life, diminution of crime and pauperism within the responsible limits of that society, and goes on to lay down the principle that the power of the vote should be in proportion to the amount of the public burden borne by the voter. This is, M. Taine contends, the principle upon which every private enterprise is conducted. The neglect of it would ruin private business, and the neglect of it is, in his opinion, ruining France.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND.

BY A BELGIAN ULTRAMONTANE.

The *Revue Générale* of Brussels contains the last instalment of an inordinately long criticism, by Madame de Mareey, of the well-known work of Mr. Albert du Boys on *Catherine d'Aragon*, and the researches of T. S. Brewer on the same subject. The final page is worth mentioning as it shows how England is appreciated by Belgians, even when they are the "pure of the pure" in the Ultramontane flock:—

"More than any other Protestant faith the Anglican Church resembles the Roman Catholic. It seems, when duly tested, that nought but traditional and historical hatreds, continued for centuries, separate it from the mother Church and the Papacy; it is therefore of the greatest interest to seek the reason of those hatreds, and to throw a light on their history. Anent this subject, as anent many others, it is of infinite use to study England, who, even when she is a rival, remains for us a sister.

"German more than we, Celtic as much as we, Latin less than we, but, nevertheless, Latin in our way, the Anglo-Saxon race has a history that is always in touch with ours, and we can no more disinterest ourselves from its future than we can separate its past from our past.

"One must acknowledge also that, in a certain sense, there is not a more consolatory history than that of the Anglo-Saxon, for no other demonstrates better that it is by bitter trials that strong races are born into the world.

"This people, so original and so strong (and now in possession of so rare a degree of political maturity, and social manliness and equilibrium), has been subjected, more than any other, to the violent ills of childhood, the revolutions of boyhood, and the passions of youth.

"It has now the defects of manhood, and makes mistakes, for there is no season for exemption from sins. It carries within itself persisting causes of disorder and even deep-rooted vices. But it is especially far from childish exaltations and senile alarms; yet whilst progressing like a people that is still young, it does not abandon its tradition. And, to conclude, one has to acknowledge that, although under the lead of such Sovereigns as Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, it has drifted away from the Church, has clung with energy to all the Christianity that was left to it. Nay, more it has now a tendency—slow, consequent, and deep, like all lasting movements, to become again a branch of the Universal Church.

"For all these reasons we cannot study enough the revolutions of England, the commotions that have built up or modified her normal being—in a word, the books that allow us to penetrate her most intimate life, such as those that have guided me in this study."

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH SAYS.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE "BYSTANDER."

Not content with writing articles in both the leading American reviews, Mr. Goldwin Smith has a monthly review all to himself in the *Bystander*, which is published in Toronto, at ten cents per number, containing thirty-two pages of more or less interesting comments on current events. I put together a few extracts from the May number.

THE FUTURE OF PARTIES IN CANADA.

The Liberals are henceforth the Continental, their opponents the Anti-Continental, party. The Liberal party is that which accepts the apparent decree of nature, believes the lot of Canada to be cast on her own Continent, and seeks to open to her people the markets of her Continent and all the other advantages of the New World. The Tory party, on the other hand, is that which seeks to cut off Canada from the Continent of which nature has made her a part, to dedicate her to the political sentiment of an aristocratic power on the other side of the Atlantic, and to shape her policy, Commercial and general, in that interest, renouncing for her the benefits of the Continental market, of Continental capital and enterprise, and the inflow of Continental population. This forms an issue not less clear than it is momentous, and upon it apparently decisive battle is to be joined.

THE ULTIMATE OUTCOME OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

As might be expected, Mr. Smith is very sarcastic about the admission of Wyoming to the dignity of a State with Woman's Suffrage as its corner stone. He says:—

It is pretty sure to prove the thin end of the wedge. As soon as politicians see that a new postulant for the ballot is gaining ground all power of resistance fails them, they fall on their faces and think only how they may propitiate the coming vote. Never was there a truer or a more pregnant word than that of the American who said that there would be no peace or quiet till a black woman had been elected President of the United States. When by successive agitations that point has been reached the slow and painful reascend towards reason and nature will begin. There is a bevy of ladies over the way who have evidently set before themselves a very high and spiritual ideal. They propose to throw all the work and all the endurance on the men, to escape as far as possible the burdens of the family, to share the sovereign power with all the prizes and excitements of public life, to retain at the same time all the present privileges of their sex, and to have a good time. This they think, and indeed have been taught to think, due to their angelic nature and they call it Equality. They have made fair progress towards realisation.

IRISH POLITICS AS SEEN FROM TORONTO.

Mr. Goldwin Smith takes a desponding view of Mr. Balfour's Land Bill. He says:—

That an agrarian settlement would for the present damp and perhaps extinguish the political conflagration is pretty certain; not so certain is it that the settlement itself would last. The land and climate of Ontario are far better suited for grain at least than those of Ireland, while between the energy, intelligence, and frugality of the two sets of farmers there can be no comparison; yet the farms of Ontario, as we see, are heavily mortgaged. There is too much reason to fear that the creation of a peasant proprietary in Ireland, though it is assumed to be the grand panacea, would result only in the substitution of the mortgagee for the landlord; and the mortgagee never reduces rent, never resides, never lends the farmers help or guidance, does no act of bounty or kindness in the parish.

As to Home Rule, it has nearly ceased for the present to be a living issue. Lord Rosebery, who looks to the future, has almost thrown up the sponge for Disunion; and Mr. Gladstone, who cleaves to it with senile tenacity, offends and disconcerts his party by so doing.

IF I HAD £5,000!

A PLEA FOR VILLAGE ALMSHOUSES.

THE most charming paper in the *Nineteenth Century* is a very admirable article concerning village almshouses, by Dr. Jessopp. It is one which might be read with advantage by every person who is interested in the practical question of the relief of our aged poor. The indiscriminate fashion in which our poor-law administration lumps together the worthless and the worthy in the union work-houses in a heterogeneous mass has long cried to heaven for reform, and Dr. Jessopp sets forth some of the salient abominations of the present system with much human feeling and considerable literary skill. His account of the way in which the almshouses of the Guilds of trades' unions of the Tudor times were plundered at the Reformation is very striking, but I will only venture here to quote the conclusion, in which he sets forth how he would give effect to his ideal.

"Throw the endowments of half-a-dozen parishes into a common fund, and let it be used partly to build almshouses for those parishes, and the maintenance of those who may be chosen to dwell in them. Let these live rent free—with their little gardens to make gay, their little chambers to keep clean, their little household goods not all confiscated. There is no need of any very great weekly allowance. Give the aged couple five or six shillings a-week, and they will manage to live in comfort after their fashion. Let there be nothing grand about it at all—no largeness, for that frightens our rustics; no grand architectural "features," only some humble homeliness—a resting-place for him or her; and if it may be so, the house of prayer not far off, for the end is drawing nigh.

"If God should ever grant me five thousand pounds, which I may, without injustice to others, spend in a lump during my own lifetime, I hereby promise and vow that I will indulge myself to the extent of the aforesaid five thousand pounds in giving shape and form to an old whim or dream.

"I will buy half an acre of land, and on it I will build a humble row of five little houses, each with its own little garden, and each with its own little patch of land. There shall be ornamental trees planted, and there shall be a good fence all round, and there shall be a frontage to the road, and there shall be at least one well of water, and there shall be the best possible drainage. To the occupants of each house there shall be allowed six shillings a week, and there shall be a surplus income set apart for repairs and contingencies. There shall be a board—or a bench—of governors, or managers, or trustees, to whom the oversight or management of the said houses shall be entrusted, who shall be tied and bound by as few hard and fast rules as possible, consistent with providing for the absolutely necessary requirements of health, decency, and cleanliness. The area from which the governors shall be chosen shall be wider than any single parish, and so shall the area be from which the inmates of the houses may be elected, and no one shall have the right to claim priority of election over anyone else. As I will allow of no disqualification for admission except such as the managers may from time to time lay down for their own guidance, so I will allow no one to be irremovable from his or her house in cases where it shall seem necessary for the managers to exercise their right and power of dismissal. I will set down my houses at least three miles from any market town."

WHAT MUST BE DONE IN MAKOLOLO-LAND.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

Mr. Rankin, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, writing on "The Portuguese and Makololo land," sets forth his ideas of our present duty in our new protectorate as follows:—

The faith of the Makololos in the veracity and good intentions of the English has received a violent shock, and the conditions under which our old relations were so amicably maintained must now be considered as irrevocably abrogated. Not until we take effectual means to reinstate our good name in the eyes of the Makololo will our colonists be assured the most ordinary facilities for carrying out their commercial, agricultural, and missionary labours.

A brief summary of our requirements in Makololo-land, and a sketch of the most effectual and economic policy for carrying them out, may not be without value.

Our primary considerations must be directed—

1. To the protection of the lives and property of our countrymen in Makololo-land, the security of trading and agricultural operations, and the protection of the natives and colony from foreign attack.

2. To institute a recognised local authority in questions affecting the relations of natives and colonists.

3. To establish our just rights to a free use of the natural waterway to the sea.

It would be advisable to obtain the services of a number of aliens. About 100 would be found sufficient. Sepoys or Beloochees, such as are employed by the Sultan of Zanzibar, would be preferable in many ways.

A camp might be fixed in a central and strategic position on the highlands, where a number of men and a machine-gun could be stationed, commanded by an English officer. Mount Duranji, about four miles distant from the Blantyre and Mandala settlements, would afford an excellent position for such a camp. From this point the view commands almost the whole of Makololo-land; and heliographic or other communication could, if desired, be maintained over the whole of the colony. Making this central camp the headquarters, a number of stockaded or otherwise fortified outposts might be stationed at all the more important points. At each of these outposts might be stationed a few men, who could be in constant communication with the central camp.

Thus effective measures would be taken, not only to advance the interests of the colonists by insuring security, but also to facilitate the work of combination of the natives under the Makololo chiefs, and so complete the excellent work initiated by Dr. Livingstone.

Suitable native material could be soon developed into an efficient police and defensive force, among which the Beloochees or Sepoys would at first act as a species of leaven. In a few years a system of taxation for administrative and public purposes could be carried out, and commerce placed upon a permanently satisfactory footing.

Vessels can now tranship at once into river craft without entailing, as heretofore, an expensive and lengthy journey over swamps, *via* Quillimane. There is no need for goods or produce to and from Makololo-land to touch on Portuguese soil, or pass through Portuguese Custom-houses. In short, our colony has now all the advantages of a seaport, instead of being a region isolated and cut off from civilisation by miles of pestilential morass and the obstructions of alien and prohibitive fiscal restrictions.

If the only road to and from Makololo-land is to continue to be through the doors of a Portuguese Custom-house, we had far rather abandon our protectorate, and leave it

a prey to the inhuman traffic of Portuguese half-caste slave-dealers.

The future route to East Central Africa is obviously through the Chinde mouth on to the main stream of the Zambesi. By the use of hulks as floating wherries in the entrance of the river, there will be no need to land or come in contact with Portuguese jurisdiction.

WHY WERE THE JEWS THE CHOSEN PEOPLE?

BY MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S third paper in *Good Words* deals with "The Office and Work of the Old Testament in Outline." He thinks that the purport of the Old Testament can be best summed up in the words that it is a history of sin and redemption. After explaining that the narrative of the Fall is in accordance with the laws of a grand and comprehensive philosophy, and that the objections taken to it are the product of narrower and shallower modes of thought, he proceeds, passing by the story of the Deluge and the dispersion, to consider the selection of Abraham. "Why," he asks, "were the Jews selected as the chosen people of God?" Not, he thinks, because of their moral superiority. He contrasts the Jewish ethics and those of the Greeks, considerably to the detriment of the former, and then sums up the matter as follows:—

Enough has perhaps been said to show that we cannot claim as a thing demonstrable a great moral superiority for the Hebrew line generally over the whole of the historically known contemporary races. I nevertheless cannot but believe that there was an interior circle, known to us by its fruits in the Psalter and the prophetic books, of morality and sanctity altogether superior to what was to be found elsewhere, and due rather to the pre-Mosaic than to the Mosaic religion of the race. But it remains to answer with reverence the question, Why, if not for a distinctly superior morality, nor as a full religious provision for the whole wants of man, *why* was the race chosen as a race to receive the promises, to guard the oracles, and to fulfil the hopes, of the great Redemption?

The answer may, I believe, be conveyed in moderate compass. The design of the Almighty, as we everywhere find, was to prepare the human race, by a varied and a prolonged education, for the arrival of the great Redemption. The immediate purposes of the Abrahamic selection may have been to appoint, for the task of preserving in the world the fundamental bases of religion, a race which possessed qualifications for that end decisively surpassing those of all other races. We may easily indicate two of these fundamental bases. The first was the belief in one God. The second was the knowledge that the race had departed from His laws: without which knowledge how should they welcome a Deliverer whose object it was to bring them back? It may be stated with confidence that among the dominant races of the world the belief in one God was speedily destroyed by polytheism, and the idea of sin faded gradually but utterly away. Is it audacious to say that what was wanted was a race so endowed with the qualities of masculine tenacity and persistency, as to hold over these all-important truths until that fulness of time when, by and with them, the complete design of the Almighty would be revealed to the world? A long experience of trials beyond all example has proved since the Advent how the Jews, in 't' is one essential quality, have surpassed every other people upon earth. A marvellous and glorious experience has shown how among their ancestors before the Advent were kept alive and in full vigour the doctrine of belief in one God, and the true idea of sin. These our Lord found ready to His hand, essential preconditions of His teaching. And in the exhibition of this great and unparalleled result of a most elaborate and peculiar discipline we may perhaps recognise, sufficiently for the present purpose, the office and work of the Old Testament.

THE UNIVERSITY MISSIONS IN LONDON SLUMS.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Hamlet Clark describes the work done by the Universities in the South and East of London, from which I take the following particulars:—

TOYNBEE HALL.

Toynbee Hall was opened in 1885. It contains thirty private rooms for graduates and undergraduates of the University to the number of seventeen, who bind themselves to a term of not less than three months, and pay at a moderate scale of charges, according to the accommodation desired. It also contains a dining room, a drawing room, a class room, a common room, and five little halls for lectures and entertainments. Non-resident associates, numbering 100, co-operate in the work.

The programme for one week at Toynbee comprises ten lectures (four in connection with the University Extension Society), nine reading parties, the meetings of two literary societies, thirty-five classes of various kinds, a concert, a party to Boy Foresters, another to those attending recreative evening classes, the annual meeting of the Pupil Teachers' Association, and the constant use of the library containing 4,000 volumes.

As a sample of its miscellaneous activities, we have the Toynbee Travellers' Club organising excursions to the Continent, largely availed of by teachers, working-men's trips to Oxford, &c., &c., and other committees arranging children's trips to the country or visits to the principal sights of London.

OXFORD HOUSE.

Slightly different in its aims and functions is Oxford House, another University colony in Bethnal Green, described as "a centre for religious, social, and educational work amongst the poor of East London." Its staff consists of men who, after taking their degree, wish to face the problems of a great city, and its main form of action consists in starting and organising clubs for working-men.

A labour register and a refuge for homeless poor form part of its benevolent machinery, while its spiritual energies take the form of lectures as an antidote to infidelity.

The large Christchurch College Mission in Poplar, with the organisation of a small parish, may be taken as a sample of the more exclusively religious work undertaken by Oxford.

THE LADIES' MISSION.

A society of lady students and graduates, under the title of the Woman's University Association, has been established in Southwark for two years.

The work of the association is multifarious, including evening classes for instruction and recreation, the organisation of holiday trips for children, the superintendence of the London Pupil Teachers' Association, assistance in the management of Board schools, and general co-operation with all existing charitable institutions. Active help, for instance, is given to the local branch of the "Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants," and a lodging-house has been opened in which girls are accommodated while out of place, and training in household work is given to those who wish to qualify for domestic service.

CAMBRIDGE IN SOUTH LONDON.

Cambridge, on the other hand, while not standing aloof from these organisations of lay beneficence, has more especially devoted itself to the work of supplementing and strengthening the parochial machinery on which the waxing population and waning respectability of South London in particular has thrown too great a strain.

In this area Cambridge has, since 1884, established six College Missions, and the example of the University has been followed by two of the public schools—Charterhouse and Wellington.

College Missions have been established by St. John's, Pembroke, Trinity, and Clare. Graduates and undergraduates are boarded at the Pembroke Mission House at 27s. 6d. per week.

Among the adjuncts to the mission are a men's club, with billiards and other amusements, a woman's guild, meeting monthly, and a charitable kitchen, which supplies soup in winter and invalid food all the year round.

The newest college missions are those of Caius College in Battersea, founded 1887, and Corpus Christi in Camberwell, with a working man's institute, Sunday-school and soup kitchen. The men in charge of these missions, Mr. Clark says, are the captains of the rising generation, the flower of England's manhood, the standard-bearers of her honour, the coming leaders of her thought and action. In them lies the future of England.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN SPAIN.

BY A SPANISH LADY.

Far ahead of all the articles in the current Spanish reviews, and worthy of all praise, is *The Spanish Woman*, by la Señora Emilia Pardo Bazán in the *Revista Ibero-Americana*. The article is written with singular grace and power, and is in itself one of the best proofs we could have of the progress which has been made during the present century in the higher education of Spanish women. "It is indisputable," she says, "that Spaniards in general have not resigned themselves to any change in their women. For the Spaniard, however liberal or advanced in his opinion, the ideal of woman is not in the future but in the past. The model wife is still the same she was a century ago." "The social distance between the sexes is to-day greater than it was in old Spain. Men have gained rights and privileges in which women have no share." "No woman in Spain, from the occupant of the throne downwards, enjoys the slightest political influence—the female intelligence is but a pale reflection of ideas suggested by men." Husbands will not allow their wives to read political newspapers, or attend meetings of the freethinkers. "Why did you not bring your wife?" was demanded of one of these. "My wife!" exclaimed the horror-stricken husband. "My wife, thank God, is no *librepensadora*—freethinker." "The man considers himself a superior being; he can no longer place a negro with a dagger in his girdle to watch over his wife, but he can provide her with an august protector—God. Thus God is for the Spanish woman the protector of the marriage tie; hence no Spaniard will consent to see his wife forsake the religion in which she was brought up. Husbands who have not confessed their sins for thirty years would be greatly scandalized to hear that their wives had not observed, at least, the Easter confession." "Frequent confession, however, the Spanish husband is jealous of." These frequent confessions are provocative of family jars, and confessions made to Jesuit fathers are held in abhorrence. "What the Spaniard likes in his wife is a mild refining faith and a piety that is neither excessive nor ridiculous." This article is also old broth warmed up; for it appeared in the *Fortnightly* for May last year. Good as the English translation is, we prefer the original in *La Revista*.

THE LICENSING LAWS OF HOLLAND.

ACCORDING to an article on the Dutch Licensing Laws by Mr. H. Berdenis, in the *Vragen des Tijds*, the Licensing Law of 1881 enacted that no one should retail intoxicating liquors in quantities of less than two litres without a licence; and that the number of licences granted in each community should not exceed a certain maximum, to be determined by the local government. Thus, at Amsterdam the local maximum was fixed at 700 (the actual number of drink-shops when the law came into operation being 1,832); at Rotterdam, 324; at the Hague, 255, &c.

By way of compensation to publicans, however, it was enacted that all existing public-houses in excess of the maximum should, if their owners conformed to the law in other respects, be granted licences for twenty years longer. Even in this form it was feared the law might be too severe to attain its end; and accordingly, Herr Van Gennep introduced an amendment to the effect that, under special circumstances, licences beyond the maximum might be granted by the mayor and magistrates of a commune.

After reviewing, by means of very full statistics, the working of this liquor law during the past eight or nine years, Mynheer Berdenis comes to the conclusion, first, that the term "special circumstances" is susceptible of a much wider interpretation in the application of the law than was at all contemplated by the former; and, secondly, that this interpretation differs widely, not only in the different provinces of the kingdom, but even in different parishes of the same province.

"It was specially asserted, in the debate on this amendment, that it was only intended to meet exceptional cases. What has happened in reality? It has been put into operation some 800 times in the eight years since the law came into force. It is indeed remarkable to see how many establishments which, in the nature of things, have nothing to do with the use of strong drink are yet declared unable to exist without a licence. Theatres and concert-rooms—in one case even the waiting-room at a railway-station—unable to exist without the sale of drink! No sea-bathing place possible without a certain number of drink-shops to attract the public! Large and small exhibitions, shooting competitions and races, skating and musical festivals, all run the risk of failure unless the indispensable factor, drink, was present. No railway, steamboat, or tram-car station of any importance could do without a licence for the sale of drink. How are these licences to be reconciled with the principle laid down by the framer of the law?—'Diminish the opportunities for obtaining drink, and the habit of drinking would grow less'?"

In conclusion, the author is of opinion that the law as it stands needs revision; and, further, that the granting of licences ought not to be left to local option. Uniformity in the working of the law should be secured, he thinks, by placing the matter in the hands of one central authority, and, in fact, confining the licensing power to the King himself.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Bible Advocate," 2d.; "Christian," 2d.; "Church of Scotland," 1d.; "The Expository Times," 1d.; "The East Lancashire Review," 3d.; "The Guide," "The Homœopathic World," 6d.; "Juvenile World," 1d.; "Life and Work," 1d.; "Nature Notes," 2d.; "Naturalist Gazette," "Messenger" (Shanghai), 2d.; "Presbyterian Churchman," 2d.; "Rest and Reaping," 2d.; "Springtime," 2d.; "Sanitary Record," "Scottish Congregationalist," "Student," 2d.

REMBRANDT'S YOUTH.

THERE is always a great attraction in the history of the early life and struggles of great men, and M. Emile Michel's "Youth of Rembrandt," of which a second instalment appears in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for May, is no exception to the rule. The last number left Rembrandt still in his teens, having finished such artistic education as he was to get from the teachers of his day, and back in his father's mill, with the open spaces of nature all about him, and a determination to get somehow nearer to truth than the "Italianisers" of the day. His first pictures gave little indication of the greatness to which he was to attain. M. Michel dissects several of them, the earlier ones not venturing beyond a composition with a single figure, and showing only an evident desire "to copy all the elements from reality itself."

Models were not to be had, but his father, his mother, and the other members of the household lent themselves to him. He used them in every attitude, and they, "happy to help him, entered into his caprices, so that he could, without ever wearying them, vary with them all his effects." Then he had himself, whom he worked hard as a model. Sometimes he used himself for studying light and shade, and made careful series of studies of the modifications in the appearance of forms which result from differences in the angle of light or in the direction and intensity of shadows. Sometimes drawing becomes the principal object of the studies. Then attitude, expression, costume, are in turn studied. He poses, he drapes himself before the mirror. He alters his expression, and carefully notes the effect upon the features of laughter, fear, attention, sorrow, pain, contentment, anger. Of course, the effects produced in this voluntary manner are artificial, they can hardly be called more than the grimace of expression. But, nevertheless, the idea of expression and of the truthful rendering of it is there, and the young artist finds this pursuit of reality so fascinating that, according to the evidence of Houbraken, he never ceased work in his father's house so long as there was daylight. It was not enough for him to paint and draw; he also studied engraving. How he learnt the actual process nobody knows, but at Leyden the memory of Lucas was still fresh, and Rembrandt had so great an admiration for his work that he studied it with passion, and made some of its best traditions his own. Lucas' management of light and effects of *chiaro oscuro* especially had a lasting influence upon him. Thus, like every other genius, he took his own where he found it, and drew for himself from many masters the teaching which no one of them all could have given him alone.

Sir John Lubbock on Bimetallism.—In the *New Review* Sir John Lubbock thus states his case against Bimetallism:—"While the necessities of life have fallen in price, say 20 per cent., wages, on the contrary, have not diminished, so that the interests of the great wage-earning class are opposed to the change; that those who have any of their savings invested in foreign countries would be unfavourably affected by the change; that our great Australian colonies are not likely to concur; that we cannot expect to prevent fluctuations in value between two great articles of commerce, such as gold and silver; that the mercantile community are opposed to it; and that the supposed necessity for a change does not exist. Under these circumstances, we should surely be very unwise to introduce any fundamental change in the standard of value and system of currency under which our trade and commerce have attained a magnitude and prosperity unexampled in the history of the world."

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

In *Newberry House Magazine* the writer of "Our Pilgrimage to Oberammergau" gives the following description of the Passion Play which all the world is seeing this year:—

As the last notes of the Chorus, singing the Prologue, die away, the curtain draws up on the first type-scene—the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden. The members of the choir, meanwhile, have parted right and left, so as to leave the *tableau* clear, and, falling on their knees, do reverence to the Tree of Life, which appears, as a large cross, in the background. A boy's voice, behind the scenes, softly sings a prayer that God will grant the spectators a right spirit of thankful awe in which to follow the steps of Him who comes to offer Himself as the Sacrifice for sin.

SCENE 1.—THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY. Then follows the first scene of the Great Tragedy—The Triumphal Entry. The stage is crowded with figures—300 persons appearing at once, strewing palms, and raising a song of welcome to the lowly King, who comes among them riding on an ass. The cleansing of the Temple follows. It is a magnificent scene.

SCENE 2.—THE COUNCIL. Consists, first, of a *tableau* showing Joseph conspired against by his brethren; second, a scene in action of the Sanhedrim deciding that one man must "die for the people," and arranging for the betrayal of Jesus.

SCENE 3.—THE LEAVE-TAKING IN BETHANY.—*Tableau*: Tobit parting from his parents. *Action*: The anointing by Mary Magdalene in the house of Simon, followed by the parting scene with the Blessed Virgin. This last, the *Maria Urlaub*, is among the most exquisite scenes in the whole play.

SCENE 4.—THE LAST WALK TO JERUSALEM.—*Tableau*: The rejection of Vashti and choice of Esther by Ahasuerus explained by the chorus to be typical of the rejection of Christ by proud Jerusalem and the choice of the humble Church to be the Bride of the Lamb.

Action.—Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. Judas selling his Master to the emissary of the High Priests.

SCENE 5.—THE LAST SUPPER.—*Tableau*.—The feeding with manna in the wilderness. *Action*.—Jesus and His disciples in the Upper Room. The Last Passover. The Institution of the Eucharist.

SCENE 6.—THE TRAITOR. *Tableau*: Joseph sold by his brethren for thirty pieces of silver. *Action*: Judas before the Sanhedrim, receiving the thirty pieces for his Lord.

SCENE 7.—JESUS IN THE GARDEN.—*1st Tableau*: Adam and his family tilling the ground. *2nd Tableau*: Joab's treachery to Amasa. *Action*: The Agony and Arrest.

SCENE 8.—JESUS BEFORE ANNAS.—*Tableau*: Micajah the Prophet stricken on the cheek because he tells King Ahab the truth. *Action*: Jesus questioned by Annas and struck in the face for His answer.

SCENE 9.—JESUS BEFORE CAIPHAS.—*Tableau*: The condemnation of Naboth on false-witness. *Action*: The condemnation of Jesus on false-witness.

SCENE 10.—THE DESPAIR OF JUDAS.—*Tableau*: Cain wandering to and fro on the earth after the murder of Abel. *Action*: Judas, witnessing the condemnation of Jesus, is filled with remorse, and tries to undo his deed. He is driven away and goes out, "without Jesus, without money, without hope." And it was night—an awful scene.

SCENE 11.—JESUS BEFORE PILATE.—*Tableau*: Daniel thrown into the den of lions for disobeying the royal command. *Action*: Jesus is sent by Caiaphas to Pilate

and appears before the Roman governor, who sends him on to Herod.

SCENE 12.—CHRIST BEFORE HEROD.—*Tableau*: Samson, the deliverer of Israel, mocked by the Philistines. *Action*: Jesus, the Saviour of the world, set at naught by Herod and his men of war.

SCENE 13.—JESUS SCOURGED AND CROWNED WITH THORNS.—*1st Tableau*: Joseph's brethren show Jacob his son's coat of many colours stained with blood. *2nd Tableau*: Isaac bound for sacrifice. Abraham, taking the ram, which is to replace him, from a thorn-bush. *Action*: Christ sent back to Pilate. He is stripped of His purple robe, bound, and scourged. They place a reed in His hand, crown Him with thorns and salute Him, King of the Jews.

SCENE 14.—JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO BE CRUCIFIED.—*1st Tableau*: Joseph, clad in royal robes, is shown to the Egyptians on a triumphal car as the ruler of the land. *2nd Tableau*: Moses, kneeling before the Altar; on one side is the sin-offering, just slain by Aaron; on the other appears the scapegoat, about to be led into the wilderness. *Action*: The Jews clamour for the life of Jesus. Pilate tries to save Him. "Behold the man!" "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Pilate gives way, condemns Him, washing his hands of the Innocent Blood, and the Jews cry out, "His Blood be on us and on our children!"

THE THIRD ACT.—To the end.

SCENE 15.—THE WAY OF THE CROSS.—*1st Tableau*: Isaac bearing the wood for the Burnt-offering up Mount Moriah. *2nd Tableau*: The Brazen Serpent in the wilderness upraised by Moses. *3rd Tableau*: Moses pointing to the Serpent as source of healing for the Israelites. *Action*: The stations of the Cross, from the first to the ninth, are now shown, the sorrowful journey being accompanied by the shouts of the multitudes.

SCENE 16.—THE CRUCIFIXION.—Before this supreme scene the chorus appears on the stage clad in deep mourning. The leader, to the accompaniment of soft music, addresses the audience in recitative, calling on them to go with him to Calvary, there to behold the "One, true, pure, immortal Sacrifice." While this is being sung, you hear the blows of the hammer behind the curtain, as the Saviour is nailed to the Cross. This is a stroke of consummate art. It is even more impressive than anything which could be conveyed by the eye alone. Each dull blow thrills you through and through; you seem to feel it in your own flesh. There could not be a better conceived preparation for the supreme act of the awful Tragedy. The recitative of the leader seems to swell imperceptibly.

The minds of the audience having been fully attuned and prepared, the curtain slowly rises on Calvary, showing Jesus hanging upon the Cross, watched by His friends and His enemies.

To say that the sight is overwhelming is to convey no impression of its effect on the spectator. One does not seem to be looking on a *representation* of the Crucifixion, but upon the Crucifixion itself. During the twenty minutes this great act of salvation is exposed to view, the vast assembly of spectators sits spell-bound and motionless. Not a sound is heard, but an occasional deep-drawn breath or choking sob. It is like watching the death of a friend. The Magdalene kneels at the foot of the Cross, her head with its veil of long, loose hair, against the wood. The mother is there, weighed down with anguish, leaning on the other women. S. John, the beloved, looks up at his Friend, with folded hands and eyes full of adoration. Through the stillness the seven words fall solemnly, not only upon the ear, but, as

one of the audience has expressed it, "deep into the soul."

The brutal carelessness of the Roman soldiers, sitting on the ground at the foot of the Cross, absorbed in the casting of lots, stands out in high relief, enhancing the solemnity of the scene. The rattle of the dice is a similar touch to the strokes of the hammer behind the curtain. Then comes the Death scene—the darkness—the rumble of the earthquake—the piercing of the Side—followed by another picture of exquisite beauty and pathos—the Descent from the Cross, after Rubens. This latter is a marvel of quiet action—every movement tells.

The curtain falls on the Entombment, to rise again on the Resurrection.

BY LADY BURTON IN THE *New Review*.

No one, I think, realises the hard work of the Schutz-geister. They come on between every one of the eighteen acts, and give the prologue and the epilogue. They sing forty-seven times, and often at great length, and that two days in the week. They supply all the interludes whilst the scenes are being changed, exposed to sun, rain, wind, or snow, and get the least praise and thanks. Whether they come on the stage, fall back at the tableaux, close up again, or leave the stage, their deportment is perfect. They are really like spirits, every action is so quiet, slow, calm, and in unison. You do not hear them come or go off. Their walk is natural, manly, and majestic; their actions large, graceful, and full of ease. You are affected by their dignity, and the whole is most artistic.

If the curtain were to be drawn up suddenly at a few minutes before eight, you would see a prelude to the play you are not aware of; that is, the priest and the six or seven hundred performers and persons employed in the theatre on their knees upon the stage begging the Divine blessing on the coming play, and offering it up as incense to the Almighty, considering their art only in the service of Religion.

I think that however much you may meditate upon the Passion play, and feel a shortcoming here and there, it brings you to an intimate personal knowledge of Christ on earth as Man-God, such as you could never acquire by thought, prayer, reading, or sermons.

As religion, it is instructive, edifying, and devotional; as art it is a powerful and absorbing drama, quite unique in the world, with nothing to shock the most refined and sensitive religious instinct, nor yet the most ignorant. If any one objects, it will be the slightly educated, and that only to pose, for they probably understand neither art, nor heart, nor religion. A thousand clergymen in England, and years of schooling, could never teach the Old and New Testaments as one learns them in those eight hours.

I think it as near dramatic and artistic perfection as human acting can be, and that it could be done nowhere else. No one eats and drinks at the solemn parts of the play. The spectators are too rapt. I never saw a better conducted audience in my life; and I am told it is always so. I wish congregations in church were half as good.

The unique collection of autographs of the representative men and women of the world, appearing in the first numbers of this REVIEW, will be republished in separate form, together with their portraits, the whole forming an interesting autographic album of contemporary celebrities.

PROGRESS OF IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

A YEAR'S GOOD WORK.

Imperial Federation publishes in the fifth annual report of the Council, 1889-90, a record of steady and unremitting progress as the history of its working.

The Council has adopted the following resolution, indicative of the policy by which it is intended to proceed:—

That the establishment of periodical Conferences of Representatives of the Self-governing Communities of the Empire should be the first aim of the Imperial Federation League.

This policy has met with general approval.

The mission undertaken last year by Mr. G. R. Parkin through the Dominion of Canada and the Colonies of Australasia has proved a signal success. His eloquent addresses have stirred the public mind in those countries, and his numerous interviews with persons of influence in every class have made the object for which the League is striving clear beyond the possibility of any but deliberate misunderstanding.

The League in Canada has largely extended its operations during the past year, and has been carefully organised upon a thoroughly representative basis.

Mr. Parkin has delivered no less than thirty-seven addresses during the winter.

The League is to be congratulated upon the announcement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the postage to Her Majesty's Dominions is henceforward reduced to twopence halfpenny. From the date of the first meeting of the Conference, which resulted in the formation of this League, the reduction of the postage between all parts of the Empire to a uniform and moderate rate has been recognised as one of the greatest aids to be sought in the attainment of its object, and it has the satisfaction of knowing that the important step now taken has been mainly due to the untiring exertions of an original member of its Council, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P. Great as is the advantage which has thus been gained to the cause of Imperial Federation, it is felt that the League should not rest satisfied with any arrangement which does not place the correspondence addressed to British Dominions in all parts of the world upon an equal footing.

With this view the following resolutions were adopted by the Postal Committee of the League, and circulated to the Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, shortly before the introduction of the Budget:—

- (1) That the introduction of a cheap uniform rate of postage, and a uniform postage stamp for use between all parts of the Empire, would not only be of great material advantage, but would also mark the fact of Imperial unity, and help to ensure its permanence.
- (2) That it is desirable that such portion as may be necessary of any future increase of net postal revenue in the United Kingdom should be applied to this object.
- (3) That it is desirable that an inquiry, by Royal Commission or otherwise, into the whole question of Imperial inter-communication should be instituted forthwith."

The Council of the League holds that the suggestion of the Royal Commission on the Naval and Military Administration offers an excellent opportunity for the introduction of the representative principle, coincident as it may be with the first contribution of the Colonies to the maintenance of the navy in Australasian waters.

The question of the admission of Colonial Securities to the advantages of the Trust Investment List has formed the subject of some discussion in the press, and of an investigation by a Departmental Committee in which representatives of the Colonies took part.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN AFRICA.

A PLEA FOR CHARTERED COMPANIES.

Commander Cameron, in the *National Review*, publishes a powerful plea for the establishment of chartered companies in Africa. He says: It is not too much to assert that if Sierra Leone had been under the administration of a chartered company, it would be in a much more prosperous condition than it is now, and the principal trade of the Rokelle would not have fallen into the hands of a French company; if the Gold Coast were administered under a company, our commercial relations with Ashanti would be much more satisfactory than they are at present, the long talked-of railway at Saltponds and Winnebah would have been built, and roads and bridges would have been constructed, the gold mining industry would have been fostered, and most probably the Kong mountains would have been thoroughly explored; Lagos also would have had railways to Abeokuta and other large centres of population, and to the upper Niger, and not only the commercial fortunes of the supposed companies have been most prosperous, but Christianity, civilisation, and British trade have been largely advanced, and commerce would have been so greatly increased that all Liverpool, Bristol, and other places interested in African trade, would have been benefited. In the oil rivers at present the trade is entirely in the hands of native middlemen, who live between the mouths of the rivers where the British traders have their factories and the producing tribes who live further up in the interior. To reach and trade directly with the producing tribes would result in an enormous gain, and would, if the trade was not rendered a close monopoly, benefit the private trader as well as the members of the African Association. To do this, however, it is necessary that the persons who employ the men who will be the first pioneers should have authority, such as would be given by a Royal Charter, to conclude treaties, administer and in other ways use governing and diplomatic powers, which powers they would delegate to their executive.

HOW TO AVOID POSSIBLE DANGERS.

Careful consideration has led me to see how the possible evils may be avoided. In the first place, none of the officials of the Company should have dual powers; no administrative officer should have anything to do with trade, and no commercial agent should have anything to do with administration except as a member of an advising council to the chief administrator in any district. Secondly, the capital expended in establishing administration and in administrative works should be separated from that employed in commercial pursuits. The former part should be considered as similar to a national debt, but differing from it in not having a fixed rate of interest; the maximum interest in any one year should be fixed at a fairly high and remunerative rate, and provision should be made for payment in prosperous years of any amount by which the interest should fall short at any time of a certain minimum, e.g., if the maximum should be fixed at 7 per cent. and the minimum at 4 per cent., no more than 7 per cent. should be paid on account of any one year; while if in any years the amount available should fall short of 4 per cent., the amount by which it fell short should be either treated as an addition to capital or paid out of any surplus which might be available after 7 per cent. had been paid in years when the revenue was good.

It is impossible to give more than a mere sketch of what might be the sources of the administrative revenues, but as sanitation, lighting, water supply, postal and telegraph services, coinage, roads, railways, navigation, forestry.

A PLEA FOR A HEMISPHERICAL PARLIAMENT.

THE FUTURE OF THE THREE AMERICAS.

In the *Statesman* the Rev. Flavius J. Brobst says:—He must be a political materialist of so extreme a type, as to be unworthy the designation of statesman, who attempts to gauge the significance of the Pan-American Congress, now about to dissolve in Washington, by excluding from his consideration the past, and refusing to question the future. Nearly a score of independent and sovereign nations, reaching from the north pole to the south pole, have, by their representatives in a congress assembled holding its session in the capital of our nation, deliberated upon a hemispherical peace, protection, prosperity, and polity. The question has been continuously excited: "Is not this the noble harbinger of a parliament of the Three Americas which will be organised, which will be robed with sovereign authority, and which will permanently and periodically, in what shall then be known as the capital of the hemisphere, hold its sessions?"

If, under the stress of the great American destiny, yet unachieved, the constitution has gradually extended its sway in one century until now it exercises jurisdiction over ten times as great an area of the earth's surface, what will be the extent of country over which it will preside at the expiration of the second century of its increasing vitality and power? The present area over which the American Congress legislates will have to be multiplied, not ten times, but only five times, when it will be supreme over every square inch of soil in the Three Americas—North, Central, and South.

One hundred years ago, Atlanta, Georgia, was more than thirty days distant from Washington; now San Francisco is but little more than six days distant. Then Boston was about twenty-four days distant from Washington; now Cape Horn is only about twelve days distant.

Some serious and sage statesmen of several decades past solemnly deprecated the extension of our national domain far beyond the Mississippi. How idle have their fears been shown to be! The extension, instead of straining the republic, has rather given it freer and more unrestricted opportunity to develop its power and display its magnificent genius; and instead of being weakened, it has been marvellously strengthened, and its foundation vastly broadened and immeasurably solidified.

A parliament for the Three Americas is an inevitable consummation of the future republicanism of the American hemisphere. There are municipal interests with which a municipality only can deal. There are state interests with which only a state government can deal. There are continental interests with which only a continental government can deal, and there are hemispherical interests with which only a hemispherical parliament can deal. The present Pan-American Congress has given a great impetus to this expectation, not only in America, but throughout Europe.

The time is ripe, however, for the organisation of a Zollverein. Every petty and local interest ought to go down before the wide-spread, majestic demand for the formation of a commercial union, between the two continents, wherein complete reciprocity shall be established in all the Americas. Steamship lines between the republics will be organised, and inter-continental railroads will be built, a uniform system of weights and measures, and a common coin will be adopted, and commerce will have free course and be glorified in helping on this auspicious alliance. For, where a commercial union is formed, political union inevitably follows. As urgent is the present demand for an Inter-American court of arbitration.

THE CONVERSION OF LEO TAXIL.

HIS EDUCATION AND PERVERSION.

In the *Mouth* an interesting account is given of the conversion of Leo Taxil the well known French blasphemer.

Leo Taxil, whose real name, however, is Gabriel Jogand Pages, was born in March, 1854, at Marseilles, and was educated by the Society of Jesus. At the age of eleven he made his First Communion with remarkable sentiments of piety. After three years he was sent to the College of St. Louis, at Marseilles. But his piety was undisturbed until he formed a friendship with a student named R—. The father of this boy was a Freemason. R— awakened Leo's curiosity as to the Freemasons. By degrees he lost his faith.

HIS CAREER.

Leo Taxil became a journalist, contributed some articles to *La Lanterne*, and brought his elder brother Maurice round to his way of thinking.

He took at this time his cognomen Leo Taxil, principally in consequence of the complaint of his father that he was disgracing the family. The Commune came and passed. Taxil engaged in it, but to what extent he does not relate. At the age of eighteen he had fought three duels, and was condemned to eight years in prison for attacks in his paper on various persons. He retired to Geneva, accompanied by a person that he had formed a connection with, and by their two children. After some months of starvation he joined the staff of the *Anti-Clericale*.

HIS SUBJECTS.

Turning over a few pages we have a quotation from Voltaire: "To lie is only a vice when it does evil, it is a great virtue when it does good, &c.; and from another source: "Lying is the recital of a fact contrary to truth, but to speak lies is to recount, and not to lie." Having adopted this sentiment, he employed himself with a clear conscience in blackening the public and private history of all the Church's ministers, priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes.

Taxil became the secretary of the Anti-Clerical League. The object of the League was to destroy Christianity.

In order to harden himself, he pushed his impiety to extremes.

JOAN OF ARC.

That which finally brought him back to the faith was a Life of Joan of Arc, which he had begun and was intended, like his other works, for a blow against the Church. She was to be made to appear a victim of the clergy first, then of the English. Her visions, her miracles, were to be accounted for, of course, on natural grounds, but she was to be a great National heroine, a self-devoted martyr, and a victim to superstition. He ardently undertook the study of her life, and worked at the translation of the process of the Holy See, which in 1456 revised the evidence upon which she was condemned and pronounced her innocent. While working at this, the splendid virtues that she displayed and the desire which the Holy See had shown that these should be acknowledged and honoured by the Church, sank into his mind. Of course these efforts were to be depreciated and to be attributed to diplomacy, and Taxil left out all such passages as would bear against his theory that Joan of Arc was a "clerical martyr," and these were very many, but now the thought occurred to him over and over again, "You are acting unjustly."

HIS CONVERSION.

On the evening of the 23rd of April he had written an article for the Anti-Catholic press, in which he pledged himself never to give up the strife against religion. Having sent it to the printer, he set to work to finish his translation. More strongly than usual those thoughts came round him, he was pressed by the two horns of this dilemma. Was Joan an impostor? Was she a wretched fool, labouring under a hallucination?

"In a few seconds my past life came before my mind; my first good Communion, my first sacrilegious Communion; Mongre, St. Louis, and Mettray; my father, my mother, my holy aunt; the happy days of my childhood and the bitterness of my anti-clerical life; the sincere friendships of those from whom I had been separated, and the implacable hatreds of the sectaries to whom I had allied myself; the goodness of the first, and the vileness of the others; my lies, my injustice, my follies. I burst into sobs. 'Pardon, my God!' I murmured amidst my tears; 'pardon my blasphemies, pardon me the sins that I have committed.'" He threw himself on his knees, and for the first time in a space of seventeen years, he began to pray.

A PUBLIC CONFESSION.

For the rest of his story we have little space. He wrote at once to an old friend of his announcing his conversion. He went to a priest to make his confession, the first for so many years. The priest prudently ordered him to come again, and as many of his offences against God were "reserved cases," he had to delay some time, to his great pain, before he received absolution. He wrote a long declaration to the editor of the *Univers* for publication, denying a number of stories that had been circulated by the infidel press relative to his conversion. The Anti-Clerical League called a solemn assembly in order to dismiss him from their ranks with all possible disgrace. They sent him an invitation to attend, and this he did, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends. M. Taxil showed as much energy in undoing the injury he was the author of, as he had formerly shown in working it.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE PROPHET.

A SOUTHERN CRITICISM OF WALT WHITMAN.

Under the title of "Walt Whitman, the Apostle of Chaotism" (in the *University of the South Journal*), William Norman Guthrie makes a trenchant attack upon Walt Whitman and his work, with special reference to "Leaves of Grass." The critic takes in *seriatim* the form, matter, and teaching of Whitman's poems—for such he generously admits they may be termed—and characterises them as rude and uncouth, claiming that in their departure from the metrical form they have lost the charm that otherwise even such productions might have had. The critic, moreover, regrets his inability to judge Whitman's poems from a standard of their own intrinsic merit owing to their utter lack of form.

He complains that Whitman overrides the ordinary limitations of grammar with the same nonchalance with which the poet treats the fixed traditions of rhyming and phraseology.

Numerous quotations from Whitman are used to give point to his arguments—selections which certainly are made with great fairness to their author—and the paper, which is militant throughout, closes with a scathing sentence in which he ridicules Whitman's claims to represent the present and future of American thought, denies him a place in past periods, and relegates him to the noisome shades of the "obscene."

A FALSE PROPHET OF COMING ILL.

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S VISION OF THE FUTURE.

MR. Grant Allen is a biologist who looks at the human race from the point of view of the stud-groom. In an article upon "The Girl of the Future" in the *Universal Review*, which contains many true things in the midst of much that is utterly detestable, he describes his ideal of the relations of men and women. Like most idealists he is somewhat inconsistent. He says in one place, "I hold that recognition of paternal responsibility, paternal duty, and paternal guardianship is the keystone of the position." But while laying down this sound doctrine his whole paper is a vehement argument in favour of what he calls free union, which seems to the ordinary reader utterly destructive to the recognition of any parental duties or parental responsibilities on the part of the father. Mr. Grant Allen hopes that when women are educated they will repudiate monogamy and deliberately seek to have as wide and varied a selection of fathers for their children as possible. Describing the evil time that he sees afar off he says:—

If a woman were conscious of possessing valuable and desirable maternal qualities, she would employ them to the best advantage for the State and for her own offspring, by freely commingling them in various directions with the noblest paternal qualities of the men who most attracted her higher nature. And surely a woman who had reached such an elevated ideal of the duties of sex as that would feel she was acting far more right in becoming the mother of a child by this splendid athlete, by that profound thinker, by that nobly-moulded Adonis, by that high-souled poet, than in tying herself down for life to this rich old dotard, to that feeble young lord, to this gouty invalid, to that wretched drunkard, to become the mother of a long family of scrofulous idiots. Which course is in the end the more truly respectable? Which motive is in the last resort the more truly respect-worthy?

Is it not an honour for any woman to have been loved by Shelley? Is it not an honour for any woman to have brought into the world a son by a Newton or a Goethe? Is it not a disgrace to be tied for life to a Quilp? Is it not a desecration even to prostitute oneself in marriage to the average money-grubbing British Mr. Bultitude? The free woman will choose which lord she shall serve. And do you think her choice will be for the colonial broker?

Thus, according to Mr. Grant Allen, the ideal of motherhood will crystallise into a religious duty in a form which most people will regard as indistinguishable from promiscuous but limited adultery. Please, says Mr. Grant Allen:—

Remember, what I have to say comes in the end merely

to this—that in the future we shall perhaps have a few more George Eliots and a few less Dorotheas than formerly; that an increasing number of women, as they become educated and emancipated, will follow in the path that educated and emancipated women have trod already before them—and will possibly even be a little less tabooed for it, and don't turn this humble expression of an historic forecast into a general running amuck at the whole of European morality.

The morality against which he runs a tilt is much wider than European; it is common to humanity so far as mankind has emerged from the level of the savage. "

We agree with Mr. Grant Allen in believing that it is inevitable if men do not become monogamous, women will level their moralities down to the male standard. But wherein he is wrong from his own point of view is

in thinking that the reversion to promiscuity will be due to any idea of parentage. It is not the ideal of paternity that makes men immoral, neither is it the ideal of maternity that will lead women to resort to polyandry. George Eliot, Georges Sand, and others, whom he quotes, do not follow the path he eulogises because they wish to have a superior offspring. Women may revert to polyandry, but judging from the example, which he quotes, the motive will not be the scientific instinct which looks upon human beings as the farmer regards his brood sows and prize boars, but the same simple selfish desire which leads so many men astray. Even Mr. Grant Allen would not contend that male incontinence is the outcome of a noble ideal of fatherhood.



MR. GRANT ALLEN.

Mr. Grant Allen in the *Forum* for May, has an article on the intuition of women, which he attributes to the survival of the

women who were quickest to detect the signs of rising wrath in their husbands and so escape the vengeful blow which dashed out the brains of the stupider woman who did not see when her lord was losing his temper.

Irish Monthly.—In the *Irish Monthly* there is an interesting paper, entitled, "A Glance at the Latter-Day Saints," by a nun who has been in Utah. She says:—

Every English-speaking country was represented among the Mormons, as I have said, except Ireland. This was a great grief to Brigham Young. He was willing to give the Irish "a refuge from famine and danger." He looked for them in Ireland; he sought them earnestly among the Irish settlers in England, Scotland, Wales, America; he sent his most eloquent apostles into the highways and byways of the world to compel them, so to say, to come to his banquet; but not one of them came. Surely this is a grand thing for the island of genuine saints.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

By far the most interesting article in the *Fortnightly* is that on Hypnotism, which is dealt with elsewhere.

M. DU CHAILLU ON MR. STANLEY'S FOREST.

It is not Mr. Stanley's forest, it is M. du Chaillu's forest. He was the first European to enter it, and he described it—pigmies, gorillas and all—and was laughed at for his pains. He has now the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his discoveries verified by Mr. Stanley, who goes off with all the glory of the find. The most uncanny thing in M. du Chaillu's paper is his account of a ferocious ant whose name and character recall the Bashibazouk. He says:

The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the *bashikouay*, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot. It is the habit of the *bashikouay* to march through the forest in a long regular line—about two inches broad or more, and often miles in length. All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep the singular army in order. When they grow hungry, at a certain command which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. All the other living inhabitants of the forest flee before it. I myself have had to run for my life. Their advent is known beforehand: the still forest becomes alive, the trampling of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

LITERATURE AND DRAMA.

The literary articles in the review are by Professor Dowden on the poetry of "John Donne" and Mr. Coventry Patmore on "Distinction." The most important passage in the last-named paper is the following:—

In America there are already signs of the rise of an aristocracy which promises to be more exclusive, and may, in the end, make itself more predominant than any of the aristocracies of Europe; and our own democracy, being entirely without bridle, can scarcely fail to come to an early and probably a violent end.

Mr. Beerbohm-Tree replies to Mr. Oswald Crawford's criticisms on actor managers, and Mr. Oswald Crawford rejoins to Mr. Beerbohm-Tree.

COMING TROUBLE IN CRETE.

Mr. James D. Bouchier, in an article entitled "A Glance at Modern Greece," warns us to expect another Cretan insurrection. He says:—

The time is short; already the snows are disappearing from the mountains, and in a few weeks Crete will be the scene of another insurrection. The Cretan committee at Athens is receiving subscriptions from Italy, from all parts of Europe, and even from America. It is ominous that great activity prevails at the Russian Legation. The Greek Government, while carefully abstaining from helping the fugitives,

will throw no obstacle in the way of their obtaining arms and provisions. It views the future with alarm, but it will nevertheless wish them Godspeed.

On the whole, Mr. Bouchier is hopeful of the future of Greece, and strongly hopes to see the Turks bought out of Crete by the Hellenic Government. The Cretan leaders, it seems, are all for annexation to Greece.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON LANDLORDS.

Mr. R. C. Richards, in a paper entitled *The Landlord's Preferential Position*, sets forth the abuse and injustice that results from the preferential rights of a landlord in case of bankruptcy.

What is wanted, is that the Bankruptcy Act of 1883 shall be so amended that all creditors in respect of rent shall rank on estates as ordinary trade creditors, and that no agreement of any kind whatsoever shall be allowed to override or evade this enactment. To effect this Clauses 40, 41, and 42 of that Act will have to be repealed. I have reason to believe that Mr. Chamberlain was strongly opposed to the insertion of these clauses.

The assertion of the privileges at present claimed by the landlords is so unjust and detrimental to the community as to give force to socialistic ideas and communistic theories.

IN PRAISE OF PROTECTION.

Mr. G. H. D. Gossip contrasts Free Trade New South Wales with Protectionist Victoria, in order to make out a case in favour of Protection. He sums up his survey as follows:—

The protective colony is ahead in agriculture, ahead in viticulture, ahead in growth of population, ahead in railway development, ahead in banking, ahead in large manufactories and in the number of workmen employed, ahead in enterprise and capital, ahead in general prosperity and progress; and finally, although behind in mineral and pastoral wealth, its artisans and peasantry—in a word, its entire proletariat—the bone and sinew of a country, are perhaps the most contented and prosperous in the world.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The only other articles are Sir H. Pottinger's visit to an enormous estate in Norway.

This is the so-called Vefsen estate of the North of Europe Land Company, a tract of country lying between latitudes 65° and 66°, the lines of which just contain it.

It was depopulated by the black death 200 years ago, and is now entirely owned by one large company. It covers an area of 13,000 acres, and afforded Sir H. Pottinger so much pleasure when he visited it that we may expect it to be added to the list of holiday haunts of Europe. Dr. J. C. Cox writes a paper on Early Licensing Laws and Customs. It is slight, but so far as it goes, shows that compensation is a modern idea.

From the first year of Elizabeth down to the current year of grace, the Derbyshire sessional records contain nothing that can form the slightest precedent for compensation for the withdrawal of an annually granted licence.

MORALITY AND NATIONALITY AMONG ANIMALS.**THE LAWS AND CUSTOMS OF ROOKS, ANTS, ETC.**

MR. J. W. SLATER in the *National Review* contributes an interesting paper on the "Laws and Government of Brutes." He says the ant-hill, the wasp's-nest, the rookery, or even the roaming herd of elephants, peccaries, and the like, could not cohere, and must therefore cease to exist without some kind of law and government. And law, necessarily, presupposes notions, however obscure, of right and wrong. In a herd of bisons, of wild horses, of elephants, or in a troop of baboons, the strongest, generally a male in the prime of life, invariably holds and exercises a certain supremacy. His position corresponds very closely to that of the chief of a savage human tribe. It is held by the same tenure, exercised in the same manner, and is subject to the same limitations. That his authority is not quite unlimited appears from the existence of adult males, generally large and powerful, who live in exile.

Among rooks, individual superiority falls more into the background; they seem to form a republic, where all are subject to laws which the majority are ever ready to enforce against any recusant.

The queen bee holds her position as against rivals by the right of the strongest, and on the birth or the introduction of another fully-developed female she is always bound to do mortal battle for her sovereignty. But her sway over her subjects, unlike that of the strongest tusker in a herd of elephants, is nowise due to physical force.

THE IDEA OF PROPERTY.

Before speaking of the laws of brutes it must be shown that they have a perception of duties and rights.

Many brutes understand property, and distinguish between *meum* and *tuum* as clearly as do many men. When trespassing or stealing, they plainly know that their quarrel is not just, and conscience makes cowards of many if not of all.

A spider, unless greatly superior in size, hesitates to invade the web of another spider for marauding purposes. Ants consider themselves fully entitled, not merely to the city they have built and the road they have laid out, but to the neighbouring territory, and they will encounter any odds in its defence. I do not assert that among "brutes" right is the only might.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Not only do the lower animals feel a right to such possessions as they have acquired by discovery or by labour, but such right among social species is recognised by public opinion—which evidently exists among them—and enforced by positive law. In confirmation of this conclusion we turn to the rookery. It has been observed not once, but repeatedly, that a particular couple of rooks, too slothful to fetch building materials for themselves and given to plunder their more industrious neighbours, have been formally punished by the community. The penalty inflicted varies widely. Sometimes it consists in a sound beating, the ill-gotten nest being summarily demolished, and the materials restored to their rightful owners. Sometimes, perhaps, when former convictions are on record, the offenders, after a severe cuffing, are for ever banished from the rookery, and left to seek out for themselves a new settlement.

After a prolonged "mass meeting" and much noise, a single rook is sometimes attacked by all the rest of the assemblage and put to death. These "crow courts," as they are sometimes called, are held in the nesting season—the great time for robberies—and they seem to be attended by the inhabitants of all the rookeries in the district. Carrion crows, where numerous, are said to hold similar courts of justice. It would even seem that rooks have passed the mere *laissez-faire* stage, and seek to guard members of the community from danger, even against their own inclination.

THE VICE OF INTOLERANCE.

The rooks, in persecuting those members of their own tribe who build in some unauthorised tree, are very like human beings who claim a vested interest in their neighbours' speculative opinions, who dictate what may be discussed and what must be ignored, and who seek to check the progress of discovery.

Hence rooks are the first animals who display the human vice of intolerance. Censorships, martyrdoms of science, anti-vivisection agitation, and the like may thus be traced far down the animal series, and may be deemed the ultimate transformation of the tabooed tree in the rookery. It is instructive that intolerance should make its first definite appearance in a republican community. But, perhaps, here as elsewhere political freedom has to be compensated by social and intellectual bondage.

The laws of ants are probably more complicated than those of rooks. Cases which seem to indicate sanitary legislation have been recorded by Sir John Lubbock and others. Neglect of duty sometimes takes place, and is sometimes punished with death.

NATIONALITY.

It is sometimes contended that the division of the human species into nations is a phenomenon which finds no parallel among the lower animals. This view is a grave mistake. Almost every truly and permanently gregarious species, excluding, of course, such as merely flock together occasionally for some temporary purpose, displays plain marks of a sub-division into nationalities. Nationality shows itself among the lower animals in two very distinct forms. In the Vertebrates, the nation, wherever it exists, is composed, as in the human species, of a number of families, monogamous or polygamous, as the case may be.

Although communists, ants and bees are not cosmopolitan; a stranger of the same species, but belonging to a different nation, is not generally welcome in the ant-hill. Wars are well known to rage between different bee-hives, and between cities of ants of one and the same species.

Concerning the details of the government of social insects, we are as yet almost utterly in the dark. We see works undertaken, guards set, food brought in, nuisances removed, criminals punished, expeditions made, and wars waged. But we do not see the moving powers. Who determines the route to be taken by a column of Ecitons? Who regulates the number and the position of the guard commonly to be found near the entrances to an ant-hill? Who relieves the little sentinels when weary?

The sentence of banishment sometimes inflicted upon an evil-doer by a community, whether of elephants, buffaloes, or rooks, involves in its very essence the idea of nationality. Where there is no *patria* there can be no expatriation. Any group of animals must, however dimly, feel themselves a nation before they proceed to inflict exile upon an offending member.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It is a fairly good number of the *Nineteenth Century*, which brings the present half-yearly volume to a close. The Duke of Argyll concludes his "Story of a Conspirator," which is somewhat long, considering Wolfe Tone has been dead for nearly a hundred years, but there is plenty of variety in the number. The best paper is Dr. Jessopp's charming gossip about "Village Alms-houses," from which we quote an extract elsewhere. The most timely, politically, is Mr. Henniker Heaton's "Plea for an Imperial Penny Post," which is illustrated by a map of the British Empire.

SWEATING, ITS CAUSE AND REMEDY.

Mrs. Beatrice Potter, writing on the Lords' Report on Sweating, claims to give the reader a clear idea of the origin and nature of the evils of sweating, and to lay before him an intelligible body of reform. She says—

The idea which has loomed larger and larger with a closer and more personal study of the suffering and degradation of the workers is that of the direct responsibility, under a capitalist system of private property, of all employers for the welfare of their workers, of all property owners for the use of their property. From the denial of this personal service, in return for profits and rent, arise the dire evils of sweating. It will be through awakening the sense of this responsibility, through insisting on the performance of this duty, by legislative enactment, by the pressure of public opinion, and by all forms of voluntary association, that we can alone root out those hideous social evils known as the Sweating System.

A SHORT GUIDE TO BOOK-MAKING.

In Mr. G. Herbert Stutfield's article on racing in 1890 we have—

A survey and a description, rather than a commentary, to sketch the general circumstances and conditions under which the turf exists—its hierarchy and executive, and the main features of the rules and regulations respecting the promotion and managements of race-meetings—not omitting to notice the principal tendencies or changes.

He appends some remarks about betting and explains some of the technicalities of that mode of speculation, supplying the reader with the elements of how to make a book—a subject into which we need not follow him.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

From this compendious guide to betting and horse-racing, the reader turns to an article written by Mr. Wilfred Ward, entitled "New Wine in Old Bottles," in which he sets forth the mode pursued by the Catholic Church in meeting the ever changing form of scientific opinion. In the Catholic Church, he thinks, there is something analogous to the philosophic temper of Darwin and Newton, combining the readiness to consider the working of every hypothesis with great slowness in ultimate decision on its limits or in the truth at all.

THE LEGENDS OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for March one Arthur Palmer, late sergeant of the 79th Highlanders, published an article entitled "A Battle Described from the Ranks," the most sensational item of which was the story to the effect that two Glasgow Irishmen had been bayoneted within the lines of Tel-el-Kebir for traitorously raising the cry of "Retire!" Lieutenant Campbell, who was formerly sergeant-major of the regiment in question, now writes from Perth, in Western Australia, to state that he took down the names of all the men in the regiment who were killed or who died after the battle of their wounds; that there was no man killed by bayonet at all; only one Irishman was killed and he was a brave, good, and loyal soldier whom no one accused of disloyalty. The following is Lieutenant Campbell's account of the traitorous

cry to retire, which Sergeant Palmer attributed to these non-existent Glasgow-Irishmen.

The scene inside was one of confusion: fire came from all sides, and the foremost men were fighting hand-to-hand, when a voice rang out clear and distinct, "Retire the Highlanders into the trenches." I could not believe that such an order was intended, and, amid the noise, I at first doubted my own hearing, but the words were distinctly repeated. I remember shouting at the top of my voice, "It is a mistake, men! not a move!" But the same order was repeated a third time in, if anything, a louder tone than before. Captain Chapman and I, who were near each other, tried all we could to keep the men about us from retiring, but in vain. The line retired slowly and steadily, carrying all with it, like a wave, back over the earthworks. Whose voice it was we heard I have never found out.

Lieutenant Campbell does not clear up the mystery but he seems to have demolished Sergeant Palmer's story.

FRENCH NOVELIST AS A PREACHER.

Mr. Lilly seizes with joy upon M. Paul Bourget's latest story, "Le Disciple," which he says marks a new departure in M. Bourget's literary life. Having established himself as the most considerable novelist in psychological fiction, he has, in "Le Disciple," preached a great sermon as to the direct results of the philosophic nihilism of a popular and influential school. The story, which Mr. Lilly declares to be a singularly powerful work, is that of a pupil of an atheist who, having been instructed that the law of the world is that all existence is a conquest of the weak by the strong and that might is the limit of right, determines to seduce a lovely girl and vivisection her soul. He succeeds in his purpose by promising that they shall commit suicide together. After attaining his object, he departs, refusing her the poison he had promised and himself shrinking from death. She afterwards obtains poison, writes to her brother what had happened, and commits suicide. Her seducer is tried for her murder and acquitted, but her brother shoots him dead. It is easy to see what a charm such a story has for Mr. Lilly. He might do worse than bring out a cheap English translation for the benefit of the faithful.

THE WORK OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Mr. Frederick Harrison has written an excellent paper, which should be reproduced and distributed broadcast throughout London before the next County Council elections. He explains exactly what the Council has done and the enormous amount of work it has got through. After speaking of their complete freedom from corruption and jobbery, Mr. Harrison says:—

The members of the County Council of London represent a new force in English politics, and embody a popular power of which we have yet no experience. They may have some of the over-eagerness of a new body, set to work under novel conditions; conscious of a great mission before them, and a vast and incalculable popular force behind them. Lord Rosebery, in his noble peroration, said no more than literal truth when he told his colleagues: "What has sustained you in this work has been neither fee, nor fame, nor praise; it has been the pure impulse of a clear duty, and a high hope, and a generous ideal." The counsel of its Chairman has not been given to his colleagues in vain; nor will his example of the model organisation of a difficult task be forgotten by the people.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Boulton explains exactly what the London Chamber of Commerce has done in promoting conciliation in the settlement of labour disputes. "Actor-Managers" is the title of an article in which Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Henry Irving, and Mr. Charles Wyndham prove, on *a priori* grounds and from the evidence of history, that actors make the best of managers.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

By some strange freak this review, which has hitherto been the latest to appear, has turned up the first of all the reviews of June. Perhaps the editor is about to turn over a new leaf; if so, we are glad of it, for it renders it possible to notice the contents of a very solid review devoted to the discussion of serious topics in a serious manner.

THE INDEX OF PROHIBITED BOOKS.

The most elaborate article in the *Westminster Review* is Mr. H. S. Brown's survey of the ecclesiastical censorship of books under the title "Index Librorum Prohibitorum." Mr. Brown thus summarises his own article:—

We have seen that censorship springing up from local orders to Papal Bulls, and from special catalogues to Universal Indices; and have noted how secular governments led the way in the attack on heresy; how the early censorship, at least, was directed almost entirely to questions of dogma, leaving aside such other grounds of censorship as morals, public and private, though in its more recent additions to the index the Church is endeavouring to grapple with the question of impure literature. The machinery of the ecclesiastical censorship passed from the ordinary authorities into the hands of the Pauline Inquisition, and thence into the power of the special congregation created for that sole purpose. The congregation of the Index is still alive; the additions to the Index still continue. We may meet upon it such modern names as those of Whately, Bentham, Hallam, Spencer, Gregorovius, and a whole list of distinguished writers, while the battle which has lately raged round the name of Rosmini shows how vigorous the censorship is, and how little it has changed in character.

THE ABOLITION OF BASTARDY.

Mr. D. F. Hannigan, in an article entitled "The Legitimacy of Children," pleads very strongly in favour of legitimatising all children whether born in or out of wedlock. Admitting that illicit intercourse is reprehensible, Mr. Hannigan pleads that the law should not punish the child for the fault of its parents. That the children are punished is evident not only by the stigma which is fixed on the bastard, but by the legal disabilities under which the unfortunate illegitimate labours.

In the first place, if a male child, he is incapable of inheriting property, because he is in law *nullius filius* (nobody's son); and even if by his own industry, after arriving at manhood, he acquires wealth, his offspring have no claim to it, in the event of his dying intestate. To quote a passage from a well-known text-book on the law of real property:—"Being nobody's son, he can have no brother or sister or any other heir than an heir of his body; nor can his descendants have any heirs but such as are descended from him. If such a person, therefore, were to purchase lands—that is, acquire an estate in fee-simple in them, and were to die possessed of them without having made a will and without leaving any issue, the lands would escheat to the lord of the fee, for want of heirs." The offspring of a traitor or a felon has, according to modern legislation, rights of which an illegitimate child is absolutely deprived. As a necessary consequence of his having no legal parents, a bastard can have no surname. It is stated by English jurists that he may gain a surname by reputation, though not by inheritance. Again, a bastard has no claim to belong to the parish in which he was born. Formerly, no illegitimate person could be received into holy orders; but modern ideas have succeeded in destroying this ridiculous prejudice.

HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

Mr. John Leng publishes the substance of a paper which he read at the National Liberal Club on May 6th, in which he pleads for the Americanisation of our Con-

stitution on the lines laid down in a letter which he sent to Mr. Gladstone as far back as 1886. His suggestions are as follows:—

(1) That the members for each division of the kingdom shall constitute an Assembly of Representatives, Council, or House of Parliament, for dealing with the specific and exclusive affairs of that country.

(2) To hand over to the Representative Parliament of each part of the Kingdom as nearly as possible the same legislative and executive powers that are committed to the State Legislatures of the United States.

(3) To reserve to the Imperial Parliament all the powers now reserved to the Congress of the United States.

(4) That the National Parliaments should meet in the months of October and November (if necessary) in each year to transact the business of each country.

(5) That the same M.P.'s should meet collectively as the Imperial Parliament in the month of February each year, for the discussion and transaction of Imperial business.

This is simply a slightly glorified version of the scheme of devolution by which the existing House of Commons is split up into National Committees each composed of members representing their own nationality.

WORK FOR MR. MORLEY.

Mr. Frederick Dolman, in an article entitled "Political Economy and Social Reform," protests against Mr. G. W. E. Russell's description of Mr. Morley as a "bond slave of political economy." Mr. Dolman examines the views of John Stuart Mill on the Radical programme, and triumphantly demonstrates that John Stuart Mill was much more advanced than our socialistic Liberals are inclined to believe. Mr. Dolman says:—

Mill has yet to find his Cobden. We have strong hope that in the coming years John Morley, armed with *The Principles of Political Economy*, will struggle for justice to labour as Richard Cobden, taking *The Wealth of Nations* as his text-book, struggled for freedom of trade—that the one book will be to the London programme what the other was to the Manchester school. However that may be, there is, we are convinced, no good reason why the union between radical reform and economic truth should not be an enduring one; at the worst there is no incompatibility of temperament between them, only a temporary misunderstanding.

THE MYSTERY OF GOOD AND EVIL.

There is a striking article by an unbeliever under this title. Here is one passage which suggests much matter for thought, coming, as it does, in an attempt of a scientific observer to formulate a theory of right and wrong based on the observation of natural laws.

The law that regulated the formation of the plan of life, and which unifies it, is to do evil that good may come. The end is good, the means are evil; but the end justifies the means. To do wrong that right may come is an injunction of a different kind. It will receive all due attention when we come to consider moral good and evil which are, not right and wrong, but the good and evil wrought by right and wrong. When in the economy of life evil is done that good may come, the good is necessary, the evil is inevitable. The good is the gratifying of the three primary activities of living beings: the need of nourishment, the impulse to propagate, and the instinct of self-defence. Ideal good would be the unstrained, unrestrained exercise of these functions to the attainment of the end of the aim of their activity.

Mr. J. Douglas Holms, in an article entitled "Fusion or Diffusion," exhorts the Liberal Unionists to return to the Liberal fold before it is yet too late. There is also a review of the correspondence between Princess Lieven and Earl Grey.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

The *United Service Magazine* puts its worst foot forward this month by giving the place of honour to a slight paper by the Duchess of Rutland on the Royal Military Exhibition.

LORD LORNE ON THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

The Marquis of Lorne says that the 35,000 militiamen of the Dominion could in three months' training be made into an excellent army. The Military College at Kingston is the centre and head for the maintenance and furtherance of the efficiency of the Canadian Army. It trains the officers most fully, and the course is fully equal in severity and excellence to that at West Point, Woolwich, or Sandhurst. Schools where the officers undergo instruction nearer home have been provided, but to a far less satisfactory extent.

The worst points are the great weakness of the Engineer companies; the small number of horses allowed for cavalry training at Winnipeg, Kingston, and Quebec, and the inferior armament of the artillery.

As for the troops, the time of drill is too short, but the men learn rapidly and are exceedingly handy. Lord Lorne suggests that the Canadian Government should be allowed to purchase at a very low price artillery guns and small arms no longer required at home. The shooting of many battalions is very bad, owing to the lack of ammunition; this he proposes should be supplied by passing on our cast-off stock to the Canadians. He would engage West Coast Indians as garrison gunners, and send the best man from the Imperial Army that we could get to command the forces of the Dominion.

THE CASE OF THE DUC D'ORLEANS.

This paper gives an account of a visit paid by an English friend to the young Orleanist prince at Clairvaux. It is sympathetically written, and illustrated by an admirable portrait of the young man. The Duke receives from 100 to 150 letters daily, and spends twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four in his cell. His betrothed, Princess Marguerite, is allowed to visit him daily. When he was at the Conciergerie he received 26,000 letters, telegrams, and cards from all parts of France. The writer, who is anonymous, tries to show,

First, that the action of the Duke was very natural, and was, I fully believe, devoid on his part of political motive. Next, that his action showed considerable ability, and was carried out with great coolness, courage, and courtesy. Last of all, that he, a young man of twenty-one years of age, is undoubtedly a prisoner.

THE CASE AGAINST THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

In 1882 Mr. Knowles got up a manifesto signed by various notables protesting against the construction of the tunnel. The editor of the *United Service Magazine* has cut into Mr. Knowles's preserves by issuing a circular asking all those who signed the original manifesto if they are still of the same opinion. All those who wish to add their names are requested to address the Editor, at 13, Waterloo Place. As the tunnel will never be made excepting under conditions which would render it possible for anyone in command of the sea to cut it off at both ends, it is not quite clear why this present moment should be selected for vamping up Mr. Knowles's old protest; still, there cannot be too many nails in the coffin of Sir Edward Watkins's project, and I shall be glad to see the protest signed as largely as possible.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD ON NATIONAL INSURANCE.

Lord Charles Beresford metaphorically jumps upon Admiral Tryon for suggesting that the Government should undertake to insure all its shipping in time of war. He contends with reason that the only insurance worth speaking of is to strengthen our navy so as to protect our mercantile marine from capture. He properly scouts the idea that we might save ourselves from destruction by the wholesale transfer of our shipping to a neutral flag. France, he points out, refuses to recognise any transfer which has taken place prior to the declaration of hostilities. And if she did, most of the neutral countries require that the captains and crews of the transferred vessels should be entirely, or almost entirely, of the nationality to which they have been transferred. Lord Charles asserts in conclusion that there is no organisation whatever at present for securing our food supply and the delivery of raw materials to this country in time of war.

The other articles are a translation from the German of a conversation, entitled "A Summer Night's Dream," on the present condition of tactical training. Colonel Maurice contributes a third paper on the Battle of Waterloo. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has one of his vigorous pictures of campaigning in the East, under the somewhat idiotic title of "A Conference of the Powers."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

PROFESSOR VEITCH has exhumed the original ballad of "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," written out by an old Peebles cottar, who took it down from the recitation of his mother and grandmother. Most people would have thought it was impossible to improve upon the famous ballad as we have had it, but Professor Veitch's version succeeds in effecting that miracle. A military article on the Nile Campaign of 1889 gives a vivid picture of Wad el Najumi, the dervish leader who was slain at the battle of Toski.

In him the dervishes lost their bravest and most skilful commander. He was a man cast in the mould in which heroes are made. He had lived full of confidence in this world, and he died full of hope in the next. Like a true oriental, he was devoid of all feelings of chivalry and humanity as we understand them, but withal a very great man—a man who had a mind of cast-steel.

There is excellent news in the very brightly written paper on Jamaica, which, after describing the curious character of the island, the rivers of which suddenly sink into the earth and then re-appear in full volume many miles distant, says—

We believe that Jamaica has, like these rivers, been secluded for a time in obscurity, but that it has really lost none of its vigour and richness, and that it is even now on the point of reappearing in all the glow of its ancient success and prosperity.

The last of the Rydal Dorothys describes the passing of Mrs. Harrison, with whose death the book of Wordsworthian memories is well-nigh closed for ever. Mr. Rankin's paper on the Portuguese and Makololo-land is dealt with elsewhere. The article on Land Purchase in Ireland is written in a tone of modified pessimism. The only hope the writer sees in Mr. Balfour's Bill is the promise which it holds out of restoring the condition of things in Ireland before Mr. Gladstone's land legislation began.

THE ARENA.

The *Arena* for May has as frontispiece the portrait of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, which we reproduce elsewhere.

NATURAL GAS AS AN IDEAL FUEL.

The first paper is Professor Shaler's account of how rock gases are generated, which provide almost costless and ideal fuel to many American cities. He thinks that these gases are composed of organic forms which have once lived on the surface of the world and after death have been converted into strata. The decomposition of these animal remains gave off gases which escaped in all those regions which have been subjected to mountain building and earthquakes, but which have been retained underground wherever the superincumbent rocks have been closely sealed and have not been disturbed by convulsions. He thinks that the Mississippi Valley probably contains the largest store of these gases in the world, but it is possible that the fields of South America may afford a like supply of burnable gases. Australia may also prove rich in such materials, as well as the centre of China and the great northern plains of Asia. In fifty years Professor Shaler thinks the store of gas will be exhausted in the regions where it is now most in use. He thinks that water gas will take its place and that coal in the future will no longer be brought to our cities, but will be converted into water gas by passing steam through large vessels containing incandescent carbon and afterwards enriching the vapour with petroleum and other hydro-carbons. The gas thus generated will be conveyed to the towns where it is needed.

THE FALLACIES OF SCIENTIFIC DOGMATISTS.

Dr. Herbert Newton, in an interesting article on the "Dogmatism of Science," strings together an imposing array of cases in which the leading scientific authorities of to-day have denounced as heretical the coming truths of to-morrow. Lavoisier roundly denied the possibility of aerolites falling from the sky; Daguerre was condemned as a lunatic by a physician in 1838, on account of the discovery of photography; the College of Physicians ignored Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; the Royal Society of Great Britain laughed to scorn Benjamin Franklin's discovery of electricity; Galvani was jeered at as "the frog's dancing master" by the scientists of his time; the College of Physicians in London ignored Jenner's discovery; the French Academy of Science voted an engineer a straight jacket for proposing to build railroads, and denounced the idea of steam navigation as a ridiculous notion. And so forth, and so forth.

GOD AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Canon Fremantle, replying to Colonel Ingersoll, points out that it is really of extreme importance to decide whether the spirit of God and of Christ is to rule the politics of the future. God, said Matthew Arnold, is "the best we know." The sectarianism of our Christianity exposes it to the charge of worshipping merely a partial God. It is necessary to put away this false God, and bring in the true God of calm justice and universal right. Canon Fremantle thinks that there is no greater foe to the rule of God than the rule of priests. To destroy the connection between Church and State in England would be to give a new start to clericalism. But the support or non-support of the Church by the nation is secondary. What is vital is righteousness, truth, and love.

A PLEA FOR A NEW CRUSADE.

Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, in an article which bears the somewhat fantastical name "The Cosmic Sphere of Woman," pleads for a new crusade for the

abolition of woman slavery. Japan, he thinks, may realise the full fruition of the woman's cause more fully than any other country, in which case Japan will take the lead in the second cycle of cosmic progress which will be pre-eminently the cycle of woman. "Woman in all countries is dragged down and crushed by the enormous power of a hard-hearted society lead by the millionaire, the Pharisee, and the hoodlum." He would send out missionaries to stir every woman to demand her freedom.

A JEW ON DIVORCE.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler writing on the divorce problem maintains that the whole question should be looked at from the point of view of the child. He thinks that the State should assume the guardianship of the child from the earliest moment. The child should become in all respects the ward of the State, and should be supported by the State when such support is needed. He would take the child entirely out of the hands of its parents when it is shown that from either intemperance or immorality they are incapable of making useful citizens of their children. When this is recognised the question of divorce will settle itself in the simplest way.

A SQUALID UTOPIA.

Mr. Laurence Gronlund describes a visit which he paid to Godin's Social Palace in Guise, which has attracted a good deal of attention as being a profit-sharing establishment based on advanced principles. Mr. Gronlund says it is an enormous, scrupulously clean tenement house of four storeys high which is very dull and unattractive. Intellectually and socially the inhabitants of the Social Palace are on a low stage. Intelligent workmen who come to enrol themselves in the establishment can never stand it more than a couple of months. Altogether Mr. Gronlund draws a picture of as squalid, commonplace, and ugly a Utopia as the most thoroughgoing individualist could desire.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

Mr. Alfred Hennequin says that the substances in American theatres will consent to be amused or moved to fictitious sorrow, but it will not permit itself to be instructed. Neither will it let itself be amused or instructed in an immoral way. Adultery may be hinted at but it must not be discussed. As a problem the subject must not be treated at all. It must only be treated as a sin, and a dramatist who hints at it must express his opinion openly and definitely in condemnation of the adulterer. American plays, in the main, have five characteristics. First, strong melodramatic situations; secondly, farcical scenes and incidents; thirdly, horse play, song and dance; fifthly, poetic justice.

THE GOLDFIELDS OF ALASKA.

Mr. Keatley, late United States Judge of Alaska, gives an interesting account of the little-known goldfields which are being worked in that out-of-the-way corner of Uncle Sam's dominions. Gold mining is carried on under great difficulties. The layer of gold is by no means rich, and the cold is so intense that, although in the two summer months the temperature rises to 112 degrees, the ground is frozen so firmly that the frozen stone and gravel has to be dug up one season and left in detached masses to thaw in the next. The gold is believed to be inexhaustible, although only of so low a grade that it can only be worked by companies possessing a great amount of capital. Nevertheless, there is so much gold that Mr. Keatley thinks Alaska will prove a source of wealth to the whole country.

THE FORUM.

The *Forum* for May contains a very trenchant article by Mr. Carlisle in which he contrasts Republican promise with Republican performance, by which we are led to see the other side of the shield to the very rose-coloured version presented to our gaze in a recent number by Mr. Senator Daws. Mr. Goldwin Smith reviews the Canadian section of "Problems of Greater Britain." He is not altogether complimentary to the author. He says:—"The Canadian problem is neither distinctly propounded, nor adequately dealt with" in its pages.

THE NEGRO, AND HOW TO PROTECT HIM.

Mr. Roger Pryor discusses the sufficiency of the new amendments for the protection of the negro. These amendments are:—(1) No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. (2) No State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. (3) No State shall deny to any person the equal protection of the laws. These amendments, Mr. Pryor maintains, will not only secure the rights of the negroes, but along with Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence they will descend to posterity as monuments of human liberty and progress.

AN AUTHOR'S VIEW OF CRITICS.

Archdeacon Farrar writes a paper on "Literary Criticism," the object of which is to teach the critics in a good-natured way to cultivate a little modesty. Speaking of the criticisms of his own works which he has studied in every phase, he says:—

Truth compels me to say that I have seen but few reviews from which I could obtain the least information or adopt the most insignificant hints; and, like everyone else, I have often been criticised—especially in "religious" and semi-religious journals—in a manner which reflects dishonour on the critics only.

Speaking of the more disreputable methods of criticism, of which Macaulay's article on "Montgomery" is a signal article example—"a piece of wanton and needless cruelty, and a blot on his reputation"—Archdeacon Farrar says—

The very demigods of literature—Dante and Shakespeare, and Bacon and Milton—have not escaped these methods. Horace Walpole called Dante "extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam!" Samuel Pepys, Esq., thought "Cth'lo" "a mean thing," and "Midsummer Night's Dream" "the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life." Bacon's "*Instauratio Magna*" was described by an eminent contemporary as "the silliest of printed books." Hacket, in his "Life of Lord Keeper Williams," calls Milton "a petty schoolboy scribbler": and another contemporary spoke of him as "the author of a profane and lascivious poem called 'Paradise Lost.'"

The moral of the whole essay is that authors who have got anything in them should insist on being themselves, let the critics criticise ever so savagely.

GOVERNMENT BY RUM-SELLERS.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby says that ten of the twenty-six members of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York to-day are rum-sellers. The rum-sellers rule is that of an impertinent oligarchy which owe their power to the partisanship which vote the party ticket regardless of all consideration of the character of their candidates. The other class who are responsible for this result are those who do not vote. In New York City there are 20,000 men of correct sentiments and upright life who never vote at all. How to get them to vote and how to get the party man to bolt from his party rather than

accept a rum-seller are problems beside which all questions before the country dwarf into insignificance.

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF THE FUTURE.

Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske describes what he considers will be the naval battle of the future. It will chiefly differ from the naval battle of the present, he thinks, because of the change brought about by smokeless powder.

In the battles of the past, an admiral had little control over his fleet after the action had once begun; he had to depend on his captains to carry out the general instructions with which the battle had been opened, for the smoke of the guns obscured the field of action.

With smokeless powder, an admiral need no longer be a simple spectator of a conflict, but from the armoured conning tower of his flagship may exercise as active a control over his ships as does a chess-player over his pieces. With a well-trained signal corps, and with swift dispatch vessels to act as messengers, an admiral can mass his whole force upon a given point, or give re-enforcement where his own line seems to waver.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon, on "Biblical Instruction in Schools," argues strongly in favour of the scientific study of the Bible in the light of modern criticism. He says—

There is abundant room for instruction in biblical science, over and above the doctrinal and catechetical teaching of religious instructors, in all our educational institutions, should be sufficiently manifest.

Mr. Sigmund Zeisler writes a solid article on jury verdicts by the majority vote. There is not a single country except England and the United States in which the verdicts of the jury are required to be unanimous. He is in favour of two-thirds majority verdicts while retaining the unanimity only in cases where the death penalty follows the verdict of guilty.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

The first part of this admirable magazine is devoted to the required reading for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. It contains half-a-dozen papers dealing with Italy, beginning with the "Making of Italy" by Mr. Freeman and ending with an instalment of Professor Donaldson's "Roman Morals." These papers are carefully written from an educational point of view, and accompanied by footnotes giving the pronunciation of foreign words and explaining all unfamiliar terms. The most interesting of these papers is Miss Bella Stillman's account of "Life in Modern Italy." She gives a very bad account of the moral and physical training of the Italian women. They have no moral or physical independence, and when they leave school they lie in bed till eleven or twelve in the morning for want of occupation. "Getting one's daughter married seems to be the chief end of man in Italy." In addition to the selected Italian papers the required reading contains an account by Mr. Albert Shaw of his visit to Serbia and a couple of scientific papers. The rest of the magazine is taken up with miscellaneous papers, some of which are very short and none of which call for special mention except the paper translated from the *Deutsche Rundschau* upon Woman's work in Archaeology from which extracts are given elsewhere. The Chautauquan, it must never be forgotten, is a part of a system of self-education, giving advice to self-educators singly or in groups. About one-third of the magazine is given to reports from local circles with notes on required reading, questions, and answers. The *Chautauquan* is a peripatetic university in the shape of a monthly periodical.

HARPER'S.

Harper's frontispiece is a portrait of the long-haired Alphonse Daudet, which appropriately prefaces Henry James's translation of the "Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin." "Port Tarascon," which is the title of the tale, is copiously illustrated, French fashion, and will be read by all those who have followed the previous adventures of Daudet's hero, Tartarin, that Don Quixote in the skin of Sancho Panza. Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Voguë contributes a travel paper, entitled "Through the Caucasus." He is a charming writer, and his descriptions of Georgia and the petroleum country are very interesting. The illustrations are spirited. Mr. Park Benjamin's paper on "Range Finding at Sea by Aid of Electricity" is a very lucid description of the Fiske range-finder, which seems likely to enable a dynamite gun to be applied with the effect of a rifle against the enemy's ships. Dr. Benjamin makes out a good case for his contention that victory in the future will perch in the banner of him who first best knows how far off the heaviest battalions are. The paper on "American Burlesque" is chiefly interesting for the pictures of burlesque actors in character. Mr. George Moritz Wahl's paper on Fürst Bismark is solid after the fashion of a German historian. It is illustrated by an engraving of Lenbach's portrait of Prince Bismark in civilian costume with broad-brimmed hat and loose-fitting coat. In "The Young Whist-Player's Novitiate," Professor Goodrich gives seven practice hands for beginners, to give them a taste of the quality of the game. Howard Pyle's "Chapbook Heroes" gives an account of Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, and Claude Duval.—In the "Editor's Easy Chair" there is discussed a proposal made by an American that after erecting a statue to Christopher Columbus they should build a statue of Oliver Cromwell, "the chief historic embodiment in England of the conscience, the energy, and the courage which have thus far been the dominant influence in American civilisation." The editor thinks that if a symbolic Puritan were to be selected for a statue, the choice would fall not on Cromwell, but on Milton, whose statue would pre-figure "the mellowed Puritanism of the later day. But the statue of Cromwell should wait till statue of the spotless Jay and the charming Irving stand in the city in which they were born."

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The novel in *Lippincott's* is "May Stickney's Circumstantial Evidence." "The Dead Man's Diary" is getting so dull that it is about time that the dead man was not only dead but buried. The chief new feature in this number is "Round Robin Talks," an informal report of a conversation at a fraternal meeting of various well-known contributors to periodical literature, including Max o'Rell, Julian Hawthorne, and the author of "Helen's Babies." As an attempt to revive Noctes Ambrosianæ, "Round Robin Talks" is worth noticing. It is illustrated by indifferent portraits. The most notable passage reported is the following by Mr. Walsh:—

The weekly is the periodical of the immediate future, as the monthly is of the present and the quarterly was of the past. As the race develops it calls for shorter and shorter pauses between intellectual meals, and our grandchildren may live to see the quarterly, monthly, and weekly press all merged into the great daily illustrated paper of the future, which will command the services of the greatest writers, artists, and engravers.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne gives an account of a new story, called *Metzerott*, written by a woman:—

Love, religion, and political economy enter into the substance of "Metzerott," and the interest culminates in a little socialistic community, established on a co-operative and democratic plan, where each member is valued according to his or her personal character and achievements, and where idleness and aristocracy are at a discount.

There is an ambitious poem by Robert Burns Wilson, the publication of which is suggested by the unveiling of the statue to General Lee at Richmond. Mr. Arthur Goddard discusses "Fiction for the People." He says that the introduction of a little immorality in newspaper fiction, according to his experience, has failed to succeed. Some of the most notable essentials of a successful popular fiction are benevolence, a wholesome moral tendency, and seeking of the better side of human nature. Professor R. K. Douglas, in a slight paper called the "Origin of Chinese Culture and Civilization," explains, in popular style, the Accadian hypothesis of the Babylonian origin of Chinese civilization and literature. Ancient as is the culture of China, it would seem to have been imported into the Flowery Land from Babylon about 2,000 years before Christ.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The *English Illustrated* for June contains the first instalment of Mr. William Morris's new Norse story, "The Glittering Plain; or the Land of Living Men." Judging from the first six chapters it will be very good, and not unworthy of the poet of "The Earthly Paradise." Mr. Hamilton Aïdè's paper on "The Castle on Mount Etna" is slight.

A FRENCH MATTHEW ARNOLD.

E. and R. E. Prothero contribute a critical paper illustrated with several translations of the poetry of Sully-Prudhomme. They say—

A subtle and anxious thinker upon the unknown and the infinite, his tone of thought is always autumnal, never vernal. No French poet has expressed more sadly or more simply the melancholy and dissatisfaction to which thoughtful minds are ever subject. A man of strong affections, he seems, so far as his poetry is concerned, to have no youth; his love verses are full of sighs; deep springs of wistful regret rise to the surface, welling up through the mournful lines of which memories rather than hopes form the staple material. Quiet in manner, reserved, fastidious, shrinking from turbulence and clamour, delicate and even dainty in his refinement, he is a French Matthew Arnold.

LACE MAKING IN IRELAND.

Mr. Allan Cole sends an elaborate paper on *Lace Making* in Ireland. He thinks it is possible to put lace-making in a healthy state, but it would be uphill work for some time to come, and would involve sacrifices and expenses. This is his idea of how Irish lace-making might be revived:—

It could be done if a single company, able to be enterprising, were to exploit Irish lace-making. But then such a company would have to employ a staff of designers, of head-workers to make standard specimens, of efficient supervisors at local centres, and would have to produce splendid pieces of work for exhibition and advertisement. It would have to be in touch with the different markets for Irish laces, and possess adequate resources to develop (if that be possible) new markets elsewhere. It would not probably rely much upon demand from England or Ireland, neither being lace-wearing or lace-fancying countries to the same extent as are France, America, Germany, and Russia. Its head depôt might perhaps be in London, Dublin, or Belfast, but Paris would doubtless be preferable. This scheme for a company is perhaps a *château d'Espagne*, but upon it, or something like it, depends, I believe, the regeneration of lace-making in Ireland.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in a sensible and solid paper on the "Novel and the Common School," gives a very gratifying account as to the improvement of Americans in physique and in art. Their literary taste, however, remains at a low ebb. He says:—

Evidence is on all sides of a fresh, new, wonderful artistic development in America in drawing, painting, sculpture, in instrumental music and singing, and in literature.

He would, therefore, have common schools set about teaching children not simply how to read, but what to read. At present the most worthless novel is the most in demand, and no effort is made to educate the literary taste of the young. The common school he says:—

Can easily be made to inculcate a taste for good literature; it can be a powerful influence in teaching the American people what to read; and upon a broadened, elevated, discriminating public taste depends the fate of American art, of American fiction.

"The Turn of the Tide" gives an account of the fateful moment when Paganism finally ebbed before Christianity, which the authors (for there are two of them) place at about the year 390, in the time of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. He quotes largely from the letters of Ambrose on the one side and from Symmachus on the other.

So many writers are urging upon us to Americanize our institutions, that it is a refreshing change to come upon the article by Mr. Hannis Taylor urging the Americans to Anglicise the House of Representatives. He tells his countrymen that—

The old worn-out congressional system under which the initiative in legislation is vested in a large number of committees without any common leadership, can never be made adequate to the present wants of the country until it is so remodelled as to vest the initiative in legislation touching great national questions in a single grand committee, the cabinet, which should be clothed with the official leadership of the party which it represents.

Mr. Francis Walker contributes a paper on the Eight Hours Law Agitation, which sets forth with considerable force the case against making a compulsory eight hours day by Act of Parliament. He maintains that the plea, based upon the imagined effect of such a law, would set the unemployed to work is utterly baseless. The article is one which Mr. Bradlaugh would read with pleasure, and which Mr. Morley might do worse than get before he speaks at Newcastle.

"An Arthurian Journey" describes a visit paid to Tintagel, Cadbury—which is identified as Camelot, dethroning Winchester—Salisbury Plain, and Glastonbury. In the Reviews Mr. Morris's tale of the House of the Wolfings is declared to be one the few contributions of our present time to imaginative literature, and Professor Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in this World" is highly praised as a penetrating exposition of the Pauline doctrine of charity. Dr. Holmes is as pleasing as ever in his gossip "Over the Tea-Cups," from which we make an extract elsewhere, only taking a sentence here in which he says, speaking about cranks:

A crank is a man who does his own thinking. That is what you have to expect if you invent anything that puts an old machine out of fashion, or solve a problem that has puzzled all the world up to your time. There never was a religion founded but its Messiah was called a crank. There never was an idea started that woke up men out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank. Do you want to know why that name is given to the men who do most for the world's progress?

The answer is, of course, because cranks make all the wheels and machinery in the world go round.

NEWBERRY HOUSE MAGAZINE.

THE Rev. J. EALES reviews "Lux Mundi," which reminds him of the catechetical school of Alexandria and of its most distinguished teachers, Clement and Origen. Mr. Eales does not like "Lux Mundi." Publications of this kind disturb the religious world, and cause an undesirable controversy which diverts men's minds from more important subjects. He thinks that the essay on the Atonement is the gem of the volume, but as to the essay on Inspiration Mr. Eales says:—

We cannot but hope that a sense of reverence will prevent the further pushing on of this perilous line of enquiry, at all events by the school of thinkers which "Lux Mundi" represents. Upon that road we should indeed regret to see any Christian proceeding. But the various questions bearing upon the authenticity and historical character of the books of the Old Testament, emphatically *dignus vindice nodus*, greatly need fuller treatment from the orthodox point of view.

The Seventh Conference on "Difficulties and Interest in Church and Parish" suggests that the Churchmen would do well to adopt the principle of weekly offering, which has long been found to work well in many Nonconformist churches. The author says:—

I would have a thoroughly representative Financial Committee, elected in connection with each congregation, with the incumbent at its head. I would have that committee form its estimates of the amounts required to be raised in the parish for all parochial, diocesan, and general Church objects for the ensuing financial year. I would call a meeting of the parishioners and congregation, and lay the sum total, with all its specified parts in budget form, before them, stating that the sum mentioned ought to be subscribed. I would distribute printed forms containing a list of all objects for which support was solicited, with £ s. d. columns for subscriptions.

The Rev. Harry Jones writes on "Gambling," which he wishes Church, Society, and the Legislature to deal with in a serious, practical fashion. The paper on the "Oberammergau Play" is illustrated with portraits of the leading actors. "The Bishop's Bible" is concluded.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW.

THE *Andover* is very solid this month, but there is a very useful paper on "Education in Greece," by Professor Henry W. Hulbert, from which we learn that an American Episcopalian missionary and his wife have done yeoman's service in training and educating the girls of Greece. When they started a girls' school in 1832 there was not an institution of the kind in all Greece. It became immensely popular, and for many years had an average attendance of 700. A higher school was established—the Hill Institute, which has sixty-four boarders and 196 day scholars. There are few more curious instances in modern civilisation than that the descendants of Pericles should have needed a Yankee missionary to educate their daughters. The Rev. J. P. Jones, of Madura, has an interesting article on the revival of Hinduism, which he regards as the first trophy of the mighty conquest Christianity is beginning to enjoy in this great land of India. He says:—

The writer has, during the last six months, seen more of the great missionary controversy published in one anti-Christian secular paper in South India than in all the Christian and Anglo-Indian papers of the Presidency put together! What is to be the issue of this religious ferment in the land of the Vedas? To the intelligent missionary it gives no cause for apprehension—is, indeed, full of promise. One certain and speedy result will be a purified and much more elevated Hinduism.

Beauty's Queens.—The latest addition to magazines is *Beauty's Queens*, a publication issued at a shilling by Messrs. Macfarlane and Co., 181, Fleet Street. It consists of eight pages devoted for the most part to discussion of the beauty of women, how to preserve it and set it off, together with disquisitions on beauties past and present. Miss Florence Marryat, in a paper entitled "Beauty's Essence: On the Beauty Sleep," says that a beautiful and well-known countess, famous for fulfilling all her society engagements, was asked the other day how she managed to do so much work and yet to preserve her youthful bloom and appearance. Her answer was that she made a point of lying in bed one whole day in the week, and spending as much of it as she could in sleep, in order to recoup the strength lost in fashionable dissipation. "What a sensible countess!" exclaims Miss Marryat. From the same article we learn that no one should lie on a feather bed, and that before going to bed the beauty should first take a warm bath, then rub her face over with cold cream, and, after wiping herself with a soft handkerchief, dust her skin with face powder. The chief features of *Beauty's Queens* are a Pastel Portrait "A May Princess," in sixteen colours, by Zickendraht, and a graphophone portrait of Miss Phyllis Broughton. The style of *Beauty's Queens* may be inferred from the following passage taken in praise of Miss Broughton:—

"Need I expatiate on further beauties. Those pure symmetrical shoulders, that exquisite waist, those hips, which we have all seen swaying as their owner prances with infinite grace across the stage. Yes, prancing is the word for Miss Broughton, nostrils do not form her only equine characteristic."

Century Magazine.—Gymnasts will be interested in the paper on Track Athletics in America, illustrated by instantaneous photography. The second part of the "Women of the French Salon" is printed with a figured border and copiously illustrated.

The paper on a Modern Colourist is an account of an interesting artist—Mr. Ryder—who was born at Cape Cod, and who is characterised by his complete rejection of modern art and his great skill in colouring.

The Editor says:—

During the past two years from eight thousand five hundred to nine thousand manuscripts were annually submitted to the *Century Magazine* for publication. This is an increase over previous years, and does not include the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of propositions submitted with regard to articles.

An article upon "What's the News" is brief, but very interesting to journalists, owing to figures which I have never seen collected elsewhere. The writer estimates that the newspaper publishers in the United States spent annually sixteen and a-half million dollars, or say three million three hundred thousand pounds for news; of this twelve and a-half million is spent in local news. There are 35,000 persons engaged upon editorial work on daily and weekly papers. The largest paper bill in the United States is the *New York World's*, which amounts to £134,000 per annum; the *World* also tops the list in the weekly competition bill, which amounts to £1,200. The *Boston Globe* comes next with £820. The *World* pays £63 a week for proof-reading, and the same is paid by the *Herald*. Boston buys more papers in proportion to population than any other city in America.

Cornhill.—*Cornhill* is as bright as usual. Fiction predominates, but Mr. Grant Allen is to the fore with an article "concerning Thomas" and all his kith and kin. The article suggests what a very charming book might

be written concerning Christian names, and the measure which they afford as to the growth or decay of reputations. "Tristiane," or the woman who always spoke the truth, is a Scandinavian tale, weird and powerful, telling of a woman's heroic devotion to one who, though a murderer, was redeemed by love. There is a pleasant travel paper describing life in Damascus. But perhaps the most notable article of all is "The Farmers' Feathered Friends;" the author of which puts in a strong plea for the sparrow. Among the bird friends of our agriculturists, the writer enumerates first the rook, second the jackdaw, each of which is the sanitary inspector of two or three sheep; third, the starling, whose service in eating insects outdoes by ten times all the harm they do in eating cherries; fourthly, the wag-tail, which relieves animals of small insects which would give them torture if the birds did not clear their ears out; fifthly, wood-pigeons, which destroy quantities of charlock, wild mustards, and vetches; sixthly, the sparrow; seventhly, the lapwing; eighthly, the kestrel, and lastly the owl, to which the writer gives the palm for usefulness and intelligence. Mr. Payn's serial comes to an end this month.

Gentleman's Magazine.—Miss Werner contributes a very elaborate and learned paper concerning the African pygmies who figure so prominently in Mr. Stanley's recent travels. She regards them as a fragment of the aboriginal African race, akin to the Hottentots and Bushmen. Max Wolffsohn describes how he rode across South America from Chili to Buenos Ayres. The passage of the Andes seems to have been a very perilous undertaking. "Salvage Theology" is a curious title under which Mr. Farrer describes the books which have been burned for their theological sentiments, beginning with John Archer's "Comfort for Believers about their Sinnes and Troubles," and ending with Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith." "The Great Forgotten Statesman of Ongar" is Sir Richard De Lucy, minister of Henry the Second.

Macmillan's Magazine.—George Saintsbury's essay upon De Quincey is like the usual literary article to which Mr. Saintsbury puts his name. Mr. Perry's article on the traditions of German colonisation will surprise most people, because few people knew that German colonisation had any traditions at all. But it seems as far back as the seventeenth century there was a Brandenburg settlement on the coast of Guinea, but it turned out so badly that Frederick William I. offered it first to the English, and then to the Dutch, who bought the settlement up for 6,000 ducats. Mr. Wylde asks the question, "Can women combine?" and answers it in the negative so far as the poorer class of women are concerned. Trade unionism, he thinks, will never succeed among women. Women are far too strongly individual to allow themselves to be boiled down in a common female labour cauldron into a kind of feminine hotch-potch.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" is not bad; but why it should be adorned with a title which has no relation to its contents is one of the stock tricks of Mr. Kipling's literary craft.

East and West.—The only article in *East and West* which calls for mention besides Stepniak's paper on the Russian exile system, which is noticed elsewhere, is Mr. Macquoid's account of Christopher Plantin, the great printer of Antwerp, who printed and edited more than 1,600 works, including the famous Polyglot Bible in four languages, of which he printed 21,000 copies at a cost of 40,000 crowns.

Murray's Magazine.—Mr. George Shipton contrasts the new Trade Unionism of Messrs. Burns, Mann, and Champion, &c., to the old Trades Unionism—of course, to the detriment of the former. The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley chants a song of welcome to Stanley, which extends over eight pages, and reminds us of his welcome to the home-coming of Browning. There is an interesting paper by "Débutante" on Court Functions. She describes a garden party at Marlborough House, a Court ball at Buckingham Palace, and a presentation at Court. Admiral Colomb criticises the Problems of Greater Britain, which he condemns for wrong reasoning and mistaken assumptions, chiefly due to the fact that its author has given little or no independent study to the naval side of the question, and is dominated by the error that attacks on territory can be carried out over a sea which is doubtfully commanded. There is deep pathos in Laura Daintry's five-paged little tale entitled "Caroline." The Rev. William Gresswell's paper on "Early Summer at the Cape" does not lead us to wish to exchange England for South Africa.

Time.—The most interesting paper in *Time* is Stepniak's account of Vsevolod Garshin, a Russian Jew of genius, who died at the age of thirty-two, in 1888. In his case madness and genius were very closely allied, but Stepniak tells enough of his writings to make us wish that he had published a translation in full of all his short stories. The report of Dr. Leitner's extempore address on the "Science and Language of Ethnography" bears traces of looseness attending such method of delivery. We regret to see that Dr. Leitner seems to argue in favour of a merciless interdict on the re-marriage of widows.

Then, as to the widow re-marriage, it has not been sufficiently pointed out to the British public that spiritual marriage renders the re-marriage of the Hindu widow impossible, because she is necessary for the spiritual salvation of the husband, and because as the representative of his property she may be called on to be the head of the family, for many of them *are* at the head of the family, and their position therefore, renders it simply impossible for them, to re-marry.

Mr. Montefiore's sketch of Rio de Janeiro is interesting, but the picture of the women of the Brazilian capital is melancholy indeed.

Longman's Magazine.—Brander Matthews' paper on the Art and Mystery of Collaboration is strongly in favour of that method of partnership which lessens the labour of the task and doubles the pleasure. He says many true and some witty things in his description of the literary marriage which, as he remarks, is sometimes polygamous and sometimes monogamous. Mr. Buckland's paper on some Indian Wild Beasts is full of stories of tigers, bears, boars, and crocodiles.

Scribner's Magazine.—Architects and house builders of all kinds will be interested in reading the series of papers on the city houses, which begins in this number, and is copiously illustrated, and gives a very good idea of the sort of houses in which our American kinsmen live. The new serial story "Jerry," by an anonymous author, is begun.

Mr. Barrett Wendell's Rosamund is a dramatic scene describing the traditional interview between Queen Eleanor and fair Rosamond. Higher praise could not be given it than that it is not unworthy of its subject.

The Parent's Review.—In the *Parent's Review* for May 15th, Mr. Rooper's paper on Art for Children gives

an interesting account of the Art Schools Association, which is not as well known as it ought to be, although it has been established for seven years. Mrs. Frances Epps has a very sensible article on Nursery French, in which she suggests that the families in the neighbourhood should engage a resident French lady to hold nursery classes in a series of houses. By the aid of this French lady, who would be willing to play and amuse the children, she thinks it would be possible to familiarise them with French pronunciation almost as soon as they learn to talk at the cost of 5s. or 6s. an hour.

Photographic Answers.—I have received the May number of *Photographic Answers*, which is a remarkably cheap penny magazine, devoted to practical notes on questions interesting to photographers. There is a useful index of current photographic literature and a colotype supplement, which is admirably executed.

Night and Day.—Dr. Barnardo has done so much good work for children, and is still doing so much good work, that I regret much to notice the extent to which he allows his Romanophobia to cause his good to be evil spoken of. In *Night and Day* for June he devotes seven columns to a demonstration that Cardinal Manning uses the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children for schemes for the perversion of the faith of the people of this country. He devotes another seven columns to the story of how a boy was "kidnapped by a priest." Considering the number of waifs and strays in the streets, a solitary unit here and there, either Protestant or Romanist, surely does not matter.

The Cosmopolitan.—The most interesting thing about the *Cosmopolitan* is the announcement of a competition, in which three prizes of 200 dollars each are offered to architects for the best designs of a public bath, a public laundry, and a tenement house co-operative kitchen; the last-named to be large enough for twenty families of five each; the laundry to accommodate 150 families of five each, and the bath to be large enough for a town of 100,000 inhabitants.

Mr. Auberon Herbert.—Mr. Auberon Herbert has at last found an organ for his individualistic gospel. It is called the *Free Life*, and is printed, together with the *Political World*, at a penny every Saturday. Mr. Herbert will find that the individual editing of the individualist organ will be too much for him if it comes out every week. The first number is bright and characteristic, but it is not in the power of one mortal man to keep the *Free Life* up to that level once in every seven days.

Hazell's Magazine.—The May number of *Hazell's Magazine*, which is written nearly by and entirely for the staff of Hazell, Watson, and Viney, contains a report on the deputation which presented Mr. Gladstone with a set of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" at Mr. Cyril Flower's seat at Aston Clinton. Mr. Gladstone suggested that book-binding in leather ought to be cheapened by the introduction of labour-saving machines, as it alone has not shared in the general cheapening of book production which is characteristic of this generation. Messrs. Hazell employ 400 persons at Aylesbury, and about one-fifteenth of an acre of land is allotted to each person who takes part in the firm's scheme. About one-eighth of an acre is declared that a family of three or four persons require.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

Miss Marion Hepworth Dixon in a recent number of the *Fortnightly* says:—

This musician—for Marie Bashkirtseff could hold a room spellbound with her phrasing of Chopin—this musician, sculptor, painter, writer had none of the airs and graces of a merely clever woman. A simplicity, mingled with a quaint, a delightful whimsicality, were markedly hers. In her presence, it is true, one was conscious of being face to face with a personality, but it was not the uncomfortable sort of personality which mounts a pedestal, but rather the kind with whom we desire to sit down and chat by the fire. She was womanish in her wit, her refinement, her coquetry; womanish in her pruderies, in her audacities, her chatter, her silences, in her gaiety, and, more than all, in her still more abundant sadness.

When she was twenty Marie records an extraordinary revival of her early piety. Hence the entry:—

Having read a passage in the Gospel extraordinarily in accordance with the thought that guided me, I have a return to my old fervour and faith in miracles, to Jesus Christ, and my impassioned prayers of old days. For some time I had been satisfied with one God, and my belief was very pure, very severe, and very simple; but here I am returning to a religion more familiar and more . . . consoling, more in touch with the fears, the miseries, and the meannesses of my nature.

The God-Man and the Virgin Mary seem to listen to you more than the real God. . . . (Vol. II. p. 133).

Six months later, when she was very ill, breathing with difficulty and an ominous rattling in her throat, she says:—

I have come back to praying to Christ and the Virgin, and to belief in miracles, after having been a Deist, with days of absolute atheism. But the religion of Christ, according to *His own words*, is very little like your Catholicism or our orthodoxy, which I abstain from following, limiting myself to following the precepts of Christ, and not embarrassing myself with the allegories taken in earnest, with the superstitions, and the different absurdities introduced into religion later on by mere men, for political or other motives. (Vol. II. p. 163).

When her deafness increased she cried in agony:—

I no longer know where I am! Oh, no! there is no God such as I had imagined. There is a Supreme Being, there is Nature, there is, there is . . . but not the God whom I have been in the habit of praying to every day. That He should grant me nothing, well and good, but to kill me in this manner! To make me more unhappy, more dependent on everybody than any beggar; and what have I done?

In July, 1882, she felt herself better, felt capable of anything and plans a great picture of the scene when Joseph of Arimathea has buried the body of Jesus, and the stone has been rolled before the sepulchre; every one has gone, night falls, and Mary Magdalene and the other Mary remain, alone, seated in front of the sepulchre.

In Mary's eyes there is the stupefaction of a soul in which there is nothing left. The conception so entrals Marie that she feels a thrill pass through her hair. She shudders at the thought that she might be too ill to paint it. Then she cries out:—

Ah, God! I fall on my knees, and beg Thee not to oppose this happiness. In all humility, prostrated in the dust, I beg Thee to . . . not even to help me, but only to allow me to work without too many obstacles. (Vol. II. p. 268.)

But although she resentfully dares to say that God is neither just nor good, she falls on her knees and implores Him to allow her to work. "I do not deserve either favour or help, but only that He will let me alone." (Vol. II. p. 350.)

"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE publication of the "Practical Suggestion" which I appended to Mr. Gladstone's article on Georgiana Fullerton brought me a flood of correspondence from the uttermost parts of the earth. One of the most pathetic of these communications reached me from Sydney, others have come from the Far West of America, Africa, and India. All prove the need that there is for a centre of intercommunication and of counsel. A wise and experienced Scotch woman wrote me some time since urging that it would be well to systematise and extend "the Practical Suggestion." "You don't know," she writes, "what an immense boon it would be to many of us who are suddenly confronted with unforeseen difficulties and dangers if we could look to someone whom we could trust to give us practical advice as to what we should do." We are so helpless, without a friend and advice. He who setteth the desolate in families has surely put it into the heart of many of His children to minister of their experience to those who stand bewildered and perplexed, not knowing where to turn when death, misfortune, or sudden emergency summons them to face crises which they have neither the education, the training, nor the experience to cope with. Apart from these more tragic realities of life, there are multitudes of minor difficulties which might be surmounted if there could be a system of mutual interchange of ideas, and of wants. For instance, a correspondent in Russia who has a young son wishes to place him in a clergyman's family in England so that he can acquire his father's language better than in the country of his birth. But how can he find the clergyman? Another correspondent in Wales, the wife of a civil servant who is invalided, wishes to take in two or three little girls to educate and board, but how is she to find them? Again, a Portuguese-Chinese, who speaks English fluently and is at present engaged in compiling a Malay dictionary, is at present earning a precarious livelihood in London by addressing envelopes. He speaks Portuguese, Spanish, Chinese, and Malay, and would be invaluable in an office transacting business with the East. But he has no introductions, and what is he to do? Again, the author of novels which at one time had great vogue, is now lying under sentence of death, unless he can promptly be removed to the South Coast. Two of his children have died within the last fortnight, and his delicate wife is in despair. And so on and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Now it is impossible of course for any office—even for Lord Rothschild's—to attempt to relieve directly, by financial assistance, the wants of those who are destitute. Neither can the busiest man in London undertake to investigate, or even listen to the complaints of the wayworn, the perplexed, and the despairing. Still if there were established a centre which could act as a kind of general clearing-house, where inexperience could seek counsel from the experienced and those who are willing to help could learn something of the needs of the helpless and exchange counsel as to how these needs could be met, something practical might be effected for the removal of a good deal of trouble and perplexity. Any communication under this head to be made by letter only, and to be marked plainly on the outside, "Friends in Council," REVIEW OF REVIEWS' Office, Mowbray House, W.C.

Begging letters will not be acknowledged. There is no intention to establish a fund for the relief of the destitute. All that we can aim at doing is to endeavour to furnish those who need it with friendly counsel at those times when a friend in need is a friend indeed.

DIARY FOR MAY.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

1. Edinburgh Exhibition opened by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Eight Hours' Labour Demonstration in Europe. Dr. Westcott consecrated Bishop of Durham at Westminster.
2. Prince Albert Victor arrives in London from India. Strike riots at Roubaix; troops called out. Mr. Stanley speaks at St. James's Hall.
3. End of Irish railway strike on directors' terms.
4. Great Eight Hours' Demonstration in Hyde Park.
5. Mr. Stanley presented with gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society at the Albert Hall. The Italian Senate rejects clause in Charitable Trust Bill by 83 to 76. Crispien suspends the sitting to communicate with the king.
6. German Reichstag opened by the Kaiser. Crispien decides to continue the debate on Charitable Trust Bill. Insane asylum burned down at Montreal; 40 or 50 burned to death.
7. Royal Military Exhibition opened at Chelsea.
8. Discussion in the French Chamber on *crédit foncier*. Court of Appeal dismisses Mr. O'Brien's appeal in the case of O'Brien *versus* Salisbury.
9. Temperance and benefit societies parade in Hyde Park; 30 processions.
10. Queen unveils statue of Prince Consort in Windsor Park. In the German Reichstag, statement by General Caprivi on German policy in Africa.
11. Freedom of the City of London conferred on Mr. Stanley. Crispien speaks on foreign affairs in Italian Chamber. Annual meeting of the Woman's Liberal Federation.
12. German Emperor speaks at Königsberg. Court-martial upon Major Panitz at Sophia.
13. International Telegraphic Conference opened at Paris. Statement by M. Ribot in French Senate on Newfoundland Fisheries. In German Reichstag New Army Bill discussed. Jubilee of Penny Post celebrated by a Reception at Guildhall. German Emperor addresses Prussian Notables at Königsberg.
14. Debate on Labour Bill commenced in German Reichstag. General Boulanger dissolves Boulangist Committee. French Exhibition opened at Earl's Court.
15. Gordon's Statue unveiled at Chatham by the Prince of Wales. Exhibition of Postage Stamps at Portman Rooms.
16. London County Council Petitions against the Licensing Proposals of the Government on Sir Thomas Farrer's motion by 64 to 49. Mr. Newton, solicitor, sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for attempting to obstruct the course of justice in connection with the Cleveland Street case. £2,000 damages given against Dr. Engel, musical critic of the *World*, for seducing one of his pupils.
17. Opening of the Victorian Parliament.
18. Annual Meeting of Imperial Federation Leagues.
19. First General Meeting of Association of County Councils.
20. French warship prohibits British fishermen fishing in St. George's Bay, Newfoundland. Meeting at New Tipperary—Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien spoke. Meeting dispersed by police.
21. Carriage accident to the Emperor William foot sprained.
22. Oberammergau play performed for the first time.

- President Carnot at Beasnon. Burgas Railway opened in Bulgaria. Bank Holiday; beautiful day.
27. President Carnot at Beefort. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien address meeting near Cashel. Crowd dispersed by troops and police.
28. England agrees to French proposals for the conversion of the Egyptian Debt. M. Secrétan sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 10,000 fr. fine for frauds in connection with the Copper Ring and the Comptoir d'Escompte. Inter-colonial Conference on Postal and Cable Rates at Adelaide concludes sittings. Accepts Mr. Goschen's and Sir John Pender's proposals.
29. Arrest of fourteen Nihilists in Paris. Dr. Peters reported to have entered Uganda. Trouble reported from Angola between Portuguese and King of Bilhe.
30. Major Panitz condemned to death.
31. Italian Chamber Vote Confidence in Home Policy of Crispien's Government, by 329 to 61.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

2. Bill for better Protection of Children read a second time.
12. Education Code discussed and approved.
16. Lord Salisbury makes statements as to relations with Germany and Portugal.
19. Lord Wemyss on Socialistic legislation; Lord Salisbury replies.
20. Industrial School Bill passed through committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

1. Irish Land Purchase Bill (continued). Mr. Balfour, Mr. Sexton, Lord Hartington, Mr. Morley, Mr. Parnell's amendment rejected by 348 to 268. Bill read second time.
2. On going into Committee on Allotments Bill Mr. Cobb's instruction creating parish councils for acquiring land rejected by 249 to 210. Dr. Cameron's resolution for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Scotch Church rejected by 286 to 218, after speeches by Mr. Gladstone, the Lord Advocate and Lord Hartington.
5. Customs and Inland Revenue Bill read a second time by 197 to 115, after speeches by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Goschen.
6. Allotment Bill in Committee. Mr. Reid's resolution empowering Town and County Councils to acquire land, defeated by 175 to 159.
7. Mr. Rathbone's Charitable Trust Bill read a second time.
8. Customs and Inland Revenue Bill passed through Committee, except clauses relating to drink.
12. Mr. Ritchie moves second reading of Local Taxation Duties Bill. Mr. Cairne, T. W. Russell, Sir George Trevelyan, and the Solicitor-General.
13. Debate on Local Taxation Duties Bill continued. Mr. Bryce, Mr. Long, Count out.
15. Local Taxation Duties Bill read a second time. Mr. Cairne's amendment defeated by 339 to 266. Mr. Matthews, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. W. H. Smith.
16. Committee on Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, postponed clauses.
17. Committee on Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, all night sitting.
20. Precedence taken for Customs and Inland Revenue Bill by 336 to 137. Debate continued.
21. Customs and Inland Revenue Bill reported to the House.
22. Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, as amended considered and agreed to. Debate on German African negotiations. Supply.
23. Customs and Inland Revenue Bill read third time after division, 141 to 67. Tipperary proclaimed meeting discussed. Count out. House adjourned for Whitsun recess.

UTTERANCES, NOTABLE AND OTHERWISE.

2. Mr. Stanley at St. James's Hall.
5. Mr. Stanley at Albert Hall.
6. Lord Rosebery concludes his review of the work of the County Council. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Bristol on labour question.
7. Lord Derby at Hotel Metropole on hospitals.
7. Mr. Goschen at Rawtenstall on Ireland and the Licensing Bill.
7. Mr. Chamberlain at Oxford on Irish Local Government and Land Purchase.
8. Sir George Trevelyan on "One Man One Vote" at the City Liberal Club.
11. Mr. Chamberlain at Artists' Benevolent Institution.
12. Mr. Gladstone on Free Trade at the Cobden Club. Sir Charles Russell, at Oxford, replies to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Curzon on the Karun River at the Royal Geographical Society.
13. Lord Hartington at Liberal Unionist Dinner at Crystal Palace. Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Derby, Mr. Goschen and Sir Henry James. Colonel Owen at Royal Colonial Institute on the Military Defence Force of the Colonies.
16. Mr. Gladstone at Norwich.
17. Mr. Gladstone at Lowestoft.
17. Mr. Stanley at the Turners' Company.
19. Mr. Gladstone at Yarmouth. Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham on Unionism.
20. Sir William Harcourt at Bermondsey. Mr. Parnell at Westminster Palace Hotel.
21. Mr. Stanley at the London Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Balfour at Wanstead.
22. Lord Salisbury at Merchant Tailors' on African policy and Labour Question. Sir Richard Temple's financial statement London School Board.
26. Lord Rosebery addresses the Co-operative Congress at Glasgow. Mr. Childers to his constituents at Edinburgh.
27. Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden to excursionists. Mr. Schnadhorst at Plymouth on returning from Africa.
28. Professor Tyndall at Glasgow. Mr. Gladstone to excursionists at Hawarden.
29. Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden to more excursionists.
31. Mr. John Dillon at Dublin.
31. Lord Wolseley at Hornsey on God's Church.

OBITUARY.

- 30 (April). Edwin Waugh, Lancashire Poet, aged 73.
5. (May). James Sloes, American Millionaire. Senator Beck.
6. Robert Fleury, French Artist, aged 83.
6. Hubert Léonard, Violinist, aged 71.
7. E. Dresser Rogers, aged 65.
7. James Nasmyth, Inventor of Nasmyth Steam-hammer, aged 82.
7. James Carlyle.
8. Frank Joyce, Lord Clanricarde's Ex-agent.
10. Gen. Cassola, Spanish Officer and Politician.
11. Lady Verney, sister to Miss Florence Nightingale.
12. Dr. Arthur J. Pollock, Physician.
12. Prof. Wm. Kirby Sullivan, aged 68.
15. Ex-Alderman S. O. Hadley.
17. Thomas Beet, Bookseller.
- Rev. Dr. Gotch, Member of Old Testament Revision Committee, aged 83.
18. George Hooper, Journalist and Author.
28. Col. Pearson, Assistant Commissioner of Police, aged 59.
28. William Abraham, Deputy Alderman, Cripplegate, aged 68.
30. Gen. Brine, aged 60.
31. Major-Gen. Birdwood.
31. Duchesse de Percigny, aged 60.
- Earl of Miltown, aged 55.

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

There are few articles of special interest from the general reader's point of view this month in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Taine, M. Valbert, and M. Boissier are names which always command attention, however, in their particular spheres, and their contributions will be found noticed elsewhere.

THE DARWINISM OF RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS.

M. Goblet d'Alviella has collected a number of interesting facts on what may be described as the rise, fall, and transmission of symbols from one people to another, and showing how the law of the survival of the fittest can be applied to this as to other developments of natural instinct. Certain forms of symbolism are, as he points out, so natural that they cannot be said to belong to any special race, but to constitute a characteristic feature of humanity in certain phases of development, but it does not follow that because two symbols had the same origin they should retain the same signification. It frequently happens that in changing its country a symbol also changes its meaning, as, for example, the Christian crucifixes, which have become the fetishes of certain tribes of the Congo. There is a very interesting chapter of history to be some day worked out in this direction. The history of the Cross is one of the best examples by which M. d'Alviella illustrates his meaning. He carries it from its old Mexican and Mesopotamian origin as a sign signifying in the first instance simply the four winds, then the four quarters of space, then by extension the all-embracing heavens, finally, even in the pre-Christian era, the Maker and Ruler of all. M. d'Alviella describes the various methods by which, both in the past and in the present, symbols are naturally transmitted, and develops the theory that, like everything else, symbols are subject to the laws of the struggle for life, and only survive by reason of special fitness, beauty, or adaptability to the varying needs of man.

TWO OLD MASTERS.

From Herodotus to Voltaire is a long stride, but the reader who is tempted to make it will find two articles side by side in which the peculiar characteristics, not only of each writer, but of the age for which he wrote, are thrown into what the contrast makes a sharp relief to each other. M. Alfred Croiset gives a long and sympathetic analysis of the philosophy and history of Herodotus, and the relation it bore to existing society of his time. He shows the Father of History in all the simplicity of a narrator who brings to his task the sagacity, the prudence, and the geniality which constitute his personal endowment, and give the charm and originality to his work that have made of it the masterpiece that it is, but he shows him also, at the same time, dominated by the feeling of his epoch, epic in tone, by the widening of sympathy which circumstances forced upon him, accepting many gods rather than reject one, and ready to do reverence to the mysteries of Egypt, lest in exposing them the mysteries of Greece might have suffered some counter-shock. He was, in fact, the buttress of faith in a faithful day. Voltaire, on the

other hand, under M. Brunetière's pen, becomes nothing but the trumpet of infidelity of a sceptical day. It is a subject on which M. Brunetière is never tender, and his blows rain down as usual on what he treats as the absurdity of Voltaire's over-estimated reputation. The apostle of reason! Not he, nor the apostle, nor inventor of anything else. Simply the parrot or jay of his time, who said more loudly—M. Brunetière admits that it was perhaps more brilliantly also—what others had thought for him in every particular. As for what he said about tolerance, had not Bayle said it before Voltaire was born? Does not Locke's "Letter on Tolerance" bear date of 1689? Are not the "Lettres Persanes" ten years older than the "Lettres Philosophiques?" Of the ideal of Humanity, yes, perhaps; if any honour, any glory, any original share in the work of the eighteenth century may justly be assigned to Voltaire, it is to be evoked from this. If he had no love for man, he did love Humanity, and he recognised the value of social institutions. But even here M. Brunetière can only give praise which is balanced with qualifications so great as almost to deprive it of all laudatory effect. What a conception of Humanity was his? "A narrow and selfish exaggeration of the value of individual life, which has threatened at times to dry up courage and generosity at their sources." And what an egoistic conservatism in the notion which he formed of social institutions. Who ever drew the line more sharply between the Haves and Have Nots? In fact, generally, M. Brunetière's criticisms upon his great countryman may be summed up in Soapy Sam's witticism, That his works contain much that is good and much that is original, but what is original is not good, and what is good is not original. M. Brunetière has sufficient knowledge of the world to add that he does not expect to convince anybody. He only utters his convictions apparently for the pleasure of hearing himself speak the truth.

ONE OF THE CHARMING WOMEN OF FRANCE.

Unpublished letters of the seventeenth century are always sure of their welcome in France, and the Comte d'Haussonville's budget of correspondence between M^{me}. de la Fayette and Menage forms no exception. Everyone who has read Sainte Beuve and Cousin knows Madame de la Fayette, and everyone who knows her wants to know more. It was she who taught Rochefoucauld, when he was more than fifty years of age, that he had a heart, and all his "Maxims" did not prevent him from simply and faithfully loving her to the end of his life. Boileau said of her that she was the cleverest woman of France, and wrote better than any other, even though Madame de Sevigné was her contemporary. Her good sense, quite as much as her art, enabled her to reform the novel writing of the day. Her "Princesse de Clèves" put an end once for all to the Cléves and Grand Cyruses of the Scudery school. She was one of the brilliant stars of a brilliant court, and with all this it is characteristic of the unapproachable charm of the French women of her day that this bundle of letters to her old Latin master, even though he often bored and often vexed her, are as simple, serious, and genial as though she had never done any-

thing in her life but live in the country with a husband, of whom she is "exceedingly fond," and occupy herself with the housekeeping, which "interests and amuses her a great deal." Either the women of that time were exceptionally fortunate in their biographers or they were a race of which alas! the pattern is lost. For heart, for head, for grace, for tact, for sense, they have never been equalled in any society of which the record has been preserved.

THREE FRENCH INSTITUTIONS.

The three articles of M. d'Avenel on Administrative Reform, M. Liard on the French Faculties, and M. Henri Delaborde on the Academy of Fine Arts, almost fill the second number of the *Revue* with studies of artistic, scientific, and literary institutions, which, though interesting to specialists, are somewhat heavy for the general reader. M. d'Avenel's plea is for the emancipation of the Church from the State, and in this only he looks forward to a prolonged existence for the Church. The force of the priesthood now can be only (he says) a force of influence; and in any political society which rests upon national opinion, every influence has a right to exert its force; and whether it be pulpit, platform, or journal, it becomes legitimate. If the republic were not called upon to protect religion, it would have no excuse for persecuting it; and the Church independent of the State could abandon its present attitude of hostility. The two partners, to whom each day reveals more and more their secret incompatibility, would, in becoming strangers to one another, cease to be enemies.

M. Louis Liard's desire on the part of the Faculties is to see a system of decentralisation carried out to its proper expression and local universities established throughout France.

M. Delaborde's article on the Academy is the seventh of a series in which he is relating its history from the time of the foundation of the institute. The present instalment deals with the Academy under the monarchy of July.

A PLAYMATE OF NAPOLEON'S.

M. Valbert, who is endowed with that first of literary gifts, the power of always interesting his readers, is less guarded in praise than he usually is in the sketch which he gives this month of Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Corsican Ambassador of Russia, at the Court of France, during the twenty years of Bourbon administration which succeeded Waterloo. Count Pozzo was born at Alata, in Corsica, in 1764, and was, therefore, five years older than Napoleon, who was his playmate under the olive trees of their native island. They dreamed their first dreams of the greatness of the world together. "We used," he says, "to talk together constantly of the things that might be and to excite ourselves over them. Napoleon seized all great ideas with marked eagerness; he used to compare what was with what might have been, and then showed himself dissatisfied with the world." Those two became afterwards dire enemies. Napoleon pursued Pozzo with his animosity, and succeeded twice in the early years of his own power in breaking Pozzo's career.

WERE THE EARLY CHRISTIANS BAD PATRIOTS?

M. Gaston Boissier continues, in the first May number, his "Studies in Religious History"—Were the Early Christians Bad Patriots?—which are most interesting for readers who have the leisure to abstract their minds from the rush of topical subjects calling for immediate decision, and enter with him into contemplative consideration of some of the vital forces which have joined their currents in the stream of modern history. "Was the Christian

Church fairly open to the charge of giving unpatriotic welcome to the barbarians who destroyed the empire?" is the question which forms the text of the present paper. It follows in very natural sequence on the last article which appeared in the number for March 1st, and which had for its subject the alleged disintegration of the empire by Christian influences. That charge M. Boissier entirely repudiates, showing that the causes which led to the Roman supremacy were anterior in their origin to Christianity. The present charge is also, he judges, without foundation.

The second number of the *Revue* contains the first portion of a new novel called "Notre Cœur," by Guy de Maupassant.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* for May is excellent, and contains articles of interest on more than one subject of the moment. Art, science, politics, the Army and the Navy, are all represented. We only wonder that neither East Africa nor the Newfoundland Fisheries Dispute have yet had full space devoted to them by an editor who appears to command the services of experts at her will. The Chinese study of Western Civilisation is continued. Madame de San Carlos's paper on the Americans at Home is dealt with elsewhere.

THE GREAT GENERAL STAFF.

At a moment when Lord Hartington's Commission has recommended the formation of a proper staff department at head-quarters, the article of "M. G. G." in the *Nouvelle Revue* of the 1st May may be read with much profit by all who wish to understand this important question. Hitherto the French Great General Staff has only been an organisation under the Minister of War for purposes which, though perfectly necessary, do not supply all that is wanted, and especially leave open the highest command in war and the provision of full staff for different armies. French military writers and speakers have long felt the need of filling this gap, and M. de Freycinet has lately taken a step forwards by giving the Chief of the Staff the title of Chief of the Staff to the Army. M. de Mahy is now preparing a law by which the Great General Staff of France will be brought much more nearly into the condition which that of Germany holds. His proposals are that there shall be in Paris an organism destined to prepare for their functions in war the officers who are to form the staff of the generalissimo, and the staffs of the different armies. The great general staff is to be directed by the generalissimo elect, aided in his task by his future chief of the staff. It will comprise 59 officers, who will give all the personnel necessary for the headquarters of a group of armies, and for the headquarters of five armies and a cavalry corps, as well as for the direction of the services behind the front line. The generalissimo remains definitely under the Minister of War, and has no command of troops nor administrative functions. In short, M. de Mahy's project is not unlike that of Lord Hartington's Commission, but goes a little farther. In Germany the Emperor would hold the command-in-chief in war. France has no such head of the State, and England is not likely to send Queen Victoria or the Prince of Wales into the field in case of a great war. It is not a little amusing to see how M. de Mahy's opponents, unable to answer his actual proposals, fall back on vague statements that his law would be anti-Republican and that the organisation at Paris, or its head, would have a right to inspect all the troops. The answer is easy, namely, that no such power is allowed him. Exactly the

same objections have been made in England, with even less force, for while one can easily imagine a French President of the Republic upset by a second Buonaparte, it is simply laughable to dream of the British people or, for the matter of that, the British army allowing an adventurer to upset the throne in favour of himself. A cause must be very weak which has to bring such arguments against its opponents. At the same time, it must be confessed that a nation with Boulangism on the brain may be excused for shrinking from having any general-in-chief in time of peace, however limited his functions may be. But, as has been pointed out, there must be a general-in-chief in time of war, and what power will he not have after the war if the condition of the nation is such that it cannot trust him before even he has achieved a success?

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

The subject of an alliance between France and Russia is never long absent from the thoughts of the management of the *Nouvelle Revue*, and besides the answer of M. de Cyon in the 1st May number to a semi-official telegram from St. Petersburg, in which certain statements contained in his remarkable article of April 15th were contradicted, we get in the second May number the beginning of a series of articles containing portions of the hitherto unpublished correspondence of Napoleon I. and the Emperor Alexander, from which it is expected that a "salutary light will be thrown upon the deplorable misunderstandings which were the determining cause of the long struggle between Napoleon and Alexander." The letters given in this first instalment are chiefly those written in 1801 and 1802, when the young Emperor was in a mood of personal sympathy towards the First Consul, which was opposed to the general set of opinions of his own advisers, and from which he himself is shown to be in reaction as early as 1803. A letter of his written to Laharpe in that year marks a decided change. Laharpe had written to him in 1802, upon what he considered to be the true significance of the life consulate lately accepted by Napoleon. The Emperor replies, "I also have greatly changed in my opinion of the First Consul. Since the life consulate was accepted the veil has fallen. Everything since then has gone from bad to worse. He began by depriving himself of the highest glory reserved to human beings, 'the only one which remained for him to reach—that of proving that he had worked without any personal views—solely for the happiness and honour of his country—and that, faithful to the constitution which he had sworn to himself, he was ready, at the end of ten years, to resign the power which he held. Instead of that, he preferred to imitate existing courts while violating the constitution of his country. Now he is one of the most famous tyrants which history has produced." Already, before this batch of letters is brought to an end, we see the current of Russian opinion flowing to the side of England in the Maltese dispute, and Buonaparte trying in vain to keep the friendship of Russia, of which he appreciates all the value. Later letters will doubtless express more clearly the reasons of the change.

The collection is given by M. Tatistcheff.

THE ABANDONMENT OF SENEGAL.

Under this rather sensational heading, General Cosseron de Villenois laments that the Governor of Senegal pronounced on the 15th of last January the "*désan-*

nexion" of almost the whole of the territory comprised in the first district, which includes the important and ancient possessions of Oualo, Cayor, Dakar, and Foerta-Toro, retaining only certain parts with a border of from 100 to 600 metres round each of them, together with the waterworks at Lampsar, including the supply to St. Louis, the Dakar railway with 50 metres on each side of it, and 300 metres round the railway station. All the rest of the country is to be simply a protectorate, and later treaties are to regulate the relations of the different territories with each other, and with France. The fact seems to be that much of the old trade is being superseded by the produce of other parts of Africa. The climate is very unhealthy, and France retains only the military station at Dakar, with a chain of posts up the river. We may remark, in passing, that the troops kept at Dakar seem altogether more numerous than are necessary for its protection, and they have been considered as forming a veiled menace to Sierra Leone, which, though an important British naval station, is left very weak in comparison with Dakar.

GAZETTE DES BEAUX ARTS.

The first place in the *Gazette* is given to an article on Pierre Breughel, the Hogarth of his time. It is the first of a series by M. Henri Hymans, and is beautifully and characteristically illustrated by engravings which show some of the earlier methods of the master as well as two—a skating scene in the moat of Antwerp and an illustration of the blind leaders of the blind—which are even in black and white, in the pages of the *Gazette*, fresh and vigorous enough to raise something of the sense of gratitude due to everyone who can raise a good-humoured and sympathetic laugh. The skating scene was done as a study of contemporary customs in 1553, and was the first revelation of Breughel in his true character as a humourist and observer. Skating, of which the Flemish people were passionately fond, was still so new a pastime that "certain idiots" thought it was a matter of enchantment, and when an unwary Dutchman ventured to try it in the neighbourhood of Valladolid he was cast into prison, and "not so soon let out again until the Holy Inquisition was fully satisfied on the subject which had caused great scandal to the people." But there is no trace of any element quite so tragical in Breughel's picture; the worst that happens is that in a sheltered corner one man has gone through thin ice, and the general scene is one of the heartiest enjoyment.

The collection of Venuses in M. Solomon Reinach's illustrated article on the Venus of Milo in themselves suffice to make this month's number of the *Gazette* particularly attractive.

The Vegetarian Messenger.—The *Vegetarian Messenger* contains a census of vegetarian restaurants in the United Kingdom,

from which it will be seen that London has 33, Manchester 7, Liverpool and Portsmouth 2 each, while Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Newcastle, Nottingham, and Ventnor have each one vegetarian restaurant.

There is also an interesting paper concerning small fruit farming which in three years ought to yield £5 an acre, and the tenth year £50 from tree fruit alone.

THE RUSSIAN REVIEWS.

It is always interesting to hear what one great man has to say about the living and working of another; it is especially so when the person sitting in judgment has the power to carry into effect the practical conclusions he formulates. It is mainly, though by no means exclusively, this latter circumstance that invests with a special interest the following remarks of the Ober-Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, M. Pobedonostseff, on the work of popular education inaugurated by Count L. Tolstoi:—

COUNT TOLSTOI'S PROPAGANDA.

"Two villages of the Diocese of Tula fell completely under the baleful influence of the false doctrines of Count Tolstoi, that of Serghieffsky and the village of Kotschaky, along with the hamlet of Yassnaia Poliana. In the village of Kotschaky the world-philosophy and the ethical views of Count Tolstoi continue to be propagated, although with somewhat less energy and zeal than in former years. In 1887 Count Tolstoi lived chiefly in Moscow, not in Yassnaia Poliana, and consequently he had less time to exert a personal influence on the peasants than before. Moreover, his own relations to the peasants underwent a considerable change. True, he continued to plough and to mow, like any peasant of the neighbourhood. Whenever an opportunity offered he gave the poor a helping hand, toiling and mowing for them, thatching their houses with straw, painting their stoves, &c., and endeavouring to accomplish all such works on holidays. He has, however, no longer had the possibility of ministering to their material wants or financial needs out of the resources of his estate; for his eldest sons have put limits to his prodigality, prosecute the peasants for trespassing on his land, and have generally put an end to the preying upon his estates which was formerly connived at. Tolstoi never attempted to propagate his doctrines by preaching publicly, nor does he do so at present. His plan in former years was to select persons whom he deemed qualified for this purpose, and to entrust them with this mission—as in 1885, for instance, when he appointed the Jew, Isaac Fonderman, who had embraced orthodoxy, and who disappeared in 1887 from Yassnaia Poliana. At present his favourite method of propagating his doctrines is by gratuitously distributing to the peasants the little pamphlets published by the firm "Posrednik."

WHY DISSENT THRIVES IN RUSSIA.

The sectarian movement in Russia—which, as was lately shown in several articles that appeared in a Russian review, has not only a religious but also an economical and a political side—is attracting no small amount of attention just now. The progress made in recent years by these sects is so marked and rapid, that the Government has, not unreasonably, grown alarmed. Libraries have been opened in the sectarian districts containing exclusively books written against the doctrines of these sects; sermons have been preached against them; theological students have been sent as missionaries to bring back the lost sheep; but somehow the success obtained has not answered the expectations of the authorities.

Explanations of this lack of success are being offered on all sides, but the following one, which appeared in the organ of the Ecclesiastical Academy of St. Petersburg (the *Church Messenger*) seems one of the most plausible and the least hopeful—from an orthodox point of view. The journal in question ascribes the success of the Rationalistic

sects in the South to the peculiar character of the inhabitants. "All who are acquainted with the inhabitants, with the typical idiosyncrasies of their spiritual life, will endorse the statement that love of liberty, thirst for independence, is one of the characteristic traits of the Little Russian, in whose veins still flows Cossack blood.

"Now, the basis of Stundism [the generic term for Russian Protestantism] is likewise liberty, religious liberty; the place of the authority of the Church, which they reject, is usurped by the authority of the person, the individual; thus the followers of this false doctrine enjoy liberty of conscience, liberty to interpret and understand the Word of God according to their own lights, liberty to choose and employ whatever means they deem suitable to promote the moral welfare of mankind. It is this freedom that flatters the freedom-loving Little Russian, and makes Stundism seem expressly adjusted to his moral and spiritual growth, and especially adapted to his needs.

THE LOGIC OF THE CENSORSHIP.

Russian Antiquity still continues to publish the diary of A. V. Nikitenko, in which most interesting things are narrated about the Russia of three or four decades ago. "In the Committee of Censure," writes Nikitenko, "among other educational works we were asked to examine the 'Manual of History,' by Smaragdoff, which had just appeared in a new edition. The President of the Censure Committee, J. J. Davydoff, demanded that all that section of the work which related to Mohammed should be struck out, seeing that Mohammed was a rascal, and the founder of a false religion. The other members were surprised at this. Professor Fischer, turning to the President, said: "What does your Excellency wish to bring about? That those who learn history should be ignorant of what took place in the world? If so, what is the use of having history at all? Surely it is not the main object of science to spread lies?" Fischer spoke a good deal in the same sense, not sparing the feelings of Davydoff, who in the end had to take back his motion.

WHEN NICHOLAS WAS CZAR.

In the memoirs of V. T. Dain, published in the same review, we find a very interesting account of how things were done when the Emperor Nicholas governed the country. The Minister of Ways and Communications, Count Kleinmichel, presented himself one day with the plan of a carriage road from Rosslar to Vitebsk. The Emperor looked at it, waxed wroth, and turning to his Minister, said: "You know how I dislike to have bridges built on the new roads. And here your pretty chaussée intersects the Dnieper three different times. Admire it!" Count Kleinmichel, who knew nothing whatever about roads or plans, brought home the rejected plan, called together his subordinates, and gave vent to his angry feelings in expressive but inelegant language. "Here, just look; in three different places it intersects the Dnieper," he exclaimed. "May I make bold to remark to your transparency," piped out one of the responsible Tschinovniks, "that what it intersects is not the Dnieper, but the old road." On this Kleinmichel, like one possessed, cried out, "How can I explain this to his majesty now?" And it never was reported to the Emperor.

THE SPANISH-PORTUGUESE REVIEWS.

The May number of the *Revista Ibero-Americana* is rich in old broth re-warmed. Here we have Cherbuliez's article on *William Humboldt and Carlota Dilde*, T. Gautier's *Enrique Heine*, Banville's *How Women Deceive Themselves*, and Emile Zola's *Proudhon and Courbet*. Senor Canovas del Castillo continues his *Democracy in Europe and America*, and Rafael M. Merchan of Bogota, maintains the interest he roused in the last number by his *Letters on American Subjects*, by Don Juan Valera.

The *Revista Ibero-Americana* for April contains two short stories of little interest—a translation of "Recollections of My Infancy," by Count Tolstoi; another translation of Zola's "Criticism of Gustave Doré," and several literary articles which are neither curious nor satisfying. There is, however, matter of much moment in the "Letters of el Senor Don Juan Valera on American Subjects"—that is, South American subjects—such as the civilisation of the Chibchas, Government of the Incas, the mines of Yucatan, and the Peruvians of to-day. The article is illustrated by quotations of much interest from writers of distinction. The Aztec calendar, it seems, contains most explicit evidence of the knowledge which the Aztecs possessed in astronomy, chronology and cosmography; their artistic genius, and their advanced civilization. The writer of the article—Rafael M. Merchan—concludes his enthusiastic disquisition of Valera's letters as follows:—"Valera has searched among the races of America for the ideal, and found it. Neither Livingstone, nor Stanley, nor Hartman, nor Serpo Pinto have discovered any ideal in art, in government, or in religion among any of the peoples of the Dark Continent, but the Americans had it, as may be seen in their institutions, their public works, and their faith in the Anonymous God." The article on poetry, or Greek realism and the realism of the Bible by "Campoamor" rises to a height of gaiety [levity?] seldom found out of Paris.

In the three hundred and forty-sixth number of the *Revista Contemporánea*, the first article *Cañas y Toros*—literally, "Canes and Bulls"—attracts attention by its elaborate nonsense, its insinuations, its double meanings, and the acquaintance it displays with many obscure words and idioms of the Spanish tongue to which the writer gives his own ridiculous meanings. The article may be well studied by those who think the Spanish language the easiest of all languages to learn.

In the "Political Chronicle" of the *Revista* it is plain enough to see that Senor Sagasta is not held in high favour, but it is compelled to exclaim—"Let them say what they like, the power of Sagasta hoy for hoy, this very day immense, and his immortality is well nigh incontestable. Who can deny it?" The "Princes of Spanish poetry" in this number are the Marquis de Montesclaros, Don Juan de Mendoza y Luna, sometime Viceroy of Mexico and Peru, who supplies a vigorous sonnet to the memory of Ignacio de Loyola. The Duke of Osuna, sometime Viceroy of Naples, also has a most musical sonnet, "*O! si las horas del placer durasen*"; while the celebrated Conde de Lemos, sometime ambassador to Rome, Viceroy of Naples, and the

protector of Miguel de Cervantes, contributes a ballad in praise of "Solitude," in which he speaks of his hopes as "bastard daughters of the time," blesses his "un deceivings," praises his "chastenings," and knows the value of *el dulce contentamiento*—

Ask thou this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

Don Cristoval Benitz continues his "Travels in Morocco," and there are some reviews of recent books.

The three hundred and forty-seventh number of the *Revista Contemporánea* continues the travels in Spain of the Condesa D'Aubnoy a hundred years ago. It is a small contribution of fourteen pages, but it serves to light up the other one hundred pages of the Review. She was much pleased with the splendid Gothic cathedral of Burgos, and inspected with religious fervour the image of Christ in the Augustinian convent:—

It is life-sized, exquisitely worked, presenting all the reality of human flesh. It is reputed to be the work of Nicodemus, but lovers of the miraculous say it came down direct from heaven. The friars who have charge of it say that it sweateth every Friday. Be that as it may, many miracles are attributed to it, and the image inspires much devotion. It is surrounded by more than a hundred lamps, some of which are of gold and others of silver, besides which there are sixty candlesticks of the size of a full-grown man, so massive that each candlestick requires two or three porters to move it.

The description of Santiago de Compostela is very minute and full of interest to all who study the Spanish Catholic mind:—"Some of the inhabitants of Santiago de Compostela see in a rock close to the city the very ship in which St. James came from the Holy Land to Spain."

In the *Revista de Portugal*, Federico de S. [Senhor Ramalho Ortigao] gives an amusing version of the effect produced by the speech of the United States Chargé d'Affaires, on his arrival in the Brazilian capital, with a hit that is both bold and sly at General Benjamin Constant, to whose philological erudition Marshal Fonseca is obliged to trust when he is addressed by a Foreign Envoy, in a foreign tongue. A table of "The depreciation of public and private Brazilian Funds, in London, since the beginning of the Directorship," occupies five pages of this unusually brilliant article. We regret that space does not permit of our quoting the concluding characteristic peroration on the recognition of the Dictatorship by the Sultan of Morocco. Senhor José de Sousa Monteiro prefixes to two admirable translations from the *Romancero* a short but genial essay on Heine. Senhora Izabel Leite, in an enthusiastic panegyric of Bret Harte, gives the palm to *Miss*, but maintains "that *Cressy*, published in 1889 is a proof that the masterly miniaturist of the Argonauts is as much at home on a large as on a small canvas." "The Sons of Dom John I.," by Senhor Martens and Senhor Moniz Barret's disquisition on "Le Disciple" are continued in this number.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Die Gesellschaft. May. 1 mark.

- Portrait of Arthur Pfungst.
 The Pope and his People as Social Reformers.
 M. G. Conrad.
 Candidates of the Future. Transition Men.
 Poetry Album:—Poems by Arthur Pfungst
 and others.
 The late Hermann Conradi.

Deutsche Revue. May. 2 marks.

- Count Albrecht von Roon. XII.
 Beust and Andrassy, 1870-1871. E. Konyi.
 (Concluded.)
 Count Andrassy; Character Sketch. By A.
 von Okolicsanyi.
 Telepathy. L. Büchner.
 The German Woman. A. von Klinckow-
 stroem.
 The School of the Diplomat. Count Greppi.
 Field Marshal von Boyen. I. F. Nippold.

Preussische Jahrbücher. May. 1 mark 50 pf.

- Heinrich von Kleist's unfinished Tragedy,
 "Robert Guiscard." C. Rössler.
 Town Regulations in Prussia. G. Dullo.
 Travels in Italy of Duchess Anna Amalia of
 Saxe-Weimar. (1788-1790.) B. Seuffert.
 The Evangelical Social Congress at Berlin.
 (May 28 and 29.) A. Harnack.
 Political Correspondence—Prince Bismarck's
 Retirement and the New Reichstag.

Velhagen und Klasing's Neue Monats- hefte. May. 1 mark 25 pf.

- Portrait of General von Caprivi.
 Yachting. Letterpress and Illustrations by
 H. Bohrdt.
 Berlin and Vienna Theatres.
 Mansfield Copper Mines. (III.) H. von
 Spielberg.
 King Alphonso XIII. of Spain. With por-
 trait.
 A Voyage in the Cause of Science—The
 Plankton Expedition. Dr. L. Staby.
 Franz Lachner, Composer. With portrait.
 F. Pföhl.
 Koloman Tisza. With portrait.

Vom Fels zum Meer. June.

- From Lucerne to Giessbach. Illustrated. W.
 Kaden.
 History of the Boot and Shoe. I. v. Falke.
 L. Meissonier, Artist. Illustrated. H. A.
 Müller.
 The German Rifle 88. Illustrated. J. Castner.
 Queen Sophie Charlotte, wife of Frederick I.,
 and her Court. F. v. Köppen.
 Erred in the Classic Ages. Dr. E. Eckstein.
 Wildbad in the Black Forest. Illustrated. C.
 Hecker.

The Chief Qualities of the Diplomatist.—Now, when so much is being said and written about famous diplomats, the article in the *Deutsche Revue* on the "School of the Diplomat" is worth reading, especially by aspirants to posts at Foreign Courts. To a quick intellect, the diplomat must add a thorough knowledge of geography, languages, and the philosophy of history; tact, presence of mind, a sense of justice, and dignity under misfortune; while the modern diplomat must also know how to cope with what is often to him a veritable *enfant terrible*—the freedom of the press. After much useful advice, the choice of a wife not being among the least important matters, the writer concludes with some interesting observations on the characteristics peculiar to the diplomats of different countries. The English diplomat, e.g., he describes as extremely definite and practical; he clothes his thoughts in as few words as possible, and does not go in for long discussions; his proposals must either be accepted or rejected. When you leave him you feel dissatisfied with the form and contents of his statements, yet you also feel that what you have listened to was honourable and clear.

Count Andrassy.—Besides the article on the German woman, referred to on another page, there is in the *Deutsche Revue* a very interesting little character study of the late Count Andrassy. Here are one or two points. The Count condemned the leaders of noisy university demonstrations, but of the students he would say: "Ils ne font que leur métier. The youth of a people is the heart of the body, and it should be warm; but the head should be cool." For the same reason he abhorred wine and gypsy music. "Without these we Hungarians are too easily intoxicated." Andrassy had a wonderful memory, but his favourite theory was that the human brain could only carry a certain load, and no more; therefore, with the filling of it, it was necessary to go to work cautiously. Besides, he said, room was required for thought. What he read he remembered, and he has often remarked: "This or that I will not study. If I did, it would cost me so much trouble to forget it again." In trivial matters no one could be more vacillating than the Count. Many a time he has wasted five minutes in choosing from his large stock a hat to put on; and if anyone advised him to take a particular one, he was sure to select another.

The Pope and the Social Question.—The editorial article in *Die Gesellschaft* on the Pope and his People as Social Reformers has for its text the Pope's declaration, to the effect that the duty of the Church is to exercise a wide and fruitful influence in the solution of the social problem. The line taken by the editor may be gathered from the following paragraph:—

If the misery of humanity could be cured by the Roman mouthpiece, the whole world would long ago have burst with vain ease and happiness. Unfortunately Rome talks and the misery of mankind increases. From which, however, it must not be inferred that Rome has only to hold her tongue and the misery would be stopped. Rather it is all the same whether Rome opens her mouth or keeps it shut; whether she curses or blesses, or remains silent, so far as the well-being of the world is concerned.

There is nothing very timely in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, except perhaps the comments on the Evangelical Social Congress to be held at Berlin on May 28th and 29th to consider the following programme:—(1) The social significance of the congregation; (2) the question of strikes; (3) the laws for the protection of workmen; (4) the public use of social endeavours; (6) the significance and constitution of evangelical unions of workmen; and (7) our position towards the social democracy, by Court Preacher Stöcker. The political correspondent who chronicles the events of April says, with reference to Prince Bismarck's retirement, that apparently no nation is less affected by continental changes than England, and she finds pleasure in boasting of her independence in this respect; yet no nation has so rejoiced at the resignation of the German Chancellor.

Velhagen und Klasing's Magazine for May is a good number, yet no article calls for special notice. After the illustrated papers on Yachting and the Mansfield Copper Mines the most notable feature is its portrait gallery of such interesting contemporaries as Gen. von Caprivi, the little King of Spain, and Tisza, and of the late composer Franz Lachner. King Alphonso XIII of Spain, who was born and declared king on May 17, 1886, has just attained his fourth year. *Velhagen* celebrates the little Sovereign's birthday and his recovery from his recent illness by the publication of a very good new portrait.

THE BELGIAN REVIEWS.

La Revue Generale. May 1st.

- Prince Metternich. Charles Woeste.
 Genius and Madness. X. Francotte.
 Catherine of Aragon. (The end.) Madame
 de Marcey.

La Revue de Belgique. May 19th.

- The Causes and Consequences of England's
 Colonial Greatness. L. Navez.
 Two New Utopias (from the *Contemporary*
Review.) Emile de Laveleye.
 About the Lyrical Tragedy of Glück—
 "Orpheus." Charles Potvin.

La Societe Nouvelle. April 30th (received out
May 14th).

- Maxime: "The Story of a Chimera." Arnold
 Goffin.
 Semitism. A. Regnard.
 The "Dernière Bataille:" and the Secret of
 the Banking World. Frederick Borde.
 The Tendencies of Modern Industry in Opposi-
 tion to International Legislation of Labour.
 S. Merlino.

La Revue Belge. May 1st and May 15th,

- The Netherlands as Fountain-Head of German
 Literature. Ferd. Loise.
 Germanism and Romanism. (The end.)
 Brauch.
 A Study on the Theatre of Calderon. (Con-
 tinuation). Carlos.
 Jacques Rosseels (the Painter). E. Baes.

Le Magasin Littéraire et Scientifique.

- May 15th.
 The Psychological Individuality of "Pierre
 Loti." Armand Thierry.
 Biblical Ethnography. F. Demoor.
 Pedro Calderon de la Barca. Albert Savine.

Het Belfort. (In Flemish.) May 19th.

- The Language and Literature of the Normans.
 Hellemans.
 The Ramayana. Lecoutere.
 Edgard Tinel. Bellefroid.

Genius and Madness.—In his powerful article on "Genius and Madness," in the *Revue Générale*, Mr. Xavier Francotte, professor at the University of Liège, goes far to destroy the despairing theories of Moreau de Tours and of Lambroso, which assimilate genius to madness. Dr. Francotte lays stress on his definitions of what genius and madness really are, and entirely rejects any necessary connection between them. Dr. Francotte does not admit that genius can be considered as an illness. "It is, on the contrary (he says), the expression of a more perfect and more delicate organisation of the nervous system principally. Now, according to Arndt, this improvement of the organisation, this extreme refinement, cannot take place except at the expense of its energy and its strength of resistance; and this is the reason why genius is often accompanied by morbid symptoms, why it presents a host of special traits and anomalies, and is even in danger sometimes of falling a prey to madness."

Semitism.—In the paper Mr. A. Regnard publishes, in the *Revue Générale*, on "Semitism," there is an attempt to prove that both polytheism and monotheism have an evolution absolutely distinct from each other. Professor Sayce is put frequently under contribution to help the author's theory forward. The *Dernière Bataille* is still exercising the ingenuity of controversialists. In the form of an open letter to Mr. Edouard Drumont, Mr. Frederick Borde tells the former he would have done better to build up his conscience before following his conscience. In other words, he wants him to leave the "banking world" alone, and strike our "modern social organisation" as a whole. Mr. Drumont's answer will be interesting to read when it comes—if ever it does, which we do not dare to hope.

A Story of Suicide.—"Maxime" is the story of a man's brain haunted from infancy by the idea of a suicide that shall have nothing vulgar about it. How the maniac at last succeeds in his project is cleverly told. As I know the author, I know that he has not merely attempted to copy Edgar Poe. Mr. Arnold Goffin is a distinctly original thinker, unfortunately possessed of a diseased mind, the direct outcome of an ever-suffering body. Had I not but last week seen Mr. Goffin in the flesh, I would be tempted to read "Maxime" in the light of an autobiography, so vivid is the picture of mental desolation here presented to the mind's eye in conformity with what is known of the writer's modes of thought in his worst moments of suffering.

A Belgian Tribute to England.—In his paper on "The Causes and Consequences of England's Colonial Greatness," in the *Revue de Belgique*, Mr. L. Navez says that "the British Empire is certainly the most prodigious political edifice that the world has seen erected since the beginning of its history." Of the English language he says: "To-day, more than 100 millions of men speak the language of the traders of London and Manchester. It is probable that it will end by being, through the mere force of things, that universal language—that cannot be created out of hand—and which would be of the greatest use in enabling all men, who are no longer savages, to communicate and exchange ideas easily with each other. Half Germanic and half Latin, the English language is learned without difficulty by Germans, Scandinavians, and Dutchmen or Flemings, as well as by the French, the Spaniards, and the Italians, i.e., by all civilised nations except the Slavs only. In all schools the children ought to be taught first their mother tongue, then English, whose knowledge opens to enterprising and bold men the wide world. The European who only knows French or Italian is now confined in too small a corner of the globe; nearly the whole dominion of humanity is closed to him; the English language is the only key that opens its portals." With Elisée Reclus, Mr. Navez is of opinion that "the special form of English civilization is the one that extends itself most rapidly in the whole world." Then follows a word picture of England and its Colonial Empire.

A word in passing against the abominable habit of dividing really interesting articles in small instalments, so destroying much of their value; for few people have time to remember from month to month geographical or political data, and still less time to read articles of a by-gone month over again.

THE ITALIAN AND DUTCH REVIEWS.

ITALIAN.

- The Rassegna Nazionale.** May 1st.
The Diplomacy of the Vatican and the Temporal Power. Angelo A. di Pesaro.
Monarchy and Diplomacy. X.
The Policy of Philip II. G. Boghetti.
May 16th.
Giovanni Rizzi and the Manzonian School of Poetry. Matteo Ricci Emanuele. Augusto Conti.
An Unfortunate Incident. The Editor.
Nuova Antologia. May 1st.
The Reform of the Charity Laws. P. Villari.
Schools of Architecture, Art, and Industries. C. Boito.
Giuseppe Mazzini and the works of Ugo Foscolo. F. Martini.
The Marriage and Love Affairs of W. Shakespeare. (Third part.) G. Chiarini.
May 16th.
Federigo Gonfalonieri. A. d'Ancona.
The Great Venetian Painters of the Fifteenth Century. Mario Prateri.
The Conversion of the Public Debt. Sydney Sonnino.
Ligurian Athenæum.
Sleep and Insomnia. Professor E. Morselli.
The Language and Literature of the Indigenous Tribes of America. Professor V. Grossi.
The Mother and the Educator of Children. Professor G. Daneo.
Revue Internationale.
Countess Tomasucci Klinckowstrom. An unpublished Correspondence of Hedwig-Charlotte, Queen of Sweden.
Too Late. By Eugénie Pradez.
M. Crispien.—Continued.
At the Vatican. By Comte N—.

DUTCH.

- De Gids.** May, 1890.
The Letters of Conrad Busken Huet.
Paul Bourget. Prof. A. G. Van Hamel.
A Visit to the Cathedral Precincts of Utrecht. Mr. S. Müller.
A Rembrandt Legend. Dr. W. G. C. Bijvanck.
The Development of Archaeological Study in Germany. Dr. A. E. G. Holwerda.
The Earliest Life on Earth. (A Lecture.) Prof. K. Martin.
Dutch Sculpture and Architecture. Max Rooses.
Review of the Drama. Mr. J. N. van Hall.
Literary Chronicle.
Bibliography.
Country Holidays for Poor Children. (Gezondheids en Vacantiekolonies.) Dr. Coronel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Revue Socialiste.** May 15th.
A Glance at Contemporary Socialism, by Gaston Stiegler.
Socialist Notes. B. Malon.
Again the Factory Acts. Dr. Delon.
The Law of Political Economy. E. Fournière.
Relative Communism. C. de Paeppe.
Malthusianism. Toulbeau.
A Plan Proposed in 1850. C. Pecqueur.
The Chicago Anarchists. P. Buquet.
Review of Current Literature. E. Raiga, E. Fournière, G. Ronault.
L'Université Catholique. May.
Cardinal Caverot. Faugier.
The Drama at Fotheringhay. H. Boune.
The Buddhist Propaganda in Christian Countries. C. de Harley.
The Lyons Colloquy. Disloge.
The Sacred Heart and the Society of Jesus. Andrieu Galtel.

A number of hitherto unpublished letters of Giuseppe Mazzini, which see the light for the first time in the pages of the *Nuova Antologia* for May, are rather disappointing in so far as they give us hardly any glimpse of his own personality. They are all business letters, dated from London in 1846-47, addressed to Signor Felice Le Monnier, and referring to the editing of the complete works of Ugo Foscolo, the hero of Mazzini's early years, a task he undertook far more for love than for money.

A second article in the same number gives a slight biographical sketch of Mazzini's intimate friend and fellow worker, Aurelio Saffi, who for many years shared his exile in England. "His pale face, his fleeting smile, his far-away look, which seemed to search for something beyond the grave, the gentle voice, the dignified courtesy of his demeanour, combined to render him a favourite with all, while Mazzini had appropriately given him the surname of Stenio, the lover of Lelia in George Sand's novel." Such is the description given by Cesare Albicini of this latest survivor of the great Italian patriots, who died only last month in his little retreat near Forlì, where he had spent his last years in literary studies.

Signor Villari writes on the new law of the Opere Pie, approving of the suggested reforms, but regretting the exclusion of the priests from the Congregations, who are to dispense the charities. The mid-May number of the *Rassegna* under the title of "An Unfortunate Incident," gives the full correspondence which has passed between Cardinal Monaco, the General of the Dominicans, and the Bishop of Cremona over the Italian translation of the eloquent sermons delivered by the Dominican Père Monsabré at Notre Dame, and which certainly throws anything but a pleasing light on the backstairs intriguing of certain Italian prelates.

The *Ligurian Athenæum* is the quarterly organ of a literary and scientific society at Geneva. Its most interesting contents this month are a chatty article on insomnia and its causes, and a study of the language of the indigenous tribes of America by Professor Grossi.

Huet, a preacher and theologian, who finally found orthodoxy impossible, and instead of "Elmsmerising," accepted civil employment in the East Indies—a perplexed and blundering, but lovable and much-loved man. A. G. von Hamel gives a very full sympathetic study of Paul Bourget as poet, critic, and novelist—especially the last. Mr. S. Müller discourses of old Utrecht, and the buildings connected with the cathedral. In *De Gids*, Professor Pierson describes Conrad Burken.

The *Literary Chronicle* for the month consists of a review of Zola's "Bête Humaine," all the more noteworthy because that novelist appears to find in Holland not only appreciative readers, but powerful imitators. The reviewer, while acknowledging Zola's peculiar power, finds fault with his method, both from the artistic and ethical standpoint.

"There was a time when heroes and heroines of conventional virtue were usual in novels,—all that they thought, said, and did was noble, good, and, honest. Zola goes to the other extreme; the people to whom he introduces us are just as conventional as the others—but conventional in their depravity.

The Children's 'Country Holiday Fund' is pretty well known in England, and has been extending its operations more and more during the last few years. Dr. Coronel claims in the *Vragen den Tijds* that this idea—as distinct from that of seaside homes for convalescent and delicate children—originated in Switzerland, where it was suggested by the novelist, Topffer, and first carried out in 1876 by a Zurich clergyman named Bion. The plan is somewhat different from the English one of boarding the children out by twos and threes with families in the country, and would probably be more difficult to work well. The children are sent in divisions,—generally of from 20 to 25 each, under the care of persons engaged for the purpose. In 1884, about 100 children were sent in this way, to the seaside village of Wijk-am-Zee, and nearly an equal number elsewhere, with the most beneficial results. Since then, the numbers have increased every year.

SOME FOREIGN MILITARY PERIODICALS.

FRENCH.

- Revue Militaire de l'Etranger.**
 The Defences of the Saint Gothard.
 The German Rifle and the New Infantry Regulations. (Continued.)
 Co-operative Societies in Foreign Armies. (Continued.)
 The Military Organisation of Roumania
Journal des Sciences Militaires.
 The Tactic of Supplies. General Lewal.
 The Military Force of France. General de Villenois.
 The Campaign of 1814: the Cavalry of the Allied Armies. Captain Weil.
 General Gourko's Raid in the Balkans.
 General Faidherbe. Colonel Fulgrand.
 French Cavalry Remounts. General Boule.
 French Infantry Fire Tactics.
 Pajol: the Type of an Officer of Hussars.
Revue de Cavalerie.
 The Cavalry Manœuvres of 1889.
 Nansouty.
 The German Cavalry. (Continued.)

GERMAN.

- Neue militärische Blätter.**
 The Training and Handling of Troops in the Past and in the Present.
 French Enterprises in West Africa. Military and Geographical Sketches of Senegal and the Upper Niger.
 The New Swiss Rifle Compared with that of other States.
 Novelties in Firearms.
 Summum Tempus—a Plea for Higher Pay to German Officers.
 The Neutrality of Switzerland. Her Relations to the Guaranteeing States and her Defensive Strength.
 Intelligence Reports by Infantry.
 The Value to Military History of the Serbo-Bulgarian War. VIII. The Influence of Armament on the Struggle. Ammunition and Losses.
 Note Book of the Hessian General Staff on the Campaign of 1792 in the Champagne and on the Maine.
Jahrbuch für die Deutsche Armee und Marine.
 The 150th Anniversary of the Accession of Frederick the Great.
 Correspondence between the late Field Marshal Graf Wrangel and Prince Albrecht of Prussia on the Training of Cavalry.
 Brialmont's *Régions Fortifiées*. K. v. S.
 Brialmont and the Question of Fortresses. Major Scheibert.
 Wood Fights. II. The Wood Fight at the Battle of Spicheren, 6th August, 1870. Continued by Lieut. von Petermann.
 Smokeless Powder for Field Artillery. Major von Layritz.
 Sea Voyages and their Dangers.

ITALIAN.

- Rivista di artiglieria e genio.**
 Smokeless Powder. Sir F. Abel's lecture on. Study on Field Redoubts. Captain S. Pio, R.E. Illustrated.
 The Fortifications of the Franco-Italian Frontiers. Fully Illustrated.
 The Skoda Quick-Firing Gun. Illustrated.
 The Canet Quick-Firing and Field Guns.
 The New English Rifle. Illustrated.
 The New Danish Rifle. Illustrated.
Rivista Marittima.
 Professor Fröhlich's new method for ascertaining the velocity of projectiles in the bore of a gun by means of the telephone.
 Navigation from the economical point of view. A Month in Ceylon.
 The Order of St. Maurice.
 Nautical Science at the epoch of the great discoveries.
 Detailed list of new ships fitting out, building, and designed by the various Naval Powers.

Field Redoubts.—Nearly 60 pages in the *Rivista di artiglieria e genio* are taken up by Captain Pio's article on Field Redoubts. In the preamble the writer discusses—(a) whether field works should be open or closed at the gorge; (b) whether guns should be mounted in them; (c) whether a *réduit* is advisable. After exhausting the various pros and cons, the conclusions he arrives at are that (a) field works, as a rule, should be closed at the gorge; (b) guns should only be placed in them exceptionally; (c) the construction of a *réduit* is not advisable. Proceeding to discuss the profile of an improved field redoubt, Captain Pio holds that the ditch in a field work is of no real utility as an obstacle, whilst, on the contrary, if made of the usual dimensions it may afford excellent shelter to the enemy if he can once reach it. As, moreover, the ditch is required, in order to give substance in building up the parapet, he advocates that it should be restricted to the following dimensions: Width at top, 8½ to 11½ feet; at bottom, 20 to 39 inches; depth, 4½ feet. For analogous reasons to those given by Captain Bonnefon in the *Revue du Génie Militaire*, and illustrated on page 428 of the May number of the *Review of Reviews*, he modifies the interior slopes of the parapet, so as to allow the occupants to assume a more natural position when standing up to fire. He takes great exception to the *berin*, and proposes to do away with it entirely, without detriment to the parapet, by increasing the exterior slope of the work to four over five, and the escarp slope to one over one. The article, which is well and ably written, is accompanied by a plan of field redoubt to hold 450 men. An exhaustive article in the same review deals with the strategical roads and fortifications on the Franco-Italian frontier.

General Brialmont's Theory of Fortifications.—Two writers in the *Jahrbuch*, E. von S. and Major Scheibert, enter the lists against General Brialmont's new theory of fortifications. The first, in a somewhat long article, deals principally with the type of defensive works advocated by the general, and practically rejects *in toto* his system of iron cupolas and concrete casemates. Major Scheibert, on the other hand, who is one of the "new school," and well known as an uncompromising opponent of Brialmont's views on fortification, says what he has to say in a few acrid lines, which are limited to the discussion of the portion which deals with fortified regions. According to Major Scheibert, the fundamental errors which underlie General Brialmont's plea for his new system are well illustrated by his insistence that the fortified regions should be situated on the strategical points of the country. To ascertain these points would assuredly puzzle the brains of a German staff officer; for, according to modern principles, the strategical aim is simply and solely to destroy the enemy, whether he be encountered at Leipzig or Metz, at Waterloo or Sedan: hence the strategical points of a country are as variable as fate, or as the whims of a commander. Passing over this initial blunder to a consideration of the map which the Belgian General has been good enough to prepare for Germany's defence, it appears that three first-class fortresses—Berlin, Dresden, and Breslau—and twenty smaller ones, would have to be built at a cost, which is certainly not over estimated, of twenty-five millions sterling. If we can suppose the Government to accept this plan, Germany at the end of five years would be thoroughly protected by fortified regions, and should then, in accordance with Brialmont's recommendation, reduce her army, and, as a natural consequence, definitely renounce the idea of being equal to her

possible enemies in the field, for it is not likely that these would be foolish enough to follow her example. Being unable to meet the enemy in the field, she would have no alternative but to withdraw portions of her army successively under the protection of the fortified regions; each successive withdrawal, however, would proportionally increase the offensive strength of the enemy, and the latter, having the unhampered use of his railway communications, and the free run of the country already occupied, would find little difficulty in maintaining himself and in repelling any attacks that might be made against him. With the German army safely protected, the enemy would be able to lord over and harass the country at his leisure, until at last a time would necessarily arrive when the defenders would either be forced to come out and court certain disaster in the open field, or would have to conclude a shameful peace. Such, according to Major Scheibert, would be the pleasing prospect opened up to Germany if she were to follow Brialmont's proposals. Even to a small Power like Belgium the Meuse line of fortifications are likely to prove disastrous by lulling the country into a false sense of security. Belgian neutrality is much more likely to be assured by the creation of a strong, well-trained, army, founded on compulsory service, which would be capable of taking the field, than by the retention of a defectively recruited force which is predestined to bury itself in Brialmont's iron cupolas and concrete casemates. The new conditions of warfare conducted by huge armies, whose very maintenance almost exhausts the resources of a country during peace time, and to provide for which during war time demands almost superhuman efforts, make it imperative that movements should be carried out with imposing forces, rapidly and without hesitation. Delays or long scientific manoeuvres and geometrical fortress dances are no longer possible. The commander of an army will have to, and *must*, solve the problem by battle—that is to say, in the open field. If he fail, then he must perforce try and find salvation in the defensive. This, however, will not be found in Brialmont's quadrilaterals, but will depend upon the manner in which he sets about supplementing his deficiency in numbers by greater rapidity in movement, and by the increased energy of his attacks.

The Influence of Armament on the Serbo-Bulgarian Struggle.—The series of articles on the Serbo-Bulgarian War which are just now appearing in the *Neue Militärische Blätter* should not be missed from the erroneous idea that nothing is to be learned from the campaign. The mere fact of its being the only instance in which both sides were armed with modern breech-loading small-bore rifles is of itself sufficient to invest the campaign with interest to the student of modern warfare. The chapters in the May number, which deal with the influence of armament and with the supply of ammunition, are therefore well worth perusal. What stands out with the greatest prominence is the absolute necessity which exists for thorough instruction in shooting and a proper fire discipline. A good rifle is only useful when its owner understands how to make proper use of it. If he does not then the best weapon in the world is useless—nay, more, it may even prove positively detrimental to an army. Although at first sight this may appear paradoxical, the Serbo-Bulgarian campaign clearly shows it to be simple fact. The Servians, trusting to the famed long range of their rifles, invariably wasted their ammunition at excessive ranges, and the unexpectedly small results obtained by their heavy rifle had such a demoralizing effect on their

infantry that they completely lost faith in their weapons and in their leaders. Had the long-range sights been removed, and the men told that the rifles could only fire 600 metres, the results would certainly have been greater. Although the Bulgarian infantry fire was not much more accurate, it, at any rate, was kept under some sort of control until the enemy was within effective range. As regards artillery armament, the case was different: here the Bulgarian guns, although less numerous, were decidedly superior in range, and the Servian gunners did not dare to bring forward their guns within such distances as would have tended to equalize their inferiority in range. By remaining persistently in the background they were yet within effective range of the Bulgarian guns without themselves being able to shoot with effect: e.g., in the first day's artillery duel at Slivnitsa, the Servians fired 400 shells in five hours against the Bulgarian right battery with a result of 2 killed and 5 wounded! The same general result as to the economy of expenditure in ammunition brought about by the breech-loader as was shown in the Franco-German War was apparent in this struggle, when each side expended about five million rounds, which gives an average of from 100 to 125 cartridges per rifle.

The Influence of Smokeless Powder on Field Artillery.—Whether the new powder should be classed as smokeless or as smoke-feeble, says Major Layriz in the *Jahrbücher*, is immaterial so far as artillery is concerned: it is enough to know that with its introduction the dense pall of smoke disappears from the battle-field. Henceforth the task of battery commanders and of the artillerymen working the guns will in many respects be considerably lightened. The special formations and long pauses in firing which were indispensable in order to mitigate the prejudicial effects of smoke will no longer be necessary. Batteries will be able to take greater advantage of the natural conformations of the ground, and will employ to greater advantage the few favourable moments which may offer for working the guns rapidly and effectually. It will be possible for battery commanders at critical moments of the fight to exercise more efficient supervision over each individual gun, and the moral effect of their being *en évidence* will be much greater than under former conditions, when they were almost necessarily relegated to one of the wings. The same advantages will also apply to extended lines of manned batteries, whose fire, owing to the more effectual supervision possible by the Divisional Commander, will be under better control than formerly. Another distinct advantage will be that if one side, at the commencement of the artillery duel, can manage, by a judiciously-selected position, to keep the enemy for any length of time in uncertainty as to its position and strength, it will have more chance of silencing the enemy's guns, and be the sooner able to turn its attention to the destruction of his infantry. That such a contingency is possible is proved by the experience of last year's manoeuvres of the German Army, when on one occasion there was complete uncertainty as to whether one or several batteries were being dealt with. In many cases, however, the artillery of both sides will be able to take up positions under cover, and when this occurs the very absence of smoke will tend materially to increase the difficulties of artillery engagements. The object of Major Layriz's article is to show the best manner in which these difficulties can be overcome, and the twenty closely-written pages in which he does so will be found full of valuable suggestions to artillery officers.

HOW WAS CHARLES I. EXECUTED?

ALTHOUGH a discussion in the columns of the *Times* does not strictly come within the scope—wide as it is—of the *Review of Reviews*, nevertheless, for once I may be forgiven if I refer to the interesting controversy as to the

experiencing a thrill of exultation at the thought of that memorable vindication of the rights of peoples to judge their kings, nor do I ever see the mounted statue of Charles at Charing Cross without thinking of the scene which two hundred years ago thrilled Christen-



WHITEHALL, JAN. 30, 1649—ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A.

execution of Charles I. No scene in English history is engraved so indelibly upon the mind of man as that of January 30th, 1649, when Charles Stuart paid the penalty for his crimes against his subjects by laying his head on the block. To this day I never pass Whitehall without

dom to its centre, by proclaiming the advent of a triumphant and avenging democracy. That headsman's block—but now it seems there was no block in the proper sense at all! Mr. Crofts, whose picture at the Royal Academy we reproduce by permission, represents the

Stuart King as kneeling down and bending his head over a block about two or three feet high, which represents accurately enough the conventional conception of the historic scene. But it appears from the letters which have been published in the *Times* that this is altogether a mistake. There was no such block. Charles never knelt. He simply lay down full length on the scaffold and had his head hewn off as it lay over a little piece of wood, flat at bottom, about a foot and a half long, and not more than six inches high. The execution is such a constantly present fact to so many minds that the following summary of the correspondence will be read with interest by the whole English-speaking world:—

SIR REGINALD PALGRAVE.

The correspondence was begun by Sir Reginald Palgrave, on May 10th, in a letter in which he pointed out that the evidence was ample to prove the Tudor method of beheading necessitated the victim lying flat down on the scaffold. The Duke of Somerset and Lady Jane Grey laid themselves along. The absence of all mention of any unusual departure from the established custom is strong indirect evidence that the king was executed in the old familiar way. The *Moderate Intelligencer*, of February 1st, 1649, which describes the scaffold, says:—"The scaffold was laid with black bays, also the rail about it; the block, a little piece of wood, flat at bottom, about a foot and a-half long." Further, it is distinctly recorded that the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel, who were beheaded six weeks after, stretched themselves upon the ground. The prints of the time, which show a high block, were mostly made in Holland by men who had not seen the execution, whereas the broadside published in England of Lord Capel's beheading presents him lying flat on the scaffold, with the neck barely raised above the planking by a little piece of wood.

MR. ERNEST CROFTS.

In defence of his picture the artist, Mr. Crofts, replied saying, that the block used as his was that preserved in the Tower as the original block on which Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino were executed in 1746 and 1747. Three contemporary paintings of Mary Queen of Scots show the high pictorial block in the background. Stranger still, Hollar, who died in 1677, engraved a picture of the execution of Strafford, who was beheaded in 1641, which shows that nobleman receiving the blow of the axe kneeling.

LORD CARNARVON.

Lord Carnarvon follows on the same side, protesting against the grovelling position assigned to the ill-fated monarch, whose splendid portrait by Vandyck is one of the most cherished heirlooms of the Carnarvon family. He quotes Marvell's lines telling how the King

"bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed";

but this surely confirms Sir Reginald's theory. People do not bow their heads when they go to bed in a kneeling posture. They lie flat and rest their heads upon a pillow. Lord Carnarvon also quotes another authority which tells against his cherished prepossessions. Sangredo, the Venetian ambassador at London, writing in 1656, says that as it was feared the King might resist the execution of the sentence and refuse to lay his head on the block, "two iron rings were fastened to the foot of the scaffold, through which a cord was passed, to be placed round his Majesty's neck, and so to compel him to extend his neck to the axe should he

refuse to bow to the fatal blow." A grim addition to the preliminary precautions; but obviously, if they contemplated having to haul him down like a bullock to his doom, they must have intended to lay him flat. Such engineering would be useless to enforce a kneeling posture.

LORD ROSEBERRY.

Lord Roseberry then intervened in the discussion to say that he has in his possession a picture by Wesson, the Dutch painter, who witnessed the execution, and who left England shortly after, saying that he could not live in a country which had killed its king. The painter represents the king in the attitude suggested by Mr. Palgrave.

This is confirmed by Mason Jackson, who says, "A rough woodcut in a pamphlet published in 1649, purporting to be the confession of Richard Brandon, the public executioner, who was supposed to have cut off the king's head, represents the king lying on the scaffold, resting on his knees and elbows, and, though the head is severed from the body, the block is much too low for the king to have bent his head over it and retain an upright position." In an engraving published in 1642, representing the execution of the Earl of Strafford on Tower Hill, Strafford lies at full length on the scaffold, his head resting on an ordinary plank or piece of wood, and the executioner, with upraised axe, is about to strike the fatal blow.

Another correspondent says: I find, on reference to a Book of Common Prayer, dated 1680, in my possession, an engraving headed "King Charles the First Murdered," representing a view of the scaffold erected next the Palace of Whitehall, on which are standing the chaplain and others, with the king near a block, about 3 in. in height and near 3 ft. long, on which is laid the axe, with the executioner near, thus confirming Mr. Palgrave's statement. From every appearance in the engraving, the limner must either have been a spectator of the deed or have had first-hand information of the manner of carrying it into effect.

CONTEMPORARY EVIDENCE.

The Rev. J. A. Bennett sends to the *Times* extracts from the old tract describing the execution of the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel which settle the question as to the method of execution in use in Commonwealth times. Here are some passages from the tract:—

"EXCELLENT CONTEMPLATION, &c.," ARTHUR LORD CAPEL.

"The Earl of Cambridge, after a little discourse in private with some of his servants, kneeled down on one side of the scaffold and prayed awhile to himself P. 164. Then, turning to the executioner,

said, "I shall say a very short prayer to my God while I lie down there, and when I stretch out my hand (my right-hand), then, Sir, do your duty, and I do freely forgive you, and so I do all the world." P. 165. Then the Earl of Cambridge said to the executioner, "Must I lie all along?"

"Executioner.—'Yes, and't please your lordship.'

"Then the Earl having laid his head over the block said, 'Is this right?'

"Dr. Sibald.—'Jesus, the Son of David, have mercy upon you.'

"Executioner.—'Lie a little lower, sir.'

"Cambridge.—'Well, stay then till I give you the sign.' And so, having lain a short space devoutly praying to himself, he stretched out his right hand, whereupon the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body.

"The Sheriff's guard then went immediately to meet the Earl of Holland, which they did midway between the scaffold and Westminster Hall."

OUR SCIENTIFIC CAUSERIE.

BY MR. GRANT ALLEN.

THE NEW THEORY OF HEREDITY.

A SLIGHT difference of opinion has occurred between my friend the Editor and myself. He says it will be possible to give every month in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a couple of pages of summary, showing what the scientific world is just then mainly engaged in thinking and debating. I say it won't, and for this reason. What the scientific world is talking about is always, so to speak, the growing point of science, the bud at the apex of that great tree of thought, the spot where new branches or new blossoms and fruits are just ready to develop themselves by spontaneous evolution. Now, in order to understand the growing point, you must have understood already all that has gone before—root, and stock, and trunk, and branches. The Editor says science has made itself into a Brahmin caste, which holds aloof from the people. Perhaps so; but as the people will not hear, how is that to be remedied? So, by way of showing him the thing cannot be done, I propose here to expound briefly, as far as in me lies, the question that now most profoundly agitates the breast, not of science generally, for no one man can do that, but of the biologists who, most of all, are just now in the condition of having a recognisable and distinct growing point.

This question is the question of the nature of heredity.

Practically speaking, for some years past the general principle of organic evolution has ceased to be debated. The questions that now remain, therefore, are no longer questions as to the fact of organic evolution, but questions as to its manner, its method, and its causes.

Foremost among them comes this problem of the nature and meaning of heredity.

Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and all the older evolutionists took it for granted that every plant or animal inherited, on the whole, all the properties and qualities of its parent or parents—both those which are common to the race and those which are acquired by the individual itself during the course of its own lifetime. (And here it will serve to show the difficulty of popular exposition if I mention, parenthetically, that I say "parent or parents" advisedly. For most people think every animal must of necessity have two parents: whereas the real fact is, on the contrary, that in the vast majority both of plants and animals sex is wholly unknown, and that only a very few, comparatively, of the highest types are divided into separate males and females.) Herbert Spencer always insisted upon the importance of habit in producing modifications of structure, transmitted by heredity to the offspring. He believed that function largely preceded and determined structure, and that the young inheriting the structures thus modified by use during the life of the parent, increased and strengthened them by function during their own lives. While allowing that natural selection or survival of the fittest had much to do with the accumulation of specific distinctions and of special adaptations, he yet laid great stress upon the part thus played by function or habit in producing and strengthening new organs, just as we know that a talent for music is developed and transmitted in musical families, or as special muscles and muscular aptitudes are developed and transmitted in the families of acrobats and tumblers. Darwin, on the other hand, though he at first attributed almost everything to natural selection alone, and very little to "use and disuse," as he called function or its

opposite, grew gradually in his later years to recognise more and more the importance of this additional factor in evolution—the one most insisted upon by his grandfather and Lamarck, the founders and pioneers of organic evolutionism. Until recently, in fact, it was an accepted belief of biologists that the offspring inherited everything directly from the parent or parents, including the special functional gains or acquisitions of the parent during its own lifetime.

The problem of heredity for these earlier biologists was therefore this: How can the parent transmit to the offspring a seemingly simple and almost structureless part of itself—germ or egg in the female, sperm-cell in the male, where the sexes are separate—which small part, nevertheless, is so delicately organised or so sympathetically responsive to all changes in the parent organism that it will rebuild entire a whole similar individual, resembling the parent in every particular, not only general and specific, but also personal and acquired as well?

It will at once be admitted that this is a very delicate and difficult problem indeed. Imagine, or try to imagine, a tiny white speck of jelly-like matter, not half as big as a pin's head, yet so constituted that by mere interaction of ordinary chemical and physical laws it will, when placed in a suitable medium, like a crystal in its mother-liquid, take up and add to itself surrounding molecules in such a manner as to produce at last, not merely a man, with all his limbs, members, organs, and tissues, but also an individual man, combining and inheriting in equal degrees the personal and acquired peculiarities of his father and mother—including a taste for playing the violin, or a hereditary knack of walking the tight-rope or moving the muscles of the left ear. No wonder biologists found themselves compelled before the face of this staggering difficulty to invent some plausible explanation of so extraordinary a faculty in the egg or germ. And they rose to the occasion. Darwin gave one explanation: Herbert Spencer gave another.

Darwin explained the thing by his "Provisional Theory of Pangenesis"—to my mind the weakest effort of that great and acute intellect. He suggested as possible the idea that every organ, and limb, and tissue in the body might have the power of detaching from itself, as it were, little images of its own sort, all of which were present in every germ and every sperm-cell. The germ was thus an epitome of the entire organism. Herbert Spencer, on the other hand, explained it by his "Theory of Physiological Units," which seems to me as philosophical and satisfactory as Darwin's attempt seems crude and imperfect. According to this doctrine, the whole organism is made up of parts or units, some of which, indeed, are specially modified to produce special organs, but others of which, remaining undifferentiated in the generalised state, respond sympathetically to every change in the organism as a whole, so that whatever alters or modifies the organism, alters or modifies the physiological units to a proportionate extent. Mr. Spencer supposes that all such units are in their own nature capable of reproducing the entire organism, just as a crystal reproduces its predetermined form by its own polarities, and just as the lower animals reproduce lost parts of their own bodies by growth from within. Germ-cell and sperm-cell are physiological units specially told off in higher plants or animals for this work of reproduction; and they rebuild from proper material an entire organism, with all the

modifications impressed upon them potentially during the lifetime of their parents.

This was the state of opinion on the subject when a few years since Dr. Weismann, a well-known German professor, began to attack the same problem from an opposite side. Instead of asking, How can the offspring reproduce such minute variations in the parents? this critical thinker boldly put the prior question, Do the offspring reproduce individual or acquired peculiarities of the parents at all? Searching about for evidence on the subject, Weismann came at last to the startling conclusion that they do nothing of the sort. There is no proof, he says, that the offspring ever resemble parents in any but the qualities which the parents themselves inherited or possessed congenitally—no proof, in other words, that acquired characters, gained during the individual life, are ever transmitted. Having thus completely traversed the accepted view, and altered the venue from Why to Whether acquired characters are transmitted, Weismann started a new theory of his own on the subject, which he calls the "Theory of the Continuity of the Germ-Plasm."

According to this view, each individual plant or animal receives at the outset from its parent or parents a small piece of formative matter, which he calls the germ-plasm. Out of this matter the new organism is developed by gradually taking up other bodies from outside. But at an early date, the germ-plasm, as Weismann believes, separates (roughly speaking) into two parts, out of one of which the new body itself grows, while the other portion persists throughout life and forms the germ-plasm which the fresh organism transmits in time to its own descendants. Thus, to take a concrete case, the germ-plasm which C transmits to his descendants D, E, and F, is really part of the self-same germ-plasm which C himself received from his parents, A and B. It has remained unchanged in C's body during all his period of personal development, and is now passed on in turn, unmodified, to his own offspring. That is why Weismann speaks of continuity in the germ-plasm. He believes it to be the self-same stuff which the organism itself first derived from its own parents, fed meanwhile by the proper food-stuffs, but unmodified in any way by functional changes or acquired habits.

If this be so, it is obvious that there can be no inheritance of acquired faculties. The germ-plasm which the parent transmits to its offspring must be precisely the same germ-plasm which it inherited before from its own parents. There are thus only two ways (according to Weismann) in which new characters can arise in plants or animals—first, by spontaneous variations of the germ-plasm; and, secondly, by admixture of the different germ-plasms of the two sexes. These two ways supply between them all the variations on which natural selection can possibly work; and among those variations the fittest survive in the struggle for existence.

Two immediate difficulties here occur. In the first place, admixture of germ-plasms can only take place in the relatively small class of organisms which possess distinct sexes; so that for the mass of plants and animals—the sexless type—we are thrown back upon spontaneous variation alone as ultimate cause of the differences between various species. In the second place, it is extremely hard to understand on this hypothesis the origin of Mind, which has hitherto always been explained by evolutionists as a result of inheritance of accumulated habits.

It will, perhaps, help to bring these problems home to the unbiological reader, if I say, briefly, that Weismann in effect makes the parent merely the elder brother or sister of its own offspring. Only what the parent received from

its own parents has been transmitted. What it gained or acquired in life itself necessarily dies with it.

In spite of the difficulties involved in acceptance of Weismann's view, however, it has been enthusiastically accepted in England by the younger Darwinian school, and has become almost a test of orthodoxy with the Oxford and London biologists. For a year or two after the appearance of Weismann's memoirs, nothing else was heard of in *Nature* and in the scientific societies. Weismannism became the fashionable creed of the day. Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of natural selection, gave it the weight of his authority, and dozens of younger biologists have written in support of it in every available place. The old school of Lamarck seemed dead; even the ideas of Herbert Spencer and of Darwin himself as to "use and disuse" began to be looked upon as antiquated and unphilosophical. Young England, as biologist, swore by the continuity of the germ-plasm, and laughed to scorn the inheritance of acquired faculty.

At the present moment a reaction has set in; the battle is raging fiercely around both these questions. Alike in Germany and in England, criticism and doubt as to Weismann's premisses are beginning to take place of the pean of exultation with which his formal and schematic views were at first acclaimed. Kölliker, Virchow, and others have set forward their own critical opinions on the question at issue. Eimer has written a considerable work upholding the older view of inheritance of acquired faculty, and especially arriving at conclusions very similar to Herbert Spencer's, on the ground that psychology cannot otherwise be explained on evolutionary principles. This work of Eimer's has recently been translated into English by Mr. Cunningham, with a preface in which he sets forth his reasons for dissenting from the dogma of the continuity of the germ-plasm. Professor Vines, the Oxford botanist, has also published arguments against Weismann in *Nature*, and Professor Burdon-Sanderson is known to be equally in opposition. It need hardly be added that Mr. Herbert Spencer himself still stands out, and holds to his own early theory of Physiological Units in all its integrity. So that here we have the present state of the biological world, divided into an ultra-Darwinian or Weismannesque faction on the one side, and a partly Lamarckian or Spencerian body on the other.

What is wanted now is some decisive experimental settlement of the question. Can it be shown that in any case a faculty or habit acquired beyond a doubt during the life-time of the individual is transmissible to the offspring? If that can be proved, Weismannism falls at once to the ground, and we revert to the primitive Darwinian and Spencerian problem.

There! I have accomplished my task—and proved my point. In spite of all my trying, the reader is as much at sea as at the outset. You can't explain these things off-hand in so short a space to the general public. In order to make the thing tolerably clear, I ought to have had at least five pages for general introduction, three for Darwin's standpoint, ten for Spencer's, four or five for Weismann's, and have a dozen more for the discussion evoked by it. Outsiders who want to know, even cursorily, what these things are driving at, must make up their minds to devote to them a great deal more time and thought than is involved in glancing over a page or two of criticism in a general review. All this, I know, will be heresy to the editor: but still I hold, you really cannot compress the history of Europe since the fourteenth century into two columns, so as to make it intelligible at a glance to the meanest understanding.

THE NOOK, DORKING, May 28, 1890.

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

THE STORY OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

IN all the world there is nothing so interesting, or so little known, as woman. When the fairer half of creation do not go about, as they do in some countries to this day, veiled from head to foot so that no prying eye can spy their charms, they go yashmaked, and wear disguises which reveal the eyes but nothing else. The veil and the yashmak are by no means confined to Oriental countries. Of our English women, probably nine hundred and ninety-nine wear the yashmak even in their own secret chamber. Whether it is that they shrink from the gaze of their own loveliness, or whether long generations of continuous reserve, enforced by the severest penalties of law and custom have created a second nature in the shape of absolute unconsciousness of all that is their distinctive characteristic and their charm, it would be hard to say. But, be the cause what it may, the number of women who go unveiled is so few as to render it easy to understand the interest

excited by the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, which I have selected as the book of the month. Not that Marie Bashkirtseff, whose Journal begins when she was thirteen, and closes with her death when only twenty-four, can be regarded as a veritable Lady Godiva of our time—nor are all those who, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, have gathered round her Journal with exclamations of admiration and amazement, so many graceless Peeping Toms of the Coventry of our generation. I would rather compare the beautiful Russian girl, who, in those two volumes, endeavours to take the whole world into the confidence of her inmost thoughts, to the sudden apparition of a wilful American

beauty alone and unattended, dressed as for the theatre, and without her opera cloak, in the midst of an Arab mosque where woman had never been seen unveiled before.

In this Journal you see a good deal of the wilful Marie, more perhaps than many of us have been permitted to see of most women, even in our own families; more, indeed, than most women see even of themselves, but we do not see the whole woman, nor do we ever feel that even in her case, there is an exception to the rule laid down by the sombre author of "Night Thoughts":—

God spares all beings, save
Himself, the sight,
That hideous sight, a naked
human heart.

The human creature has far too much eye for effect ever to reveal itself quite naturally. The Journal—the private secret journal—which so many of us have kept, was well-named long ago by John Forster the "Devil's Vanity Trap." We write for ourselves alone, we say, and even as we write that pious lie, we see the eye of the critic



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, 1876.

glancing over our shoulder, and despite all our efforts we assume a pose. Marie Bashkirtseff, no doubt, tries resolutely to photograph her varying phases of emotion from day to day, but there is an element of theatricality about it also. Even in her undress she poses and folds about her with artist's instinct whatever scrap of a garment she retains—even if it be only a dressing gown—with a constant eye to effect. And, above all, she never really leaves go of her dressing-gown; hence an element of unreality about the Journal which, nevertheless, with all its drawbacks, is interesting and instructive beyond most other books of our time. Here, at least, a young and gifted girl does at least try to set down night by night

how she felt, what she thought, and what things she longed for; and how few there are of human kind of all those who have ever undertaken the task have written as well as she or written so sadly. Women, like men, for the most part, are happily too busy to find time to turn the microscope upon their vitals and to spend hours like a Hindoo fakir, absorbed in self-contemplation. Those who have time for the task have, as a rule, little or nothing to tell us. The moanings of a do-nothing lady of wealth would bore us exceedingly, nor would her journal—the mere eructation of mental flatulence—be of interest to a living soul. But poor Marie was in herself supremely interesting. To begin with, she was a woman, a young woman, and a young Russian woman. In Slavonic countries woman, who elsewhere is the inferior or the equal of man, is his superior. The brain of the Slav woman weighs more than that of the man, and she excels him in most of the human qualities. Two Russian types of womanhood, portrayed by great artists, have impressed themselves indelibly upon the imagination of the Western world. One is the Lisa of Turgenieff, the other the Anna Karenina of Tolstoi. Side by side with these heroines, whose exquisite femininity makes us revolt passionately against the tragic pathos of their doom, we have the dark and sombre but heroic gallery of female Nihilists—who have taught Europe more than it cares to acknowledge of the terrible grandeur of self-immolation—the brilliant and energetic Princess Lieven, and here in this journal a Russian girl of artistic genius and copious articulation, who pours out in the ear of the world the confidences, the self-reproaches, the self-appreciation, which most people blush even to mutter in the solitude of their own room. But what a charm there is about them all, speaking as they do of marvellous youth and inexhaustible vitality. Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal carries us back into the heart of Russia, with the exuberance of its spring-like beauty, the fierce heat of its noonday when the young green leaves seem to faint and wither in the sun rays, and the indescribable charm of the gloaming when the voices of the peasant girls singing in chorus on their way to the well swing in the air like the low-toned music of the Russian bells. She is a true child of her country—Russian crossed with a Tartar strain, with nerves all tremulous as aspen leaves, but capable of sudden tension as if steel. Like the Steppe, which loses itself in a dim horizon where earth and sky mingle, and are lost, there is ever a mystical background encompassing her life, in the midst of which are signs and portents and superstitions not unworthy the moujiks who tilled her father's land. Fierce, too, and passionate, as a child, there is in her life something not unlike the short brilliant summer of Muscovy. You go to sleep in the train amidst snow and frost and a desolate forest, in which the perennial green of the fir alone breaks the black expanse of leafless boughs. You wake next morning in the midst of the luxuriant spring verdure of an English May. The birds are singing in mid-heaven, the frogs are chanting in the marsh, the delicate

green leaves of the silvery birch are shining in the sunlight. Everywhere there is light and gladness, the warmth and the glow of light. For a time it lasts, and then almost with equal suddenness the icy grasp of winter freezes the land into the silence and darkness of death. The birds sing no more, the waters are shrouded deep with ice, the very animals hibernate, and all Russia is one wintry grave. Marie Bashkirtseff's life was just like that—the sudden burst into consciousness, the brief hot day, and then the long cold nights.

Marie Bashkirtseff has been compared to Rousseau. But she is no "self-torturing sophist." She is Russian—Russian in her infantile directness and energy of nature, who chronicles as she goes instead of philosophising after the event. But even more than this, she is a woman. A Rousseau in petticoats, a Rousseau from whom the dominating element of Jean Jacques seems to have been eliminated, has little left of Rousseau, except intense self-consciousness, supreme egotism, and a certain relief in wailing in the market-place. Far more than a Rousseau, Marie Bashkirtseff is the preacher in Ecclesiastes. Vanity of vanity all is vanities. written at large in every page of this "human document." Youth she had, and beauty, wealth and boundless ambition—a career that offered endless vistas of success; fame, love, all that she most longed for, she tasted, and then saw it dashed from her lips. Seldom has there been a more pathetic record of disappointments since the days of the Preacher who, having looked on all the works that his hands had wrought, and saw the labour that he had laboured to do, and behold! all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.*

"I have just been," writes me one of my most valued helpers from Paris, "over Marie's Studio, at 63, Rue de Prony. Everything is just as she left it six years ago. Dozens of unfinished studies line the wall. There are many quaint drawings of children, poor children. The studio is a huge conservatory. There are no portraits of herself at all, but the house is full of her spiritual presence. Six little whips are slung across a horseshoe stand in the passage; two Spanish guitars lie unstrung in a chair; and her organ, bought only fifteen days before her death, stands silent, and cloth covered. I wish that you had been there with me." It is not only the deserted *atelier* in the Rue de Prony that is full of the spiritual presence of Marie Bashkirtseff. This young girl, who was a woman in her head when but thirteen, and was but becoming a woman in her heart when death struck her down at the age of twenty-four, has, for the last six months, thrown across the civilised world, as it were, the shadow of her tomb. Alike in the Old World and the New, all who read have heard the passionate protest of the death-doomed child. The air is filled even in this glad May sunshine with the note of her pathetic prayer for life which was denied and for love which she but began to realise on the very verge of the grave. It is the tragedy of the life of a gifted girl, common enough, mayhap, among the thousands who wither and die in their prime, but peculiar in this, that Marie Bashkirtseff has died, as it were, on the stage of the

* The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, translated by Mathilde Blind. 2 vols., with portraits. (Cassell and Co.)

world, and Europe and America have listened to the agonised cry in the darkness which is usually audible alone to watchers in the chamber of death.

Marie Bashkirtseff's journal was published after her death by her mother. Miss Mathilde Blind has translated it into excellent English in two volumes which have now passed into a second edition. Marie was born in the Ukraine in 1860. She was the only daughter of an unhappy marriage. Her father and mother separated soon after her birth, and did not meet again until she was sixteen years of age. Of her earliest childhood but little is told, except that she was not weaned until she was three and a half years old, a fact in which physiologists may find some clue to some of the physical failings which embittered and maimed her life, and afterwards carried her off into a premature grave. Marie and her only brother were brought up abroad, in that cosmopolitan society which is to be found at the pleasure cities of Europe. Nice and the Riviera were her second motherland. The blue Mediterranean, the snow-clad hills, and the semi-tropical luxuriance of the vegetation of Southern France encompassed the young Russian from her earliest infancy. Sir M. Grant-Duff said long ago, in the days when we used to favour the world with Elgin Addresses, that a Russian caught young and educated in the west was the finest flower of civilisation to culture. There is something in the Russian nature which, like satinwood, is capable of an exquisite polish. Marie Bashkirtseff was caught young enough. She left Russia almost before she could talk, and she speedily acquired the languages and the culture of the West. French, Italian, English, and Russian were languages in which she could converse. Latin and Greek were her favourite studies. In England she would have been a prodigy. In Russia such a gift for languages is so common as to call for no remark. When Marie's journal begins, she has attained the mature age of thirteen, but she has learned in mere reading and school lore more than most women master in their life time. Whether or not she was born, fifteen years old or not, as she somewhere says, she already, when only thirteen, is keeping a diary with the gravity and self-precision of a woman of thirty. This diary she kept regularly till her death. It was the companion of her soul. To it she confided all the aspirations, all the misgivings of her young heart. During her earlier years the journal shared with the bon Dieu the confidences of Mademoiselle Marie. In her older youth the faith she had once in God grew dim, and her journal alone remained. It was at once the confidante of her solitude and the theatre in which she played the leading rôle in a drama that by a sure instinct she knew would attract the attention of the world. It

is this dual nature of the journal which continually confronts us with its endless consistencies. We never know whether we are really listening to the outpourings of a girl's heart or whether we are attending an elaborate theatrical soliloquy, delivered in melodramatic accents, with all the appurtenances of the stage in the back ground. Marie Bashkirtseff herself certainly loses no opportunity of impressing upon us that her journal really represents the real true truth of her inmost thoughts. Yet over and over again when, after a lapse of a year or two she re-reads her journal, she interpolates a sentence declaring that the entries were affected, that her emotions were simulated, and that, in short, the little minx when apparently breathing out her soul in anguish was carefully measuring the intonations of her voice, and casting a furtive glance at the impression it was making on the sympathetic gods in the gallery.

A Polish fellow-student, who contributes an interesting sketch of Marie to the *Cosmopolitan* for May, says:—

In her short life she had made a collection of photographs of herself. There were as many as four or five albums full, in all kinds of costumes and postures, with appropriate expressions. I could not help exclaiming: "What a comedienne you are!" "Yes," she said, "my first dream was to be an actress." One of these photographs showed her as Mignon, bare-footed, in a short skirt, and her hair falling loose upon her shoulders. One was Ophelia, with vacant eyes; another, a Roman girl dancing with the tambourine; another, a powdered marquise; still another, a Russian peasant girl in the national costume. Some were on horseback; some lying down, perhaps on a tiger skin. One, which amused her intensely, showed her in a nun's dress, her hair covered with a

hood, and her finger pointing at the name "Marie" engraved upon a rock, as upon a tombstone.

That collection of photographs is the pictorial counterpart to her journal. She almost always poses even to herself. Yet her own estimate of the literal fidelity of her journal was very high. Again and again she tells us that it is the exact photograph of her inmost soul. Miss Mathilde Blind accepts these protestations a little too seriously. She tells us that such a book as this—

A book in the nude, breathing and palpitating with life, so to say—has never, to my knowledge, been given to the world. (Vol. I. p. 7.)

Miss Blind is, however, nearer the mark when she says of this unique journal:

It is an enthusiasm to the few, a curiosity to the many, and is taking rank among the autobiographies the world will not willingly let die. (Vol. I. p. 34.)



MISS MATHILDE BLIND, TRANSLATOR OF MARIE'S JOURNAL.

Marie Bashkirtseff's own version of her journal is as follows:

Should I not live long enough to become famous, this journal will be of interest to naturalists; for the life of a woman must always be curious, told thus day by day, without any attempt at posing; as if no one in the world would ever read it, yet written with the intention of being read; for I feel sure the reader will find me sympathetic . . . And I tell all, yes, all. . . . Else what were the use of it? In fact, it will be sufficiently apparent that I tell everything. (Vol. I. p. 40.)

Why tell lies and play a part? Rest assured, therefore, kind reader, that I reveal myself completely, entirely. (P. 35.)

Read this and learn, good folk. This journal is the most useful and instructive of all books that have been, are, or ever will be, written. It's a woman with all her thoughts, her illusions, hopes, weaknesses, her charms, sorrows, and delights. I am not yet a complete woman, but I shall be one. You will be able to trace my life from the cradle to the grave. For a person's life, her whole life, without any concealment or untruth, must always prove a great and interesting thing. (P. 28.)

If I should die young I shall burn it, but if I live to be old, people will read this journal. I believe, if I may say so that there's no photograph as yet of a woman's entire existence, of all her thoughts, yes, all, all. It will be interesting. (P. 57.)

Poor diary, it contains all my strivings towards the light, all those aspirations which would be considered those of an imprisoned genius if they were crowned in the end with success. If, on the other hand, I never come to anything, they will be looked upon as the concealed ravings of a commonplace person. (P. 170.)

There she was wrong. Commonplace Marie Bashkirtseff was not and could not be; but affected she certainly was, and almost cynically conscious of her affectation, as, for instance, she says on one occasion:—

Then suddenly I took a few steps in my room, and began to weep before the glass. *A few tears make me look rather beautiful, on the whole. . . .* I often invent a hero, a romance, and a drama to myself like that, and then I laugh and cry over my imaginary scene as though it were real. (P. 209.)

Then again, after describing how she listened to one of her admirers pouring out protestations of love, she says:—

I continued to listen; for I tell you, in real truth, words of love are worth all the sights of the earth, *except those to which you go in order to be seen.* (Vol. I. p. 416.)

It must be admitted, in extenuation of this eagerness to be seen and admired, which is so great a passion in her, that we suspect there must have been at least one of her ancestors who spent her life on the stage, that Marie Bashkirtseff was well worth seeing. Miss Blind tells us that:—

Marie was much occupied with her appearance, fond of dress, and had more than the ordinary share of a woman's love of attracting admiration. She had a finely developed figure of middle height, hair of a golden red, the brilliant complexion that usually accompanies a tendency to consumption, and a face which, without being regularly handsome, captivated you by the fire and energy of its expression. Photographs could never do her justice, it seems, as the want of colour deprived her of that unrivalled freshness and fairness which constituted her chief beauty. But her real spell lay in the intense vitality which shone out of her deep grey eyes, as it glowed through all her writing and painting. (Vol. I. p. 29.)

It is well to have this record for whether it is because "the Slav character inoculated with French civilisation and romantic literature is a curious product," which we

Westerns have not yet learned to appreciate, or whether it is because a woman turned inside out by a species of literary vivisection is very different from a woman as she appears to other people, the following entries hardly seem to sound the truest note of womanhood:—

I like solitude before a mirror, so as to admire my delicate white hands just touched with pink on the palm. It is, perhaps, silly to praise myself so much; but authors always describe their heroine, and I am my own heroine. (P. 40.)

My photographs can never give an exact idea of my appearance, because they want colour, and because the matchless fairness of my complexion is my chief beauty.

My body like that of an antique goddess, my Spanish-looking hips, my small and perfectly-shaped bosom, my feet, my hands, and my childlike head—of what use is it all, since nobody loves me? (P. 401.)

It is the worst of a book like this journal, full of self-analysis and minute cross-examination as to sensation, that it sets one off analysing the analyses instead of proceeding with the story of the young life here voluntarily unfolded before us.

The story, indeed, is much more taken up with the records, caprices, and the emotions of Mademoiselle Marie than with the outward events of her brief existence.

"At thirteen," says Mathilde Blind, "she drew up a plan of study, which she had thought out as carefully as though she were preparing to take a degree. She learned English, Italian, and German, Latin and Greek, drawing and music. (Vol. I. p. 14.)

When only three, before she was weaned, she dreamed of future greatness. All her dolls were kings and queens. When but one year older, she thus describes the fevered fantasies which filled her waking hours.

Why these mad aspirations towards greatness which I formerly imagined to consist in riches and titles? Why, from the time that I had two consecutive ideas, from the age of four, this desire for things glorious, grand, confused, and immense? Ah, what have I not been in my childish dreams! . . . To begin with, I was a dancer, a famous dancer adored in St. Petersburg. Every evening I would make them put me on a low dress, with flowers in my hair, and dance quite gravely in the drawing-room with the whole household looking on. Then I was the first singer in the world. I accompanied myself on the harp while singing, and I was carried in triumph—I don't know where, or by whom. Next I electrified the masses with my eloquence. The Emperor of Russia married me to keep on his throne, and I lived in close communion with my people, and in the speeches I made explained my policy till sovereigns and people were moved to tears.

In short, my dreams of everything, concerning all branches of activity, all sentiments, all human satisfactions, were larger than nature; and if they can't be realised I had better die. (Vol. II. p. 441.)

When five, she danced in her mother's laces, as the famous ballet dancer Pepita, amid the admiration of all her family. Governesses were provided for her, and her natural love for drawing found vent when but six years old, she made sketches in chalk while her governesses played at cards. When only ten she began her travels round Europe with the following petition as her nightly prayer:—

Grant, O Lord, that I may never have the small-pox, that I may be pretty, and have a fine voice; that I may be happy in my married life, and that mamma may live long. (Vol. I. p. 39.)

One of the most curious things about this curious child is that almost all her prayers were answered and this

among the rest. She did not have the small-pox, she was pretty, she had a divine voice, her mother is living yet. As she never married, the only other petition never became ripe for fulfilment.

When thirteen, she noted this indulgence of Providence:—

Three times already has God granted my prayers. The first time I asked for a croquet set, and my aunt brought it me from Geneva; the second time I asked His help to learn English. (Vol. I. p. 9.)

What the third was she does not say. But the fourth time she demanded what was denied her. For when only thirteen years of age little Marie, who was then at Nice with her mother, fell into a childish passion of romantic affection for an English duke—the Duke of H.—and childlike, and with beautiful simplicity, the spoiled little lady imperiously appeals to Omnipotence to ease her pain and make him hers. “Thy grace is so infinite, Thy mercy so great, Thou hast done so much for me.” To her fevered imagination it is almost Atheistic to doubt that God will not give her the English duke. “No, no, He is too merciful, He will not allow my beautiful soul to be torn by cruel doubts.” So she prays on her knees, with hot tears, entreating God to give her the Duke as a husband, until “it seemed as if an image of the Virgin in a corner of the room were giving the promise.”

But the heavens were as brass unto her prayer, for the Duke left Nice without ever making her acquaintance. She hears shortly after that he was about to marry. At once she went into the wildest despair.

He was like a lamp in my soul, and this lamp has gone out. It is dark, gloomy, sad; I don't know which way to turn. It's horrible, horrible, when there's nothing in one's soul. (Vol. I. p. 28.)

And so the little lass of thirteen tells us:—

I have gone through jealousy, love, envy, disillusion, wounded self-love—everything that's hideous in life. (P. 32.)

Therefore I shall never love any one, for no one will ever love me as I could love. (Vol. I. p. 37.)

So passionate is youth, so positive that it has gauged the depth of human experience. Marie shared the common delusion of the very young, but she was more ambitious as to giving it expression.

I wish I possessed the combined talents of all authors, so as to be able to give a true idea of my profound despair, my wounded self-love, and all my thwarted wishes. (Vol. I. p. 59.)

So she wrote when she was in the mood in which she penned the following frank confession:—

I like to cry; I like to be in despair; I like to be sad and miserable. I look upon it all as a pastime, and I love life in spite of it.

It is the frank retrospection of a spoiled child—the actress coming out even in the very whirlwind of apparent rage.

I get into a rage, sit down on the floor, and begin by smashing thoroughly that's only half-broken. I don't touch what is left uninjured, however, for I never forget myself.

In the midst of my anger I couldn't help smiling, for *this sort of thing* is quite on the surface; it does not reach my inner self, and at this moment I have the happiness to touch my inmost self. (Vol. I. p. 51.)

No doubt all this misery was real enough at the time. There are those who can remember they were more grievously smitten of Dan Cupid at the age of eleven than they have ever been in matured life. But after a while the fever subsides, and the childish passion for the incarnate shadow of the ideal seems ridiculous even to Marie Bashkirtseff herself. In 1880, when twenty years old, sedately looking back over the passionate laments of thirteen, she writes:—

All this to-do about a man whom I had seen about a dozen times in the street, whom I didn't know, and who was unconscious of my existence. (Vol. I. p. 27.)

When she was only seventeen, she records in her diary a chance meeting with her former object of worship. She says, “Do you know whom I met in the Champs Elysées?”

Why, the Duke of H—, alone in a cab. The handsome, rather stout, young man, with copper-coloured auburn hair and small moustache, has developed into a rubicund Englishman, with small carrotty whiskers reaching from the ear to the middle of the cheek. (Vol. I. p. 353.)

In half an hour she adds: “I had forgotten all about him. *Sie transit gloria mundi!*”

The next stage in Mdlle. Marie's career is her visit to Italy and to Rome. She was fascinated with Italy. Ever afterwards

I long to return with enchanted delight to the country of God and of the elect—the enchanted, marvellous divine country, all descriptions of which will fail to

convey its surpassing beauty and mysterious charm. (P. 331.)

Again she says: “The beauty and the ruins of Rome intoxicate me; I want to be Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla, the devil, the Pope. I want, and I am nothing. (Vol. I. p. 101.)

Ah, what did she not want? Her ambition was insatiable.

If I am as pretty as I say, why don't people love me? They look at me! They are enamoured! But they don't love me. I who have such a great need to be loved.

Well, no; it isn't that which I want. I want to go into the world; I want to shine in it; I want to occupy a supreme position; I want to be rich; I want to have pictures, palaces, jewels; I want to be the centre of a circle that shall be political, brilliant, literary, philanthropic, and frivolous. I want all that . . . may God give it to me. (Vol. I. p. 160.)



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF IN EMPIRE COSTUME.

Here is the ideal of life as pictured by a young lady of fifteen :—

Eagerly seize what you can of life; do no harm to your fellows; never lose an instant of pleasure; lead an easy, exciting, and splendid existence; rise absolutely and as much as possible above others. Be powerful! Yes, powerful! powerful! No matter how! Then you are feared or respected. Then you are strong, and that's the height of human bliss. The many are everything. What do I care for a few superior beings? I long for the world with its sounding triumphs. (Vol. I. p. 54.)

Pending the fulfilment of her great ambitions, she had a curious romance with Pietro A—, the nephew of a cardinal, who made hot love to her and wanted her to marry him.

She chronicles all the incidents of this strange love affair. The young Italian libertine had a considerable attraction for her :—

His ways, as of a tiger-kitten, his eyes burning you through and through, his witching voice, muffled and yet so thrilling, murmuring words of love in tones of complaint or entreaty so humbly, so tenderly, so passionately! He was never like that except to me—me only. (Vol. I. p. 220.)

She half consented to marry him, and she indulged him with a very risky midnight interview at the foot of the stairs.

They exchanged vows of love; but all through she was only acting. Writing at the time, she says :—

"It amused me to act a scene in a novel, and involuntarily I thought of Dumas." (P. 134.)

She goes on :—

"Then we talked sense; then he cast himself at my feet, crying in a choked voice that I couldn't love him as he loved me—it was impossible. (Vol. I. p. 137.)

"How I love you!" he exclaimed; "how beautiful you are! How happy we shall be!"

For all reply I took his head in my hands and kissed him on the forehead, on the eyes, and on the hair. *I did it more for his sake than for mine.* (P. 139.)

And bitterly she repented it long after she wrote—

"Oh! how could I kiss him on the face. I the first! Oh! foolish, accursed creature! Ah, I cry and shiver with rage!" (Vol. I. p. 214.)

Twelve months afterwards we find this entry by the disenchanted girl—

May, 1877. (Note.)—Let me beg you, once for all, not to attach too much importance to my infatuations; I did not really think of A— as I wrote. . . . I idealised him to make it more like a romance. (Vol. I. p. 80.)

And yet she tells us—

All the books we read are inventions—the situations are forced, the characters false; while this is the photograph of a whole life. (Vol. I. p. 110.)

But, after photographing her love, she writes four years later—

No, I never loved him. It was merely the result of a romantic imagination in quest of excitement. (Vol. I. p. 121.)

I pass lightly over the visit to Russia, where she describes what she saw with considerable brightness and humour. Her travelling hither and thither with her dogs and her impedimenta—she took no fewer than thirty dresses to her country place—her adventures in town and in country, all make a pleasant chapter in the journal. She was a voracious reader.

She does not often indulge in political reflection,

although she was in Russia in the midst of the ferment that preceded the Russo-Turkish war. One observation she makes is worth noticing by those who are perpetually denouncing the Russian Government :—

For if the Russians are as gentle and obedient as sheep in times of peace and quietness, when they do rise they will be raving maniacs, demons of cruelty. (Vol. I. p. 213.)

In Russia Mdle. Marie had plenty of attention, and one adorer of a superior type.

I am perfectly satisfied with myself. Everybody yields to me, flatters me, and, best of all, loves me. (Vol. I. p. 267.)

Poor Pacha! Dear and noble fellow! If there is anything I regret in Russia it is this heart of gold, this loyal disposition, this upright spirit. Am I really grieved? Yes; for could I fail to feel just pride in having such a friend? (Vol. I. p. 307.)

Alas it was not the mere having him for a friend! It was because she loved to see men suffer for love of her—that she rejoiced. She herself, in chronicling her lover's misery, says :—

Do you notice this fierce vanity, this eagerness to set down the ravages one causes. I am a vulgar coquette—or rather no; a woman, that's all. (Vol. I. p. 303.)

Women, then, are poor creatures indeed. There is much affectation in all this. Nor can we for a moment accept as other than a scandalous aspersion upon the sex the acceptance of this intensely self-conscious young lady as the only authentic type of revealed womanhood which the world has yet seen. It was maliciously said of Mrs. Lynn Linton that she sought to prove her case against the emancipation of women by embodying in her own person all the failings and foibles which she asserts incapacitate women from playing a tolerable part in politics. But it may truly be said that if Mdle. Marie be the genuine revelation of the ultimate product of the women of femininity in the nineteenth century, the cynical opponents of woman's rights would have much to say for themselves. For Marie Bashkirtseff, although a genius, is as wayward as fitful, as passionate, as imperious, as vain, and, withal, as indifferent as any coquette of any age. "It is only the envelope of me that is feminine, deucedly feminine," she says, and the envelope does not go deep down. Of the distinctively womanly there is in her but little trace. She was Russian with a trace of Tartar blood; her temper was uncontrollable. On one occasion, her nerves getting the better of her, she flung a clock into the sea as a relief to her overstrung feelings; on another she tore up her gloves. But of genuine passion, of overpowering affection, she may have been capable, but she died before it blossomed in her, and she seems to have been equally devoid of tenderness even to those who spent their lives for her. She was a spoiled child, tyrannically selfish, and therefore the very antithesis of the true woman.

It is curious to see how eager she is to have her lovers tell her how they love her, to describe when the malady began, and so forth—as a spectator curious and interested, but without sympathy or corresponding sentiment. Yet she can write :—

Ah! how sweet it is to be loved! There is nothing in the world so sweet. . . .

I wished to know how he came to love me, and since when. It seems that he loved me from the first. (Vol. I. p. 416.)

Yet she never loved him back, although, as she notes, "his fire warms my heart." She coolly tells one adorer who had just assured her that he loved her as no one else did, and that he was devoted to her body and soul, "I generally inspire feelings of that kind." The impassivity of soul, the absence of all response beyond the vulgar love of

triumph, that is not even saddened by the ravages which it inflicts—these do not charm us with Marie Bashkirtseff. They were probably due to immaturity. Her intellect developed in advance of her heart. If she had lived but ten more years all this unripeness of heart might have disappeared. In this she was true to nature. A

woman who has not learnt to feel is apt to be as cruel and ruthless in her way as a schoolboy is in his. But so far from regarding her as a full and perfect woman revealed all undraped before the astonished eyes of mankind, she is hardly to be regarded as a woman at all in the full sense of the word. There was in her an intense fever of life, but it did not flow in the normal channels. She was artist, musician, wit, philosopher, student, anything you like but a natural woman with a heart to love, and a soul to find its supreme satisfaction in sacrifice for lover or for child. In her the natural yields to the artificial. She is self-conscious to an absurd extent, and her egotism is sublime. On one occasion she is overwhelmed by a consciousness of her own beauty that

for twenty minutes she gazed enraptured on her own charms, and chronicles the fact in her diary. "I compare myself," she says on another occasion, "with all the statues I see." She is always comparing herself with everyone, always thinking of herself, her thoughts always eternally revolving round her own per-

sonality. Poor Marie—it seems hard to say such things of one so young, so gifted, and so charming—but we tremble at the thought of the deluge of egotistic sentimentalities with which the success of her journal will flood the world if every ambitious school-girl is taught to regard Marie Bashkirtseff as a type and example of the supremely

interesting woman. Not the less do we regret the spread of the conviction in the minds of men that these women folk in the secret heart are always dreaming and longing and gushing *à la* Bashkirtseff.

There is nothing to prove that she ever felt the inspiration and the glow of that passion which lifts the humblest of her sisters into an ideal world. Men were always falling in love with her. She tried sometimes to make believe that she was in love with them, but it was always a failure. As she neared the end of her life, she felt this, but could not act on the feeling.

I consider I am very foolish for not being seriously pre-occupied with the only thing worth troubling about—the only thing which gives all sorts of happiness which obliterates all sufferings—love, of course, love. Love performs the miracle of the mingling of



MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF—1884.

souls. It's an illusion. No matter! That which you believe exists for you. I tell you so. Love makes the world appear as it ought to be.

But of love Marie Bashkirtseff was utterly destitute until the very last, when she, herself dying, began to feel love for one already half-dead. Even in the one great

love scene in the journal, in which she met at midnight on the bottom of the stairs in her Roman palace one of the most dissolute of the young Roman nobles, and spent two hours with him in the darkness alone, listening to his protestations of affection, there is no thrill, there is no touch of real feeling. She was very clever, no doubt, very fascinating, but woman she was not. In all the journal there is no truer word than this entry:—

If I dish you up moving phrases, don't let yourself be caught by them. Of the two selves who are trying to live, one says to the other, But in heaven's name, have a veneration of some kind. And the other one who attempts to feel something is always dominated by the first. The *Moi Spectateur* which continues observing and absorbing the seconds, and will it always be so? And love?

Well, to tell you the truth, it seems impossible when you see human nature through the microscope. The others are very happy, they only see what is necessary. Would you like to know? Well, then, I am neither painter, sculptor, nor musician; neither woman, nor daughter, nor friend. Everything reduces itself with me into subjects of observation, reflection, and analysis. A look, a face, a sound, a joy, a sorrow are immediately weighed, examined, verified, classified, noted down. And when I have said or written it I am satisfied. (Vol. II. p. 451.)

That assuredly is not typical woman.

If Marie Bashkirtseff is thus lacking in the supreme quality of her sex, she is equally lacking in the supreme quality of a Russian. She is a poor patriot, although, of course, she does feel towards Russia a certain admiration and even affection. She speaks of her Russian heart leaping for joy when the *Revue des Deux Mondes* devotes an article to "my great and admirable native land." But Russia—beautiful, great, and sublime though she regarded it—bored her extremely, and the exclamation that she worked in Paris for the glory of her country was a poor excuse. I admit that had she been other than Russian, her modicum of patriotic feeling would have sufficed; but with Russians patriotism holds a far higher place among the elemental virtues than in the West, and Marie Bashkirtseff was a poor patriot for a Russian. She was, it must be remembered, brought up abroad. But her journal during the war of 1876-8 shows how little she was in sympathy with the overpowering emotion which throbbed in the heart of all good Russians. She arrived at St. Petersburg when the sensation produced by the heroic death of young Kireeff, Madame Novikoff's brother, in the Servian war, was thrilling the nation's heart. She notes the widespread feeling, but it leaves her unmoved. At Moscow, a fervid appeal on behalf of the Servians rouses her to ask indignantly why the Tzar does not declare war, but beyond this there is hardly a trace in her voluminous journal of any interest in the great world-drama which has unfolded itself before her eyes in Eastern Europe. The singing at the station when the volunteers depart for Servia thrills her, but the fate of the brave fellows is never alluded to. The declaration of war, for which she had longed, passed without comment. Only once during that terrible year when the Russians were slaughtered in hecatombs before Plevna, and Shipka was being held by the skin of their teeth, does her journal show any trace of patriotic emotion. She remains silent a whole night in order to secure the despatch of reinforcements to her veterans of Shipka, and she records with gratification that the reinforcements arrived. She says an immense number of prayers, but she says nothing of the other incidents of the war. Even the conclusion of peace within sight of Constantinople is to her less than the death of a pet dog or the shape

of an ill-fitting dress. No one, but for a couple of entries for 1877 to 1878, would ever imagine that the voluminous writer belonged to a nation, which was in the throes of its destiny. She never names Skobelev or Gourko, and as for the Berlin Congress and the treaty which ended the war, Marie Bashkirtseff does not so much as allude to them. Even from the mere point view of one who hunted insatiably after sensations, this indifference to the fate of her country is somewhat disappointing, especially when the young lady was so susceptible as to weep for thirty-six hours over the death of the Prince Imperial.

But a truce to fault-finding and criticising this fair and fascinating girl, who, although deficient in the two master passions of a Russian woman, nevertheless possessed so much charm both of body and of mind. There is nothing more interesting in the journal than the entries in which this frank, unsophisticated child-woman puts down with characteristic bluntness her ideas about God. Some people say that she did not believe in God. No doubt, at times, from her as well as all others, He seemed to have hidden His face, to have been evaporated out of existence by philosophical speculations, or to be disproved by the logic of facts. But at bottom there was always the child-like faith or passionate yearning for God, a real live God, a father to one who never knew what it was to have a father's care, a confidante, a friend who never failed. Merely to string together the entries in the journal on this subject suffices to show how child-like was her faith, how simple and natural the outpouring of her soul to the Infinite, how sad and cold she found the world when faith in God went out, and left her alone in the dim and dreary gloom of approaching death.

I have devoted what is, perhaps, a disproportionate space to the love affairs and the religious musings of this strange and gifted child. I have but little room left to speak of her art. Art, however, is understood of few. Love and religion are of interest to all. Those who wish to follow her through her artistic career must read the book for themselves. I can only indicate here the mere outline of the years during which Mdlle. Marie found her vocation, and settled down to her life and work only to die as she was attaining the summit of her ambition.

After leaving Italy she determined to devote herself to Art, and for that purpose she went to Paris, that common meeting-ground of genius, glory, everything, light, vanity, dizziness.

It was when she was almost eighteen that she resolved to dedicate herself to Art. Art! she says, "if I had not these three magic letters in the distance I should be dead."

Art! I picture it to myself as a great light yonder, very far off; and, forgetting everything else, I will talk with my eyes fixed on that light. (Vol. I. p. 344.)

And so in 1887 she makes the following entry:

All my fancies are over. Russia has failed me and I have been thoroughly chastised.

So be it, then, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and may divine protection be with me. This is no passing decision, like so many others, but a final one. (Vol. I. p. 348.)

Nor does she ever go back upon her word. She had her doubts and misgivings. But she had her secret consolations—mystical and otherwise.

And I heard a voice say, "You will feel neither the time nor the difficulties, and you will reach the goal unexpectedly!" And I have a firm belief in this voice, which has never deceived me. It has foretold me enough misfortunes for it

not to lie this time. I have faith in it, and I feel that I am right to believe. (Vol. I. p. 364.)

But it was never Art for Art's sake, or Art for the service of others. It was Art as a road to fame. She writes:—

I swear that I will become famous; I swear solemnly—by the Gospels, by the passion of Christ, by myself—that in four years I will be famous. (Vol. I. p. 397.)

Poor child! Even when she made her vows she is filled with a foreboding, nameless, unspeakable. "Now," she cries, "O God, do not terrify me! Something horrible tells me that— . . . Ah! No, I will not write it down."

What it was that thus scared her, who knows! Possibly a vision of early death. For, but a short time before she had written—

I am desperately sad. . . . IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!! Oh! terrible, despairing, horrible, and frightful word!!! To die! My God, to die!!! To die!!!! Without leaving anything behind me? To die like a dog! just as a hundred thousand women have died, whose names are barely inscribed on their tombstones. . . . To live, to live! Holy Mary, Mother of God; O Lord Jesus Christ! O my God! Come and help me! (Vol. I. p. 338.)

There are few more pathetic stories in the history of man than that of the dying of Marie Bashkirtseff. There was in her such a passionate vitality. She writes:—

No one, it seems to me, no one loves *everything* as I do—the fine arts, music, painting, books, society, dress, luxury, excitement, calm, laughter and tears, love, melancholy, humbug, the snow and the sunshine; all the seasons, all atmospheric effects, the silent plains of Russia, and the mountains round Naples; the frost in winter, autumn rains, spring with its caprices, quiet summer days, and beautiful nights bright with stars. . . . I admire, I adore it all. Everything appears to me in an interesting or sublime aspect; I should like to see, possess, embrace it all, be absorbed in it, and die, since I must, in two years or in thirty—die in an ecstasy, in order to analyse this final mystery, this end of all or this divine beginning.

My body weeps and cries, but my higher self rejoices in living all the same. (Vol. II. p. 408-9.)

But all this intense love of life did not avail to arrest the foot of the destroyer. She says:—

What's the good of anything? To have passed six years in working ten hours a day to reach what? The beginning of talent and a mortal illness? (Vol. II. p. 411.)

And then when the end came—

Such aspirations, such desires, such plans, such . . . and all to die at twenty-four years of age, on the threshold of everything!

She was too passionate, too eager to win everything at a bound.

But I do not know whom or how to ask for what I want, and there I remain stupid, wonderstruck, not knowing into what study to throw myself, and catching glimpses on every side of treasures of interesting knowledge—history, languages, science, the whole earth, in fine . . . I wish that I could take in the whole world at a glance, and learn and know everything. (Vol. II. p. 2.)

If I don't win fame quickly enough with my painting I will kill myself, that is all. I made up my mind to this several months ago. . . . In Russia once before I wanted to kill myself, but I was afraid of hell. I will kill myself when I am thirty years of age. (Vol. II. p. 22.)

It is enough to drive one mad. I want to do ten things at once. I feel, I believe—*believe*, you understand—that I am going to do something important, and my soul flies off to unknown heights. (Vol. II. p. 278.)

How she thirsted for fame. The praise of men was the breath of her nostrils:—

Oh, to become famous! When I imagine myself famous it acts like lightning—like the contact with an electric battery. I leap from my chair, and begin walking up and down the room). Vol. II. p. 391.)

It is two o'clock; it is the new year. At the theatre precisely at midnight, watch in hand, I wish in a single word—a beautiful, sonorous, magnificent word, intoxicating,

whether it be written or spoken—

Fame! (Vol. II. p. 401.)

She attained her wish. When her picture, "The Meeting," was exhibited at the Salon, she was the sensation of the year. For a moment she was satisfied. She notes, complacently:—

People I don't know speak of me, discuss and judge me. Oh, what happiness! Ah! I can hardly believe it, in spite of having waited and wished for it so long. (Vol. II. p. 420.)

But even when the first burst of triumph was fresh she was not happy. She says:—

I am flattered, on the whole, by the attention my picture has attracted. I am envied; I am abused; I am somebody.



ONE OF MARIE'S PICTURES.

But that which she had foreseen came to pass. Writing before her success, she said:—

Oh! and to have a medal next year . . . and for everything to happen as in a dream! . . . To be applauded, to triumph.

That would be too beautiful and impossible, if I were not so unlucky. . . . And if you had a second medal, you would want a grand medal? No doubt of it. And the cross? Why not? And what next? And afterwards to enjoy the fruits of one's work and trouble. To work on, and keep as much as possible at the same height, and try to be happy, to love somebody. (Vol. II. p. 365.)

"To love somebody"—the climax and the crown of all But she writes:—

It's sad, but I have no friend; I love nobody, and nobody loves me. (Vol. II. p. 407.)

And, again, apostrophizing her diary, she says:—

It must be you again, my only friend; you will, at least be frank, and you love me. Yes, I love myself, and I only. (Vol. II. p. 387.)

So it was ever. When at the threshold of her career, she had asked:—

Why do I live? Of what use am I here? What have I obtained? Neither glory nor happiness, nor even peace! (Vol. II. p. 117.)

We all have asked that question. Marie Bashkirtseff, in one entry puts her finger upon one secret of her discontent:—

I am very busy and contented. I was miserable because I had too much leisure. I see it now. (Vol. II. p. 45.)

She was inclined to blame the limitations of her sex for what was really largely due to her own ungoverned caprice. She says on one occasion:—

As a man, I should have conquered Europe. Young girl as I was, I wasted it in excesses of language and silly eccentricities. Oh, misery!

It is very doubtful whether as a man she would have done as much as she did being a woman. There is no doubt, however, that in the following passages she expresses the secret thought of nearly every woman who pursues any serious study:—

Curse it all; it is this that makes me gnash my teeth to think I am a woman! I'll get myself a *bourgeois* dress and a wig, and make myself so ugly that I shall be as free as a man. It is this sort of liberty that I need, and without it I can never hope to do anything of note. (Vol. II. p. 21.)

Ah! how women are to be pitied; men, at least, are free. Absolute independence in every-day life, liberty to come and go, to go out, to dine at an inn or at home, to walk to the Bois, or the café; this liberty is half the battle in acquiring talent, and three parts of every-day happiness. (Vol. II. p. 262.)

I have left no room to say anything of Art. I will, however, quote two sentences:—

It consists in seizing nature in the act, in *knowing what to choose* and seizing it. The power of selection makes the artist.

O divine power of art! O heavenly and incomparable feeling, which is worth everything else! O supreme enjoyment, which elevates above the earth! With the heavily-laden breast, and eyes wet with tears, I prostrate myself before God to invoke His protection.

Of the many vehement and often erratic sentiments expressed in this journal, take the following as sample, written about England after the death of the Prince Imperial:—

No, it is awful to see it in print in their papers and to think that this nation has not been exterminated, that their confounded island cannot be annihilated with all its cold, barbarous, perfidious, and infamous inhabitants! Oh! if it had been in Russia, our soldiers would have sacrificed themselves to the last man! (Vol. I. p. 53.)

When she was nineteen she went home from the studio one day and began to cry. Then she made this entry in her journal:

Until now I have always prayed to God, but as he never hears me at all, I almost begin to lose my faith.

Only those who have experienced this feeling can fully understand the horror of it. I do not wish to preach religion out of goodness, but God is a very convenient institution. When there is no one to have recourse to, when all other means fail, there still remains God. It commits us to nothing, disturbs nobody, while affording a supreme consolation. Whether He exists or no, we are *absolutely bound to believe in Him*, unless we are quite happy, and then we can do without Him. But in sorrow and misfortune—in fact, in discomforts of every kind—it were better to die than not to believe.

God is an invention which saves us from utter despair.

Only think then what a thing it is to call upon His name in one's last extremity, without believing in Him! (Vol. II. p. 23.)

A few days later she wrote:

I have none but Him, it is, therefore, natural that I should go to Him, begging Him not to forsake me in my despair, not to lead me into temptation, and not to let me doubt, and blaspheme, and die. (Vol. II. p. 30.)

She went on vacillating between believing and doubting. One day she says:

As for our prayers, our religions, and our conversations with God . . . I am bound to consider them useless. (Vol. II. p. 67.)

But a few days later she says:

I should have been dead with despair by this time if I did not believe in God; but, for all that, the formulas and legends leave me unaffected. (Vol. II. p. 88.)

She explains the return of belief by the fact that "when I am frightened I call upon God, and all my doubts melt away through egotism." She reads the Gospel. St. Matthew is to her the most beautiful book in the world; one which responds to every feeling of the soul, and one in which she finds calm and consolation.

When she learns that she has consumption, she makes the laconic entry:—

God is wicked.

"What have I done to God," she asks, "that He should always strike me?"

This revolt against the injustice of God darkens her life. She tries to explain it away in this curious fashion:—

Ah! did I not say that I was going to die? God, not being able to give me what would render life possible to me, gets out of it by killing me. After having overwhelmed me with misery, He kills me to finish up with. I have well said that I must die, that it could not last. (Vol. II. p. 313.)

In hot August her cough increases, she sees a vision of herself lying dead, and thus she soliloquises over the approach of death:—

To die! I am very much afraid of it. No, I will not! It would be horrible! I don't know how happy people get on, but I am much to be pitied, since I expect nothing more from God. When that supreme refuge is gone, there is nothing left but to die. Without God there can neither be poetry, nor tenderness, nor genius, nor love, nor ambition. Our passions

plunge us into uncertainties, aspirations, desires, exaggerations of thought. We want something beyond, a God to whom we can go on with our enthusiasms and our prayers, a God from whom we can ask everything, and to whom we can tell everything. I should like all remarkable men to confess and say if, when they were very much in love, very ambitious, or very unhappy, they did not have recourse to God.

I am not very learned, but all my reflections tend towards this: "The God we are taught to believe in is an invention—the God of religion or of religions we will not talk about."

But the God of men of genius, the God of philosophers, the God of simply intelligent people like ourselves, that God is unjust if He does not hear us; or, if He is wicked, I do not see what He has to do. But if He does not exist, why should there be this need of adoring Him in every place, among every people, and at all times? Is it possible that *nothing* should respond to these aspirations, which are innate in all men, to this instinct which leads us to seek for the Supreme Being, the great Master, God? (Vol. II. p. 379.)

Again she writes:—

I am too wretched; I must believe in God. Is it not natural to seek a supernatural power when all is misery and misfortune, and there's no salvation? (Vol. II. p. 430.)

The last entry of all on this subject, one made within six weeks of her death, reads thus:—

It is impossible to say: I don't believe in God. That depends on what we understand by God. If the God we love and long for really existed, the world would be different. There is no God who hears my evening prayer, and I pray every evening in spite of my reason. (459.)

If heaven is empty we offend nobody. If someone hears us let him take pity upon us.

Yet how is it possible to believe?

After this sad despairing question she refers to God but once. It was when all was over, and the hand of death was upon her. Then she cried out:—

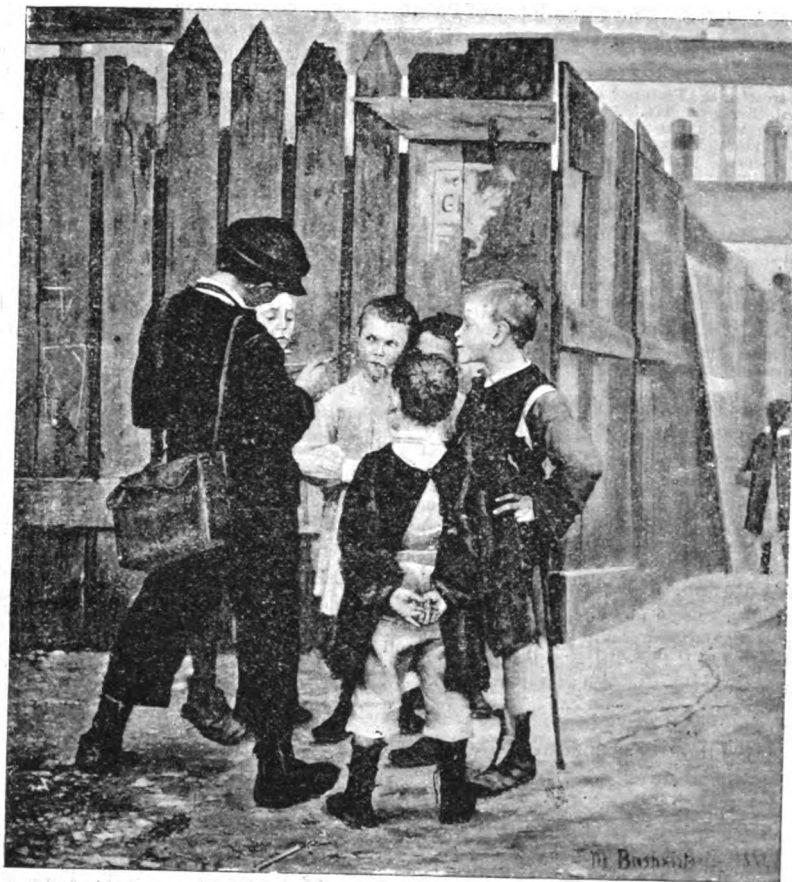
"O God! O God? my picture, my picture!"

That picture, that never was to be painted, was the

picture of the Holy Women, in tattered garments, outside the sepulchre of Christ. "Only in the *Holy Women*," she had written, "shall I be able to show myself . . . I dare not begin them, I really dare not." It was not in the *Holy Women* that she was destined to show herself, but on a very different canvas. But the aspiration was there.

Marie Bashkirtseff complained once that her parents had not systematically educated her. She might with much more reason have complained that they had over-trained her, overstrained her, or taught her the ordinary lessons of unselfishness and self-control, which are essential to the making of a tolerable human character. Marie Bashkirtseff might have

been a splendid woman if she had ever been broken in. Her magnificent will would then have been an instrument by which she might have attained almost any height in the artistic profession. But, untrained as she was, or rather trained as she was to be self-indulgent, vain, selfish, not even her indomitable devotion to a study for which but little original aptitude could do more than bring her to the threshold of success. The *Journal* is the tragedy of a spoiled life, and Marie Bashkirtseff deserved a better fate. There is pathos enough no doubt in the gradual deprivation, first of her hearing, and then of her young, impulsive life, but there is more pathos in the evidence with



THE MEETING.

which every page abounds of the life poisoned at its source by vanity, egotism, and absolute indifference to the welfare of others. Except to her dogs, there is no trace in these pages of a considerate act. Mother and aunt slaved for her, she queened it over them like an empress, and showed herself absolutely indifferent to their happiness. Her envy and hatred of her rivals was only too much in keeping with the rest of her character. Had she been but a little more careful to avoid giving others pain she might have been living now. It is sad to think that an early death should have carried her off before the spoiled child had time to mend her spoiled life.

THE NEW BOOKS AND BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Any Book in the following List will be forwarded from the Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

ART.

CHURCH, A. H., M.A., F.R.S. The Chemistry of Paints and Painting. (Seeley & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi., 310. Price 5s.

In this much-needed treatise the Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Academy discusses painting grounds (that is to say, the paper, canvas, or other material upon which the pigment is laid); vehicles and varnishes, pigments, and methods and results. That part of the work which deals with pigments is particularly interesting and valuable, every pigment used in painting being examined from both the chemical and the artistic point of view.

FURNISS, HARRY. Royal Academy Antics. (Cassell & Co.) Price 2s. 6d.

Mr. Furniss does not believe in the Royal Academy as at present constituted. According to him its governing body has until recently been cut up into cliques, and elections were made, not on the broad lines of ordinary merit, but for the benefit of one small clique or another. The burlesque sketches with which the "Antics" are illustrated are in the caricaturist's well-known style.

LOVETT, REV. RICHARD, M.A. London Pictures : Drawn with Pen and Pencil. (Religious Tract Society.) Imp. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 224. Price 8s.

The best known buildings and most familiar phases of London life are here presented in a series of pleasant illustrations, some of which have been prepared from recently taken photographs. The illustrations are accompanied by descriptive letter-press.

RUSKIN, JOHN. Val d'Arno. (George Allen.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 256. Illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.

Ten lectures on the art of the thirteenth century in Pisa and Florence, given before the University of Oxford in 1873. One of the "Small complete editions" of Ruskin's Works now in course of publication. It is illustrated with one steel engraving and twelve autotypes.

WEDMORE, FREDERICK, AND FRANK SHORT (Editors). A Selection from the Liber Studiorum of J. W. M. Turner, M.A. (Blackie & Son.) Cloth. Portfolio. Price £2 12s. 6d.

Four facsimile reproductions in mezzotint by photogravure; fifty-one facsimile reproductions of the etchings, and thirty-seven text reproductions of the finished engravings. The etchings include seven rare unpublished plates. Mr. Wedmore prefixes an historical introduction, while "practical notes" are contributed by Mr. Frank Short.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANDREAE, PERCY, PH. D. (Translator.) Memoirs of Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. (Reinington & Co.) Demy 8vo. Two volumes. Cloth. Pp. 324 and 326. Price 25s.

Volumes III. and IV. of Dr. Andreae's translation, embracing the period 1850-1870, and completing the work. Letters, conversations, and reflections bearing upon modern European history.

FITZGERALD, PERCY. King Theodore of Corsica. (Vizetelly & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 164. Portrait. Price 1s.

This is the initial volume of a new series, bearing the somewhat clumsy title of "People who have Made a Noise in the World." King Theodore's story, which is interesting enough in its way, suffers nothing in Mr. Fitzgerald's hands.

LEONE, Dr. L. (Editor.) Diaries of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two volumes. Pp. 770. Illustrations. Price 42s.

These bulky volumes comprise the life and work of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, as recorded in their diaries from 1812 to 1883. They also contain the addresses and speeches of Sir Moses; his correspondence with ministers, ambassadors, and representatives of public bodies; personal narratives of his missions in the cause of humanity; his opinions on financial, political, and religious subjects, and anecdotes and incidents referring to his contemporaries as related by himself.

MYERS, ERNEST. Lord Althorp. (Bentley & Son) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii., 290. Price 3s. 6d.

A life of Lord Althorp—third Earl Spencer—compiled for the most part from papers and letters lent by the present Earl.

NICHOLL, W. ROBERTSON, M.A., LL.D., and A. N. MACNICOLL. Professor W. G. Elmslie, D.D. : Memoirs and Sermons. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xii., 328. Portrait. Price 6s.

A third of this volume is occupied by a very sympathetic memoir of Elmslie, from the pen of the editor of the *British Weekly*—a journal to which the Professor regularly contributed. The eighteen sermons—or selections from sermons—which follow seem well adapted to bring into prominence his powers as preacher and Christian apologist.

"PALADIN." Glances at Great and Little Men. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 283. Price 6s.

Among the "Great and Little Men" at whom "Paladin" glances in this agreeably chatty book are Bishop Wilberforce, the late Emperor of Brazil, Sir Bartle Frere, Anthony Trollope, Wagner, Napoleon III., George Macdonald, the Emperor William I., and Bismarck.

RUDALL, H. A. Beethoven. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii., 166. Price 3s.

A sketch of Beethoven's life in one long chapter; followed by a very complete list of his printed compositions, extracted from Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The little volume, which belongs to the "Great Musicians" Series, forms a useful compendium of the known facts of the great composer's life.

RUSSELL, W. CLARK. Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 358. Illustrations. Price 5s.

The first volume of another new series which is being issued under the general title of "Heroes of the Nations." No Englishmen will grudge Nelson the proud place which he occupies; nor could the task of writing a sketch of his life and naval career have been placed in more competent hands. The book is fully illustrated, well printed, and excellently bound. Few series have received a more brilliant "send off."

DICTIONARIES AND ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.

Chambers's Encyclopædia. (W. & R. Chambers.) Imperial 8vo. Cloth. Price 10s.

Volume V. contains thirty-one hundred articles, 336 wood engravings, and five maps. Among the more important articles in this volume are Gardening (R. D. Blackmore), Gay, Goldsmith, and Hogarth (Austin Dobson), Gladstone (Justin McCarthy), Glass-staining (William Morris), Goethe (Dowden), Gordon (Colonel Butler), Hegel (Professor Caird), Homer (Gladstone), and Hood (Canon Alinger).

The Century Dictionary. Vol. II. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. Price 42s.

This "Encyclopædic Lexicon of the English Language" is one of the most elaborate publications of its kind which have been yet attempted. The references which begin and end the second volume—"Conocephalus" and "F₂" (a musical abbreviation)—show how catholic the Editor has been in his choice of words—while the fact that the word "element" occupies a page shows that he has been equally thorough. The book is profusely illustrated, and type and paper leave nothing to be desired. There are four more volumes to come.

ECONOMICS, POLITICS, AND LAW.

BÖHM-BAWERT, ENGEL V. Capital and Interest: A Critical History of Economic Theory. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xlv., 432. Price 14s.

An elaborate discussion of an important economical question. Dr. Böhm-Bawert's theory of capital is "that it provides an indispensable condition of *fruitful* labour in affording the labourer time to employ lengthy methods of production." The book is translated by Mr. William Smart, M.A., who contributes a preface and analysis.

DAWSON, WILLIAM HARBUTT. Bismarck and State Socialism. (Swan Sonnenschein.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 172. Price 2s. 6d.

An exposition of the social and economic legislation of Germany since 1870, and a description of the ideal after which Bismarck strove, but which, in Mr. Dawson's opinion, he cannot be said to have realised. Vol. XI. of the "Social Science Series."

GODWIN, WILLIAM. Political Justice (On Property). (Swan Sonnenschein.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 156. Price 2s. 6d.

A reprint of the Essay on Property from the original edition. The book created a great sensation in its day (1793), but it has of late sunk into unmerited oblivion. Mr. H. S. Salt, who edits the reprint, prefixes a sketch of Godwin's career and a criticism of the book, together with a list of his chief works. Vol. XII. of the "Social Science Series."

KELTIE, J. SCOTT (Editor). The Statesman's Year Book, 1890. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 10s. 6d.

A mass of statistical and historical material (revised after official returns) relating to the States of the civilised world. Advantage has been taken of the twenty-seventh annual publication to re-arrange the book throughout. The British Empire, with its colonies, dependencies, and protectorates, now occupies the front place; after which follow the other countries of the world, alphabetically arranged. The book has also been considerably enlarged.

STEPHEN SIR JAMES FITZJAMES. A General View of the Criminal Law of England. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 14s.

Sir James Stephen is reputed to be one of the ablest criminal lawyers of our time; and this work (which first appeared in 1863) has for more than 20 years been recognised as the best authority upon the subject. The second edition here catalogued has been so carefully revised as to make it substantially a new work.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, AND BELLES-LETTRES.

ABBUTHNOT, F. F., M.R.A.S. Arable Authors: a Manual of Arabian History and Literature. (William Heinemann.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv., 284. Price 10s.

A popular exposition of the subject, intended for the general reader and for the student commencing the study of Arabic.

Bacon's Essays or Counsels: Civil and Moral. (David Stott.) 32mo. Pp. xxiv., 346. Frontispiece. Price 3s.

As far as size, type, paper, and binding go, this is almost an ideal pocket edition. All the essays are included in the reprint, and there is also an introduction, together with a chronological outline of Bacon's life. A volume of what is called the "Stott Library."

BROOKE, STOPFORD A. Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's Home, 1800-1808. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Sewn. Price 1s.

A pleasing record of literary associations. Dove Cottage, Grasmere, was occupied by Wordsworth from December 21st, 1799, to May, 1808—his "most inspired period"—after which it was tenanted by De Quincey for 27 years. Mr. Stopford Brooke, our most enthusiastic Wordsworthian, is anxious that the place should be bought and kept as a memorial of Wordsworth's work. It can be acquired and put in order for a thousand pounds.

JUSSERAND, J. J. The English Novel in the time of Shakespeare. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Gilt top. Pp. 434. Illustrations. Price 21s.

A revised and augmented "Le Roman au Temps de Shakespeare," translated by Miss Elizabeth Lee. The principal subjects dealt with are Lyly and his "Euphues"; Sir Philip Sidney as the representative of pastoral romance, and Thomas Nash as the representative of the picaresque novel. The book contains over 60 illustrations, consisting for the most part of reproductions of pictures from the mediæval romances.

LAMINGTON, LORD. In the Days of the Dandies. (William Blackwood & Sons.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 132. Price 1s.

A reprint from "Blackwood's Magazine." The articles of which it consists were noticed in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS as they appeared. The reprint will no doubt be generally acceptable.

FICTION.

The following list contains all the more important works of fiction published during the month of May. Two and three volume novels are seldom bought outright; persons desirous of reading them usually find an abundant supply at the circulating libraries. Stories in one volume naturally stand on a somewhat different footing; consequently both size and price are in each case given.

THREE-VOLUME NOVELS.

CLAVERING, VERE. Till the Great Assize. (Hurst & Blackett.)

CONNEY, Mrs. The Lady Horse-breaker. (Hurst & Blackett.)

CROMMELIN, MAY. Cross Roads. (Hurst & Blackett.)

DIEHL, ALICE M. Her Three Lovers. (Richard Bentley & Son.)

ESLER, E. RENTOUL. The Way of Transgressors. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

FOTHERGILL, JESSIE. A March in the Ranks. (Hurst & Blackett.)

GIFT, THEO. Dishonoured. (Hurst and Blackett.)

HAYWARD, GERTRUDE M. Dulcibel. (Hurst & Blackett.)

JAMES, CHARLES T. C. The New Faith: A Romantic History of It. (Ward & Downey.)

JEAFFERSON, JOHN CORDY. Cutting for Partners. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MARRYAT, FLORENCE. Blindfold. (F. V. White & Co.)

MIDDLEMASS, JEAN. Two False Moves. (F. V. White & Co.)

MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE, AND HENRY HERMAN. The Bishop's Bible. (Chatto & Windus.)

PAYN, JAMES. The Burnt Million. (Chatto & Windus.)

POYNTER, E. FRANCES. The Failure of Elizabeth. (Richard Bentley & Son.)

SERGEANT, ADELINE. Little Miss Colwyn. (Hurst & Blackett.)

WARE, MRS. HIBBERT. Fairfax of Fuyston; or, a Practice Confess'd. (F. V. White & Co.)

WATSON, H. B. MARRIOTT. Lady Faint Heart. (Chapman & Hall.)

WHITBY, BEATRICE. Part of the Property. (Hurst & Blackett.)

WYLDE, CATHERINE. Mr. Bryant's Mistake. (Bentley & Son.)

TWO-VOLUME NOVELS.

- CLARKE, C. **Love's Loyalty.** (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)
 HAGGARD, CAPTAIN ANDREW. **Ada Triscott.** (Hurst & Blackett.)
 HAMILTON, COLONEL ROWAN. **The Last of the Cornets.** (F. V. White & Co.)
 HARRIS, EMILY M. **Lady Dobbs.** (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)
 KEARY, C. F. **A Mariage de Convenance.** (T. Fisher Unwin.)
 MARRYAT, FLORENCE. **A Scarlet Sin.** (Spencer Blackett.)

ONE-VOLUME NOVELS.

- A'BECKETT, ARTHUR W. **Hard Luck; or, a Murder at Monte Carlo.** (Arrowsmith.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 188. Price 1s.
 ANON. **Jack's Mother.** (Arrowsmith.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 238. Price 1s.
 AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." **Agatha's Husband.** (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 420. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d. A cheap edition.
 BELL, MRS. HUGH. **Will o' the Wisp.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 186. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.
 BENNETT, EDWARD. **Saint Monica: A Wife's Love Story.** (Arrowsmith.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 352. Price 2s. 6d.
 CRAWFORD, F. MARION. **With the Immortals.** (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 300. Price 3s. 6d. A new edition.
 CROMMELIN, MAY. **Midge.** (Trischler & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 292. Price 6s.
 DIXIE, LADY FLORENCE. **Gloriana; or, the Revolution of 1900.** (Henry & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 350. Price 6s.
 DONOVAN, DICK. **The Man from Manchester.** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 298. Price 6s.
 DONOVAN, DICK. **Tracked and Taken.** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 296. Price 2s. 6d.
 "ESTELLE." **Apples of Eden: A Realism.** (George Routledge & Sons.) 8vo. Paper. Pp. 190. Price 1s.
 GIBNEY, SOMERVILLE. **Sentenced!** (Chatto & Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 124. Price 1s.
 HALL, MRS. WILLIAM D. **Eric Rotherham: A Tale of London Life.** (Digby & Long.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.
 HAGGARD, H. RIDER. **Beatrice.** (Longmans, Green & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.
 JOHN STRANGE WINTER. **"Dinna Forget."** (Trischler & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 214. Price 1s.
 KETTLE, ROSA M. **The Old Hall among the Water Meadows.** (Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.
 LAWLESS, HON. EMILY. **With Essex in Ireland.** (Smith, Elder, & Co.) Pp. 299.
 This is a historical novel in the form of extracts from a contemporary diary supposed to have been kept by the Earl of Essex's Secretary in 1599. It reminds us of "Ethne," but is more hostile to the Irishry.
 LINDLEY, PERCY. **New Holidays in Essex.** Price 6d.
 An illustrated pocket guide to those who wish to explore the county that lies so close to London, but which is so little visited.

LYTTON, The Earl of. **The King of Amasis: a Romance.** (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 224. Price 3s. 6d.

MADREYHIGO, L. **A Phonographic Mystery: a Story.** (Remington.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 240. Price 6s.

MAY, ADELA. **Laura Montrose; or, Prejudice and Pride.** (Digby & Long.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 260. Price 3s. 6d.

READE, AMYE. **Ruby; or, How Girls are Trained for a Circus Life. Founded on Fact.** (Trischler & Co.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 416. Price 2s. A cheap edition.

ROBINSON, F. MABEL. **The Plan of Campaign: a Story of the Fortune of War.** (Methuen & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 436. Price 3s. 6d. A cheap edition.

SHERARD, R. H. **Agatha's Quest.** (Trischler & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 186. Price 1s.

STABLES, GORDON, M.D. **The Mystery of a Millionaire's Grave.** (Remington & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s.

TOLSTOI, COUNT LEON. **The Kreutzer Sonata.** (Remington & Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Price 1s.—A translation by Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards of the novel analysed in the April number of this REVIEW.

VANDAM, ALBERT D. **We Two at Monte Carlo.** (Chapman & Hall.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 224. Price 1s.

VOGEL, SIR JULIUS. **A.D. 2000; or, Woman's Destiny.** (Hutchinson & Co.) 8vo. Boards. Pp. 331. Price 2s.—A cheap edition.

WARDEN, FLORENCE. **St. Cuthbert's Tower.** (Cassell & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 350. Price 5s.

WELLS, EDGAR H. **Saved by a Looking Glass.** (Digby & Long.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 204. Price 3s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

CHISHOLM, GEORGE C., M.A., B.Sc. **A Smaller Commercial Geography.** (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii., 208. Price 2s. 6d.

An abridgment of Mr. Chisholm's well-known "Handbook." The "Handbook" assumed a knowledge of the elementary facts of geography. This abridgment, which is intended for junior students, supplies such requisite groundwork.

GREEN, WILLIAM SPOTSWOOD, M.A., F.R.G.S. **Among the Selkirk Glaciers.** (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Price 7s. 6d.

The story of explorations in the Rocky Mountain regions of British Columbia. Mr. Green went out to make a map of a tract of country, consisting of mountain peaks and glaciers, for the Royal Geographical Society, and succeeded in his almost impossible task. His experiences are of a very exciting character.

Map of Central Africa. (The Edinburgh Geographical Institute).

The first authentic Map showing in detail Mr. Stanley's discoveries. The Map is an entirely new one.

SMITH, F. HARRISON, R.N. **Through Abyssinia.** (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 264. Map and illustrations. Price 7s. 6d.

Some years ago Mr. Smith was an envoy to the "King of Zion"—as the King of Abyssinia is sometimes called—and this book contains an account of his journey through that country in the winter of 1886.

HISTORY.

BAGWELL, RICHARD, M.A. Ireland under the Tudors. (Longmans, Green, & Co.) Vol. III. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xviii., 502. Price 18s.

This volume completes Mr. Bagwell's work. It covers the period between 1578 and the death of Queen Elizabeth (1603); and includes an account of the Desmond and Tyrone rebellions, of the destruction of the Spanish Armada, of the disastrous enterprise of Essex, and of two foreign invasions. The first volume contained a succinct account of the earlier history of the Isle, so that the book as a whole forms a complete history of Ireland from the earliest times to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

CLINCH, GEORGE. Bloomsbury and St. Giles's: Past and Present; With Historical and Antiquarian Notices of the Vicinity. (Truelove & Shirley.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. xii., 220.

A valuable contribution to the history and topography of the metropolis, profusely illustrated with maps, plans, and portraits, many of which have been reproduced from old prints and similar contemporary records. The fact that Mr. Clinch holds a post in the department of printed books in the British Museum is guarantee that he has had special facilities for the necessary research.

GALER, ALLAN M. Norwich and Dulwich: Past and Present; with Historical and Descriptive Notes. (Truelove & Shirley.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 124. Illustrations. Price 6s.

"Norwich in the Past" and "Norwich in the Present" are followed by chapters on "Dulwich," "Edward Alleyn," and "Local Celebrities." The account of Alleyn—a famous actor of the time of Shakespeare, and founder of Dulwich College—is one of the most complete which we have yet seen. Among the local celebrities referred to are Goldsmith, Campbell, Ruskin, Blackmore, Defoe, and Johnson.

MCCARTHY, JUSTIN H., M.P. The French Revolution. (Chatto & Windus.) Two vols. 8vo. Cloth. Price 12s. each. Volumes I. and II. of a new history to be completed in four volumes.

MORRISON, W. D. The Jews under Roman Rule. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Pp. xxx., 426. Map and many illustrations. Price 5s.

The epoch with which this volume deals embraces a period of about 300 years (B.C. 164 to A.D. 135), and has an intimate bearing upon one of the most momentous turning points in the history of the world. The first half is coincident with the formation of the great confederation of Mediterranean States under the supremacy of Rome; the second half is coincident with the birth, development, and primitive organization of the Christian faith. The first part of Mr. Morrison's book discusses the Roman rule; the second deals with the structure of Jewish society under the Romans. Twenty-fourth volume of the "Story of the Nations" series.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

GARNETT, RICHARD, LL.D. Iphigenia in Delphi. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Boards. Parchment Back. Pp. 90. Illustrations. Price, 3s. 6d.

In addition to the poem which gives this little volume its title, Dr. Garnett has brought together some of his translations from the Greek. Several renderings from Homer and Theocritus will be found in the second half of the book. Vol. iv. of the "Cameo Series."

GOSSE, EDMUND. On Viol and Flute. (Kegan Paul Trench, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xii., 212. Frontispiece and tailpiece. Price 7s. 6d.

A collection of Mr. W. Gosse's earlier Poems, comprising all that he now cares to preserve. It is uniform with "Firdausi in Exile."

HAGGARD, ELLA. Life and its Author: An Essay in Verse. (Longmans, Green, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 38. Price 3s. 6d.

A memoir of the Authoress, by her Son, H. Rider Haggard, the novelist, is prefixed.

Longfellow's Dante. (George Routledge & Sons.) Small 8vo. Half cloth. Pp. 320. Price 1s.

A very tasteful reprint of Longfellow's translation of the "Inferno," with notes. The "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso" are to follow in similar form. A volume of Routledge's Pocket Library.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Friend of Missions in India: Being the Cyclo-styled Indian Journal of the Rev. Henry S. Lunn, during his sojourn in the Madras Presidency. (James Clark & Co.) Price 1s. Cloth limp.

This small volume contains the 12 letters which Dr. Lunn wrote home from the Indian mission-field in 1887 and 1888, and are reprinted now in order to afford his assailants evidence as to the good faith and sincerity of his criticisms of their methods.

DAWSON, SIR J. WILLIAM, LL.D., F.R.S. Modern Ideas of Evolution as Related to Revelation and Science. (Religious Tract Society.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 224. Price 5s.

As might be expected, Sir William Dawson is not exactly an enthusiastic believer in evolution. He thinks that we are by no means compelled to admit that the case for evolution is established, and that revelation has as yet nothing to fear from the "mutually destructive views of the present followers of Darwin."

FARRAR, Rev. F. W., D.D., F.R.S. The Minor Prophets. (Nisbet & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii., 246. Price 2s. 6d.

A series of studies, biographical and critical, written in Archdeacon Farrar's well-known popular style. The book forms the latest volume of the "Men of the Bible" series—a collection of biographies which may be cordially recommended.

FRASER, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, D.C.L. Locke. (Blackwood & Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x., 300. Portrait. Price 3s. 6d.

A "Philosophical Classic for English Readers." The volume commences with a brief account of Locke's career, the remainder of the book being devoted to the enunciation and criticism of his philosophy.

FRAZER, J. G., M.A. The Golden Bough: a Study in Comparative Religion. (Macmillan & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Two vols. Pp. xiv., 410 & 408. Price 28s.

Mr. Frazer has for some time past been engaged in preparing a general work on primitive superstition and religion. He could not for a long time understand the rule of the priests of the Grove of Aricia (modern La Riccia), which was that a candidate for the priesthood could only succeed to the office by slaying the priest, and that having slain him he should hold office till he was himself slain by a stronger or a craftier man. Ultimately Mr. Frazer discovered a clue, which is discussed with a wealth of illustration in the book now catalogued.

GOUGH, EDWARD, B.A. The Bible True from the Beginning. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xii., 627.

Mr. Gough continues to defend, in an elaborately learned fashion, "all those portions of Scripture that are most questioned and assailed." Vol. III. of his commentary, just published, takes us from Exodus vi to I. Kings ii.

LILLY, WILLIAM SAMUEL. On Right and Wrong. (Chapman & Hall.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxx., 284. Price 12s.

A series of practical studies in ethics. Mr. Lilly discusses the ethics of punishment, the ethics of politics, the ethics of journalism (concerning which he is somewhat hopeless), the ethics of property, the ethics of marriage, and the ethics of art. He finally devotes three chapters to materialistic ethics, evolutionary ethics, and rational ethics.

PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART, and HERBERT D. WARD. The Master of the Magicians. (W. Heinemann.) Pp. 288. Price 7s. 6d.

A story of the days of Daniel. A curious product of the American novel, built up from Akkadian remains and the Biblical record. Daniel appears as a kind of mesmerist, and Nebuchadnezzar's affection is treated as a species of bycatchment.

The Wider Hope: Essays and Strictures on the Doctrine and Literature of Future Punishment. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xvi., 436. Price 7s. 6d.

Some fourteen years ago, it will be remembered, Dr. Farrar preached a series of sermons on "Eternal Hope," which created no small stir. The *Contemporary Review* threw open its pages to qualified combatants, and part of the battle which raged around the book was fought in that Review. The symposium which then appeared has now been reprinted, together with a learned paper on the supposed scriptural expression for eternity, by De Quincey, and a list of such recent works on Eschatology as are contained in the British Museum.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.

I. GENERAL LITERATURE.

BERTHEUX, JEAN. La Caricature Politique en France. (Labitte, Paul et Cie., Paris.) 4to. Printed on vellum. Price 25 fr.

A detailed account of all the caricatures done during the year of the Franco-Prussian War, 1870-71, comprising the period traversed by the declaration of war, the siege of Paris, and the Commune. Eighty illustrations, reproducing the rarest and most curious caricatures of the period, make this book a valuable addition to the social and political history of France.

BOUBE, COMTESSE DE LA. La Guerre de La Vendée. (Plon, Nourit et Cie, Paris.) 4to. Price 7 fr. 50 cts.

This book consists of the hitherto unpublished memoirs of one of the heroines of the Vendean War (1793-1796). Collected and published by the authoress's daughter-in-law, they complete and substantiate the famous "Mémoires de Madame de la Roche-Jaquelin." Preface by the Marquis Costa de Beauregard.

DELAIGNE, A. Paul Feval. (E. Plon, Nourit et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Interesting life of the well-known popular novelist, containing many side-lights in French literary life.

LAURENT, DR. EMILE. Les Habitudes des Prisons de Paris. (G. Masson, Paris.) 4to. Pp. 620. Price 10 fr.

Curious anthropological and psychological study of criminals by one of the medical men appointed to the Paris prison infirmaries. The result of much work and research. Illustrated with seventy diagrams and fourteen portraits.

LÖBE, ISIDORE. Le Juif de L'Histoire et le Juif de la Légende. (Leopold Cerf, Paris.) 8vo. Price 1fr.

Pamphlet replying to Edouard Drumont's violent attacks on the Hebraic race. Contains a curious description of the Medieval Jew as he was in reality, and as he was regarded by popular feeling.

LUBOMIRSKI, PRINCE. Histoire Contemporaine. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy.) 8vo. Price 7 fr. 50 c.

Second part of a history of our own times, comprising the period between 1854-1857, by the well-known Polish diplomat and writer.

MOURY, COMTE DE. Rome: Carnet d'un Voyageur. (Paris: Paul Ollendorff.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Interesting account of Rome. Notes from a traveller's note-book.

ROBIQUET, PAUL. Le Personnel Municipal de Paris pendant la Revolution. (Maison Quantin, Paris.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 700. Price 7 f. 50 c.

This volume forms part of a collection of MSS. relating to the history of Paris during the Revolution, and published by order of the Municipal Council.

SAIGE, GUSTAVE. Documents Historiques relatif a la Principaute de Monaco. (Alphonse Picard, Paris.) 4to. Pp. 1,100. Price 25fr.

Second part of a most valuable historical work, consisting of the documents discovered in the archives of Monaco by the Prince's librarian, M. Saige. This volume comprises the period between 1494 and 1550, and will prove of inestimable value to the historical student.

SAN CARLOS, MARQUISE DE. Les Americains chez eux. (Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c.

Reprint of articles which have appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue*. May be said to complete the Count Paul Vassil series of Society in Paris, London, Berlin, &c. A lively account of American life and literature as seen from a Frenchwoman's point of view.

TITEUX, EUGENE. Histoire de la Maison Militaire du Roi. (Baudry et Cie., Paris.) 4to. Two vols. Cloth Price 300 fr.

Exhaustive history of "The King's Military Household," from the Restoration (1814) to the Revolution of 1830, by an ex-officer of the Staff. Short notes on the Royal household, as conducted under the Old regime. Edition de luxe, enriched with 86 engravings, coloured by hand. This edition is limited to 500 copies.

II.—FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

LOTI, PIERRE. Le Roman d'un Enfant. (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

New novel by the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande," "Mon Frère Yves," etc. First appeared as a serial in *La Nouvelle Revue*.

BONNIERES, ROBERT DE. Le Petit Margemont. (Paul Ollendorff, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

"GYP." **L'Education d'un Prince.** (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c. Limited edition de luxe, Price 20 f.

New volume by the pretty Vicomtesse de Martel, authoress of "Petit Bob," "Author du Divorce," etc.

CASTRES, SABATIER DE. Contes de Boccace. (P. Arnould, Paris.) Demy 8vo. Cloth. Price 2 fr. 50 c. Small edition of new translation of Boccaccio's "Decameron." Illustrated by Kauffmann.

DIEULAFOY, JANE. Paysatis. (Guillaumin et Cie. Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 fr. 50 c. Story by the wife of the celebrated explorer.

RICHEBOURG, EMILE. L'Idiote. (Dentu: Paris. 8vo. Price, 1 fr.

First volume of popular story which appeared as a feuilleton in last year's *Petit Journal*.

TOLSTOI, COMTE. Paysans et Soldats. (E. Dentu Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 80 c.

New translation from the Russian of the well-known work of Count Tolstoi.

O'MONROY, RICHARD. L'Etre, ou ne pas l'Etre. (P. Arnould, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c. Short satirical sketches, recalling "Gyp's" style and method of writing. Illustrated by Kauffmann.

SOME MILITARY PUBLICATIONS.

DIMMOCK, A. More than 100 tricks and exercises on the horizontal bar, and how to do them. (Chatham: Gale and Polden.) Pp. viii. 36. Price 1s.

This little work is as valuable as the first attempt we have seen to classify the various exercises on the horizontal bar, and should prove of interest in the gymnasium.

HOVELL, LIEUT. H. DE B. Soldiers' Shooting. (Chatham: Gale & Polden.) Pp. 37. Price 1s. 6d.

In spite of all the discussion which has taken place on the necessity for thoroughly instructing our small army in shooting and fire discipline it cannot yet be said that sufficient progress has been made seeing that nearly half the men of the army are classified as third-class shots. Lieutenant Hovell's rough jottings do not pretend to go deeply into the subject, but they serve to point out some causes for bad shooting, and clearly indicate the best way to overcome them.

FRENCH.

LEDIEU, A., AND E. CADIAT. Le Nouveau Matériel Naval. Illustrated with 300 figures in text and atlas with 51 plates, and six tables containing data of war ships. (Paris Dunod.) Vol. I. Pp. 762. Price 40 francs. Vol. II. Pp. 664. Price 30 francs.

A valuable and exhaustive work, with excellent illustrations, on naval war matériel.

B——, LE COLONEL. La Poudre sans Fumee et ses Consequences Tactiques. (Paris: Jouvet et Cie.) 8vo. Pp. 64. Price 1.50 francs.

GERMAN.

VON DONAT, CAPTAIN F. M. Festungen und Festungs Kampf. (Berlin: E. S. Mittler und Sohn.) 8vo. Pp. 114. Price 3 marks.

FECHNER, DR. HERMANN. Der Deutsch-Französische Krieg, 1870-1. With illustrations in text and maps. (Berlin: Grote.) Royal 8vo. Pp. 160. In parts, price 2 marks each.

A new and revised reprint of Dr. Fechner's popular work, well printed and with very clear maps.

VON BREDAN, Geschichte des Königlich. Preussischen Ulanen-Regiment von Schmidt, 1815-1890. (Illustrated.) (Berlin: E. S. Mittler und Sohn.) Royal 8vo. Pp. lxxxviii., 148. Price 10 marks.

An historical record of this famous cavalry regiment. The maps of the campaigns of 1806 and 1870-1 are particularly clear and well printed.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The following list comprises all the more important Blue Books issued during the month of May. A complete list can be obtained of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, Queen's Printers, East Harding-street, E.C.

I. COLONIAL.

AUSTRALIA. Correspondence relating to the Federation Conference in Australia.

Four letters from and to the Earl of Hopetoun (Victoria). With enclosures. Pp. 138. Price 1s. 2d.

AUSTRALIA (Western). Western Australia Consolidation Bill: Report.

The Report from the House of Commons Select Committee, together with an account of the proceedings of the Committee and minutes of evidence taken. Pp. viii., 204. Price 1s. 6d.

GIBRALTAR. Report on Blue Book.

The usual Annual Report, summarising and criticising the Blue Book for 1889. Price 1d.

GRENADA. Report on Blue Book.

Similar Report to the above for 1889. Price 1½d.

MAURITIUS, SEYCHELLES, AND RODRIQUES. Report on Blue Book.

These Reports deal with the 1888 Blue Books. Price 1½d.

ZULULAND. Report on Blue Book.

A criticism of the Blue Book for 1889. Price 1½d.

II.—DOMESTIC.

ALKALI WORKS. Report for 1889.

The twenty-sixth annual report on alkali and similar works by the Chief Inspector. The proceedings for the year 1889 as presented to the Local Government Board and the secretary for Scotland are set out at length; and are followed by statistics as to the number of registered houses, the processes of manufacture, the amount of acid gases escaping in each district, the prosecutions which have taken place, the effects on workpeople, &c., &c. Pp. 98. Price 8½d.

DAIRY SCHOOLS. Report as to distribution of grants.

A report on the distribution of grants to agricultural and dairy schools in Great Britain for the financial year 1889-90. The general report is followed by summaries of reports made, and information collected by the temporary inspectors of the Board of Agriculture in reporting upon ten typical institutions in Great Britain. Pp. 21. Price 1½d.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION. Report.

Forty-second Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England and Wales. Pp. 90. Price ½d.

FENIAN CONVICTS. Report of Prison Visitors.

A report made by the Visitors of Her Majesty's Convict Prison at Chatham as to the treatment of certain prisoners convicted of treason felony, together with minutes of evidence. The inquiry was held in March and April of the present year. Most of the prisoners (a dozen or more in all) are Irishmen; among them being John Daly, who gave evidence before the Parnell Commission. Pp. xxxii., 195. Price 1s. 10d.

FREE SEATS IN CHURCHES. Return.

Contains the returns of the 7,703 old parish churches and the 1,711 new parish or district churches and the 754 churches in which sittings are held by faculty, referred to in the Report of the Select Committee on the Parish Churches Bill, 1886, as having no pews or sittings rented. Gives population, character of population, number of free seats, &c., in connection with each church referred to. Pp. 362. Price 2s. 11½d.

HORSE BREEDING. Report.

Third Report of the Royal Commission. Pp. 8. Price 1d.

HORSE BREEDING. Evidence.

Minutes of Evidence taken before the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding; with an index to witnesses and summaries of their evidence. Pp. 138. Price 1s. 1½d.

MINT. Report of the Deputy-Master.

Twentieth Annual Report for 1889, with a general index to previous Reports. The Report is followed by memoranda by the Superintendent of the Operative Department and by the chemist and assayer of the Mint. Thereafter follow accounts: a statement of moneys coined in the last ten years; the Coinage Act of 1889, &c., &c. The Blue Book of the month. Pp. 136; xl. Price 10½d.

ORDNANCE SURVEY. Report of Progress.

A report of the progress made up to 31st December, 1889, together with details of the present state of the Survey, the proposed order of proceeding, the scientific work of the Survey, the prices of maps and their utilisation, &c., &c. 29 maps. Price 2s. 2½d.

PATENTS, &c. Report.

Seventh Report of the Comptroller-General of Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks for 1889. The applications for last year were as follows:—Patents, 21,008; Designs, 24,705; Trade Marks, 11,316. The office received from the Patents branch, £51,794; from the Designs branch, £1,833; and from the Trade Marks branch, £9,907. Pp. 19. Price 2½d.

PUBLIC HEALTH. Annual report.

Annual report of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board for 1888. Twenty-eight reports from various districts follow; and there are numerous interesting plates. Pp. 524. Price 8s. 9d.

SWEATING.—Fifth report.

Fifth report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Sweating system, with an appendix of the proceedings of the Committee during the session 1890. Up to the present this useful committee has sat 71 times and has examined 291 witnesses. Pp. cxlii. Price 1s. 2½d.

WELSH SUNDAY CLOSING. Report.

Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to enquire into the operation of the Sunday Closing (Wales) Act, 1881. Together with minutes of the evidence, list of witnesses, returns, memorials, petitions, &c. Pp. v., 686. Price 5s. 6d.

III.—EDUCATION.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Scheme for Management.

A scheme for the management of the foundation known as Christ's Hospital, presented to the House of Commons in pursuance of the Endowed Schools Act, 1869, and amending Acts. Pp. 31. Price 3½d. [See also under "Ireland."]

IV.—FOREIGN.

The foreign Blue Books issued during May consist for the most part of Consular Reports on Trade and Finance. Each consular district of the countries in which England is officially represented sends an annual report. Those published last month are as follows:—

Brazil (Santos); Chile (Coquimbo); China (Kulingchow, Swatow, Tchang, Weichow, and Wuhu); Costa Rica (San José); Egypt (Port Said); France (Marseilles and Bordeaux); Germany (Stettin); Portugal (Portugal); Russia (Taganrog); Batoum, and Warsaw; Spain (Barcelona and the Philippine Islands); Turkey (Damascus and Trebizond); and the United States (Savannah). The average price of these reports is a penny.

The following Foreign Office "Reports on Subjects of General and Commercial Interest" have also been published:—

Austria-Hungary. Report on Education in Hungary. Pp. 17. Price 1½d.

France. Report on the Manufacture of Perfumes at Nice. Price 3s. 2½d. Germany. Notes on the "transitory provisions" of the law of insurance against old age and infirmity. Pp. 7. Price 1d.

Russia. Report on Intermediate and Elementary Technical Education in Russia. Pp. 21. Price 1½d.

V.—IRELAND.

EDUCATION. Royal University Report.

Eighth Report of the Royal University for Ireland (1889). "Former Reports have referred specially to the distinctions which the women students of the University have achieved for themselves, and we are glad to be able again to speak on this subject with undiminished satisfaction." Pp. 20. Price 1½d.

EDUCATION. Report on Intermediate Education.

Report of the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland for the year 1889. Pp. 43. Price 4d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAN, WONDERFUL MANNIKIN, with Key. (Fowler and Wills Co., New York.)

An ingenious contrivance, illustrating the internal economy of the human form, accompanied by an explanatory key, which in itself is a handy manual of Physiology, Anatomy, and Hygiene.

CONTENTS OF THE LEADING REVIEWS.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. 2s. 6d.

Compensation for Licences:—

I.—By CARDINAL MANNING.

II.—W. S. CAINE, M.P.

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By Prof. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS.

Law in 1847 and the Law in 1889.

By LORD COLERIDGE.

The Theology and Ethics of Dante.

By Prof. EDWARD CAIRD.

Trust in the United States. By R. DONALD.

Brought Back from Elysium.

By J. M. BARRIE.

The Perils of Trustees.

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Mute Witnesses of the French Revolution.

By Mrs. EMILY CRAWFORD.

A Palestinian Utopia.

By THOMAS HODGKIN.

The Broad Church; or, What's Coming.

By Rev. H. R. HAWKES.

The Betterment Tax.

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. 2s. 6d.

The Great Equatorial Forest of Africa.

By P. B. DU CHAILLU.

The Poetry of John Donne.

By Prof. DOWDEN.

A Visit to a Great Estate.

By Sir H. POTTINGER, Bart.

Distinction. By COVENTRY PATMORE.

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By J. CHAS. COX, LL.D., F.S.A.

Protection v. Free Trade in Australia.

By G. H. D. GOSSIP.

A Glance at Contemporary Greece.

By JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

The Landlord's Preferential Position.

By R. C. RICHARDS.

The Latest Discoveries in Hypnotism.—I.

By Dr. J. LUCY.

The London Stage:—

A Reply. By HERBERT BEERBOHM-TREE.

A Rejoinder.

By OSWALD CRAWFORD, C.M.G.

FORUM. May. 50 cents.

Republican Promise and Performance.

By JOHN G. CARLISLE.

Canada Through English Eyes.

By Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH.

The Sufficiency of the New Amendments.

By ROGER A. PRYOR.

Literary Criticism.

By Archdeacon F. W. FARRAR.

The Coinage of Silver. By F. A. SAWYER.

Bible Instruction in Colleges.

By Rev. BENJAMIN A. BACON.

Jury Verdicts by Majority Vote.

By SIGMUND ZERNER.

The Naval Battle of the Future.

By Lieut. BRADLEY A. FISKE.

Woman's Intuition. By GRANT ALLEN.

Government by Rum-Sellers.

By Rev. Dr. EDWARD CROSBY.

When the Farmer will be Prosperous.

By C. WOOD DAVIS.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW. 2s. 6d.

Problems of Greater Britain.

By W. J. COURTHOPE.

Great and Big—A Dialogue.

By T. O. BROWN.

Mr. Gladstone and the Greek Pantheon.

By KARL BLIND.

Chartered Companies in Africa.

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By J. W. SLATER.

A Kentish Pilgrim Road. By H. F. ABELL.

The Case for the Tithe-payer.

By H. R. FARQUHARSON, M.P.

Politics at Home and Abroad.

THE NEW REVIEW. June. 6d.

The Soldier's Tent—A Roumanian Ballad.

By H.M. the QUEEN of ROUMANIA

(Carmin Sylva).

Sweating: The Two Reports.

Sultan Abdul Hamid.

By PROFESSOR VAMBERY.

On Bimetallism.

By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart, M.P.

Modern Art and Old Craftsmen.

By Lady LINDSAY.

The Federation of Labour.

By H. H. CHAMPION.

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NOTICE.

In the next number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* I shall publish a description of the Ober Ammergau Play, which I hope to have witnessed before this meets the eye of my readers. The article will be copiously illustrated, and will take the place usually devoted to the Book of the Month.

ART IN THE MAGAZINES.

Amateur Work. June.
Photographic Printing Processes.

Art Journal. 1s. 6d.
The Summer Exhibitions. By Claude Phillips. 16 illustrations.
Venetian Knockers. (Illustrated.)
Alpine Scenery. (Illustrated.) By Olinton Dent.
Jules Dupré. (Illustrated.) By Maurice Hamel.
In Pippa's Country. (Illustrated.) By Percy Pinkerton.

Art and Literature. June. 1s.
Engraved Portrait: John Pettie, R.A.
Mezzograph Plate: Rejected Addresses. After John Pettie.
Mezzograph Plate: Inverloch Castle. After Alexander Fraser.
John Pettie, R.A.
Count Tolstoi. (Illustrated.)
The Ethics of Art Criticism.
Joan of Arc in Sculpture. (Illustrated.)
Civil and Domestic Architecture. II. Books.

The Art Review. June. 1s.
M. A. Roll and his Works.
Hopetoun House. By J. M. Gray.
A Sicilian Idyll.
The Legend of Arzumand and Roshnal.
Notes on the Summer Galleries.
Scottish Scene Painters. By W. J. Lawrence.
Full-page Illustrations:—L'Attente, La Grève, L'Inondation en Été. By M. Roll.
Saloon: Hopetoun House.
The Adoration of the Shepherds. By Rubens.

Century Magazine. June.
An Artist's Letters from Japan. (Illustrated.) By John La Farge.
A Modern Colorist. A. Pinkham Ryder. (Illustrated.) By H. Eckford.

Figaro Illustré. 3 francs.
Full Page Pictures.
En Batterie. By Edouard Détaillé.
The Gleaners. By J. F. Millet.
A la Sainte-Luce. By Lucius Rossi.
A la Paris. Duchesse de Mouchy. Portrait by Chaplin.
The Picture of Edouard Détaillé. By Frederick Masson.
The Parisian Month.
The Supper of All Saints' Day. By A. Filon. (Illustrated.)
Kings at Home. A day with the Baby King. Portrait of Alphonse XIII. (Illustrations.) By Eusebio Blasco.
A la Sainte-Luce. Comedy in one act, by Quatrelles. (Illustrated.)
The Pines without Grasshoppers. (Poetry.) By Jean Rameau. (Illustrated.)
The Legend of Christopher Columbus. Illustrated by Caran d'Ache.

Gazette des Beaux Arts. May.
Pierre Breughel. (Part I.) By Henri Hymans.
The Venus of Milo. By Solomon Reinach.
Eugène Piot and his Legacy to the Louvre. By Louis Courajod.
Rembrandt's Youth. By Emile Michel.
Belgian Letter. By Henri Hymans.
Bibliography. By Charles Diehl.
Illustrations.

Gesellschaft. May.
Munich Art Life.
Idrasil. June.
Art and Simplicity of Life.
Theories of Ruskin and Reynolds.
Half-Year's Art in the Magazines.

Men and Women of the Day. A Picture Gallery of Contemporary Portraiture. June. 2s. 6d.
Portraits: Mr. Frith, R.A., Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Rider Haggard.

The Month. June.
The Royal Academy of 1890.

Magazine of Art.
Current Art: The Royal Academy.—II. By M. H. Spielman. (Illustrated.)
Portraits of Browning.—III. By W. M. Rossetti. (7 Portraits.)
The Work of Morel-Ladeuill. By Lewis F. Day.
Raster in Florence.
Museums as Aids to Technical Art Instruction. By E. F. Strange.
The National Gallery of Ireland.—II. By Walter Armstrong.
Art in May.
New Review. June.
Modern Art and Old Craftsmen. By Lady Lindsay.
Newberry House Magazine. June.
Religious Art at the May Exhibitions.
Parents' Review. May.
Art for Children.
The Portfolio. 2s. 6d.
Cardinal Manning. Etched by G. W. Rhead, after G. F. Watts, R.A.
The Isle of Wight and the Solent. By Charles Cagny. With Illustrations.
Charing Cross to St. Paul's. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell.
Alfred Stevens. By Walter Armstrong. With Illustrations.
Ancient Athens.
Art Chronicle.
Scribner's Magazine. June.
Barbizon and Jean François Millet. (Illustrated.) By T. H. Bartlett.
Universal Review. May.
The Art of England. (Illustrated.) By H. Quilter.
Velhagen und Klasing's Neue Monatshefte. (Map.)
Van Dyck and the Children of Charles I. of England. (Illustrated.)
Vom Fels zum Meer. June.
L. Meissonier. (Illustrated.) By H. A. Müller.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS FOR MAY.

Andover Review. 35 cents.

Theistic Agnosticism Irrational. Rev. Charles Caverno.
Education in Greece. Professor W. H. Hulbert.
Four Centuries of Christian Song. Mr. E. G. Harnier.
The Case of Rev. Robert Breck. Rev. Ezra H. Byington.
Revival in Hinduism. Rev. F. P. Jones.
Letters and Life. Professor Hardy.
A General View of Missions. S. Polynesia. Rev. C. C. Starbuck.

Arena. May. 50 cents. Boston.
Rock Gases. Professor N. S. Shaler.
The Dogmatism of Science. R. Heber Newton.
God in the Government. Canon W. H. Freeman.
The Cosmic Sphere of Woman. Professor Jos. Rhodes Buchanan.
The Divorce Problem. Rabbi Solomon Schindler.
Godin's "Social Palace." L. Grönlund.
Characteristics of the American Drama. Professor Alfred Hennequin.
No-Name Series. 2. In Heaven and on Earth. The Rev. Phillips Brooks. Rev. Thomas A. Hyde.
The Goldfields of Alaska. John H. Keatley.
Another View of the Rum Problem. Henry A. Hartt.
Ungava. W. H. H. Murray.

New England Magazine. May. 25 cents. Boston.
Mr. Howells' latest novels. Hamlin Garland.
Along the Northern Shore in March in a Roundabout. III. Elizabeth B. Walling.
How Rhode Island received the Constitution. G. L. Harney.
Stories of the Fugitive Slaves. 2. Shadrack. Nina Moore Tiffany.
The Story of the Cotton Gin. E. C. Bates.
Some Old Dorchester Houses. III. Marion A. McBride.

Chautauquan. May.

Required reading for May.
The Making of Italy. I. By E. A. Freeman.
The Archaeological Club in Italy.
Life in Modern Italy. II. By Bella H. Stillman.
Italian Literature. II. By Professor Adolfo Bartoli.
King Victor and King Charles.
Roman Morals. III. Principal James Donaldson.
Chautauquan Sunday Readings. Selected by Bishop Vincent.
The Serbian Kingdom. Albert Shaw.
Tennyson. I. By John Vance Cheney.
The American Navy. John R. Spears.
From Peterboro' Cathedral to Lincoln Cathedral. II. By E. R. Pennell.
Woman's Work in Archaeology. Franz Xavier Kraus.
Present Political Parties in Germany. T. B. Bronson.
The Literature of the Irish. John Hull.
The Faith Cure. J. W. Hamilton.

Forum. April. 50 cents.

The Degradation of Our Politics. F. A. P. Barnard.
Education in Boyhood. President Timothy Dwight.
Woman's Political Status. Francis Minor.
Hypnotism and Crime. Dr. J. M. Charcot.
Secular Changes in Human Nature. Frances P. Cobbe.
No Theology and New Theology. Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.
Newspapers and the Public. Charles Dudley Warner.
The Rights of Public Property. Rev. Dr. William Barry.
Truth and Fraud in Spiritualism. Richard Hodgson.
Why the Farmer is not Prosperous. O Wood Davis.

One Day. May. Boston. 25 cents.

Our Duties toward Roman Catholics. President C. A. Annan.
Rights and Wrongs of the Red Men. Ex-Gov. Long and Gen. Morgan.
Convent Life in the United States. Miss M. F. Cusack.
Preaching to the American Masses. Rev. E. J. Haynes.
Boston Hymn. God of Nations. Joseph Cook.
Boston Monday Lectures. Joseph Cook.
Race Riots in the South.
White and Black Citizens as Competitors in the Gulf States.
Poet-Lore. May. 25 cents. Philadelphia.
The Story of Shelley's Life in his "Eccipsychidion." F. G. Flea.
The New Poetic form as shown in Browning.
Dr. Morris Jastro.
The Fall of the Angels. Caedmon. Anna R. Brown.
Shakespeare Commemorations. George Morley.

The Statesman. 20 cents.

The Standard Oil Trust (edited). By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph. D.
Suffrage: Can it be Demanded as a Right? By Professor W. D. Struble.
National Government versus Confederation (a reply to John Cameron Simonds, Esq.) By Professor Oscar J. Craig, A.M.
Mental Discipline in Education. By Helena Eggleston Walter.
A History of Labour: The Era of Machinery. By David D. Thompson.
A Parliament for the Three Americas. Flavius J. Brobst, D.D.

University of the South Journal. (Nashville).

Walt Whitman, the Apostle of Chaosism.
William Norman Guthrie.
Specialism, and the Basis of Moral Force in Life and Literature. Quincy Kirkland Ewing.

Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

A. A.,	Arden	C. R.	Contemporary Review	Lip.,	Lippincott's Monthly	Ps.,	Psyche
A. 1.	A. 1.	C. W.	Catholic World	L. M.,	Longman's Magazine	Q.,	Quiver
A. I. Q.	Anglo-Israel Quarterly	C. Wk.,	Church Work	L. S.,	London Quarterly	Q. R.,	Quarterly Review
A. L.	Art and Literature	D. R.,	Dublin Review	L. T.,	London Society	R. A. S.,	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society
All W.	All the World	E.	Expositor	L. T.,	Ladies' Treasury	R. G. S.,	Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society
A. M.,	Atlantic Monthly	Ed.,	Education	Luc.,	Lucifer	R. H. S.,	Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society
Ant.,	Antiquary	E. H.,	English Historical Review	Ly.,	Lyceum	R. S. S.,	Royal Statistical Society's Journal
A. Q.,	Asiatie Quarterly	E. I.,	English Illustrated Magazine	M.,	Month	S.,	Sun
A. R.,	Andover Review	E. M.,	Evangelical Magazine	Mac.,	Macmillan's Magazine	S. A.,	Sun Artists
Arg.,	Argosy	E. R.,	Edinburgh Review	M. A. H.,	Magazine of American History	San. R.,	Sanitary Record
Art J.,	Art Journal	E. T.,	Expository Times	M. Art,	Magazine of Art	S. C.,	Sporting Celebrities
Art R.,	Art Review	E. W.,	East and West	M. E.,	Merry England	Scots,	Scots Magazine
As.,	Asclepiad	F.,	Forum	Mind,	Mind	Scrib.,	Scribner's Magazine
Ata.,	Atlanta	F. I.,	Fire-side	M. M.,	Murray's Magazine	S. D.,	Subjects of the Day
A. W.,	Amateur Work	Fl.	Figaro Illustré	M. P.,	Monthly Packet	S. G. M.,	Scottish Geographical Magazine
B.,	Bailey's Magazine	Fore's	Fore's Sporting Notes	M. Q.,	Manchester Quarterly	S. H.,	Sunday at Home
Bank.	Banker's Magazine	F. Q. E.,	Friends' Quarterly Examiner	M. N. C.,	Methodist New Connection Magazine	S. M.,	Sunday Magazine
Bel.,	Belgravia	F. R.,	Fortnightly Review	M. R.,	Missionary Review	Soc. R.,	Social Review
Bk.-wm.	Bookworm	G. M.,	Gentleman's Magazine	M. W.,	Men and Women	S. R.,	Scottish Review
B. M.	Blackwood's Magazine	G. O. P.,	Girls' Own Paper	N. A. R.,	North American Review	S. T.,	Sword and Trowel
B. O. P.,	Boy's Own Paper	G. T.,	Great Thoughts	Nat. R.,	National Review	St.,	Statesman
B. S.,	British Sportsmen	G. W.,	Good Words	N. C.,	Nineteenth Century	St. N.,	St. Nicholas
B. T. J.,	Board of Trade Journal	H. C.,	Horne Chimes	N. E. M.,	New England Magazine	S. W.,	Shipping World
C.,	Coruhill	H. M.,	Harper's Magazine	N. H.,	Newbury House Magazine	T.,	Time
C. C. M.,	Counties Constitutional Magazine	H. R.,	Homiletic Review	N. R.,	New Review	T. B.,	Temple Bar
C. G.,	Children's Guide	H. W.,	Homeopathic World	O.,	Outing	Th.,	Theatre
Cent.,	Centennial	H. Y. P.,	Harper's Young People	O. D.,	Our Day	Tin.,	Tinsley's Magazine
Chaut.,	Chautauquan [zine	Ig.,	Ignisil	P.,	Portfolio	T. R.,	Theological Review
C. F. M.,	Cassell's Family Magazine	I. M. N.	Illustrated Missionary News	P. E. F.,	Palestine Exploration Fund.	U. R.,	Universal Review
C. J.,	Chambers's Journal	I. N. M.,	Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine	Phren. M.,	Phrenological Magazine	U. S. J.	University of the South Journal
C. L. G.,	County and Local Government Magazine	In. M.,	Indian Magazine	P. L.,	Poet Lore	U. S. M.,	United Service Magazine
Clyv.,	Clergyman's Magazine	I. S.,	Industries Special	P. M. M.,	Primitive Magazine	W.,	Work
Cl. R.,	Classical Review	J. E.,	Journal of Education	P. M. Q.,	Primitive Quarterly	W. M.,	Workers' Monthly
C. M. G.	Church Missionary Gleaner	J. Q. R.,	Jewish Quarterly Review	P. Q.,	Photographic Quarterly	W. M. P.	Western Magazine and Portfolio
C. M. I.,	Church Missionary Intelligence	K.,	Knowledge	P. R.,	Parents' Review	W. R.,	Westminster Review
Cong. R.,	Congregational Review	K. O.,	King's Own	P. R. R.,	Presbyterian and Reformed Review	W. W.,	Woman's World
Cos.,	Cosmopolitan	Law Q.,	Law Quarterly			Y. E.,	Young England
C. P.,	Contemporary Pulpit	L. F.,	Little Folks			Y. M.,	Young Man
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